

FOR DUBLIN IT'S NOW OR ...NEVER!

By Sean Dee

THAT PREDICTION IS BASED NOT ON ANY GREAT OPINIONS OF THE PRESENT DUBLIN TEAM. IT'S SIMPLY THAT THERE ARE NO OTHERS AROUND WHO LOOK CAPABLE OF ENTERING THE RECKONING. THAT'S ONE REASON. BUT THERE'S ANOTHER—THE STEELY DETERMINATION OF THE OFTEN DAZZLING DUBLINERS WHO KNOW THAT ANNO DOMINO IS CATCHING UP ON THE MAJORITY OF THEM. THOSE SPRIGHTLY VETERANS ARE GETTING ONE MORE CHANCE TO PULL OFF THE TOP HONOURS THAT HAVE SO TANTALISINGLY ELUDED THEM OVER THE PAST FEW YEARS, AND THEY AIM TO TAKE THAT CHANCE.

So that's the picture as I see it. Dublin, with many of their stalwarts enjoying an Indian Summer, will make hay while the sun shines in this bad vintage year of 1958.

Not since Galway won in 1956 has any county been cock-of-the-walk in football. Louth won last year, but just about any county could have run off with the Sam Maguire Cup if they had got the breaks. And Louth's tame exit from the championship this year proves that they weren't really great champions.

Yes, this is slump year in Gaelic football—and Dublin's big chance.

IT'S NOW OR NEVER.

Dublin have brought something to Gaelic football. Even their most severe detractors must admit that. They have tried to apply a scientific brand of forward play—and they deserve, I think, the reward of an All-Ireland title.

On the other hand, it may be that what Dublin have tried to do—get their scores the cultured way—does not pay dividends in Gaelic football. Dublin may not have the forces to punch home the point that style and finesse can win All-Irelands—a certain amount of high-fielding is a must in any team aspiring to All-Ireland honours, and until now Dublin have even lacked an adequate midfield pair.

Now they say that deficiency is remedied since John Timmins took over. But can a bird fly on one wing?

Normally, I wouldn't give a county with "suspect" midfield a chance, but this is not an All-Ireland competition that demands a great team. So Dublin will just about do for 1958.

In many quarters a Dublin victory would not be popular. In fact it would be downright unpopular. Let's be honest and

admit that that's a fact. And the reason—the conduct of certain Dublin supporters at games in Croke Park and throughout the country over the past few years.

FINE DAY FANS

It's an unfortunate fact that Dublin Gaelic football teams carry a heavy liability in the popularity stakes . . . but in this regard let me say in justice to the Dublin team and its genuine fans, that the rowdy section does not represent real Dublin feeling. In fact in many instances the rowdies have frightened away decent supporters who are scared of being associated with gross unsportsmanship.

But the noisy barrackers and boo-boys are fine-day fans who follow a winning team and then fade away in the event of defeat.

So although its been said before—I repeat—let's forget them.

They don't count.

What does matter is that great players . . . men who have been for long ornaments of the G.A.A., like goalkeeper Paddy O'Flaherty, centre-half Jim Crowley, and his dashing lieutenants in the half-back line, Cathal O'Leary and Johnny Boyle—and forwards like Des. Ferguson and Kevin Heffernan, deserve to climax their careers with an All-Ireland football championship.

AND I BELIEVE THAT THIS YEAR THEY WILL DO SO—KERRY, GALWAY AND THE CHAMPIONS OF ULSTER NOTWITHSTANDING!

THE EUROPEAN GAMES

BY TONY BARRY

AND

FIONNBAR CALLANAN

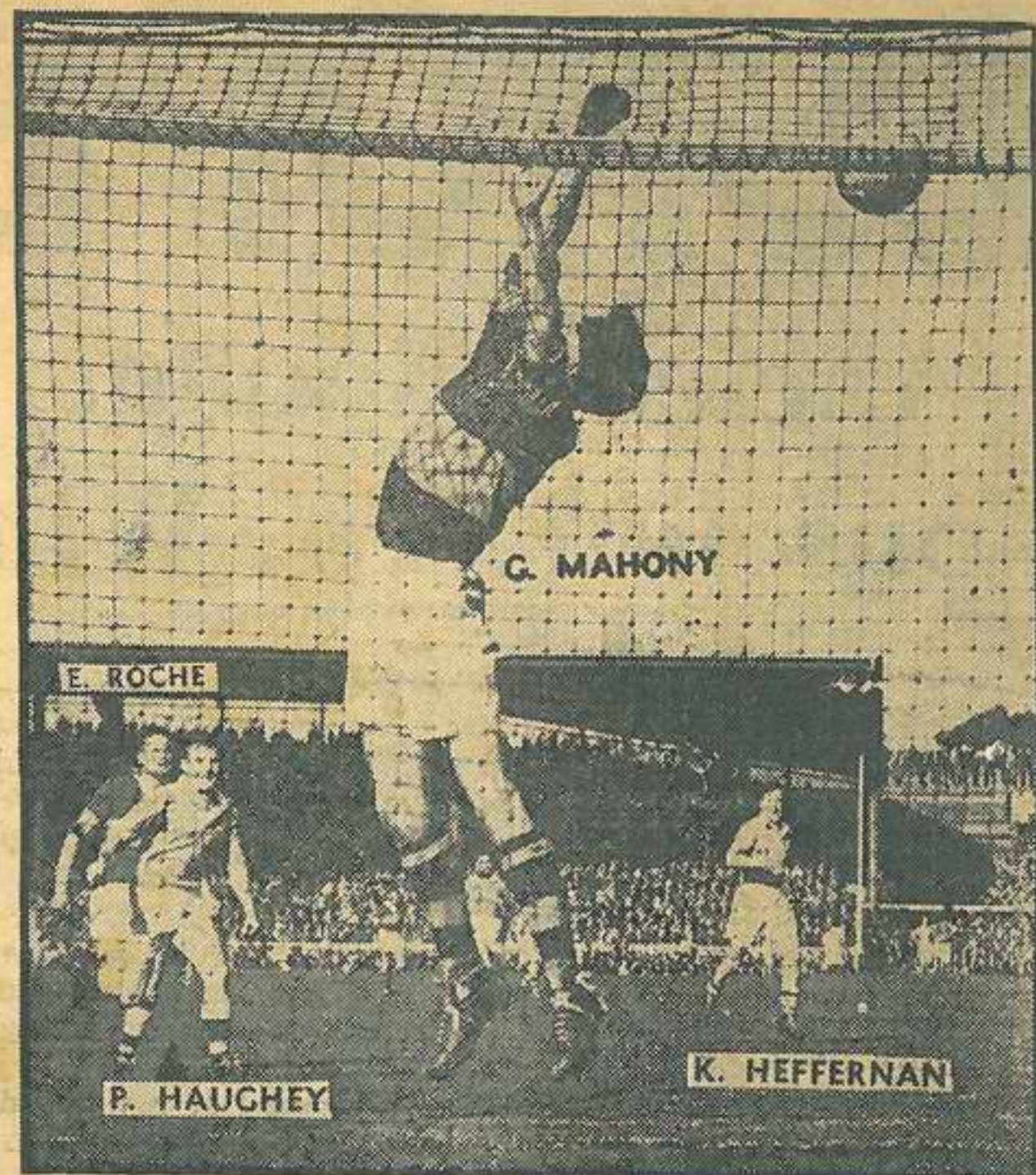
Pages 2 & 3

ON THE BALL

WITH

BRIAN McDONALD

on Page 9



Two scenes from Dublin's last appearance in an All-Ireland Final in 1955, when they were defeated by Kerry.

DERMOT O'BRIEN OF LOUTH
His story by Shane Redmond
is on pages 5 and 6.

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EUROPEAN GAMES

Ancient Roman Consolini To Win

says Tony Barry

THE MOST IMPORTANT AND GLAMOROUS OF ALL BETWEEN OLYMPICS FESTIVALS IS THE EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIPS MEET. AND IN STOCKHOLM FROM AUGUST 19 TO 24 OF THIS YEAR THE CREAM OF EUROPE'S TRACK TALENT WILL BE ON VIEW BEFORE A MULTITUDE OF VOCIFEROUS, TRACK-MAD SCANDINAVIANS AND AT LEAST ONE EQUALLY WILD IRISHMAN.

What may we expect in Stockholm? Possibly the highest standard of European sprinting ever seen. Up to now Europe's ranking in the dashes has been below (American) par; now, however, it is quite definitely on the up and up and should be well worth watching even if not up to the standard of the American dominated Olympics.

It is difficult to visualise a better 800m. race than the classic of Berne four years ago, when we saw a blanket finish with five men inside 1-48.0. Despite generally improved standards I do not expect a repetition of this though the overall results should be considerably better than those at Melbourne.

It would be impossible to discuss in the space available the remaining middle and distance races and the steeplechase. Suffice it to say that the fantastic Melbourne performances will probably be surpassed.

In the hurdle races young Martin

Lauer is clearly in a class of his own, and the veteran Lituyev should win the title he surprisingly failed to take in Berne.

In the field we could see, now that Roubanis has broken the ice, several Europeans vaulting over 15 feet. And there is the exciting prospect of new world records in the javelin, hammer and discus throws.

And this brings us to another difficult forecast: who will be the hero of Stockholm?

Will it be Jerzy Chromik, at last coming into his own in the steeplechase; Germar with a winning sprint double, Pirie with his first major international win, Kutsor Danielson or Krivonosov with new world records, or Delany confirming his Olympic form with another great victory?

Or will it be the oldest competitor of all, the ancient Roman, Adolfo Consolini? Three times has the big Italian annexed the European discus title—a fantastic achievement. Yet at the age of 41 he has signified his intention of giving it another try. In Athens recently he achieved his longest throw for a couple of years, a mammoth effort measuring no less than 183ft. 5ins. Practically everybody in the Stadium will be behind Consolini as he attempts to show the upstarts, some of them not half his age, a thing or two about competitive discus throwing.

And if he should pull it off, no matter what else happens there, Consolini will be the big hero of the 1958 European Track and Field Championships.

Delany Should Win For Ireland

says Fionnbar Callanan

I had a most horrifying dream on the night after the Editor of 'Gaelic Echo' informed me that colleague Tony Barry and myself were to forecast the results of the European Championships. In this dream, I saw the Editor handing each of us SINGLE tickets to Stockholm, and saying: "I will send out a return ticket to whichever of you has the more accurate forecast!"

Needless to say, Tony won and I spent the rest of the dream hitchhiking back through Sweden, Denmark and England, and stowing away on board the various ships that covered the watery breaks in between I was caught as we entered Dublin Bay and was put ashore on Lambay Island, where I starved to death!

An experience of that type is hardly likely to give me the confidence necessary to attempt to prejudge the 22 events on the programme at Stockholm. I could also plead that many of the teams are not yet selected, as I write, but a good answer to that would be that even on the 17th August—the day before the Championships—a forecast is just as likely to be wrong.

But, seriously, the struggle for 28 gold medals, and a similar number of silver and bronze medals, promise to make these Championships into one of the most enthralling athletic

feasts ever. If I had to forecast the winning performances in each event. I think I might indicate that I expected about four world records, and, perhaps, twice as many European records.

But even if the meeting yielded no such records, I am quite sure that the 22,000 spectators in the enlarged 1912 Olympic Stadium will see some really great competition. There may be two athletes—in Shot and Decathlon—who are virtually certain of winning their events; in all other cases, anything up to a dozen athletes may go into the competition with hopes of the coveted gold medals.

No athlete has ever won three gold medals at the same European Championship meeting. Will this jinx be broken at Stockholm by German sprinter, Manfred Germar, who is favourite for both sprints, and will also be on the highly-fancied German sprint relay team?

