

THE GAELIC ECHO

macalla na n-*ḡaeḡeal*

baile áta Cliait, mí na n-odlas a 21, 1945

luc 2p.

TIPPERARY CORK and DUBLIN

Were The Big Three Of 1945

TIPPERARY, Cork and Dublin! These are the names which filled the headlines in the Autumn of 1945 as a memorable championship campaign drew to a close. Kilkenny, Galway, Cavan, Antrim and Wexford too were in the news; these strongholds of Gaelic games being actively associated with classic struggles which thrilled thousands. Kildare, Mayo, Offaly, and Meath also figured largely in the story of 1945 and while those counties failed to capture any championship crowns they showed that they are virile units of the Gaelic organisation to which they brought so much credit during the year.

There were other counties too like Leitrim, Monaghan, Kerry, Limerick, Fermanagh and Carlow which gallantly upheld their reputations as sterling championship battlers.

From the opening of the championship campaign an honour which again went to Leinster to the day when Cork footballers walked off the Croke Park pitch with the Sam Maguire Cup it was a year of surprises both All-Ireland holders passing out on their first appearance. Provincial titles changed hands in three provinces, Ulster being the exception, Cavan (football) and Antrim (hurling) retaining their crowns in the North.

UP THEY WENT

Attendance figures at most provincial venues were up to those of previous years and when it came to the All-Ireland tests the quickening of interest manifested itself in record crowds at the football games between Cork and Galway and between Cavan and Wexford.

Features of the All-Ireland were the Tipperary hurling resurgence and the appearance of Cork in the football final after a thirty-four years lapse.

The triumph of the Leeman over the Ulster champions helped to set

Tipperary and Kilkenny excel themselves in a glorious exhibition that ended in favour of the Tipperary men who by their victory took second place to Cork on the roll of honour.

Kilkenny men won back the Leinster hurling title and Wexford out of the picture for a couple of decades regained the Eastern football crown and then put up a gallant show against the more experienced Cavan men in the All-Ireland semi-final.

Kerry for the second time in three years lost the Munster football title to Cork who showed that the result was no fluke by their subsequent victories over Galway and Cavan in the All-Ireland tests.

Roscommon lost both the Connacht and All-Ireland football titles, their defeat by Mayo being one of the major surprises of the season.

There was all the old glamour about the meeting of Mayo and Galway in the Connacht final at Roscommon and if Galway won Mayo's youthful recruits showed that the county is still a strong force in the football world.

Galway hurlers remained unchallenged in the west and it is to the eternal credit of the Tribesmen that they are keeping the game alive west of the Shannon and showing themselves to be the equal of the best in the other provinces.

A TIT BIT

Their game with Kilkenny in the All-Ireland semi-final at Birr was one of the tit bits of the championship and if they lost it was a glorious failure that, with a bit of luck, might be turned to victory.

If Munster took both 'senior' titles the minor crowns came to Leinster, Dublin bringing off a double in this grade.

This was only the second time in the history of these minor competitions for a county to bring off the double and which in the case of Dublin was a unique performance as many of the players participated in both victories.

The display of both teams augurs well for the future of native games and already one or two of the players have been called on to fill places on the senior selections.

County championship games also

MARCHING TO VICTORY—AND DEFEAT



Cork and Cavan teams march round Croke Park before the All-Ireland Football Final.

touched a high level during the season and many new names appear on the roll of honour while some of the old ones reappear.

A considerable effort was made to finish the competitions in good time and at the moment there are very few counties in arrears with their local championships. It is pleasing to record this change on the old days when local championships lagged behind schedule and where there were delays this season these can be traced to causes outside the control of the Co. Boards concerned.

Everywhere there was evidence that the G.A.A. has progressed and that its members sensible of their obligations to a great organisation are determined to stamp out abuses which might in any way retard the onward march of the athletes of Eirinn.

An old Arab proverb says: "This is how history is written; one chapter ends as another commences." and so it is with the G.A.A. the 1945 chapter ends as the 1946 commences. Rath De ar an obair atha romhainn.

