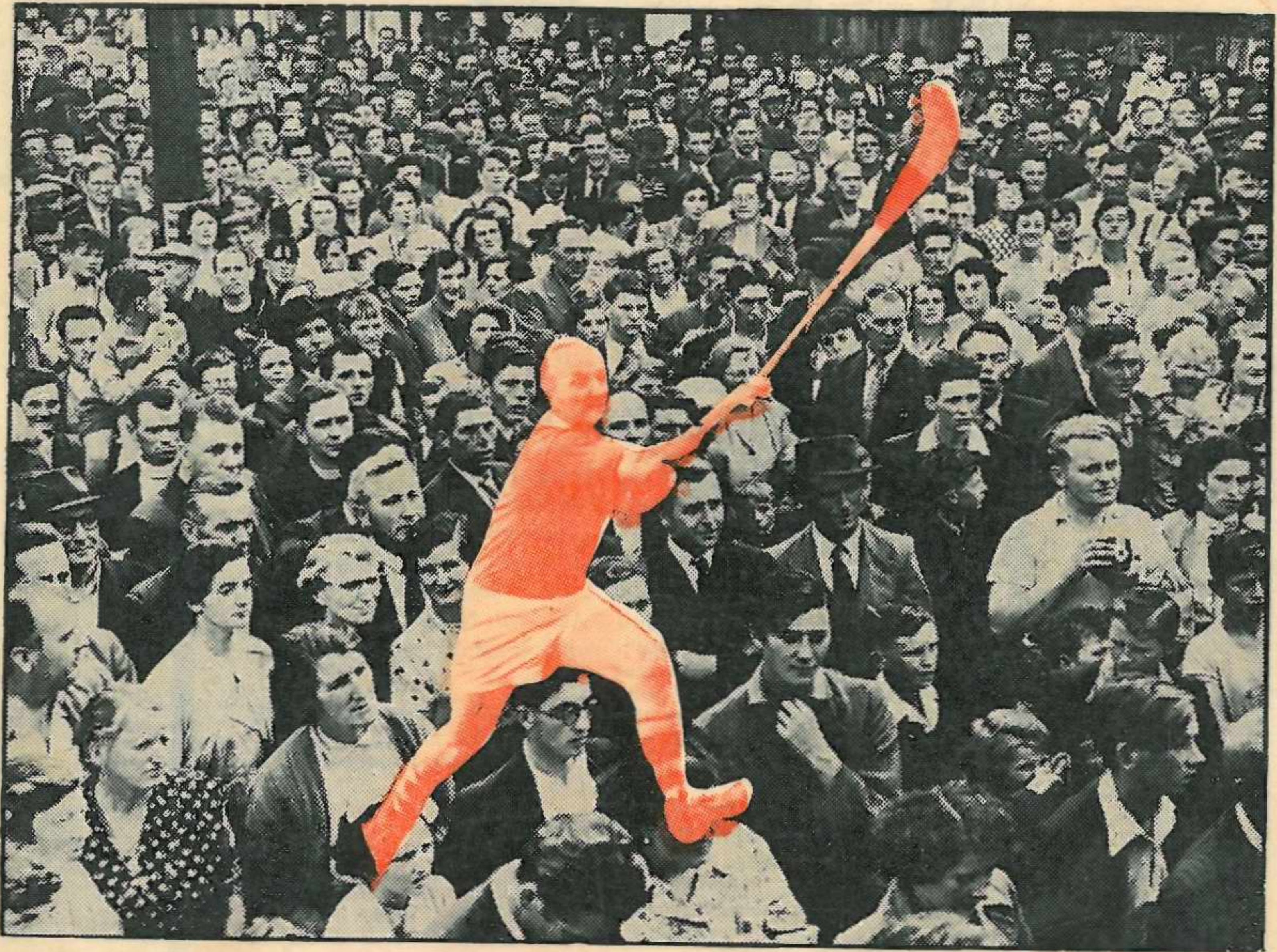


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Every person bringing in cattle under permit must record on the permit form particulars of the disposal of the animals. Where the animals are disposed of to a herd-owner in the area, the permit holder is obliged to give particulars of the name, address and herd number of the herd-owner to whom the animals have been disposed. Where the permit holder disposes of them to a dealer, he is required to report the name and address of the dealer and the dealer in turn required to give full information to the Department.

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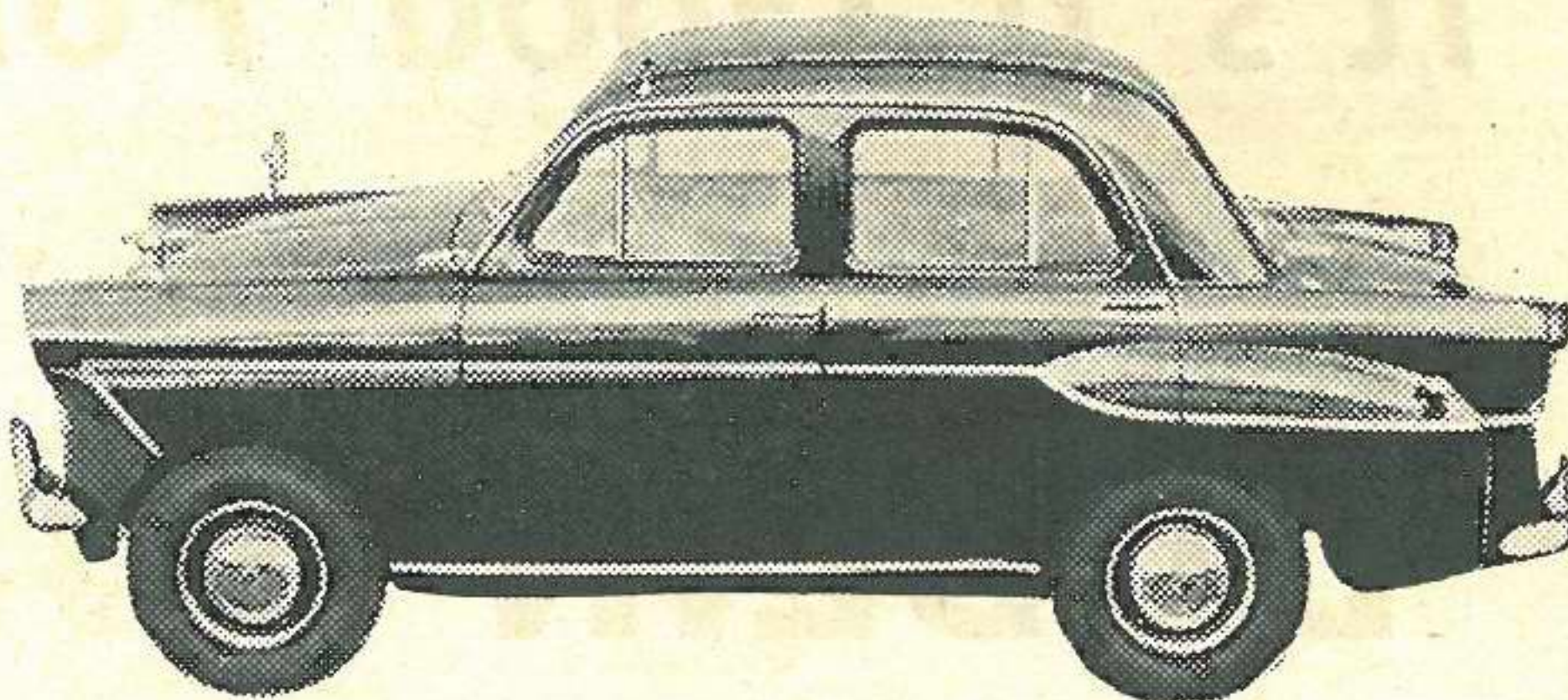
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September Song