Will Adolfo Consolini, the fantastic 41-year-old Italian discus-thrower, win his fourth successive European title in that event? He was placed fifth in the pre-war Championships of 1938, and won the event in 1946, 1950 and 1954. Already this year, he has thrown within four feet of his 1955 European record (186 ft. 11ins.) and his experience will stand him in good stead in Stockholm.

Will Kuts, the surprise-packet of the 1954 Championships, repeat his Olympic double, or will his reported

ill-health force him to concentrate on one of the longer races?

How will the Russian high-jumpers fare without the famous built-up shoes which carried three of them over 7 feet last year?

These are only some of the problems that I am very glad I cannot answer, because the closeness and uncertainty of these encounters forms an essential part of such a meeting. If, however, I was told I could not see one event at Stockholm and no more, then I think I would have little hesitation in selecting the 1,500 Metres.

It is, of course, a classic distance while it also provides the best opportunity for Ireland's first European title. Ronnie Delany can win this race, but he will know that the opposition he will face at about 4 o'clock on Sunday, August, 24th, will be even stronger than at Melbourne in 1956.

I think the official world record of 3 mins. 40.6 secs. will certainly be broken in this event, though I rather doubt whether the winner will surpass the time of 3 mins. 38.1 secs. which Jungwirth ran last year when he was paced over the first two laps by one of his Czech teammates. This pacing is likely to prevent ratification of that time.

The winner of this race will certainly be one of the heroes of the Championships, and I think it will be Delany.

"COCKER'S" HEAD MOVED HALF AN INCH TO ONE SIDE AFTER KICK

By "A.M.R."

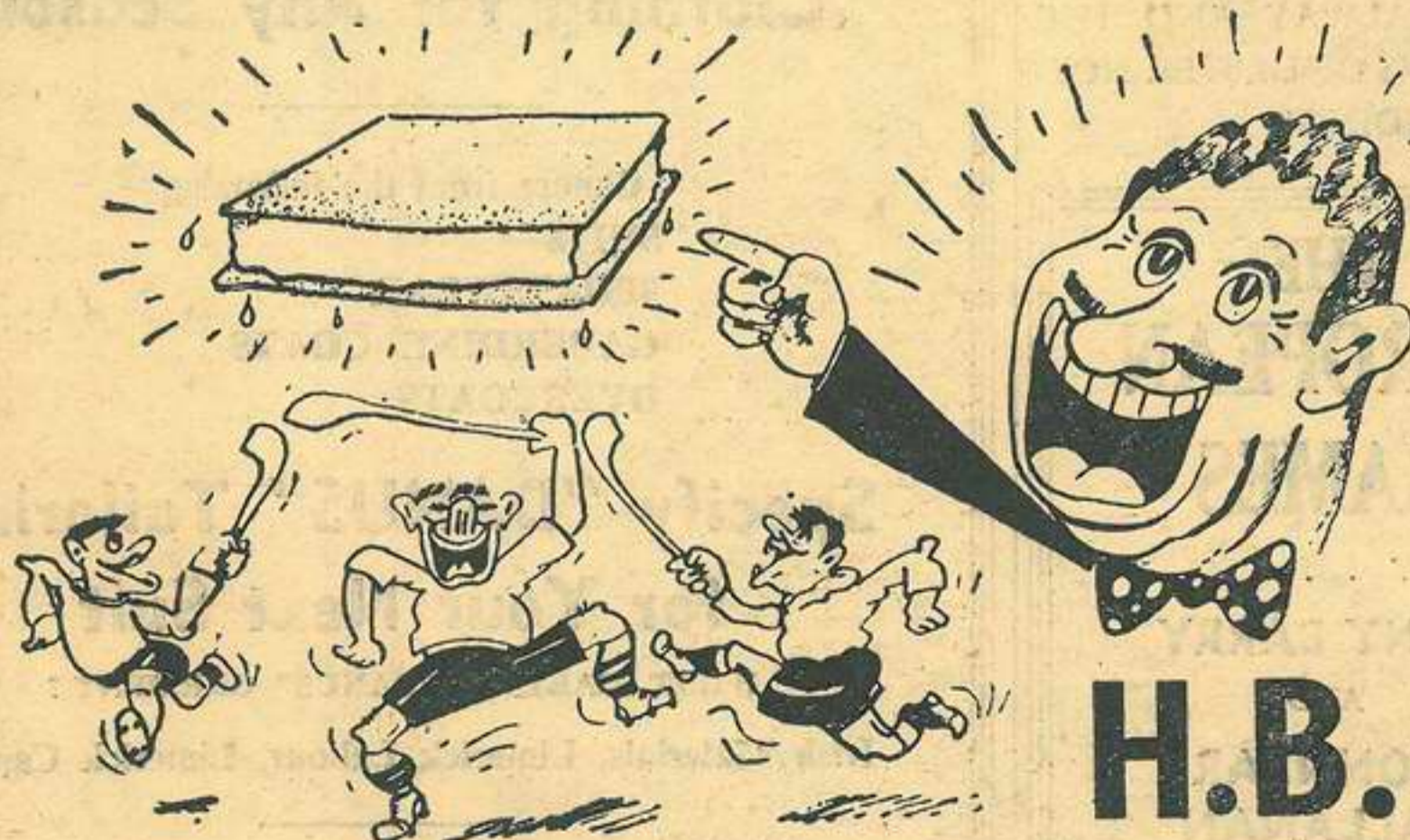
They say that the physique of the Irish race has deteriorated considerably since grandfather's time and that the flour of the last century built up brawn and bone while bleaching powder substitutes and pastry now provide but a softened-up imitation type of human. And the man who is continually toted about in some sort of mechanically propelled vehicle cannot be put in the fitness class of the one before him who strode over mountain ranges, seeking short cuts.

Dublin's famous footballer of other days, known far and wide as "Cocker" Daly, was one of the old stock in this regard. He took his daily dip in the sea all the year round and, in the early 1920's, he

still played with two of his sons on the St. Mary's senior football team. Later he was a Sergeant in the Military Police, on duty around Government Buildings and, from President, downwards, all had a cheery "Hello, Cocker" in reply to his jaunty salute.

Well over thirty years ago "Cocker" told me of one of his rougher experiences, just to emphasise that there was nothing soft about his bonal structure. He said he got a kick in the head in a football match at Thomastown, in the '90's that shifted the roof of his skull half an inch to one side, which left his cranium "like the top of an egg put back crooked, or a Kerryman's cap stuck on the Kildare side."

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FORECASTS FOR STOCKHOLM

FIONNBARR CALLANAN PICKS . . .

100 Metres
 M. Gernar (Germany).
 A. Hary (Germany).
 M. Foik (Poland).
 J. Delecour (France).
 P. Radford (Great Britain).
 Y. Konovalov (Russia).
 Time: 10.3 secs.

200 Metres
 M. Gernar (Germany).
 J. Delecour (France).
 D. Segal (Great Britain).
 V. Mandlik (Czechoslovakia).
 M. Foik (Poland).
 A. Hary (Germany).
 Time: 20.8 secs.

400 Metres
 J. Salisbury (Great Britain).
 K. Haas (Germany).
 V. Hellsten (Finland).
 J. Wrighton (Great Britain).
 A. Ignatyev (Russia).
 S. Swatowski (Poland).
 Time: 46.8 secs.

800 Metres
 B. Hewson (Great Britain).
 T. Kazimierski (Poland).
 P. Schmidt (Germany).
 M. Rawson (Great Britain).
 Z. Makomaski (Poland).
 O. Salsola (Finland).
 Time: 1 min. 47 secs.

1,500 Metres
 R. Delany (Ireland).
 O. Vuorisalo (Finland).
 D. Waern (Sweden).
 S. Jungwirth (Czechoslovakia).
 S. Herrmann (Germany).
 S. Lewandowski (Poland).
 Time: 3 mins. 40 secs.

5,000 Metres
 S. Eldon (Great Britain).
 V. Kuts (Russia).
 G. Pirie (Great Britain).
 P. Bolotnikov (Russia).

Z. Krzyszkowiak (Poland).
 M. Szabo (Hungary).
 Time: 13 mins. 38 secs.

10,000 Metres
 V. Kuts (Russia).
 S. Eldon (Great Britain).
 Y. Zhukov (Russia).
 J. Kovacs (Hungary).
 S. Ozog (Poland).
 M. Hyman (Great Britain).
 Time: 28 mins. 35 secs.

Marathon
 F. Mihalic (Yugoslavia).
 E. Pulkinen (Finland).
 V. Ivanov (Russia).
 A. Mimoun (France).
 A. Viskari (Finland).
 F. Norris (Great Britain).
 Time: 2 hours 23 mins.

4 x 100 Metres Relay
 Germany
 Russia
 Great Britain
 Poland
 France
 Italy
 Time: 40.1 secs.

4 x 400 Metres Relay
 Germany
 Great Britain
 Russia
 Poland
 Sweden
 Finland
 Time: 3 mins. 6 secs.

110 Metres Hurdles
 M. Lauer (Germany).
 S. Lorger (Yugoslavia).
 E. Brand (Germany).
 A. Mikhailov (Russia).
 E. Kinsella (Ireland).
 E. Kammerbeek (Holland).
 Time: 13.8 secs.

400 Metres Hurdles
 H. Janz (Germany).
 I. Ilin (Russia).
 S. Morale (Italy).
 S. Mildh (Finland).
 T. Farrell (Great Britain).
 Y. Lituyev (Russia).
 Time: 50.6 secs.

3,000 Metres Steeplechase
 J. Chromik (Poland).
 S. Rzhishchin (Russia).
 E. Shirley (Great Britain).
 Z. Krzyszkowiak (Poland).
 J. Disley (Great Britain).
 E. Larsen (Norway).
 Time: 8 mins. 32 secs.

High Jump
 S. Pettersson (Sweden).
 Y. Styepanov (Russia).
 B. Holmgren (Sweden).
 I. Kashkarov (Russia).
 J. Lansky (Czechoslovakia).
 T. Pull (Germany).
 Height: 6'10"

Pole Vault
 M. Preussger (Germany).
 G. Roubanis (Greece).
 E. Landstrom (Finland).
 V. Bulatov (Russia).
 Z. Wazny (Poland).
 V. Thorlaksson (Iceland).
 Height: 14ft. 10ins.

Long Jump
 I. Ter-Ovanesyan (Russia).
 H. Grabowski (Poland).
 H. Visser (Holland).
 H. Kruger (Germany).
 A. Bravi (Italy).
 A. Brakchi (France).
 Distance: 25ft. 4ins.

Hop Step And Jump
 V. Kreer (Russia).
 V. Einarsson (Iceland).
 O. Ryakhovskiy (Russia).
 J. Schmidt (Poland).

E. Battista (France).
 K. Rahkamo (Finland).
 Distance: 53ft. 4ins.

Shot Putt
 J. Skobla (Czechoslovakia).
 A. Rowe (Great Britain).
 H. Lignau (Germany).
 S. Meconi (Italy).
 E. Kwiatkowski (Poland).
 V. Loshchilov (Russia).
 Distance: 59ft. 6ins.

Discus
 A. Baltusnikas (Russia).
 E. Piatkowski (Poland).
 J. Szecsenyi (Hungary).
 A. Consolini (Italy).
 K. Merta (Czechoslovakia).
 V. Kompaneyets (Russia).
 Distance: 185 feet.

Hammer
 M. Krivosov (Russia).
 M. Ellis (Great Britain).
 V. Rudenkov (Russia).
 Z. Bezjak (Yugoslavia).
 T. Rut (Poland).
 K. Racic (Yugoslavia).
 Distance: 222 feet.