Fathers and Sons

Very few sons have followed on their fathers' footsteps as All-Ireland champions. Kerry can lay claim to at least three; Billy Myers, Jimmy O'Gorman and Tadhg Healy while Tipperary's great goalkeeper, little Jimmy Maher, is the son of a former Tipperary goalie, his father winning All-Irelands with Tubberdora, Moycarkey and Boherlahan. When Cork won the 1945 All-Ireland football title two more names were added to the select list as Derry Beckett and Eamon Young are sons of former All-Ireland champions, Jerry Beckett and Jack Young.

Led Champions



Tadhg Crowley who led Cork footballers to victory over Cavan

up a record of its own as this was the fifth All-Ireland title in a row to go to the Rebel County.

The game between Tom O'Reilly and his Cavan combination of seasoned players and youthful recruits and the men from the Lee was one of the best seen for years.

A GLORIOUS MEMORY

The football was clean and even when hard knocks were given by one side or the other they were taken in the true spirit and as a result Cavan's popularity was greatly enhanced.

As a great National spectacle the All-Ireland hurling final impressed itself indelibly on the minds of those whose happy privilege it was to see

no dlais sona oib
uile a léigteoiri
agus at-bliain
fé maise



Christmas 1945

Compliments of
the Season and
Best Wishes

TO ALL SMOKERS OF

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Tipperary's Thirteen Titles

Premier County Hurlers Have Always Come Back

TENACITY has been an outstanding trait in Tipperary hurling ever since the days when the Thurles selection won the first All-Ireland title. Lean years have followed great championship triumphs but one could always look forward with confidence to a Premier County resurgence that invariably brought another title to that stretch of country which lies between Suir and Shannon. There were dark days when the blue and gold colours were overshadowed by the brighter ones of Cork and Limerick in the Munster championship tests but it was always a case of the darkest hour coming before the dawn.

Tipperary hurling victories have been registered in every decade since the establishment of the G.A.A. and no matter how that standard fell Tipperary followers never lost hope in the ability of their county to produce men good enough to bring back the Hurling Championship to Kickham's county.

TRADITION IS THERE.

Knocknagow may be gone, but its tradition remains and where you have tradition you have a spirit and incentive to emulate deeds whose stories strung together form a saga that started long before Tipperary beat Galway in Birr for the 1887 title. It was to this countryside that Cusack turned his eyes when he sought a rallying point for his new organisation and in all the years Tipperary has never failed the great trust reposed in it by the Clare teacher.

From the Thurles streets, from the homesteads of Tubberdora, Horse and Jockey, Two Mile Borris, Boherlahan, Cashel, Moycarkey, Toomevara, Drombane, Clonoulty, Carrick and from all that wide stretch of country that lies between the banks of the Shannon and Suir came men who played the game their forefathers had kept alive in days of famine, plague and prison.

In all their triumphs, the Tipperary men have met much strong opposition from their Kilkenny neighbours, who, up to that memorable day last September when John Maher and his men won their thirteenth title, tied with Tipperary for second place in the All-Ireland roll of honour. Maher, Ryan, Dwyer, Skelton, Leahy, Walsh, Gleeson, O'Keefe, Hayes, Semple, Shelly, O'Mara, Hackett, Harty, McGrath, Kennedy, Power are names well known to those who have followed the fortunes of Tipperary, whose All Ireland final appearances have generally been epoch in the history of the G.A.A.

Tipperary's meeting with Galway in the 1887 final at Birr set the first rung on the ladder of progress for the infant Association. The crowd at that game would compare very poorly with the record attendance which watched the 1945 final, but to the discerning it was an indication of the possibilities of Cusack's newly formed organisation. Tipperary won their first title in 1887 and it was not until 1895 that the second title came to the county, the Tubberdora men defeating their Tullaroan neighbours in the final. Mickie Maher led the Tubberdora men, who included Denis Walsh and P. Maher, two players who were to fill a big place in subsequent Tipperary victories. Tipperary brought off a double by winning the 1895 hurling and football titles. The Tubberdora men were again on top in 1896, Mickie Maher captaining the team which beat Dublin in the final. The Limerick side, which included Sean Og Hanly,

broke what might have been an all time record when they took the 1897 hurling honours to the Shannon. This set back did not dishearten the gallant men of Tipperary, who then came along to win three titles in a row.