SEPTEMBER! Month with the magical name.

At first, we cannot define its attraction . . . But, wait . . . Yes, of course, it's the month of the All-Ireland finals. First and fourth Sundays, national landmarks firmly moored by years of tradition. Someone wanted to change dates at the last Easter Congress—which would have been a pity, even if more convenient to the running of the heavy G.A.A. programme.

However, All-Ireland final time is here again and pulses quicken at the prospect of a thrilling climax to the 1958 hurling and football championships. Many bemoan the uneven pairing of Galway—untested representatives of Connacht—and Tipperary in the hurling decider. But those quibbles don't matter, for the allure and fascination of final day remain unchanged no matter what teams go out in quest of the title.

The meeting of Derry and Dublin for the Sam Maguire Cup has football followers agog with excitement. Partisans are loud in their confident claims; but many neutral hearts are secretly hoping that, this year, the title will cross the "border" for the first time.

Gaelic Sport will not take sides! We hope the fans will get top-class fare; and our final wish is : may the best teams win.

—THE EDITOR.

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Our Cover Picture

YOU know the man striding the crowd in our cover picture? Yes, it's Christy Ring, dashing, daring, menacing; striding across our cover as he has strode majestically across Ireland's playing-fields for 20 golden hurling years.

We pay this tribute to Ring in this issue of *Gaelic Sport* with gratitude and hope. Gratitude for all the thrilling hours he has given us in the game that he has moulded and remoulded to his own incomparable, genius-cast designs. And with hope that, though now in the evening—flashing, sun-sparkling, still—of his career, he will continue to delight the nation's hurling lovers for many seasons more.

Maurice Maguire

SUMS UP

D-DAY is drawing near! The tempo rises in the rival camps as training and preparation reaches its peak for the big hour of battle.

But the surf-rolling beaches of Normandy are safe this time. For the D stands for Dublin and Derry; the day is September 28. And the "invasion," from all corners of Ireland, will hit Croke Park this time. Objective? The most novel All-Ireland football final pairing in the history of the game.

Let's look at these finalists, and how they got there.

Derry, Ulster champions for the first time ever, had an impressive march through the northern championship. Antrim fell before them in the first round, but the fans didn't kick up much dust about that. Antrim were a down-and-out team, said the critics.

But, with Cavan's heavy crash in the semi-final, the critics' tune changed: Derry had a team out of the ordinary. For a while, Down put up spirited opposition in the Ulster final, but Jim McKeever's men had their eyes fixed on the Sam Maguire Cup by that time, and they swept the Mourne men aside on their way to a convincing victory.

Ahead loomed Kerry, awesome, tradition-steeped standard-bearers of Munster. Everyone quaked for Derry. All but Derry themselves!

By the end of the first half they had the Kingdom's "measure." And, though they were somewhat lucky to withstand a long period of heavy pressure from Tadhg Lyne and his colleagues after the resumption, they crashed their way through for winning scores near the end of the hour.

Dublin, too, gained much merit and many admirers on their way to the decider. They hadn't a lot of trouble in the Leinster campaign, Carlow fading away, as expected, in the semi-final, while



OLLY FREANEY (left)
and PADDY O'FLAHERTY,

the Football Final

Louth's display was but a faint shadow of their 1957 provincial final form.

Galway, however, was a different "kettle of fish" in the All-Ireland semi-final.

Sean Purcell, badly supported by his attacking comrades, almost carried the day for the western champions. But Dublin, the better balanced side, deservedly clinched the game with Olly Freaney's placed-ball point at the end.