Javelin
 J. Sidlo (Poland).
 K. Fredriksson (Sweden).
 E. Danielsen (Norway).
 E. Ahvenniemi (Finland).
 M. Macquet (France).
 V. Kuznyetsov (Russia).
 Distance: 275 feet.

Decathlon
 V. Kuznyetsov (Russia).
 Y. Kutyenko (Russia).
 W. Tschudi (Switzerland).
 W. Meier (Germany).
 T. Lassenius (Finland).
 E. Kammerbeek (Holland).
 Score: 8,050 points

Austin Muldoon Of Tallaght

By William Dooley

Tallaght, County Dublin, is a place of history. Here the Parthalonians, first colony to people Ireland, about three hundred years after the deluge, were all buried after being wiped out by a plague. Here also, Saint Kevin received his earlier education from the Culdee Monks, one of whom was an uncle of his.

Perhaps owing to its being steeped in olden associations it has a rather rich type of folklore but, to-day, the locals refer, rather uncharitably, to the man spinning yarns as just "telling lies".

Lately, I had a chat with one of Tallaght's budding seanachaidhes, Joe Muldoon, who volunteered an illuminating contribution regarding the capabilities of the "men that were." Joe bids fair to emulate a succession of story-tellers in the area no doubt going back in a long line to the time of Parthalon. I know Joe well and I am sure he will not object to my quoting his story on uncle Austin Muldoon.

Thomas Davis team, of Tallaght, won the County Dublin Junior Football Championship of 1957. It was the first title taken by Tallaght since 1902, in which year Austin was one of her stalwarts.

Austin, aged 85, travelled to Parnell Park to see his parish side triumph once again after fifty-five years.

According to Joe, Austin was some man, for at 85, it is no trouble to him to carry seventeen hundredweight on his back. Joe also states that Austin had a terrific kick on a ball. On one occasion he took a fifty yards free, scoring a point, and when the ball went over the bar it went right across four fields at the back!

Make no mistake about it, Tallaght had tough men. Let us go back a little further for a shining example. In the old prize ring days, Simon Byrne, of Killinarden, Tallaght, although ultra fond of drink, and seldom in top condition, had no peer if he gave himself half a chance.

In June, 1830, Simon defeated the Scot, Sandy McKay, in 47 rounds, at Selcey Forest, and McKay died as a result. A year later Byrne met the champion, Jem Ward, one of the most celebrated in prize-fighting annals. Yet, despite the fact that he neglected his training and occasionally drank to excess, Byrne only lost after 33 rounds of desperate milling with the bare knuckles.

In May, 1833, near Ascot race-course, Byrne lost after 99 rounds with the naked mauleys against the new champion, "Deaf" Burke, lasting 3 hours and 16 minutes. The fight was a brutal one. Byrne would not give up despite pleading from all and sundry, but fought right on until he collapsed and died.

An Gúm * An Gúm

Tá

LEABHAR NUA

le

CATHAL O SANDAIR

ar diol

ANOIS

REAMONN OG

AGUS

MARCAIGH GHLEANN AN BHAIS

Praghas 9 bp.

*

Tabhair ordú anois dod dhíoltóir nuachtán nó dod dhíoltóir leabhar cóip a choimeád duit.

*

Foilseachain Rialtais

Stuara Ard-Oifig an Phoist Baile Atha Cliath.

AN GUM

And Tony Barry Says...

FORECASTS

100 Metres.
 1. M. Gernar (Germany).
 2. M. Foik (Poland).
 3. A. Hary (Germany).
 4. B. Nilsen (Norway).
 5. J. Delecour (France).
 6. P. Radford (Britain).
 Time: 10.3.

200 Metres.
 1. M. Gernar (German).
 2. V. Mandlik (CSR).
 3. D. Segal (Britain).
 4. M. Foik (Poland).
 5. H. Futterer (Germany).
 6. L. Bartenev (USSR).
 Time: 20.8.

400 Metres.
 1. S. Swatowski (Poland).
 2. A. Ignatyev (USSR).
 3. J. Salisbury (Britain).
 4. K. Haas (Germany).
 5. D. Johnson (Britain).
 6. M. Nikolskiy (USSR).
 Time: 46.6.

800 Metres.
 1. B. Hewson (Britain).
 2. E. Brenner (Germany).
 (A. Boysen, Germany).
 3. L. Szentgali (Hungary).
 4. Z. Makomaski (Poland).
 5. M. Rawson (Britain).
 6. R. Andersen (Norway).
 Time: 1-47.4.

1,500 Metres.
 1. R. Delany (Ireland).
 2. D. Waern (Sweden).
 3. S. Hermann (Germany).
 4. K. Richtzenhain (Germany).
 5. I. Rozsavolgyi (Hungary).
 6. S. Jungwirth (CSR).
 Time: 3-39.8.

5,000 Metres.
 1. G. Pirie (Britain).
 2. V. Kuts (USSR).

3. S. Iharos (Hungary).
 4. D. Ibbotson (Britain).
 5. M. Szabo (Hungary).
 6. F. Janke (Germany).
 Time: 13-42.0.

10,000 Metres.
 1. V. Kuts (USSR).
 2. S. Eldon (Britain).
 3. P. Bolotnikov (USSR).
 4. J. Kovacs (Hungary).
 5. H. Foord (Britain).
 6. R. Ahlund (Sweden).
 Time: 27-58.0.

Marathon.
 1. A. Mimoun (France).
 2. F. Mihalic (Yugoslavia).
 3. V. Karvonen (Finland).
 4. G. Ivanov (USSR).
 5. P. Kotila (Finland).
 6. — Beckert (Germany).
 Time: 2-25-00.0.

110 Metres Hurdles.
 1. M. Lauer (Germany).
 2. S. Lorger (Yugoslavia).
 3. A. Mikhailov (USSR).
 4. E. Kammerbeek (N'lands).
 5. B. Steines (Germany).
 6. A. Reydin (USSR).
 Time: 13.9.

400 Metres Hurdles.
 1. Y. Lituyev (USSR).
 2. S. Morale (Italy).
 3. T. Farrell (Britain).
 4. J. Kotlinkski (Poland).
 5. I. Ilin (USSR).
 6. P. Trollsas (Sweden).
 Time: 50.9.

3,000 Metres Steeplechase.
 1. J. Chromik (Poland).
 2. S. Rzhishchin (USSR).
 3. E. Larsen (Norway).
 4. J. Disley (Britain).
 5. H. Laurer (Germany).
 6. Eric Shirley (Britain).
 Time: 8-31.5.

High Jump.
 1. S. Pettersson (Sweden).
 2. Y. Styepanov (USSR).
 3. I. Kashkarov (USSR).
 4. J. Lansky (CSR).
 5. Z. Lewandowski (Poland).
 6. J. Kovar (CSR).
 6' 10".

Broad-Jump.
 1. I. Ter-Ovanesyan (USSR).
 2. H. Visser (Netherlands).
 3. H. Grabowski (Poland).
 4. A. Bravi (Italy).
 5. A. Brakchi (France).
 6. J. Valkama (Finland).
 25' 3".

Hop-Step-Jump.
 1. K. Tsiganov (USSR).
 2. Y. Chen (USSR).
 3. V. Einarsson (Iceland).
 4. E. Battista (France).
 5. R. Malcherzyk (Poland).
 6. K. Rahkamo (Finland).
 52' 8".

Pole-Vault.
 1. G. Roubanis (Greece).
 2. E. Landstrom (Finland).
 3. M. Preussger (Germany).
 4. V. Chernobay (USSR).
 5. V. Bulatov (USSR).
 6. Z. Wazny (Poland).
 14' 10".

Shot Putt
 1. J. Skobla (CSR).
 2. S. Meconi (Italy).
 3. H. Lignau (Germany).
 4. T. Todorov (Bulgaria).
 5. V. Loshchilov (USSR).
 6. E. Kwiatkowski (Poland).
 58' 8".

Discus Throw
 1. A. Consolini (Italy).
 2. A. Baltusnikas (USSR).
 3. E. Piatkowski (Poland).
 4. O. Grigalka (USSR).

5. J. Szecsenyi (Hungary).
 6. K. Merta (CSR).
 181' 0".

Hammer Throw
 1. M. Krivosov (USSR).
 2. V. Rudenkov (USSR).
 3. M. Ellis (Gt. B.).
 4. Z. Bezjak (Yugoslavia).
 5. T. Rut (Poland).
 6. J. Lawlor (Ireland).
 220' 0".

Javelin Throw
 1. E. Danielsen (Norway).
 2. J. Sidlo (Poland).
 3. V. Kuznetsov (USSR).
 4. J. Kopyto (Poland).
 5. V. Tsibulenko (USSR).
 6. G. Lievore (Italy).
 278' 0".

Decathlon.
 1. V. Kuznetsov (USSR).
 (M. Lauer, Germany).
 2. U. Palu (USSR).
 3. E. Kammerbeek (N'lands).
 4. Walter Meier (Germany).
 5. W. Tschudi (Switzerland).
 6. T. Lassenius (Finland).
 7,800 points.

4 x 100 Metres Relay
 1. Germany
 2. USSR
 3. Poland
 4. Britain
 5. Italy
 6. France
 39.8.

4 x 400 Metres Relay
 1. Germany
 2. Britain
 3. USSR
 4. Poland
 5. CSR.
 6. Sweden.
 3-08.0

SALESTALK
by
FRANK SALES

Will It Be A Happy Anniversary For The "Doc"?

SALESTALK
by
FRANK SALES

It won't be the first time that an O'Callaghan has worn the green singlet on the Continent when Brian and Hugh compete for Ireland in the Catholic Students' Games at Louvain, Belgium, this month. In fact it will be almost the 30th anniversary of their famous parent's world-shaking Olympic victory at Amsterdam. That was the first of Dr. Pat's two Olympic hammer titles. Brian will be competing in the same event at the Students' "Olympics" — and here's to a happy anniversary!

Brian doubles in the shot, while the younger Hugh goes in the discus and javelin.

And just for a footnote, I can't resist quoting the "Evening Herald" as to what the genial but very powerful Corkman, now resident in Clonmel, was doing 20 years ago, or a decade after his first gold medal.

"Wrestling: Dr. Pat O'Callaghan beat the American Indian, Chief Little Wolf at Long Beach, California, in 10 minutes, 30 seconds. The Irishman so battered his opponent with a powerful 'hammerthrow' that the Chief was left unconscious for over 5 minutes. O'Callaghan weighed 16 st., 2 lb., and the Chief, 15 st., 5 lbs.

Some of these Tipperary hurlers are very versatile fellows indeed. Liam Connolly and Tom Larkin played two different codes for their county on successive Sundays, helping the footballers to shake Kerry, and the hurlers to clinch the Munster crown.

Later in the evening of the Kerry match, Larkin and another team



Pat O'Callaghan, Inter-Varsity shotput champion and runner-up to Kevin Prendergast (Clonmel) in the National Championships.

Seventeen years of hurling in the top three counties, and still hurling at times as well as ever—that is the record of Mick Ryan whose high spots are three gold medals in each of the three top levels: All-Ireland, National League and Railway Cup.

The brilliant forward of Tipperary's glorious years, 1949—1951, took on a new lease of life this year as centre-back for Cork's St. Finbarrs. Previously he had gained divisional or county medals with his native Roscrea (Tipperary), Dicksboro' (Kilkenny), and Blackrock (Cork), as well as football honours with St. John's (Kilkenny) and Clonakilty (Cork).