Tubberdora's power was on the wane when Mickie Maher captained his third All-Ireland winning side but almost from the same district sprang up another team that was equally adept with the camán; the Moycarkey men who brought Tipp. its fifth title.

The Tubberdora men helped in their victory over Wexford and were again on the Two Mile Borris selection which kept the title in Tipperary. These three successive wins equalled a record set up by Cork in 1892, 1893 and 1894 but Tipperary brought off their second double as the footballers also won the 1900 All Ireland.

THE BLUES

Tipperary's next hurling title did not come until Tom Semple led the Thurles Blues to victory in 1906—a feat which the Blues repeated two years later and then there was a long span that Johnny Leahy's Boherlahan selection helped to bridge when they won the 1916 title. Denis Walsh, who helped Tubberdora to win their first title, was again on the 1916 team.

There were defeats in 1917 and 1922 but again the fighting spirit of magnificent Tipperary asserted itself when Johnny Leahy led another Boherlahan selection to victory in 1925. Five years later came Tipperary's greatest achievement when all three hurling crowns were captured. This feat fully earned the title of Premier County for Tipperary, whose best senior All Ireland title was won seven years later at Killarney. There was another period of waiting and hoping but again the indomitable spirit manifested itself.

Thus the Tipperary men's claim of at least a title in each decade justified itself and to-day the hurlers of Kickham's county reign supreme.

WELL SAID SIR

We want to see great teams rising up again in every parish. The material is there. But a hurler is not made by wishing nor by talking. Into the building of a hurler goes hard, constant training, temperance, perseverance in spite of all obstacles, loyalty. Our parish teams are, with a few exceptions, poor. Why? Because many of our young men do not train. They think they can become hurlers by gossiping about it, by exhausting their strength in stuffy dance halls, by smoking too much; by endeavouring to get courage and stamina out of a bottle. A hurler will not be made thus.—"The Nenagh Guardian."

Laurels Of Victory



John Maher, the Tipperary Captain, is carried shoulder high by team mates and admirers after the All-Ireland Hurling Final.

The Captain Of The Team

The selection of the best man for the position of captain of a team is a matter of no little importance. The finest players are often sacrificed if they be placed under an incapable leader. It has not infrequently occurred that an efficient captain by means of good generalship has pulled many a game out of the fire. When all seemed lost, such a man as we have in our mind has risen to the occasion, has suited his tactics to the circumstances, sized up the weak points in the opposition and brought his side through with flying colours.

The skipper of the team should be, as far as possible, perhaps the oldest and certainly the best all round player. He should have a thorough knowledge of all the fine parts of the game in attack and defence and possess an unbounded spirit of keenness and enthusiasm. The latter qualities will go a long way towards inspiring the remaining members of the team. We have said that he should be one of the oldest players because experience counts for a great deal in important contests.

It is clear also that he should command the confidence and loyal support of his fellow players on the field, he should have absolute control of his men and be responsible for their formation and the tactics which they are to adopt. In this matter he should have a perfectly free hand and a selection committee—if there be such—should be slow to question his judgment. He will give a lead to the whole team in the matter of prompt obedience to the decisions of the referee and will also help to stand between the latter and the angry protests of partisans among the spectators. In such circumstances a timely word from him will go a long way towards preventing difficulties from arising. He must be such a man that will always give the example of good temper and fair play, and his general attitude on the field towards his opponents should be a standing rebuke to any player on his side who might be disposed to introduce unfair or unworthy methods.

It may be part of his duty, rather than that of the selection committee in choosing his team, to put a younger player in place of an older one. This problem sometimes excites suspicion and creates difficulties. A good captain, however, of the kind we have been describing, will be able to meet it by showing on this and on all occasions that he is perfectly impartial and that no consideration of favouritism or anything else weigh with him beyond the success of his club or side. The question is often raised as to where the captain should play. Preferably we should like to see the skipper either as centre-forward or as centre half back and in either of these places he can do a great deal to lead the team to victory. We are aware, however,

that good captains have played in other positions and we do not pretend to give a more satisfactory solution of the question.

Finally it may happen, for one reason or another, that the team wish to bestow the title of captain on a player who may not be able to discharge his duties in the manner described. In such circumstances we may suggest perhaps that it would be well to depute some other man on the side to assume command to a certain extent.