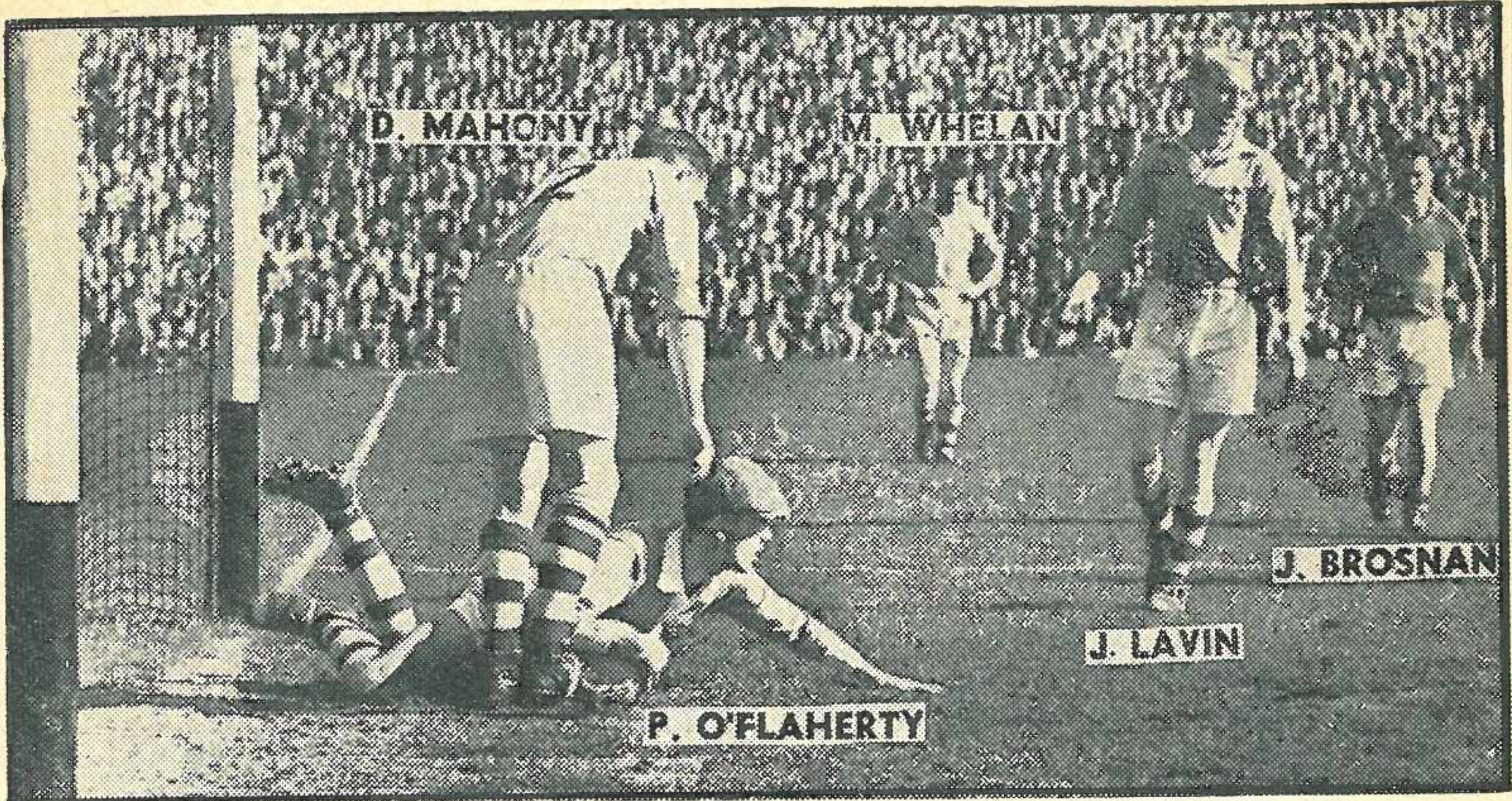
Now for the final. The critics are talking again: "Derry will put up a good fight" they say "But Dublin are certainties for the title."

Don't be too sure about that. Derry has a fine side and Roddy Gribben has them trained to the last ounce. Captain Jim McKeever is probably the fittest and shrewdest midfielder in the game. And his brother, Denis, Sean O'Connell, Owen Gribben and Charlie Higgins can pick off scores with the best of them.

In defence, too, they are soundly served, with Hugh Francis Gribben, Patsy McLarnon, Colm Mulholland and Patsy Breen playing stonewall football.

But title-hungry Dublin will be hard to stop. Many of the side — Olly Freaney, Kevin Heffernan, Jim Crowley, Marcus Wilson, Cathal O'Leary—have been knocking on the All-Ireland door for almost a decade without any success; and they will fight this final to the last ditch.

A Lone Survivor



Paddy O'Flaherty (on ground) is only Dublin player in our picture who still holds his place for this year's final with Derry

They remember how near they came to victory against Kerry in 1955, and the lesson they learned in that game will serve them well this time.

The Timmons brothers and Johnny Joyce have strengthened the side, and their team-work and vast experience of the Croke Park pitch is Derry's biggest danger.

This will be a thundering game of slick, fast football, where the smallest defensive slip on either side could decide the issue.

Must I give a forecast? Right. I'll row in reluctantly with the majority and give the vote to Dublin. But Roddy Gribben may have something to say about that!



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THE Bogue Clock should be brought back for all big G.A.A. games. I make that statement, firstly, for purely personal reasons—I lost an All-Ireland medal because we hadn't got it, and I won a Railway Cup medal because we had!

I lost that medal in the 1948 final, when an estimated six minutes lost time in the second half was not played. You remember the game well.

All through the second half Mayo were pressing Cavan. With a gale behind us, we had reduced a 12-point Cavan lead to a single point, and only an unexpected save by Mick Higgins prevented us from levelling.

BACK

We were camped in Cavan territory. The levelling point—the winning point—had to come. There was plenty of time—or so we thought.

Suddenly the final whistle was blown — six minutes too soon.

Had the Bogue Clock been in operation that day, I don't think we could possibly have been beaten.

The Railway Cup medal I won was in the 1951 St. Patrick's Day final against Munster. The Bogue Clock was being tried out that day. It was stopped for every major stoppage and restarted again with play resumption.

When it showed four minutes from time Connacht were trailing a point behind. It was then that Peter Solon fastened on to a ball and levelled the game.

Two minutes left for play and Gerry O'Malley, with a magnificent overhead point, put Connacht ahead.

A minute and a half left and Munster counter-attacked. There was a succession of melees, frees, stoppages, wides and a twice-taken sideline kick by Con McGrath.

The clock was stopped and started, stopped and started, until finally the siren called an end to the most exciting Railway Cup final ever.

Former Mayo Football Star

EAMONN MONGEY
Says—

BRING

When all the spectators had recovered their breaths, and when all the unofficial timekeepers had checked their watches they found that there was 14 minutes overtime played in the second half!

It was unheard of extra time allowance. No referee would have had the courage to be so generous. Yet, Connacht would have lost the Railway Cup without it.

THE 'BOGUE'

The clock passed this severe test with its reputation considerably enhanced. Everybody waited for its adoption, everybody accepted it—except G.A.A. Congress, which, for no conclusive reason abolished it!

Many people may argue that the subsequent introduction of 60 minutes non-stop play has eliminated the necessity for the Bogue Clock. On the contrary, I think it has made it more necessary. With non-stop play, the referee has enough to do besides trying to check the time.

Furthermore, after an exciting bout of play a referee may find that a resultant score came after full-time—but he would be powerless to do anything about it.

Latterly, winning scores have a habit of coming late. Last year, for instance, both senior All-

(Continued on Page 10)



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THE 'BOGUE'

(Continued from Page 8)

Ireland finals were won by virtually last minute scores.

To-day, too, with a bare hour for play, every spectator with a watch is an unofficial timekeeper. And by allowing any decisive scores which come after the exact 60 minutes, a referee could well provoke a crowd to a serious demonstration.

It happened once already this year — at the Mayo-Meath League game in Navan. But, fortunately, it was a levelling score, not a winning one, that came in extra time.