The only team outside the Metropolis who can boast a galaxy of inter-county stars is the Military College, Curragh, "platoon." The cadets are all set to repeat their 1957 Kildare hurling title win, and to add the football, and no wonder, with their line-up including Mick O'Shea of Limerick; "Buster" Leeney, Joe Casey and Des Hearn, the son of the famous boxer, Garda

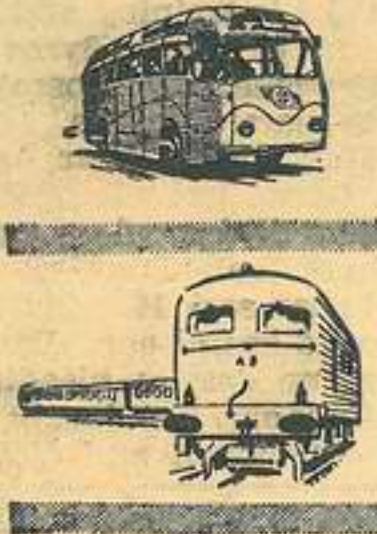
Dick (all Dublin), Colm Madigan, Clare midfielder, and Sean Warren, star Tipp, minor of a couple of seasons ago.

Clare athletes of a few seasons ago did not make much impression on the national scene, but now the younger force are driving out in quest of titles—and winning them.

Vide 18-years-old cyclist, P. J. Darcy of Cusack C.C., who brought its first national title in 25 years to Clare when taking the 5 miles junior race at Shanaglish, and followed up with the senior championship over the same distance the following Sunday at the other Galway venue, Laught.

They say that Cork hurling star Terry Kelly will leave Tracton club next year, to strengthen the already formidable forces of St. Finbarr's. He has left the Garda Siochana and his new post will bring him within the orbit of the 'Barrs.

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mate, Dony Nolan, turned out a second time in the blue and gold—in a challenge hurling game against Clare.

Connolly, of course, is very familiar with the colours, having the unique distinction of representing Tipp, in both codes right through minor and junior ranks to senior. And the Ardinnan boy, John Keating, has seen service with the county in both junior and senior hurling and football.

Two of the all-time greats in Tipperary hurling, John Doyle and Sean Kenny, have a keen interest in another sporting sphere, owning two lively greyhounds in "Cheeky Miss" and "Heart of Mutton," both winners on local tracks.

A family link spanning 70 years of G.A.A. history is that of the Stuarts of Ogonnoloe, Co. Clare. The name is a very well-known one, indeed, with Dr. Joe Stuart as President of the Association, but even back in the 80's there were Dominic and John of the clan on the parish team that made history.

Dominic was the President's father, and John his uncle. The record of that team reads like a world champion boxer's—Ogonnoloe won 82 out of 83 matches. John Fitzgibbon was a member who went to America in 1888 with the "Invasion," and doubled an 880 win over there with the hurling.

In 1887, the team played and beat Ballysimon (Limerick), and Templekelly (Tipperary), for two cups in inter-county challenges, and the trophies are held to this day in the home of a son of another great member of that team—Rody Costelloe.

Now the accession of Dr. Joe Stuart to the premier post in the Association has inspired the Ogonnoloe men of to-day to record the feats of nigh a century ago by inscribing the names of the champions on the two cups.

They will read: Fr. Luke O'Brien, J. O'Brien, J. Fitzgibbon, R. Costelloe, M. Devitt, M. Mulcahy, D. Stuart, J. Stuart, M. Salmon, P. Vaughan, J. Sexton, M. Curtin, F. Curtin, T. McKenna, J. McKenna, B. Dinan, J. Molony, J. Farrell and M. Gaynor.

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A Hero Of Croke Park



DERMOT O'BRIEN OF LOUTH

By Shane Redmond

I had a job to do, in the course of which I was directed to Páirc Tailteann An Uaimh, where a bout of practice was in progress. As I watched the small group of players, I wondered, for I could not see anybody built on the traditional lines of Gaelic footballers. But as soon as a certain individual gained possession, I knew I had found my man. The characteristic uncanny anticipation, high catch, and deacy accuracy, which have Dermot O'Brien Ireland's top centre-forward of the day were all too evident to me and to his

harassed mates. This, I decided, was the time for some information.

Dermot has come a long way since he started his football career with the De La Salle Brothers in Ardee, a fact which he regards as being most significant, for he says he "might never have started football were it not for the enthusiasm and encouragement of Bro. Patrick, who was teaching there then."

Another very important factor for him was that having graduated through under 16, minor and junior ranks, to secure a permanent place on the St. Mary's senior team he was "always conscious of the tradition of this great home of footballers and of the headline which the great players before him had set."

And what lad of 18 would not be inspired on having club mates and team mates in such men as Sean Boyle, Jack Bell, Paddy Markey, Nicky Roe, Ray Mooney, Paddy McArdle and Johnny Malone?—quite a combination in its hey-day!

The potential spotted in young O'Brien's school-days blossomed forth and his appearances on the Louth minor team of '49 and '50—although ranking highly among his greatest thrills—were only a stepping stone towards his selection to represent his county in senior football versus Meath in 1952. His goal had been achieved, the day he had dreamed of as a boy had come, and how well he played his part in helping Louth to a Leinster championship in '53, only to meet defeat at the hands of Kerry in the All-Ireland semi-final. So ends the first chapter in the story of Dermot O'Brien.

But side by side with the first, a second chapter was being written. This time in a completely different field which makes all the more remarkable his achieve-

ments in both spheres. To Irish music and cello lovers the name of Dermot O'Brien has become a household word whether as an individual artist or as leader of a well-known band.

His laurels in the music world are too numerous to relate but suffice it to say that he is unrivalled in these islands as a musician. However, this position has only been achieved by an amount of hard work which makes one wonder how this necessarily energetic and fabulously talented young man can cope with his many commitments.

At this stage an obvious question was what happened after 1953?

By now the undoubted football genius of the Ardee man, although seemingly dormant could not be completely suppressed, and while he disappeared from the inter-county scene, Dermot still remained active in the game he loves. For the next few seasons he divided his services between his native Ardee and Navan, the town of his adoption.

In the process he picked up many valuable trophies including two Meath Feis Cup medals and Old Gael trophies in Louth competitions. But still the form that made him an automatic choice on Louth teams eluded him.

Dermot explains—"Whether I was concentrating too much on my other interests or whether it was due to the fact that Louth football in general was then passing through a stretch of doldrums, I don't know,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)

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LOUTH, ALL-IRELAND CHAMPIONS OF 1957.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

but somehow I could not regain my form."

Chapter three seems overshadowed by the ones that went before but it was to be completely paled by the brilliance of chapter four.

Those who are familiar with Louth football know that there is no more determined team of whole hearted fighters. Their form in League campaigns is no better than many but each year as championship time approaches they seem to take on a new lease of life.

In the spring of 1957 a more determined effort still was being made and the cry of those who had asked "where is Dermot O'Brien" was answered when he was recalled by the selectors to captain the county team.

Though little attention was focussed on them this new Louth fifteen—a clever combination of youth with a sprinkling of "old hands"—quietly wended its way to the Leinster final.

And this brings us to Dermot's most exciting game. Let him tell you. "We were rank outsiders in this match against Dublin, played in a downpour at Croke Park. The full sixty minutes was hectic football and we confounded the critics by emerging victors by 5 points. Jimmy McDonnell was the man of the match scoring two goals and two points."

But... so too was Dermot proving that he had lost none of his old ability. His displays in the semi-final and final were such as to earn him an All-Ireland medal and the 40 yards berth and captaincy of the Ireland team.

His greatest moment, of course,



LOUTH V. TYRONE IN LAST YEAR'S ALL-IRELAND SEMI-FINAL.

was when he received the Sam Maguire Cup after the All-Ireland triumph. Amidst all the jubilation Dermot astutely observed that they were not world beaters but owed their victory to an overwhelming team spirit as much as to football ability. Whatever the reason the championship justly returned to the Wee County for the first time in many years. After so many near misses those great Louth followers could give vent to their pent up feelings. And how they appreciated it!

Then followed an "unforgettable" American trip. Dermot tells a story of this trip and the people he met in America which admirably illustrates the type of person whose achievements I have been relating. "I met thousands of exiles, all of whom were comparatively happy,

for an Irishman seems to be looked up to in the United States, but most would like to come home if they could get a decent job here. One very warm evening after a match I took my accordion and played some Irish airs on the sideline. Soon thousands were setting all around me on the pitch singing Irish songs, and I was thrilled and privileged that I could bring to those people a little of what they miss so much and what we here take for granted. Such is Dermot O'Brien, likeable, kind hearted, a truly ideal ambassador of Ireland and her heritage, and at the same time unassuming to an almost frustrating degree.

He thinks that the standard of football has gone down here while it is on the upgrade in the United States. In his opinion it will be a while before we see the equal of his ideal team—the Meath one of

the period '49-'52 with its "ideal blend of strong backs, high catches and brainy forwards."

And what of chapter five. It has yet to be written. Will it see the realization of Dermot's aims to play music as good as Jimmy Shand, and to be a footballer of the class of Brian Smyth of Meath, Jimmy McDonnell of Louth, and Paddy Driscoll of Cork all beaten into one. This is quite a standard he has set before him, but somehow in the light of past events, I feel he will get there.

ANYWAY WE WISH HIM LUCK. WHATEVER ELSE HE MAY ACHIEVE AND AT 26 HE HAS PLENTY OF TIME TO DO IT, HE HAS LEFT A LASTING IMPRINT ON THE GAELIC SANDS OF TIME AND PROVED HIMSELF TO BE QUITE AN EXTRAORDINARY YOUNG MAN.



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KATHLEEN COADY . . . QUEEN OF THE CAMOGIE WORLD

By PATRICK CAHILL

DUBLIN'S Kathleen Coady, greatest of all camogie players, of Tipperary-Kilkenny stock, and winner of eight All-Ireland medals during her brilliant innings between 1940 and 1950, left a name behind her that is known throughout the cities and towns and little villages of Ireland.

Her grand overhead play, intelligent technique, general mastery in the more salient aspects of the game, coupled with uncommon speed, made up a combination that built for her such true greatness that she rarely appeared in an arena she did not adorn.

Her mother was formerly Mary Morkan, of Killea, Templemore, birthplace of Tommy Treacy famous Tipperary hurler of the 1930's. It was during lengthy sojourns on holidays there, as little more than a child, that she learned the rudiments of the game. Although also born in Dublin, her younger sister, Teresa, played camogie with Tipperary County by virtue of residential qualification at Killea.

Their father was the late Michael Coady, of Kells, Co. Kilkenny, a top-rate sportsman, very well known in Gaelic circles.

Kathleen appeared in her first match with Celtic against a Wexford selection in Wexford town at the tender age of eleven. In an exhibition game at Douglas, Isle of Man, she played a star role at centre field to help her side bring home the Isle of Man Cup, when she was still only thirteen.

In all she played for fifteen seasons, retiring in 1950, but to-day she is evidently as competent as ever. She has no more hankering for honour and glory, but loves the game. She rates her former C.I.E. club partner, Kathleen Mills, as the outstanding player of this era, irrespective of position. And, should "Kay" Coady decide on staging a comeback, it is in her favour that she is younger than Kathleen Mills.

Back in 1938, C.I.E. Club (then known as G.S.R.), in their first senior game, caused a sensation by beating the senior champions, University College, and 13-year-old "Kay," figuring at centre-field, crashed into the headlines by registering all of her winning side's



scores. Newly recruited from Optimists, she was there to stay, for it was as a C.I.E. celebrity in after years that she earned enduring fame. C.I.E. was the only club to ever represent Dublin entirely by itself, win the Leinster title and go through to the All-Ireland final. This was in 1941.