(From "How to Play Gaelic Football" by the late Dick Ditzgerald.)

Ireland's Wants

It is not a gambling fortune, made at imperial play, Ireland wants; it is the pious and stern cultivation of her faculties and virtues, the acquisition of faithful and exact habits, and the self-respect that rewards a dutiful and sincere life. To get her peasants into snug homesteads with well-tilled fields and placid hearths; to develop the ingenuity of her artists, and the delicate industry of her artisans; to make for her own instruction a literature wherein our climate, history and passions shall breathe; and to gain conscious strength and integrity, and the high post of holy freedom—these are Ireland's wants.—THOMAS DAVIS

Pete Doran's Plan

The 1945 hurling final will go down as one of the greatest days in the history of the G.A.A. The whole proceedings passed with such regimental organisation that even the inevitable cynic could not find room to fire his gun. The weather was ideal, the display of the Artane boys was awe-inspiring, the crowds disciplined, good humoured and well pleased but what struck me most was the condition of the pitch.

I was in the company of an Australian Army Officer and he too could not help wondering at that verdant sod. "Who is responsible for this and how is it done?" he asked. When I told him that it was the groundsman, Michael Curran, he replied "Curran must share the secret of Pete Doran." He then told me the story of Pete Doran.

Way back at the end of the last century, Pete, financially embarrassed, stowed away with the Australian Cricket team on one of their tours of England. Two of their games were billed for a certain English city but owing to the sodden condition of the ground the games had to be abandoned. Pete learned that the Grounds management had recently spent huge sums in an attempt to drain their enclosure. He approached the management and offered for a small payment to rectify the defect and the offer was duly accepted. Pete came to Ireland, purchased a large quantity of worms, had them conveyed to and spread on the ground with the result that very few games were abandoned afterwards.

COLÁISTÍ NA MUÍN

Cúir mór ácair, é beir le pád, gur éirigh níor fearr le na Comórcairí anuraid ná le pinnic Brian Póime rín. Bí breif cluicéi i ngac Comórcair agur o'éirigh le gac Comórcair oo éiricínú, in ambeoin na nbeacraictaí a bí ann maidir le cúrraí caircíl. Oo h-impúgead baéad cluicéce ar fáo, agur bí pinnic páp-cluicéce opta ran.

Bí feadair ar na "geataí," agur ba maic tagairt fé leit a déanam o'n geata, a bailigead ag an gCraob-cluicéce ran lománaróeacé Sóircearais i nDúngarbán. Oo rgarcead breif ir £310 map veontairi leir na Coláistí, i bpao níor mó ná map a rgarcead ruam céana. Oo caillead ar na cluicéce roir-cúigeaca acé ruaircear veontar £200 ó Comairte na Muínan.

Oo buaid Coláistíe fíunnám An Corn Arcais oo'n bapa n-uair, agur buadavaar Corn an Érbéais arí. Oo buaid Sgor na mBparar, Táráití, Corn na Muínan arí. Iny na Comórcairí Sóircearaca oo buaid Dúrlar Éite Corn an Rianais, agur oo buaid Coláistíe Treara Naomta Corn an fíunnais.

Maidir leir na Comórcairí roir-cúigeaca, oo buaid lománaróce na Muínan acé ní pais an r-áó le na peitearóirí, cé go pais cluicéce pí-maic roir-ro péim agur na n-Úrcas.

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The Christ-Child lay on Mary's lap,
His hair was like a light
(O weary, weary were the world,
But here is all aright).

The Christ-Child lay on Mary's breast,
His hair was like a star
(O stern and cunning are the kings,
But here the true hearts are).

The Christ-Child lay on Mary's heart
His hair was like a fire
(O weary, weary is the world,
But here the world's desire).

The Christ-Child stood on Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown,
And all the flowers looked up at Him,
And all the stars looked down.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

IS IT A RECORD?