Why the G.A.A. authorities are so slow about adopting the clock I can't imagine. In New York's Gaelic Park a Bogue-type Clock has been used for years, giving the utmost satisfaction.

Everybody would welcome its adoption here. Referees would welcome it as it would lighten their burden. As a matter of fact, a few weeks ago one of our best referees, Peter MacDermott, made a strong plea to take timekeeping out of the referee's hands.

The players would welcome it as it would give them a winning post to aim at . . .

The spectators would welcome it as it would eliminate all timekeeping complaints and increase the excitement of the last few minutes.

I wonder when the G.A.A. authorities will meet the wishes of their referees, their players and their spectators by bringing back the Bogue Clock.

QUIZ CORNER

1. What county won the first All-Ireland football championships under G.A.A. rules?
2. When and where were the first Irish Athletic championships held?
3. Who signed the circular calling for the meeting which led to the formation of the G.A.A.
4. What county won the All-Ireland hurling title in the Golden Jubilee year of the G.A.A. (1934)?
5. Name the All-Ireland hurling and football champions of 1888?
6. Did Galway ever win an All-Ireland hurling championship?
7. How many counties have won All-Ireland senior hurling titles?
8. What was the highest combined score in an All-Ireland football final; who were the teams?
9. When did Dublin last win an All-Ireland football championship?
10. When did Kerry win their first All-Ireland football championship?
11. When was the N.A.C.A. formed?
12. How many players constituted a team in hurling and football under early G.A.A. rules?

Answers on page 48.

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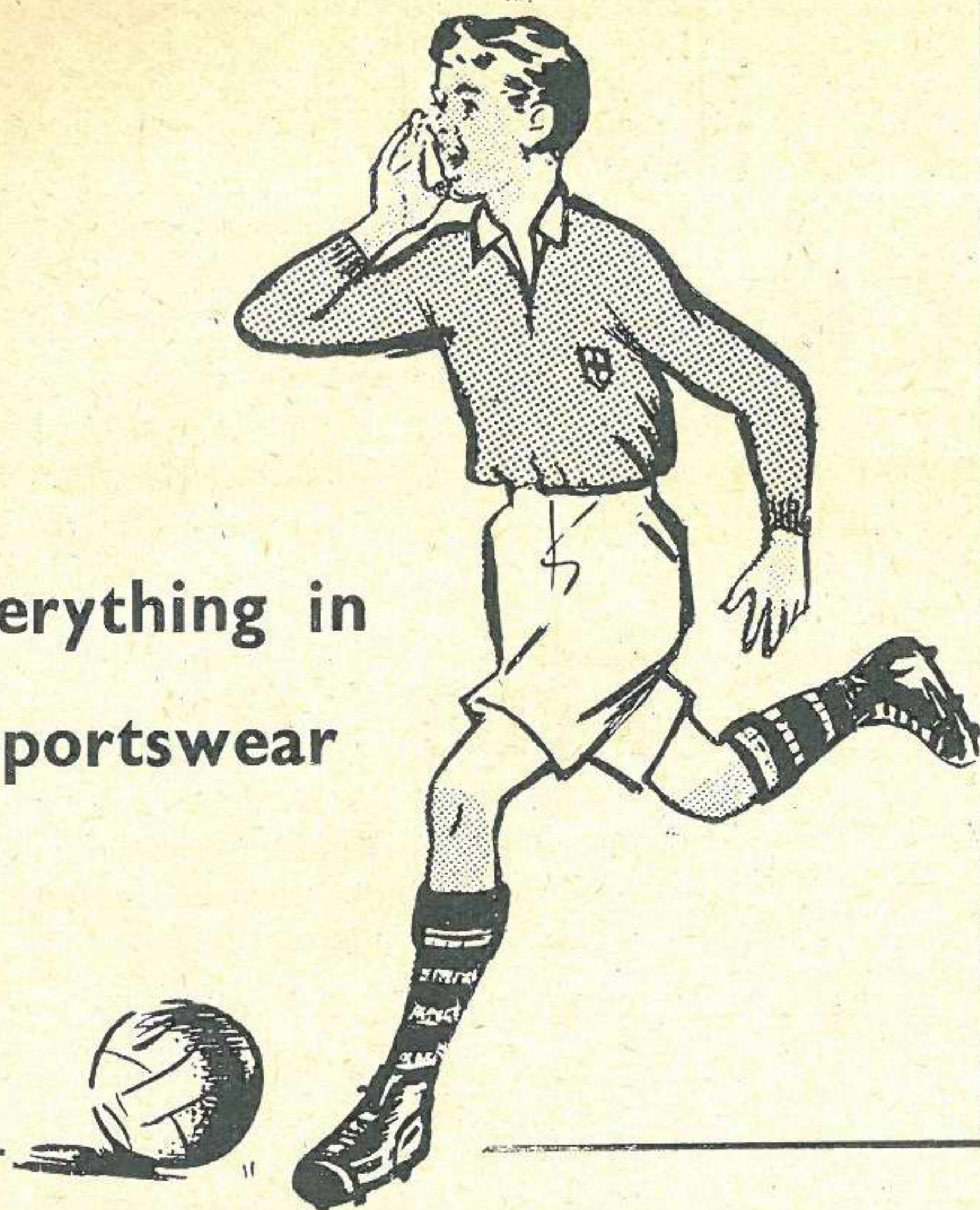
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I'll Never Forget It—

*Eamonn
Young*

LOOKS BACK ON



HALF time, and we led by two points. Very happy I felt as I stretched my legs, and relaxed with a thankful sigh. Funny about that goal though! It was my fault that Deignan got through. Anyway they didn't get it, so stop worrying.

The dressing-room was crowded . . . some back-slapping going on . . . best in the world these supporters, but better if they let the lads rest. Outside there was only the susurrus of bright conversation. How different half an hour ago.

Then a big, heavy-shouldered man from Cornafean in a blue jersey had come out from under the stand and there had been a mighty roar. A minute later there was a mighty explosion—one couldn't call it a shout—and small wonder, for it was thirty-four years since Cork had played in an All-Ireland football game. Now, here we were, in '45, being led by the tall, black-haired man of twenty-four, Tadg Crowley of Clonakilty.

The ball had gone in and we were at it hard, and Cavan were ahead after five minutes when T. P. O'Reilly on the right wing had a nice point.

We attacked and "Togher" Casey was flying along the left wing, but Tom Reilly, the Breffni right full and captain—one of the decade's great players—had beaten us back.