Kathleen Coady was honoured by some of the great hurlers of history as no other camogie player was in this or any other generation. Limerick's one and only Mick Mackey and Cork's Jack Lynch and Jim Young presented her with their hurleys. And she was given the singular distinction of being the only camogie ex-

ponent to be allowed train regularly with the Garda hurling team on their ground in the Phoenix Park. Often with four or five "sliothars" whizzing up and down the pitch, in the company of Mick Gill, Matty Power, "Fowler" McInerney, Garrett Howard and other players of renown, she hurled with serene confidence as if one of themselves.

She believes the king of all hurlers was Mick Mackey and the finest

goalkeeper Paddy Scanlon of Limerick. She also rates Tommy Doyle, of Tipperary, up right on top, particularly owing to the consistent dominance he exercised over Christy Ring in their many duels for supremacy.

In camogie fields the best she ever actually played on was Kathleen Coughlan, sister of Eudie Coughlan, captain of the grand Cork team which ousted Kilkenny after the three memorable matches that made up the 1931 final. May Kavanagh, of Glenealy, Wicklow, stands high among her great centre-fielders, and Wicklow-born Sophie Brack and Jean Hannon, the Dooey twin sisters from Antrim and Bridie O'Neill, sister of Harry O'Neill, well-known Antrim senior footballer, all great forwards. Kathleen Coady herself always played at centre-field and her combination with Kathleen Mills on the wing made an unrivalled partnership.

Best full-back she has known was Peggy Griffin of Dublin, while the C.I.E. full-back, who also played for Dublin, Tess Leahy, was little inferior. Tess Leahy, of Urlingford, certainly was of hurling blood, for she had five brothers in the top bracket. Tommy won All-Ireland's with Kilkenny in 1932, '33 and '35, as did Terry in 1939 and '47. Jerry played with Kilkenny in the 1931 final against Cork, Paddy gained All-Ireland junior honours, and Jack played with the army. Not a bad family record. Tess is now the wife of Vincent Cassidy, former Cavan County footballer, and they reside in New York.

Miss Kathleen Coady is now a teacher in the Convent of the Sisters of Charity, Crumlin. Quiet and unassuming, she indeed wears her laurels lightly. Her very presence may well cause a distinct raising of camogie standards in the Crumlin neighbourhood, as did that of Fr. Thomas Maher in hurling spheres, when he was a Catholic Curate there. Fr. Maher is currently the trainer of the Kilkenny senior team.

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As I See Things

By SEAN O'NEILL

New-Born Characters Give Me A Pain

A new type of individual seems to have arisen on the G.A.A. front . . . namely, the public grouser.

This character is one who has a grievance and who is not satisfied until he has made everyone concerned—**together with many scores of thousands of those unconcerned—very much aware of his grievance or grouse.**

Personally, I am getting fed-up with this new born character. Whether his grouse be genuine or simply the product of a colourful imagination fed on conceited egotism, he bores me.

Quite recently we have had a

number of these men—large picture . . . synopsis of life story—and, of course, the grievance adorning our Sunday newspaper sports pages.

In each case the individuals concerned were men who had won All-Ireland medals and who had given or still give excellent service to the Association, but what they had to say was surely something which they should have addressed to their particular County Boards or Provincial Councils. It was something which these bodies were directly concerned with and definitely not something for casual after Mass reading on a Sunday.

So far these characters have been few, but the indication is that they may be joined by others. An example has been set which could have a very detrimental

effect on the G.A.A. and its well being.

What these individuals forget is that the Gaelic Athletic Association is a national organisation together with being a sporting body. It has a national ideal and objective and when one injures, ridicules or casts aspersions on the Association one casts them on one's country. If one has a grievance deal with it through the proper channels and remember one does not gain one iota in public favour by soliciting the press to fight or state one's case, as a matter of fact one falls immensely in the eyes of the public and especially in the eyes of those who concern one most, namely the followers of our native games.

So why barter the glories of one's career for paltry vanity.

Philomena Struck A Good Blow For Ireland

WHEN Miss Philomena Garvey withdrew from the Curtis Cup rather than wear the Union Jack, she was acclaimed by all Irish sports writers. "A blow is struck for Ireland," they cried. "Golfing star becomes national figure" etc. and indeed it was all quite true. Miss Garvey's refusal and the clear cut manner in which she defined it was probably the finest demonstration against British political intrusion in sport since Peter O'Connor circled the Olympic Stadium at the 1906 Olympic Games in Athens carrying the Irish flag.

The startling part of the whole recent event was the unanimity with which the sports scribes greeted Miss Garvey's action. What patriotic utterings poured forth from those nimble pens, utterings which even the most extreme of our republican evangelists would

have been proud to add to their bequested writings.

Fighting words indeed . . . why it is amazing that the British even decided to go ahead with the Curtis Cup competition at all, what with the danger of a commando raid by pen-waving Irishmen in the offing, it was surely courageous of them to field a team.

A number of weeks have now passed since Miss Garvey's press conference and of course there is much to be written on the A.A.U., Clonliffe Harriers and the British Empire games. The sabre rattling has changed to trumpet blowing once more.

Personally, I wonder what would have happened if Miss Garvey had been less conscious of her national obligations and worn the Union Jack. Would she have been condemned with the same unanimity as she was praised?

I doubt it, yes, I am even quite sure she would not. Her action would simply be accepted as "a necessary international undertaking." It would be accepted as was and is the "necessary international undertaking" of the A.A.U.; of C.R.E.; of the Irish Rugby Union; of the Belfast members of the Amateur Boxing Association who competed in the Empire Games and of the other national sporting compromisers.

As a matter of fact I doubt if some of our well known sports writers would have even understood why Miss Garvey refused to wear the Union Jack had she not wisely called the press conference and explained it word for word.

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THE OLYMPIC GAMES

By Philip Roderick

THE SECOND OLYMPIC GAMES HAD BEEN A SIDESHOW TO THE GREAT PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1900, AND THERE AND THEN, THE OLYMPIC ORGANISERS RESOLVED THAT NEVER AGAIN WOULD SUCH A MISTAKE OCCUR. BUT THE MISTAKE WAS REPEATED—THIS TIME ON A GIGANTIC SCALE—WHEN THE THIRD OLYMPIAD WAS HELD AT ST. LOUIS IN 1904.

Once again, the Games were a sideshow. The main attraction at St. Louis in 1904, was the World's Fair. The true significance of the Olympic ideal had still to penetrate to the United States, and the third Olympiad was nothing more than a glorified track and field meeting. America provided the bulk of the competitors, and foreign representation was practically nil. Neither Britain nor France was represented, and Germany sent only one athlete to St. Louis.

What competition there was, was of insufficient quality to provide any worthwhile opposition to the all-powerful Americans, who swept 21 of the 22 first places.

The solitary exception was Etti-
enne Desmarteau of Canada, and even he could almost be classified as an American, for he had lived most of his life in New York, where he was a member of the police force. However, despite the lack of foreign competition, the track and field performances at St. Louis were of an exceptionally high standard, and practically every Olympic record went by the board.

The Games opened on Monday, August 29, and continued to September 3, but at no time was there more than a crowd of a few thousands on hand to see the athletic events.

Diminutive Archie Hahn of the Milwaukee Athletic Club, winner of the American 100 yards and 220

yards championship in 1903 was the fastest man at the third Olympiad. He ran away with the 60 metres, 100 metres and 200 metres, and in the 200 metres set a great new record of 21.6s., which lasted down to 1932, when it was broken by Eddie Tolan at the 10th Olympiad in Los Angeles.

Another triple winner was Ray Ewry, who collected his usual quota of wins in the three standing jumps—events in which he was unbeatable at that time. His mark of 11' 4 3/4" in the standing long jump was a new world's record.

John Flanagan found the hammer competition a little tougher than at Paris four years previously, but after a tough battle with John De Witt, who reached 164' 11 1/2" he came through to retain his Olympic title with a new record of 168' 1". In fifth place was the veteran James Mitchell, of Emly, Co. Tipperary, then in the twilight of his wonderful athletic career.

TRIPLE WIN

James D. Lightbody, of Chicago, and Harry Hillman of New York, also recorded triple victories at St. Louis, the former in the 800 metres, 1,500 metres and 2,500 metres steeplechase, and the latter in the 400 metres and 200 metres and the 400 metres hurdles.

In the 800 metres, Valentine, the American half-mile champion of 1903 and 1904 sprinted into the lead in the first lap, and at the bell was five yards ahead of the rest of the field of fourteen runners. He held his lead into the home stretch, but in the sprint for the tape he was edged out by Lightbody, who won by a yard in 1m. 56.0s. The first four men home all broke the Olympic record of 1m. 59.0s. set by Hall of the U.S.A. in a heat at Paris in 1900. Lightbody also broke the Olympic record in the 1,500 metres, by beating the two Verner brothers in 4m. 05.4s.

Hillman set new marks in the 400 metres and 200 metres hurdles, but

in the 400 metres hurdles, which he won in 53.0s., the hurdles used were lower than those used now in international athletics.

There was quite a surprise in the shotput, won by the gigantic Ralph Rose of California. The favourite to win was Wesley Coe, of Somerville, Massachusetts, one of the greatest all-round weight men in the world at that time. While he was at Oxford, Coe won the British AAA shotput championship on two occasions.

At St. Louis, he led after the first round with a putt of 46' 3", and in his second improved to 47' 2 1/2", but with his third throw, the giant Rose heaved the weight out to 48' 7", and that was that.

Rose, who did not win his first American championship until 1907, subsequently became the first man to beat 50' in this event, and later set a world record of 51' 0" which lasted down to 1928.

Martin Sheridan, of Bohola, Co. Mayo, made his Olympic debut in these Games and had an easy win in the discus with 128' 10 1/2".

Sheridan is now universally recognised as the father of modern discus throwing, and his style and technique in the early days of ath-



letics did much to popularise this event in international competition.

Myer Prinstein, the Olympic hop, step and jump champion at Paris, retained his title at St. Louis, but failed to break his own record by a few inches. He did, however, create another new record at the third Games; in the long jump he produced the first 24' 0" jump in the history of the Olympics.

The high jump was disappointing. Only two competitors cleared 5' 9 1/2", and S. S. Jones of New York—a consistent 6' 0" jumper—won the Olympic at 5' 11".

NEW RECORD

Of the seven competitors in the pole vault, four beat 10' 11" for a new Olympic mark. McLanahan of the U.S.A. failed at the next height of 11' 3", and Dvorak, the American champion of 1901 and 1903, Leroy Sams of Chicago, and Williams, the reigning American champion went on to tackle another new record of 11' 6". Dvorak cleared at his second attempt, but the other two failed.

As at Athens, the Marathon provided the highlight of the Games. Thirty one competitors from four nations took part, and among them was Felix Carvagal of Cuba, one of the most colourful competitors in the history of the Olympics.

Carvagal, described by one sports writer as being "knee high to a grasshopper" was a postman back in his native Havana. Somehow or other, he heard of the Games in St. Louis, and for some unknown reason he decided to go there.

But first of all there was the all important matter of raising the money to get there. This, apparently posed no problem for the resourceful Carvagal.

One sunny afternoon, when most of the good citizens of Havana were slumbering in their daily siestas, they were suddenly roused by the sight of the local postman galloping in circles around the city square.

This was too good to miss, and the curious gathered in no time at all to find out what particular form of insanity had possessed Carvagal. When sufficient crowds had gathered the postman gave up his running, mounted a barrel, and proceeded to

tell his audience of his plan to compete in the Olympic Games.