"Medals won" generally come up for discussion around All-Ireland final time and while men like the Doyles of Mooncoin, the Mahers and Walshes of Tubberadora, John Maher, Mick Mackey, John Quirke and many others can lay claim to big collections, the record must be held by Joe Barrett, the Kerry footballer.
Joe, who played without a break for Kerry from 1923 to 1934, holds the following medals: six All-Ireland, four National League, two Railway Cup, two Tailtean Games, eleven Munster senior, seven County senior football, seven County senior hurling, and a score or more medals won in tournament and challenge games.
He missed at least twelve more medals by non-participation, owing to business reasons, in Kerry's American tours during his term of activity.—"The Irish Press."

bliana iead Céitíde an Oipeácar a bí ar fíubal óide Dia Sacaín.
Ar an dá Uomnac bí léimí de ceol-ópáma nua "Trásgá na Tairíe" a cum Camonn Ó Salléobair. Da tírce ceolmair an ceol-ópáma é agus napa fada uainn an lá go mbeid caoi ag muintir na héireann an ceol ro oo cloíne go póiptean.
Tá a lán daoine ar an vtuairim go brúil an t-am tagaite nuair a caitear aepce cónac a cup ar comónad an Oipeácar réin ionnur go bréapad a veic n-oirpí daoine veit páircead ann. Da cóir uáinn a cup póimáin Oipeácarí a comónad go bréapad 10,000 nó 20,000 oime pheapat opla agus clár oirpe agus áit a veit agáinn a bead póipteanac oo fan. Má deimeann Oipeácarí ag an Eirceopoo é nit eúr ná oéanfaimí-ne é.
A.R.

Shandon Grounds, Dungarvan

Away back towards the close of the last century, Skeheen-born Dan Fraher, staunch Gaelic Leaguer, champion all-round athlete of Ireland, chairman of the Waterford G.A.A., treasurer of the Munster Council, and trustee of the Central Council, purchased the Shandon grounds from the Curran family, who were associated with the business and sporting life of Dungarvan at that time. The field was then in its infancy, but under the owner-management of the late Dan Fraher it was not long until the Shandon Grounds, Dungarvan, was the most popular venue in Ireland, and the name of Shandon Field may revive pleasant memories to great players of the past. The late Dan Fraher purchased the ground within the four walls, which comprised approximately nine acres, and the playing pitch then from rail to rail was 172 yards in length, with a width of 96 yards. The playing pitch in its early days was across the field, but its late owner had better ideas and he changed it railway end to road end. In later years, when the late Dan Fraher was dead and gone, the field was made to regulation size under the guidance of Paul Russell, the famed Kerry footballer who was stationed in Dungarvan at the time. Shandon Grounds to-day is one of the finest pitches in Ireland, but alas its popularity is a memory of the past.
It may be noteworthy that the famous All-Ireland hurling match between Cork and Kilkenny was played at Dungarvan in 1907. Down through the years Shandon Grounds has not changed much, and it is to-day one of the finest purely Gaelic grounds in Ireland. May it always be a memorial to Dan Fraher.

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THE RULES OF THE GAME

SOME games are played for recreation only; others are more serious, but they all have one thing in common: there are certain rules which must be obeyed.
Wheat growing is a game in which the farmer struggles against the soil and the weather. He will not lose if he observes the rules, the more important of which are the following:

- Plough Early
- Sow as Soon as Possible
- Sow the Best Seed Available
- Have it Dressed with a Mercurial Dressing

ISSUED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

More Victory Songs Of The Gael

IN our first Christmas Number (1941) we started the now popular Victory Songs feature.

Songs of victory and defeat, old and new, have come to us from practically every county, but there are still many more of these knocking about which we would be delighted to receive and publish. If you know of any song, no matter how old (the older the better) send it along and we will gladly print it in the "Echo."

In our last issue we complained of the dearth of songs in praise of Cavan and its splendid football record.

To repair the omission a Belcamp student Peter O'Brien has sent us the following gem which he names: "**Now Fight For It Again!**"

I.
 'Tis morn! 'Tis morn,
 The sun adorns your sparkling
 Breifne hills.

Forlorn! Forlorn!
 You look forlorn, but all go
 through the mill!

Oh, yes! O hope!
 We all did hope you'd win the
 blue riband.

But oh! My hope
 My heart cried nope! the cup's in
 Crowley's hand.

II.
 Oh come my friends!
 Until I spend the news of our defeat.
 Our Team was good,
 The Leemen stood, and never
 cried defeat.

But what of that
 Don't mind a rap! We often did the
 same,
 And come what will
 We hope now still to do the same
 again.