Derry Beckett, cute as an old fox, got the next one though, and crossed a beauty to the right wing. There was a flash of red and the athlete from Kilrush, Mick Tubridy, went speeding by.

The '45

Bang, and Kelly the Cavan goalie was on his way to collect the ball from the back of the net.

After ten minutes, 19 year old Tony Tighe, whom I was trying to mark at centre field cut through and they had a point, and then "Moll" Driscoll stopped two hard shots for us, before their corner man Joe Stafford punched over the bar and we were level after a quarter of an hour.

Football

Jack Lynch, who had won four All-Ireland hurling medals in a row, in the preceding years, went belting in for a shot, but Kelly held his net and saved again from the rebound when Jimmy Cronin our full forward had another crack.

A free, and small Derry Beckett went up. No bother. Cool as a breeze. Over the bar. Sure, his father had played in enough of All-Irelands and it goes in the blood.

But T. P. O'Reilly had levelled and then Mick Tubridy was on the warpath again as he flashed past the agile Cavan half back, Paddy Smith for a point.

Big Tom was down. No offence Tom, old horse, but I won't cry if you stay there. But no,

and John Joe, his brother, was warming up too, though young Humphrey O'Neill rounded him for a nice point from the forty.

Cork a "head" in front and five minutes to go for half time.

Factna O'Donovan watching the dangerous Simon Deignan with a determined relish—so unusual in the mild O'Donovan—drew a long ball out of the sky and we were attacking. But Barney Cully's kick drove us well back and that man Stafford was through again to cut our lead to a lonely little point.

However, here's Tubridy off again, this time the ball on his toe, swerving like a snipe to elude Paddy Smith. P. P. Galligan the Cavan left back comes out to belt him and Tubridy is on the ground. A fair charge . . . and our man isn't hurt. The ball . . . yes the ball is over the bar.

Then they forced a fifty, and it should go over may head—but no harm being ready. Grand . . . it had come very short. Good man John Joe—and I had it. But "butter fingers" didn't hold and I groaned as Deignan grabbed it on the hop and swung around me. I was up off the ground in time to see the ball in the net.

Final

But it was the Cavan fellows who were mad, and Moll Driscoll didn't look unhappy. Neither would you if the half-time whistle had gone. There must have been murder in the Cavan dressing room.

Me? Of course I heard the whistle. Loud and clear. Anyway that's what I told them.

And now we were in the dressing room, feeling in a nice, cagey way that we had 'em. Andy Scannell, Mick Murphy, Sean MacCarthy, Jim Barry . . . Jim Hurley beside himself with elation. But then they all cooled down. These chaps had seen enough hurling All-Ireland's lost, and you can get an awful lot of scores in half an hour.

As we went out through the tunnel someone

shouted: "Come on Eamonn boy. Up the Dohenys" I put down my head and gritted the teeth. Wake up Youngy for pity's sake.

And there was the long O'Donovan, my partner at centre field, taking it out of the sky again, and Derry Beckett was on it over near the Hogan Stand, a good ten yards from Big Tom.

But Derry didn't try to slip the big fellow. He let it off and I jumped as it sailed high and true for a beauty point.

Then they turned on the heat. Tony Tighe left me for the forty and Tadgo was having a tough job with him. All the Cavan men were playing better, and my heart sank when sprinter John Joe O'Rielly began to burst down the field from centre.

How often he had won Army games for us in that way.

Wilson and Paddy Smith, his half backs, were coming with him and there was a power of ball going up the canal end, off their half back line.

Our own half line hung on for dear life. Din Connors the Millstreet stylist shouldered T. P. O'Reilly hard as much as to say: "Okay Tom you had two points and that's enough."

On the other side, Paddy Cronin of Ballingearry was playing a grand steady game, keeping the accurate Jim Boylan out on the line.

Keep it going lads. But try as we could, they were on top. We were three points ahead, and they seemed to have twenty men on the field.

In went ball after ball and I knew that only luck and four stout men could save us.

No luck yet, but the men were there alright for Moll stopped another one from big Peter O'Donohoe and the three fulls, Weesh Murphy, Caleb Crone and Dave Magnier were playing the most punishing game I have ever seen in a full line. Crone was on top of Stafford. Hope you'll stay there Caleb. Dave Magnier, tough as a tin-opener, was glued to P. J. Duke. And still no score, with twenty minutes gone.

(Continued on Page 15)

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Beckett Hits a Winner

(Continued from Page 13)

Then my heart sank, for there were two blows at once. Joe Stafford was taking a free and "Togher" Casey, who had taken a pole-jump into the air to beat Wilson, was hurt. Panic? If we do we're finished.

Right. Stafford pointed the free. And an excited Andy Scannell was on the field.

"Jack Lynch to the forty . . . Humphrey the left wing" and the best corner-man Cork ever had, Jim Ahern, was on. Would we last it?

Back Cavan were at it again and I got worried for the first time when a back gave away a fifty that might not have been.

Were we for the cleaners? Peter O'Donohoe gave an answer when he fisted the ball over the bar. One point ahead and the sands were running out. I didn't know it, but there were six minutes left.

Then Weesh beat out yet another one; Tadgo Crowley got his foot to it, and before I knew what had happened there was I all alone with the ball in my hands.

A lot of the Cavan boys were upfield and there was tucks of open space. Well here I go . . . and I went. The Cavan backs naturally fell back to mind their men and I made a lot of ground before letting it off. But big Tom, whom at that moment I detested very cordially, was out for it again.

But no. Tom wasn't there at all. Instead, there was a little black-haired man who crouched low to the ground as he swerved around the big fellow. Derry Beckett had it. Tom swung a mighty arm to hold him, but the rabbit had gone.

Away he went, swung a boot and the ball went flying in to Kelly, the goalie. But there was no



NIALL FITZGERALD (right), one of Cork's most outstanding footballers in recent years.

Kelly, only the white ball jumping like a fat fish in the black net.

The stands echoed and re-echoed as twenty minutes of tension were loosed in roars or groans. The last minutes don't matter. We won by 2-5 to 0-7. To tell the rest I'd need a book.

Johnny Dunne refereed it; nearly seventy thousand saw it and as John Joe O'Rielly shook my hand I couldn't help feeling that I, a rookie, had an All-Ireland medal, while the hero of my cadet days had none.

John Joe is in Heaven, please God, and so are Mick Tubridy, Caleb Crone, and P. J. Duke. Cut off in their virile manhood. We who will follow will not forget.