His must have been a persuasive tongue—the money poured in. So, with the necessary funds to purchase his ticket to the United States and a little over to keep him on his journey, Carvagal set off.

He reached New Orleans safely—and then came disaster. His love for gambling brought him into a poker game with some of the local "gentlemen", and in a matter of an hour, he was relieved of all his spare cash, and left penniless.

Undaunted, our hero set off for St. Louis. He hitch-hiked the whole way—begging for food, sometimes working for it, and more often than not, it must be told, stealing it, when the opportunity presented itself.

Word of his coming went before him, and by the time he reached St. Louis, his adventures had made headlines in the American newspapers. The entire population of St. Louis turned out to welcome him.

After a tremendous reception, he was taken in hand by the giant weight-throwers, Rose, Flanagan, Mitchell, Desmarteau and Sheridan, who housed him in their quarters, fed him, and clothed him in the week preceding the Marathon.

During those seven days, it gradually came to light that Carvagal had never competed in a Marathon, and worse still, was delightfully vague about the distance of the race. But he was full of confidence—he didn't even bother to train.

OLYMPIC DEBUT

In due course, he lined up with the rest of the Marathon runners. His appearance caused an uproar. Felix turned up in his ordinary clothes, covered by a long-sleeved garment, which looked suspiciously like one of the big weight-throwers night-shirts.

The race was held up, while Martin Sheridan attended to the matter of Carvagal's running attire. Using a sharp scissors, he snipped off the shirt sleeves, trimmed the bottom of the shirt, cut off the legs of the Cuban's trousers, and in the resultant weird outfit, Felix Carvagal—lone representative of Cuba—

made his debut into Olympic competition.

Off he went on his long 26-mile trek. He joked and clowning with the spectators, and throughout the race, he kept up a running commentary in his pidgin English, that delighted the thousands, lining the streets of St. Louis.

But we must leave Carvagal for a moment. In the same race, there was another competitor—Frederick Lorz of the Mohawk Club—whose exploits were to make this Marathon one of the most sensational of all time.

Lorz was an early leader, but after five miles, he collapsed in the tremendous heat, which later claimed the life of Garcia, another American runner.

Lorz retired from the race, but his clothes were back in the Stadium, so he gladly accepted the offer of a lift in one of the motor cars, which were following the runners along the course.

Approaching the Stadium, there was another collapse—this time on the part of the car. Lorz, still in his running togs, decided to run the last few miles back to the ground.

Out he hopped, and headed for the Stadium at a brisk pace. Refreshed after his long rest, he covered the remaining miles in no time at all and, of course, reached the Stadium far ahead of any other runner.

His unexpected appearance at the entrance to the ground caused consternation. Excited and flustered officials scurried in all directions to make proper and adequate arrangements for a champion's reception.

Lorz entered the Stadium triumphantly, and to deafening cheers, he trotted around the track to the winning tape.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, who was to present the winner's medal, was rushed to the finishing line, and was just in the act of pinning the Olympic medal on Lorz's chest, when a perspiring official tore up, and halted the proceedings. When he had recovered enough breath to speak, he denounced Lorz as an im-

(Continued on Page 10)

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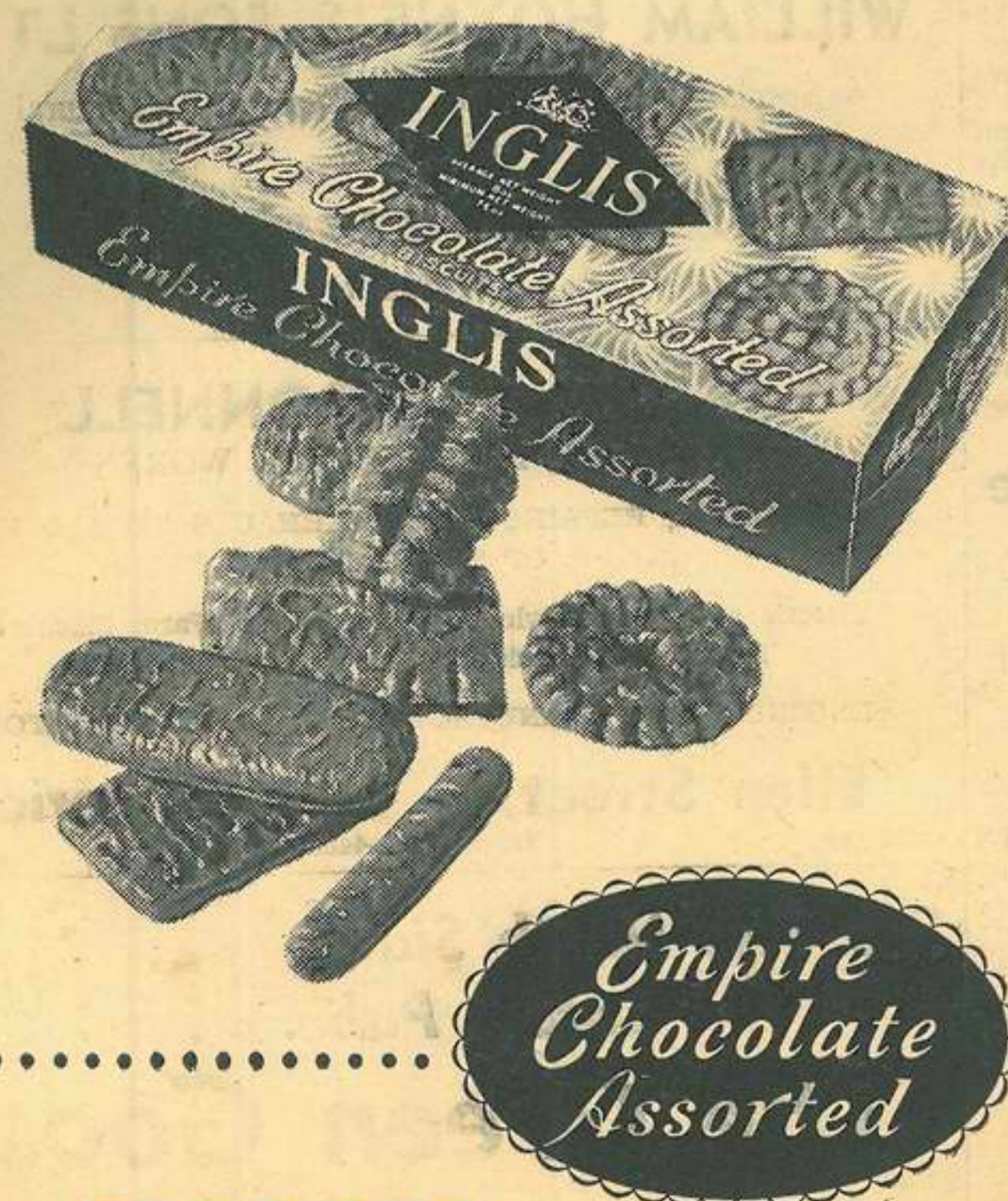
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THE OLYMPIC GAMES

(continued from page 9)

poster. The leading runner was only at that moment approaching the ground.

Lorz, of course, insisted that the whole thing was a practical joke. Had he not been seen in the motor car by nearly every competitor in the race, and by most of the officials?

Unfortunately, the Amateur Athletic Union of the U.S.A. took a different view of his hoax, and Lorz was promptly suspended for life.

The eventual winner was Hicks of the USA. He staggered into the ground in a pitiful condition, and tottered his way to the finishing line. He had to be held upright, while Mrs. Roosevelt presented him with the medal. Then he sat down, and fell asleep.

The second and third runners—Corey and Newton of the USA—arrived in much the same condition, and had to be medically treated.

Then came the astounding Carvagal—still full of life, still playing to the gallery.

He danced around the track,

waved to the crowds, bowed to their applause, and led a great burst of cheering himself as he crossed the line.

Had he taken the race seriously, there can be little doubt but that he would have cantered home in first place.

The third Olympiad was well organised and the performances were excellent, but the lack of interest by the other nations made it a purely American celebration.

As expected, there were a few incidents, but these were minor ones compared to some of those, which marred subsequent Games.

Normally, there would have been a four-year span before the next Games, but in an endeavour to recapture the success of the first Olympiad, the Greeks decided to sponsor another Games in 1906 at Athens.

This was to pave the way for the magnificent spectacles of sport, which have since been held in Los Angeles, Berlin, London, and Helsinki.

ON THE BALL

WITH BRIAN McDONALD

A.A.U. BLUNDERING GOES ON, AND ON AND ON!

Dear me, it seems that the Amateur Athletic Union of Ireland can do nothing right. Last month, I mentioned in this column about the utter farce they had made about ratifying a 14.2 hurdles record by Eamonn Kinsella, and on top of all that came the Niall Brophy incident. Now, I have nothing against Brophy whatsoever, but the hard and honest fact of the matter was that when he won the A.A.U. 220 toile at Santry, he was a suspended member of that association, but at one of their hush meetings, the A.A.U. allowed Brophy to keep his title.

Of course I wasn't at all surprised, for I have got pretty used to these inconsistencies by this august body. But within the past month they have really gone to town, and poor, unfortunate Johnny Lawlor was the victim of their colossal blundering.

On July 6 at Santry Stadium, Johnny, just returned from Boston University on summer holidays, got in a mighty throw well over the 200 foot mark, but as the hammer was hopelessly inaccurate, a new Irish record wasn't even considered. In actual fact, the Pressmen in attendance were asked not to make any reference to this particular throw.

Now this meeting was run by a somewhat inexperienced body—although under the jurisdiction of the A.A.U.—and I was inclined to overlook the whole stupid matter. I said surely a meeting run entirely by the A.A.U. could not make such a blunder, but, my oh my, how wrong can one get! On July 9 they promoted a meeting at Santry, and from what I'm told it was a huge success.

Five new records were established, and one of these included a world record by the tidy Melbourne Insurance clerk, Albert Thomas. Another one of the "records" was a throw of 203 feet 5½ inches by Lawlor. The hammer was checked, I'm told, before the event commenced, but it seems that such a simple thing as weighing a ball and measuring a chain are beyond the capabilities of this organisation.

When Bob Payne, who checks all A.A.U. records, got around to the hammer, he found that it was 1½ ounces light and two inches short in the handle! I feel that any

further comment would be a waste of paper and a waste of time. Suffice it to say that until the A.A.U. run their affairs on a more business like lines, then the outlook is very, very grim.

WHILE on the subject of athletics, I'd be very thankful if someone would let me know the exact measurement of the track at Santry. The secretary of Clonliffe Harriers has told us that it is an "exact replica of the track that was laid down at Melbourne." Now the track at Melbourne is 400 metres! It's an interesting point!

WHEN EAMONN YOUNG WROTE HIS LIFE STORY IN A BRITISH SUNDAY NEWSPAPER, CERTAIN MEMBERS OF THE G.A.A. WERE CLAMOURING FOR HIS POUND OF FLESH, BUT I DIDN'T HEAR A MURMUR WHEN A VERY PROMINENT MEMBER OF THIS ASSOCIATION TOLD HIS STORY IN A BRITISH DAILY NEWSPAPER.

I WONDER WHY?

Recently I met Dermot O'Brien, one of Louth's greatest forwards and captain of last year's All-Ireland winning team, and he confirmed the rumours that he was emigrating to the U.S.

"While I was in America with the Louth team, I was offered a good job in the entertainment business, and I intend to take it." This isn't at all surprising, since

Dermot is one of the country's top radio and recording stars.

I'm told that Cork hurling star, Terry Kelly, at present with the Tracton Club, may join St. Finbarr's at the end of the season. Reason for the intended switch is that Terry has left the Garda and his new job will take him to Cork.