III.
 Oh mind of mine—
 Be still! incline thyself in prophecy!
 Show forth! Show forth!
 In joyful truth their cup of glory full.
 Success! Success!
 Success sans cesse! pours in and woes
 annul.

Your cup of woe
 Has passed! and so now fight for it
 again.

IV.
 Continue mind
 Much more to find beneath these
 hopeful brows,
 In halls of fame
 Like Cornafean they'll sing with joy-
 ful "laus"

Our girls and boys
 With shining eyes, our team will glorify
 While I sit here,
 Tell Cavan dear to cheat defeat!
 Oh try!

"CONGRATS TO FONTENOYS."

Our old friend, Charley Murray, of Clones, has sent us the following lines written in honour of Donaghmoyné Fontenoys' victory in the Monaghan senior football final this year:—
 O! Fontenoys! O! Fontenoys! that
 gallant young fifteen,

They've won the Co. Championship,
 the finest ever seen,
 The game was played at Carrick, on
 October 21,

Their opponents being from Clones,
 then the game it had begun.

The Donaghmoyné defenders with
 McCourt beneath the bar,
 And Mooney, Hamill, Finegan saved
 shots from near and far,
 P. McCooley, Mickey Finegan, M.
 McCooley, Leo Burns,
 Gave as good an exhibition as the
 play it came their turns,

There was good work done by Flan-
 agan, E. Feeney and Nelson,
 The spectators were excited but the
 battle was not yet won,
 By McArdie, Meegan, Martin, and the
 time was almost up,
 When a rasping shot from Cunning-
 ham gave Donaghmoyné the Cup!

Now congrats to the Fontenoys,
 And St. Tierney's just the same,
 For the clean and manly spirit
 In which they played the game.
 It has proved to local club teams,
 And others far away,
 That the only way to victory
 Is by cool and clever play.

When Tadhg Crowley bore the All-Ireland Football Cup back in triumph to Clonakilty he was only bringing home something which honoured a Cork patriot, as Sam Maguire was born in that now famous parish. Sam, the confidant of many of the leaders

of 1916, was a patriot of the first water, and we gladly print this tribute to his memory written by another old friend, Sean Morrison, of An Cath Gaedhealach fame.

SAM MAGUIRE.

Cork and Cavan met in the 1945 All-Ireland Football Final for the Sam Maguire Cup. Sam hailed from Clonakilty, and it is a remarkable fact that more than half the Cork team were members of the Clonakilty Club.

I.
 When Ireland bled at tyrants' heel, and
 men were hunted down,
 And through each glen, the rifle peal,
 oft' answered Britain's frown.
 You laughed to scorn, the tyrants'
 wrath, your heart with love afire,
 And nobly trod the danger path, God
 rest you Sam Maguire!

II.
 The Gaelic heart refused to beat, in
 foreign captive chains,
 It never can admit defeat, where
 country's love remains.
 With high resolve, with courage bold,
 and zeal that could not tire
 In life, in death, and in every breath,
 You were Irish, Sam Maguire.

III.
 Perhaps some bard may frame a lay
 more suitable far than mine,
 When Ireland wakes and dawns the
 day of liberty sublime;
 Then let him tell, of one who fell, while
 toiling up still higher,
 A patriot among the few, God rest you
 Sam Maguire.

Claughaun for years was one of the chief strongholds of Limerick hurling, the boys from Pennywell winning the senior hurling five times in a row (1914, '15, '16, '17 and '18), a record which stood until the advent of Ahane, that now world-famed hurling combination. The following lines sent us by "A Garryowen Reader" tell of

"THE BOYS OF CLAUGHAUN."

Oh! listen to my story and chorus with
 me,
 And fill up your glasses right hearty
 and free,
 And now for its title, I won't keep you
 long,
 But we'll toast a hearty welcome to
 The Boys of Claughaun.

Chorus:
 Oh, the boys from Claughaun,
 How they grasp their camans,
 And hurrah once again my boys,
 Hurrah for Claughaun.

The whistle it was sounded,
 And the ball was thrown in,
 The crash of the ash o'er the field
 began to ring,
 And now that they are going to head
 the command,
 They are lashing, dashing hurlers,
 The Boys of Claughaun.
 —Chorus.