There it is, an All-Ireland story as one who was lucky enough to play in it felt. It's a bigger thrill than ever now that I look back.

But Corkmen, we won't have to wait another thirty-four years, will we?

Memories of a Munster Hurling Final

—By P. D. Mehigan

A DAY TO REMEMBER

TWELVE years, from 1933 to 1944 inclusive, were halcyon days in Munster hurling, particularly for the adjoining counties of Limerick and Cork.

During that dozen years, Cork and Limerick won four Munster finals each; and in the same period Limerick won three All-Irelands to Corks four.

Truly a lofty compliment to the standard of Munster hurling in that vintage era.

Limerick won the 1940 All-Ireland and Cork were just blossoming into their great best with a team that included Jack Lynch, present Minister for Education, a master hurler; Sean Barrett, the Kinsale bulwark; John Quirke of Blackrock, star corner man, with his colleague Dr. Jim Young,

Father Con Cottrill, amongst a galaxy of stars.

Peerless Christy Ring was just 17 and opening his brilliant hurling career.

Most picturesque of all the Cork-Limerick matches of that time was the 1940 Munster Final—a drawn game.

Limerick had those pillars of the

game, the Ahane brothers, Mick and John Mackey in attack; Paddy Scanlon in goal, Paddy Clohessy Timmy Ryan, Dr. Dick Stokes and Jack Power—all star hurlers and super athletes.

Every Munster man who loved hurling was at the Cathedral town that day.

It was a game to remember beyond a lifetime, and here is how I described it in an article at the time:

Thurles was no place for weak hearts in that Sunday's broiling heat and excitement. Every match between Cork and Limerick of recent years had its own individuality — fiercely earnest and packed with pulsating passages. Many of us thought the 1939 Munster final had reached hurling meridian. Best hurling game of the whole year it was! Yet this year's vivid memories switched 1939 to "the limbo of forgotten things" and "battles long ago!"

Scribblers are bankrupt of phrases. Our vocabulary is exhausted—we must invent a new language to describe modern hurling!

So overwhelming was that closing delirium of surging scores—like a crescendo of brass music that 30,000 spectators were hushed and awe-struck—until cooling nut brown draughts released the flood-gates of admiring comment when impressed throngs once more trooped the ample square of Thurles.

Mick Cashman, stonewall Cork goalie for several years. Mick has always had hankerings for the centre-back position; but Cork had no one else in his class as a custodian—so the Blackrock man stayed between the posts.



Nineteen-forty was like nineteen-thirty-nine as two stacks of sound grain in adjoining fields. But they were as different in flavour as wheat and oats; both wholesome; one richer than the other; last Sunday was the heart of wheat!

Not so generous in yield, perhaps—thirty thousand against forty-five reflected the feeling that Cork hurlers were improved and Limerick not quite so good.

So we all thought. What guessers even the best of our hurling critics are! We might as well try to plumb mid-Atlantic with a fishing line as weigh the reserves of good hurlers on a great occasion. For hurling is largely a game of the spirit, though every nerve and sinew must be well-strung and sweetly attuned to stand such con-

Battle in Broiling Heat . . .

centrated and sustained tests as this hour's hurling brought.

John Quirke's hand was sound—D. J. Buckley of The Glen instead of Robbie Dineen of Imokilly—all the others in their places of 1939's final at Croke Park and one year's better men.

Limerick's resource again evident—Michael Kenny, Pat Clohessy, and the bouyant Mackey brothers manning their wonted strategic points.

Young colts like Stokes, Herbert and Cooke framing in to add pace to the steam like flooded Mulcair from Keeper Hill to the Shannon. Bubbling confidence all round. Sparkling open clashes, after our Ulster G.A.A. chief—Padraig Mac-Namee—throws the ball in.

They started off like the crackling fire of summer health on a mountain. Buttimer's eye was in; the Finbarr cleared an early bullseye only for Jim Roche to trap another

speeding ball and raise first flag.

Striding along D. J. Buckley let fly down field, and Mick Brennan (always a worrying terrier for work) gave John Quirke an opening the size of a keyhole.

A sweet smooth Rockie swing and the ball was in the net behind Scanlan.

The lead had already changed. Scanlan was as cool as a cucumber and stone-walled a few hot ones before Christy Ring of Cloyne put Cork a goal clear.

Limerick next hit out fair and free. Timmy Ryan's name was boomed from the line and the stalwart Ahane farmer placed cleverly for Paddy McMahon, the Kildimo Thrasher, who crashed the ball to the webbing. Level pegging!

The heroic battle raged. Young Ring's smooth point gave Leaside the razoredge of the scoring board. Soon we had the Limerick bloods outside rooting for Mick Mackey and that irrepressible playboy

dodged his burly way past Buckley to part out to Brother John, whose flaxen hair was bobbing in waves as he pulled—net! and Garryowen's green favours waving a two-points' lead.

Cork and Limerick keymen now manning every vital post, with faces carved in marble—all pulling first time and not sparing ash and leather in around the house. Scanlan pulled on flying balls and stopped all with charmed ease. Came a bold stroke by D. J. Buckley, which sailed fair and free near half-time—Limerick, 2—1; Cork, 1—3. And orange juice at a premium!

Hurling re-opened like rapier-play in a medieval battle. Limerick were racing like red deer on Knockfierna. Pat Clohessy was



An old argument: Was Wexford's Art Foley (above) as great a goalkeeper as Limerick's immortal Paddy Scanlon?

again master of craft; the Mackeys were flashing in and out like spring salmon testing the rapids at John's Bridge at Garryowen.

They found a sluice and big Pat McMahon was through for a goal! Who said the Maigne estuary man was decadent! To prove his resurgence he crashed in under a grand Fedamore ball from one of Clohessy's longest flights—Buttimer again had no chance and the hemp squares bulged—Limerick seven points clear, and sailing home like winning oarsmen on a flood tide!

Few expected what happened. It was like the anti-climax in a Roman drama. Cork were still unconquered and undaunted. Like a

(To Page 19)



AVAILABLE IN BRILLIANT WHITE

AND PASTEL SHADES OF BLUE AND CREAM

29/6

Livid Closing Minutes

(From Page 17)

good boat's crew they never lost "form" under pressure. Buttimer and his backs opened up, and Cork's midfield — Barrett, Lynch and Connie Buckley struck out. Every man in Cork's fifteen rallied to the great demand. Campbell's rhythm of swing sent leather goalwards, and Ted Sullivan tore through for a goal. Four points behind!