P. J. Darcy, of the Cusack C.C., who recently won the 5 miles junior championship of Ireland at Shanaghish, was the first Clareman to win a National cycling title in 25 years.

I was in Cork for the final of the Munster Football Championship between Cork and Kerry, and found it hard to believe that a Cork team could play so badly. Not alone did they give us a display of sub-standard football, but I felt that many of the players had a "couldn't care less" attitude about the whole affair. Unless Cork mentors are prepared to use the axe ruthlessly, I'm afraid they'll be in the wilderness for a long time to come. I lost count of the number of men they tried at midfield, but not one of the approximate five or six made any impression on the Kerry pair, of whom a rather rotund John Dowling was best. Forwards? There wasn't a shot in the entire line, and not one of the six merited a second chance.

Perhaps Eamonn Young—if he was willing—could show them a thing or two when his suspension is lifted?

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1. R. C. Ewry, USA—34' 7¼"
2. C. M. King, USA—33' 4"
3. J. F. Stadler, USA—31' 3¼"
4. G. P. Service, USA—26' 1"

Discus.

1. M. J. Sheridan, USA—128' 10½"
2. R. W. Rose, USA—119' 4½"
3. N. Georgantas, Greece—114' 8½"

Shotput.

1. R. W. Rose, USA—48' 7"
2. W. W. Coe, USA—47' 2½"
3. L. E. Fuerbatch, USA—43' 10½"
4. M. J. Sheridan, USA—42' 0"

Pole Vault.

1. C. Dvorak, USA—11' 6"
2. L. Samse, USA—11' 3"
3. L. Williams, USA—11' 3"
4. W. McLanahan, USA—10' 11"
5. W. R. Dray, USA—10' 7"
6. C. Allen, USA—10' 7"

Hammer.

1. J. Flanagan, USA—168' 1"
2. J. R. De Witt, USA—168' 11½"
3. R. W. Rose, USA—150' 0¼"
4. C. Chadwick, USA—141' 1¼"
5. J. S. Mitchell, USA—

56lb. Weight Throw.

1. E. Desmarreau, Canada—34' 4"
2. J. Flanagan, USA—33' 4"
3. J. S. Mitchell, USA—33' 2½"

Standing Long Jump.

1. R. C. Ewry, USA—11' 4¾"
2. C. M. King, USA—10' 9½"
3. J. A. Biller, USA—10' 7½"
4. H. W. Field, USA—10' 5¾"

Standing High Jump.

1. R. C. Ewry, USA—4' 11"
2. J. F. Stadler, USA—4' 7"
3. L. Robertson, USA—4' 7"
4. J. A. Biller, USA—4' 7"

Four Mile Team Race.

1. New York A.C.
2. Chicago A.C.

Long Jump.

1. M. Prinstein, USA—24' 1"
2. D. Frank, USA—22' 7¼"
3. R. S. Strangland, USA—22' 6¾"
4. F. Englehardt, USA—21' 9"
5. G. H. Van Cleve, USA—20' 9"
6. J. P. Hagerman, U.S.A.—20' 3"

High Jump.

1. S. S. Jones, USA—5' 11"
2. G. P. Service, USA—5' 9¾"
3. P. Weinstein, Germany—5' 7¾"
4. L. Gonczy, Hungary—5' 7¾"

Hop, Step and Jump.

1. M. Prinstein, USA—47' 0"
2. F. Englehardt, USA—45' 0¼"
3. R. S. Strangland, USA—43' 11½"
4. J. W. Fuhler, USA—42' 4¾"
5. G. H. Van Cleve, USA—41' 4"
6. J. P. Hagerman, USA—40' 10¾"

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... I'm A
"Culchie"!
says Kelly

Omnia Gee Ah Ah Blah Clee-Ah is duae partes divisa est, Culchia et Jackeenia.

With apologies to Julius Caesar and for the enlightenment of Fionnbar Callanan and any of my readers who have not had the benefit of a classical education the following is a rough translation of the above.

The Dublin G.A.A. is divided into two parts the Culchies and the Jackeens (In spite of what Eamonn Mohgey and the Dublin G.A.A. Board says).

For myself, I am all for the Culchies. I hate Jackeens.

Recently as a result of various thumping matches in Croke Park, the Dublin County Board issued a statement to the effect that all Dublin men love the Culchies and the Board in particular is very fond of them.

Who... is... codding... who? The Dublin Board is so fond of the Culchies that it has banned them from its teams.

Ask any Culchie Inter-County player who has played against the "Football Machine" and they will tell you that a number of Dublin players are most insulting in the remarks they use on the field.

Not many conventions ago the Jackeens made an all out drive to get the Culchies out of the Officer positions on the Board.

Towards this end every effort was made to ensure that Jackeen delegates represented as many clubs as possible.

I could name at least one delegate who went to the meeting armed with a list of men he was to vote for. He did not have a clue who they were or what their capabilities were.

He was not a regular delegate to the Board but was sent there by the Jackeen element in his club to vote for the Jackeen nominees.

Let the Dublin Board put that in its pipe and smoke it!

The reason for this anti-Culchism on the part of the Jackeens, gurriers and jerriers is, of course, fear. They fear the competition of the Culchies, not only on sport, but in everyday affairs, too.

Knowing that the Culchies are better than them, both physically and mentally, they fear and, as a result, hate them.

The recent Dublin Hurling Championship final between New Irelands and Faughs must have been a bitter pill for the Liffey spawn to swallow.

Of the thirty players on the field only two, one on each team, were Dublin men.

The remaining twenty-eight were the hated Culchies.

What a terrible reflection on the hurling ability of the Jackeens.

However, having seen the crepe-soled, drain-pipe-trousered specimens in Dublin, I am not surprised.

THANK HEAVENS, I AM A CULCHIE!

Big, Sorry Mess In Leinster

A GREAT big row is brewing in Leinster handball these days. It appears that in a recent Leinster semi-final one of the participants disobeyed the referee's order to continue playing and left the alley, complaining of the insufficient light. The referee apparently warned this player that he would forfeit the match if he did not continue. The referee's report was duly submitted to the provincial council in charge of the fixture. This body rejected the report on a show of hands. This appears to be unprecedented in the annals of Gaelic games. I always thought the rule was that a referee's decision on a game was final, and it only remained for the provincial, or whatever body was in charge, to award the match. Anyhow some of the delegates at this meeting were very annoyed at the eventual findings, in fact the delegates of the county that was originally given the match, stated they were appealing to a higher council and left the meeting in protest. This kind of behaviour is no good for the game, and the sooner all concerned get together and straighten out the whole sorry mess the better.

WEXFORD...

NEWEST face on the Leinster championship horizon this year is sixteen year old Pat McGrath from Enniscorthy Christian Brothers School. He played absolutely first class handball to defeat Wicklow's Joe Clery in the Leinster Minor Handball Singles final. It is only some two months ago since I saw this young hope at the Depot, win the All-Ireland Colleges title from the holders, St. Nathy's of Ballaghaderreen. In the process he completely outshone Ken Sheridan, the Mayo minor who went to two All-Ireland finals last year.

SLIGO...

SLIGO handball is certainly on the upgrade. Last year they could only get through to one Connaught final. The position is very much brighter now with the county interested in no less than four of the six finals. At the time of going to press they have won both minor and junior doubles titles. This upsurge of enthusiasm in the county can be accredited to a very able county committee who have spared no effort to get all the old clubs again affiliated to their Board. At present there are six clubs again affiliated: Ballysodare, Collooney, Ballyrush, Kilmactuiige, Riverstown and Ballymote. The last mentioned club has renovated its ballcourt, all by voluntary labour and now boasts one of the finest alleys in the West. Their last provincial victory was in the junior grade last year when Tom Quinn won the singles.

LOUTH...

LOUTH are again winners of the Leinster Junior Softball Singles Championship. Fintan Confrey is

again their representative. Last year he went on to meet Pat Kirby of Clare in the All-Ireland decider. The Tuamgraney man proved too good for him on the day though. Maybe this will be Confrey's year.

MEATH...

KELLS Handball Club must have the largest membership in the country. Besides the fifty odd regulars they have about two hundred boys from the local Christian Brothers School on their books. Surely they must produce a potential All-Ireland winner from all this material in the very near future.

WICKLOW...

I HEAR that Baltinglass Handball Club are renovating their ballcourt. And to coincide with the official opening they hope to stage an inter-club tournament, confined to clubs in the province. My advice to the club is if they are really going to stage a tournament to forget about the senior players and confine it to junior provincial players down. By doing this they will give junior handballers who participate in all the tournaments a chance of winning. A chance they would not ordinarily have with some of the top seniors competing.

LONGFORD...

LONGFORD handballers are back in the limelight once more. Let's hope they stay there. I believe a very able county committee led by the ex-Wicklow player Joe Farrell have whipped up great enthusiasm in the county.

KERRY...

I NOTICE that Jimmy Donovan has deposed fellow Kerryman, Jimmy O'Brien as the county's second handballer to Paddy Downey. Jimmy O'Brien has given his county sterling service over the past ten years or so. He was the county's singles representative before Downey came along. Then he and Downey formed the best partnership in Munster handball for a good many years. Last year when Downey was unable to play because of injury, Jimmy and Jimmy Donovan, bore the brunt of the Wexford might. They did not win an All-Ireland title, but in all their matches they certainly were not disgraced.

WESTMEATH...

I WISH the two young Westmeath minors, Paddy Gelan and Bill Mullins the best of luck in their quest for that elusive All-Ireland title. Last year they went to the final stage only to go under to Limerick's Martin Mullins and George Mitchell.

.....

In talking to an acquaintance from across the water, the other day, the subject of exiled players came up. Between us we counted dozens of fine handballers at present working in Britain. Actually my favourite pipedream for a long time now has been the thoughts of these exiled handballers forming their own association and affiliating to the British G.A.A. Although my friend and myself only counted a few dozen players we knew of, there must be countless who have gone to Britain in the past ten years or so. All Ireland champion John Ryan had a brother Michael, who was shaping into a very fine ballplayer from all accounts, before he emigrated. I believe also some of the Lyng's from Wexford are over there. Last year's Minor Doubles champion George Mitchell, is there, as well as Willy Doran of Kildare. And three of Dublin's top juniors went over permanently this year I believe there are handball alleys over there too, if you look hard enough. So if anyone thinks my idea is worth investigating, they can get in touch with me care of the "Gaelic Echo." Maybe we could start the ball rolling.

Beware Of Interviews

BY "H.R."

IF the sports journalist should have the temerity to write a book exclusively made up of material gleaned through interviews with old champions and their more avid partisans, that journalist would deserve to be put behind bars. For, unfortunately, a liberal percentage of the old top-notchers not alone exaggerate their own exploits, but take considerably from their contemporaries, in a glaringly unjust and most untruthful manner.

Let us take at random a few choice morsels extracted of late from veteran Limerick sports enthusiasts regarding their heroes of the good old days.

Jim Ryan (Ryan Malachy) was playing a football match in the Markets Field, Limerick with a team from Pallasgreen.

The game was highly exciting and Pallasgreen just won on the call of time. The long whistle went with "Jim Malachy" gaining possession of the ball. A victory roar came from the Pallasgreen men and so galvanised with the success was Jim that he kicked the ball so hard into the elements that it soared away out of sight over Shaw's Chimney and, on eventually landing, crashed through the glass roof of a hot-house near the railway station half a mile away!