Oh, the Boys from Claughaun,
 How careless they seem,
 Wrapped in their jerseys of pure white
 and green,
 And though the teams that oppose
 them are mighty and strong,
 Yet they cannot take a feather from
 The Boys of Claughaun.
 —Chorus.

The Boys from Claughaun are noted
 and famed,
 For dancing and singing, and all kinds
 of games,
 The music may be ringing from mid-
 night till morn,
 But it never is too much for
 The Boys of Claughaun.
 —Chorus.

THE WET DAY FINAL

The 1935 hurling final or the Wet Day final as it is often described produced a brilliant game, despite conditions which drove thousands of spectators hurrying from Croke Park long before full time.

The finalists were Kilkenny and Limerick, the Noremen winning by a point.

The following lines were written by J.F.D. on this memorable game:

Croke Park, Dublin, Sunday,
 "One-Nine-Thirty-five"
 Limerick and Kilkenny
 For premier honours strive.

Well over forty thousand
 Saw the stalwarts take the field—
 Munster and Leinster champions,
 Their camans for to wield.

The Shannon men were first away,
 Dispelled by the men of the Nore;
 'Twas the backs relieved, Matty Power
 received,
 A shout! A yell! First score!

Sarsfield's men got going
 From Scanlan's mighty puck;
 A fast move per the Mackeys,
 A goal? No. Just hard luck.

Exchanges there were many
 In a clean fought, manly game.
 The best we've seen on Croke Park
 green,
 A credit to Ireland's name.

We watched a busy figure
 As busy as could be,
 His whistle blows, the Doctor knows
 His job as referee.

O'Connell 'twixt the uprights
 Was tested and well tried,
 Cool, calm and collected,
 The onslaughts he defied.

Martin White, I'm sure I'm right,
 Was always ready set;
 He beat the Limerick men's defence
 And once he found the net.

Larkin-Reilly, Blanchfield,
 Three solid men, sound backs,
 'Twas just a treat to see them meet
 The Shannon men's attacks.

P. Byrne, Phelan, Leahy, Eddie, and
 Captain (Lory) Meagher,
 With Duggan and Dunne, Locky,
 Matty they won—
 Netted twice, and five over the bar.

From England, Wales, and Scotland,
 The Gaels they came to see,
 A struggle dour, one exciting hour,
 A replica of "33."

When the final whistle sounded
 The score 2-5-2-4
 On the cup that cheers now it re-
 appears
 On its pedestal by the Nore.

Here's health to the men of the
 Shannon,
 The same to the boys of the Nore,
 And in '36, as in '35,
 Please God they'll meet once more!

LIMERICK HURLING DOUBLE

1940 was a vintage year for Limerick hurling, the senior and minor All-Irelands being won by the men from the Shannonside and its hinterland. To celebrate that dual triumph "J.P.R." penned the following lines:

LIMERICK HURLING VICTORS

Air: "The Wearing of the Green"

I
 Up Limerick! Dear old Limerick! In
 song and story famed!
 You've brought the double laurels
 home—two victories nobly gained;
 You have kept the ball a-rolling since
 our far-off boyhood days,
 And veterans look on you with pride
 and proudly sing your praise.

II
 What changes mark the course of time!
 What "stars" we've seen retire!
 While the fame they won keeps living
 on, through youth with dash and
 fire,

We have lived to see the victory that
 brought you ringing cheers,
 When Limerick won the Jubilee fight
 —the test of fifty years.

III
 You take the hand of rival friends
 before you play the game,
 And when the fight is over, you will
 shake those hands again,
 With a hope to meet some other day,
 old memories to recall,
 And letting friendship's emblem be
 that mystic little ball.

IV
 You do not shout too loudly the day
 that you have won,
 Nor are there frowns upon your brow
 when victory has gone

To others, who must have their day to
 keep the game alive,
 You wish them luck, but "carry on"
 that your day might arrive.

V
 Why, that's the spirit that we love to
 foster and to pride,
 For sport doth lend its greatest charm
 with friendship on its side,
 Then, win or lose, your followers will
 e'er admire our own,
 And we raise three cheers for the
 Limerick teams, and ten for Garry-
 owen.