Quirke made no mistake with a free. Three points behind! Then young fair-haired Stokes of Pallas flashed in, like a King Fisher on a stream, for a Limerick minor.

Spectators are now throwing things about in their excitement. Youths roared approval; men swayed in the stands; colleens hid their heads lest devastating score would swamp their brave hopes.

So the great game swung from end to end. Hardly was Stokes' point registered when Cork were surging inshore like a sudden summer hurricane from Inisclere. The Carbery man, Jim Young, playing a glorious game, was up-field and swung on a travelling ball. Deadly was his aim and perfect his timing — the ball sped in low trajectory to the netting. Cork a point behind!

Campbell was a darling striker. He hit a beauty now from long range — all the way, high above Scanlan's head. Teams level! and surges of feeling swaying the big crowd.

One more raid did Mick Mackey lead. Crashing ash held him, but I think it was the U.C.D. man, Stokes, that finished the good

work. Limerick the odd point ahead in twenty-nine!

Livid closing minutes like sunset in a lightning storm of vivid flashes and bombing clouds! Cork tearing in in eager waves—Ted Sullivan and Brennan through the goal. A moment of doubt! Crossed flags. Score disallowed! Brief protest! On

with the dance! John Quirke shaves the sticks. He makes amends. A placed ball would try most nerves. John is masterly in his precision—the ball sails for the levelling flag, and whistle! They meet again. Let us leave it at that. We to our memories and expectations of gold in store.

hurleys—FREE!

NEARLY 3,000 lucky boys and girls will be given a FREE hurley each during the next few weeks, as a result of a scheme promoted by the makers of Lucozade to interest young people in hurling and camogie.

This firm, whose product is extremely popular with sportsmen, have the co-operation of the G.A.A. in this scheme. They offer a seasoned and varnished ash hurley to boys and girls who collect a set of letters spelling the word

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(There is a letter and full details of how and where to send them on every bottle.)

The first three boys to qualify will be the guests of the firm for the Wexford-New York hurling match at Croke Park on September 14. They will receive their hurleys at

half-time, presented by a senior G.A.A. official.

The hurleys are being made by Camain Teoranta, Mountrath. The present shortage of seasoned ash is reflected in the fact that of eighteen firms approached, only Camain Teoranta could supply such a large number of hurleys of the desired quality.

The hurleys, which are beautifully finished and varnished, will carry a label announcing that the hurley is presented to a "potential All-Ireland hurler" or "potential Camogie Champion" in the hope that it will give enjoyment and skill in Ireland's national game.

Who knows. Perhaps at some future Hurling final it will be found that the majority of the players had their interest in the game kindled by these free hurleys and their energy from drinking Lucozade.

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Our Mystery Man Who Is He ???

DO you remember this man? You don't have to be very old: late 'teens should be enough, for he played for his county well into the late 'forties—though his glory had faded by then.

Physically, he wouldn't leave a trace on your memory. For he was a small fellow; light; shoulders rather stooped. But he was wiry, and his arms and wrists were like an alloy of steel and whalebone.

If you are a hurling fan you'll remember him all right. The splendour of his defensive hurling dazzled the Gaelic world for almost a decade. And you'll remember those wrists and light shoulders . . . they could send a ball soaring down a field's length with no apparent effort.

He was the longest hitter of his time, and, in that facet of his skill, no one has equalled him since. Perhaps he was the longest hitter of all time . . . Some old-timers tell us otherwise . . .

but, then, we can't always believe the old-timers!

Anyway, this small man took a puck-out in an All-Ireland final at Croke Park one day. The ball landed on the fringe of his opponent's square—and you know the length of Croke Park! His full-forward swung gently, and the green flag went up. No one else touched the ball in its astonishing flight from the wiry man's hurley.

Know him now? Here are a few more clues: He started on senior inter-county fields later than most men. That was in 1939. But he won five All-Ireland medals with his county in the space of six years—at right full-back.

Most of his career in the county championship hurling was spent with a junior club. But for all his greatness, he was a modest man, and that suited him nicely.

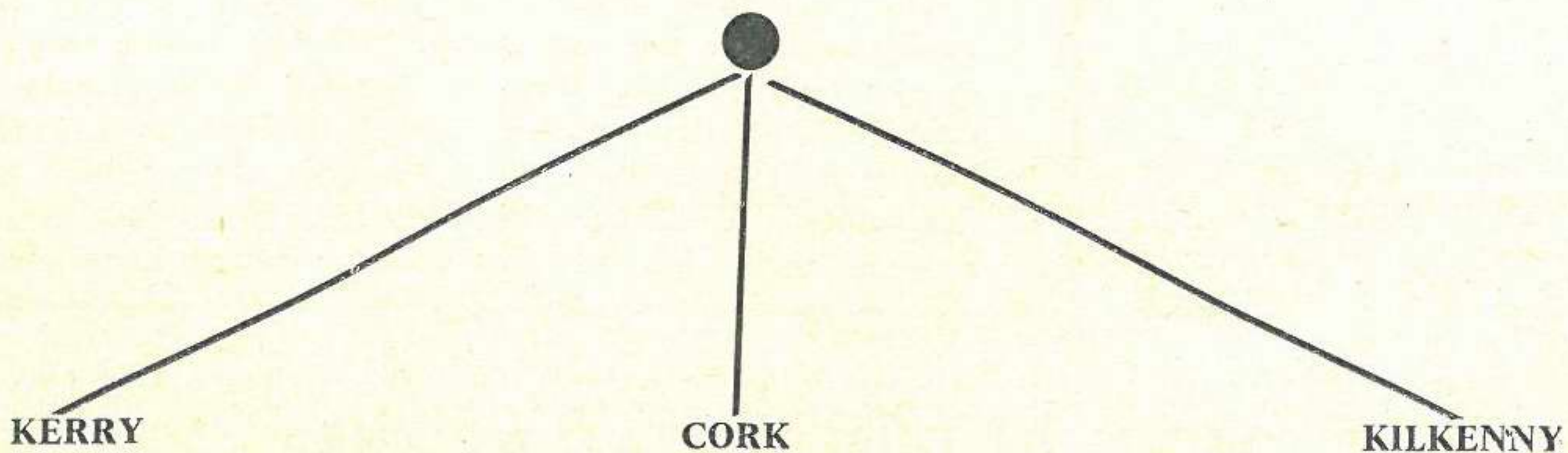
If you haven't guessed who he is by this, turn now to page 48.