A friend of the writer named Buckley, from Limerick, resided in Drimnagh, who knew Paddy Ryan of Pallasgreen, famous hammerman, in the days of the latter's glory, tells a new one about Paddy. One day he took part in the rising and striking the hurling ball competition

at a local sports. Getting all of his giant strength behind the swing, he sent the ball into the blue and it disappeared like a sputnik. Several days later, the parish priest's housekeeper found it at the back of the Catholic church. I asked friend Buckley how far that was from where Paddy sent it on its flight. Buckley, without the shadow of a smile, replied: "I suppose it would be over half a mile.

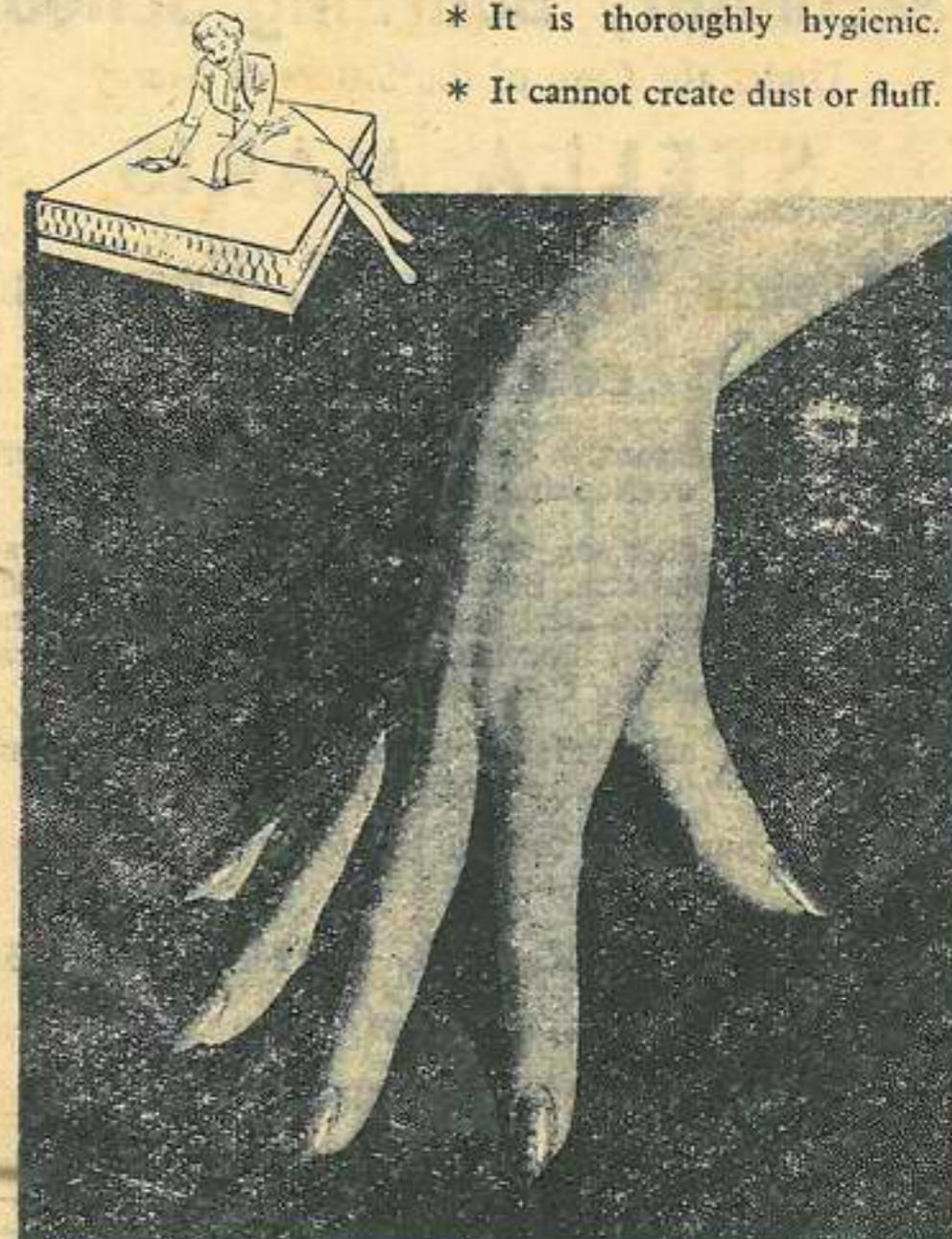
Gigantic John O'Grady, of Canerconlish, whose records with 28 and 56 lbs. from the shoulder still remain unsurpassed, had an uncle in Maurice Davin's time who was also a terrific performer with the weights. He was Ned O'Grady, "The Limerick Giant." The redoubtable Buckley also has an item of interest to relate regarding Ned, and that item is not referred to in recorded sporting history. It is to the effect that at an East Limerick sports a caterer had an ass and cart on the ground and big Ned lifted ass and cart right over his head and walked about through the crowd carrying the terrific weight with no apparent effort. For additional window dressing Buckley adds.

"Ned held the cart overhead with a good grip on the axle, with his left hand, and kept the ass balanced with the right in a central position underneath its body. And it was real funny to see Ned tickling the ass' tummy with the tops of his fingers and the ass, in turn, kicking at thin air as it was carried around the enclosure."

One should be very cautious indeed with those interviews, particularly with artful storytellers who rarely smile and whose mild blue eyes don't mean a thing.

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Athletics .. by Tony Barry

With so much happening on the international track front we have not as much space as we would like to deal with the home product. This month's column therefore will have to be devoted solely to the most impressive and outstanding marks of an, unfortunately, undistinguished season.

Sprinting has, to date, been poor except for a powerful 50.2 quarter by Charlie Vaughan on a water-logged track in Cork. In the mile young Basil Clifford had a good win over Joe Cunningham with P. J. O'Sullivan of Limerick third, the time being 4-26.6. Earlier Cunningham had won the All-Ireland 1,500 m. title from O'Sullivan in Cork. The Limerick man, however, came into his own with an impressive double in the youths' meet in Dundalk—1-58.8 and 4-29.9. On this occasion, Clifford only managed third in the 880.

In the discus event, Brian O'Halloran begins to show the results of Ned Tobin's work with marks of 135', 3" and 137', 1". Unused to the smaller platter, however, he came unstuck against Kevin Prendergast in Dundalk, only managing 150', 4 1/2" to the latter's 156', 7 1/2"—though both

were record performances. From two very reliable sources I have heard of O'Halloran hitting over 168 feet with the senior disc in practice. Sounds fantastic, I know, but both my informants have their heads screwed on, and know what they are talking about. One, however, qualified it by saying that whilst he saw the discus going beyond the 168 foot mark, he could not be sure that O'Halloran wasn't fouling the circle. Anyhow, if the big U.C.D. boy learns to control himself in competition, we should be seeing some new discus records in the next year or so.

Another great prospect, is of course, young Kevin Prendergast. He achieved a double in Dundalk in beating the holder, Aidan Kenna in the shot with 50', 9 1/2" to 50', 5" for the first competition ever with two youths over 50 feet. Prendergast has since put 44', 5" with the 16 lb. to win the All-Ireland senior title.

Also notable were the javelin throwing of Denis Twomey, and the first-ever below 8 minutes clocking for the two miles relay by an Irish club, achieved by the Celtic quartet of Bill Brennan, Tim Foley, George Denis and Fionan O'Kelly.

Sensational Victory For Banner County

CLARE WERE MUNSTER CHAMPIONS AND IT HAD BEEN A LONG WAIT. EIGHTEEN YEARS, AS THE "FOWLER" McINERNEY COULD HAVE TOLD, FOR HE ALONE REMAINED OF THE ALL-IRELAND WINNING 1914 SIDE. NOW CLARE WERE READY ONCE MORE TO TACKLE AND SURMOUNT THAT LAST HURDLE ON THE LONG AND ARDUOUS ROAD TO CROKE PARK.

Their opponents, Galway, were also an experienced and confident side, having benefited from two weeks' full-time training. Defeat was unheard of in the Clare camp, but to the more shrewd and impartial judges the Tribesmen seemed the safer bet.

The Limerick stadium was over packed on that day, August 14, 1932. It was very warm and from the trees on the road outside human bodies seemed to droop in the sun like over-ripe melons ready to be plucked. The twenty thousand who had succeeded in gaining admittance seemed to discount their discomfort as they tensely awaited the commencement.

The teams lined up. Referee Flaherty of Tullamore seemed quite at ease and unconcerned with the impatience of the crowd as he re-checked his watch for the second time. Satisfied, he slowly took two steps forward, moved his right hand and the game was on.

Mick Gill sent Galway away but Blake cleared. It was short, though, and an incoming Galway forward collected, crossed to Mick King and the Tribesmen was a goal ahead. From the puck-out it was evident that Galway were the faster side and just in case even the most undaunted Clareman disputed this fact the Tribesmen topped over three very fast and well taken points. Five minutes had elapsed.

Gleeson put Clare on the attack but Galway cleared and made a further sally on their opponents goal. Further crisp exchanges saw Tommy Daly in the Clare goal and the warrior-like Fowler to advantage. On the twelfth minute a long Houlihan clearance found its way to Tom Burnell and the Clareman swept through to put his county back in the running with a goal.

For one pleasant minute Banner county supporters relaxed. They really did need that breather for

three further points his presence became almost unnecessary.

Then out of the blue came a sudden Clare goal and ninety seconds later another followed. A group who had just reached the main gate hurried back into the view and when Houlihan added another Clare point they began to make their way to their previously held positions.

It all seemed a waste of time and effort though for Galway struck back again with two points by Gill and another by King. There were now only thirteen minutes to go with Galway leading by a comfortable four goals.

Then on the 49th minute Mullane again placed Considine for a Clare goal and a minute later Conroy pointed. Galway rallied, McInerney cleared — eight minutes remained and an equal number of points separated the teams. Then Gleeson took a Clare touch, it found the square and from thence—the net!

Once more Galway rallied and again the mighty 'Fowler' cleared. But the Tribesmen came back to score a point. Quickly O'Rourke nullified for Clare.

Further bouts of play and time ticked away. Only three minutes remained with Galway ahead by five points.

Then with all the genius that was "Tull" Considine the tide was turned and only two points remained. Then again he struck swerving his way through and the impossible had been achieved. Clare were a point ahead!

Houlihan added another Clare point and again Considine goaled.

The referee blew the full time whistle as the score stood Clare 9-4, Galway 4-14.

As the first of the dumb-founded but joyful Clare supporters streamed from the grounds a bus load of Galway supporters passed by, refreshed from their half-hour's sojourn in the city. From an open window a tousled head thrust forth and sarcastically queried: "Who won the match?" One of the two Claremen who were about to cross the road to the bicycle park replied

By Sean O'Neill

exactly sixty seconds after Burnell's goal, Galway took over and continued to score at what seemed time set intervals of two minutes to tally a total of four goals and seven points to Clare's lonely goal.

It was with tired resignation that "Jumbo" Higgins cleared in the dying seconds before the break and his effort found Mick Falvey who short tipped to Mullane and he in turn crossed to "Tull" Considine and Clare had their second goal.

Fallen Heroes

The cause seemed surely lost and with an even blend of dejection and thirst a large section of the crowd moved towards the exits. Even those who still retained their tree top posts had little difficulty in deciding that it was against all economic values to avail of more comfortable accommodation.

In the centre of the field a small group of die-hard Clare supporters mingled with their fallen heroes and it was with a mixture of unfounded hope and humour that they heard the Clare tactician and mentor, Fr. Murphy call for two goals in three minutes on the resumption of play. Meanwhile, Cork's Jim Barry was at hand to give a rub-down and a word of advice.

There was now much less interest in referee Flaherty as he pipped for play and when Galway swiftly added

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