Cló buaire as munnta "An
 Ciannaiseac" Teo., Traigti, agus
 foinniseac as Luic "Mac Ealla-
 na nSaebal," 14 Ceapnós Pa-
 nait, Baite Áta Cliaé.

Close Tackling



A dour duel between a Tipperary player and a Galway player in the Oireachtas hurling game at Croke Park.

GLEN ROVERS GREAT RECORD

WINNING five titles this year Glen Rovers further strengthened their claims to be rated the greatest club combination of all times. Their ready defeat of the fancied St. Finbarr's team in the senior hurling semi-final was one of the sensations of the year as everywhere outside Blackpool the Barrs were hot favourites to retain the title. A record crowd saw the game in which the old team spirit of the Glen prevailed, the Blues being defeated by 9 goals 2 points to qualify for the final with Carrigdhoun.

Those who underrated Carrigdhoun, missed one of the greatest Finals played at the Cork Athletic Grounds for some years. Any other team outside the Glen would have lost that game in the last 10 minutes. It was pure determination and courage that saved the Glen from defeat in one of the hardest matches the Blackpool lads ever got in a County Final.

The Glen's next title won this year was the Junior Hurling in which they defeated St. Finbarr's in the final City Division.

The Glen defeated St. Finbarr's in the Final of the Minor Hurling City Division and have also reached the Final for the County.

The Glen Juveniles also won the City Championship.

In the Senior Football Championship the Blackpool lads were defeated by the now County Champions Fermoy by two points in the Semi-Final.

The Glen Minors have also won the Minor Football Final City Division by defeating St. Finbarr's.

The Glen Camogie team ran into the Final and were defeated.

This record of five titles in one year for a club can hardly be beaten.

The following lines were written by Cornelius O'Connell in honour of the great feat.

You can travel every county
 From Cork to Donegal;
 You can travel every parish,
 However big or small;
 Find a club to hold five titles,
 And all in the one year,
 To equal Glen Rovers' record,
 You'll find few can compare.

2
 In the Senior Hurling Final,
 The Glen met Carrigdhoun;
 Those hurling men from Cork South-
 East,
 Fought hard to win the crown;
 Tho' in arrears, they lacked no fears,
 They waged war on the Glen;
 Tho' sorely pressed, Glen stood the
 test,
 And are Champions once again.

3
 In the Junior Hurling Final,
 The Glen met St. Finbarr's;
 The Barrs fought game, to win back
 fame,
 Lost by their Senior stars;
 By their display, it looked that day
 They were a cert to win;
 But full time brought to them defeat,
 And victory to the Glen.

4
 In the Minor Hurling Final
 The Glen met "Barrs" again,

Now the Barrs being reigning Cham-
 pions,
 Would outclass the Glen men,
 When victory seemed within their
 reach,
 The Glen boys led again,
 And full time brought to Barrs de-
 feat,
 And victory to the Glen.

5
 In the Juvenile Hurling Final,
 The Glen met Barr's once more;
 At half-time Barr's were in the lead,
 With a substantial score;
 In the last minutes of the game,
 The lead changed hands again,
 And full time brought to Barr's
 defeat,
 And victory to the Glen.

6
 In the Minor Football Final,
 The Glen met Barr's again;
 The boys in blue fought hard it's
 true,
 To avenge their hurling men;
 But, alas, the same old story,
 Barr's looked a cert to win,
 But full time brought to them
 defeat
 And victory to the Glen.

7
 Cheers for the men of famed Black-
 pool,
 That spot by the Leaside;
 Where orave Tomas Mac Curtain
 lived,
 And where he nobly died;
 Where the Gaelic games are fostered,
 The games he loved so well,
 They're a tribute to his memory,
 Where his name for ever dwell.

So! on an Irish green hill side,
 On an opening lawn, but not too wide!
 For I love the drip of the wetted
 trees;
 I love not the gales but a gentle
 breeze
 To freshen the turf put no tomb-
 stones there,
 But green sods, decked with daisies
 fair;
 Nor sods too deep, but so that the
 dew
 The matted grass roots may trickle
 through;
 Be my epitaph writ on my country's
 mind;
 "He served his country and loved his
 kind."
 Oh! 'Twere merry into the grave to
 go
 If one were sure to be buried so.
 Thomas Davis.