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FOOTBALL is thriving! And to prove it we have the “unknown” counties emerging to contest the highest honours. Derry’s victory over Kerry highlights the great strides the game has made in the north. But what of hurling?

Are there any grounds for satisfaction in the lack of advancement of our national game? This year’s final is a tragedy for followers. And for Galway and Tipperary it is but a mere shadow of what should be.

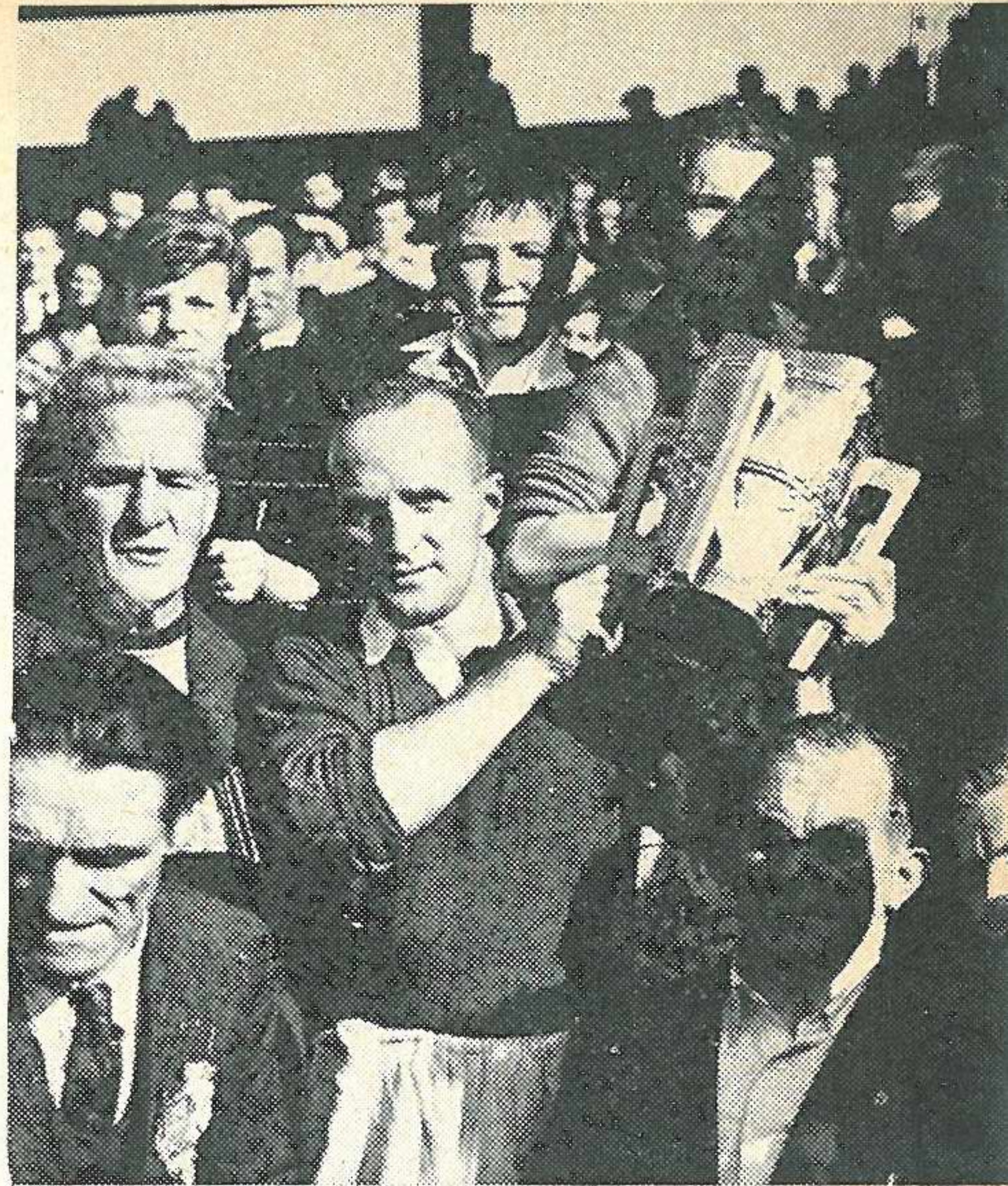
Galway are in the final without a game, the lone standard-bearers from the west . . . the north are unrepresented.

But is there any point in flogging a dead horse, can nothing be done to bring to an end this farcical situation?

The creation of new “provinces,” as suggested by Galway, is hardly the answer. The only way to meet the problem is to improve the standard of hurling in Connacht and Ulster. And the best man to do this is surely a full-time coach on a national basis.

Some time ago Nicky Rackard suggested that the ideal man for the job was Christy Ring. At the present moment Ring is training a junior team.

The Glen Rovers star has been lending his vast experience and “know-how” of hurling to



CHRISTY RING holds the All-Ireland Hurling Cup aloft after a great Croke Park victory.

—NOW

the junior hurling team of his native town, Cloyne.

There are many athletic stars who are unable to impart their knowledge, but Ring’s ability to size up a player; the ready manner in which he can recognise and correct faults has been a major factor in the success of his club, Glen Rovers.

This would be a concrete step in the right direction. Ring, on a roving commission, would give a fillip to the game all over the country.

Now that he is in the twilight of a great hurling career is the time to consider such an appointment—if not on a permanent, at least on a part-time basis.

Jimmy Doyle

'VETERAN' AT NINETEEN!

YOUNGEST member of Tipperary's All-Ireland team is 19-year-old Jimmy Doyle of Thurles. But this dark-haired, slightly-built youngster is already a veteran in the world of hurling.

He blazed to stardom at the age of 15 when he played in his first All-Ireland minor final. Tipperary lost to Dublin that day, but Jimmy collected three minor medals in a row in the following years. Then came the inevitable result: promotion to the senior side.

But hurling comes naturally to this Thurles wizard. Jimmy has been swinging a caman in his left hand since he was knee-high to his father's boot-laces. And dad was able to

show the wee fellow a few tricks. Gerry Doyle was a sub. on Tipperary's All-Ireland winning teams of 1937 and 1945 and won no less than seven county championships with Thurles Sarsfields.

Uncle Tommy, of course, is part of Tipperary's hurling history — winner of five All-Ireland medals whose genius blazed undiminished for almost 20 years.

Nine-years-old Jimmy won his first medal in a town league, and then went on to acquire a collection with that famous nursery, Thurles C.B.S.

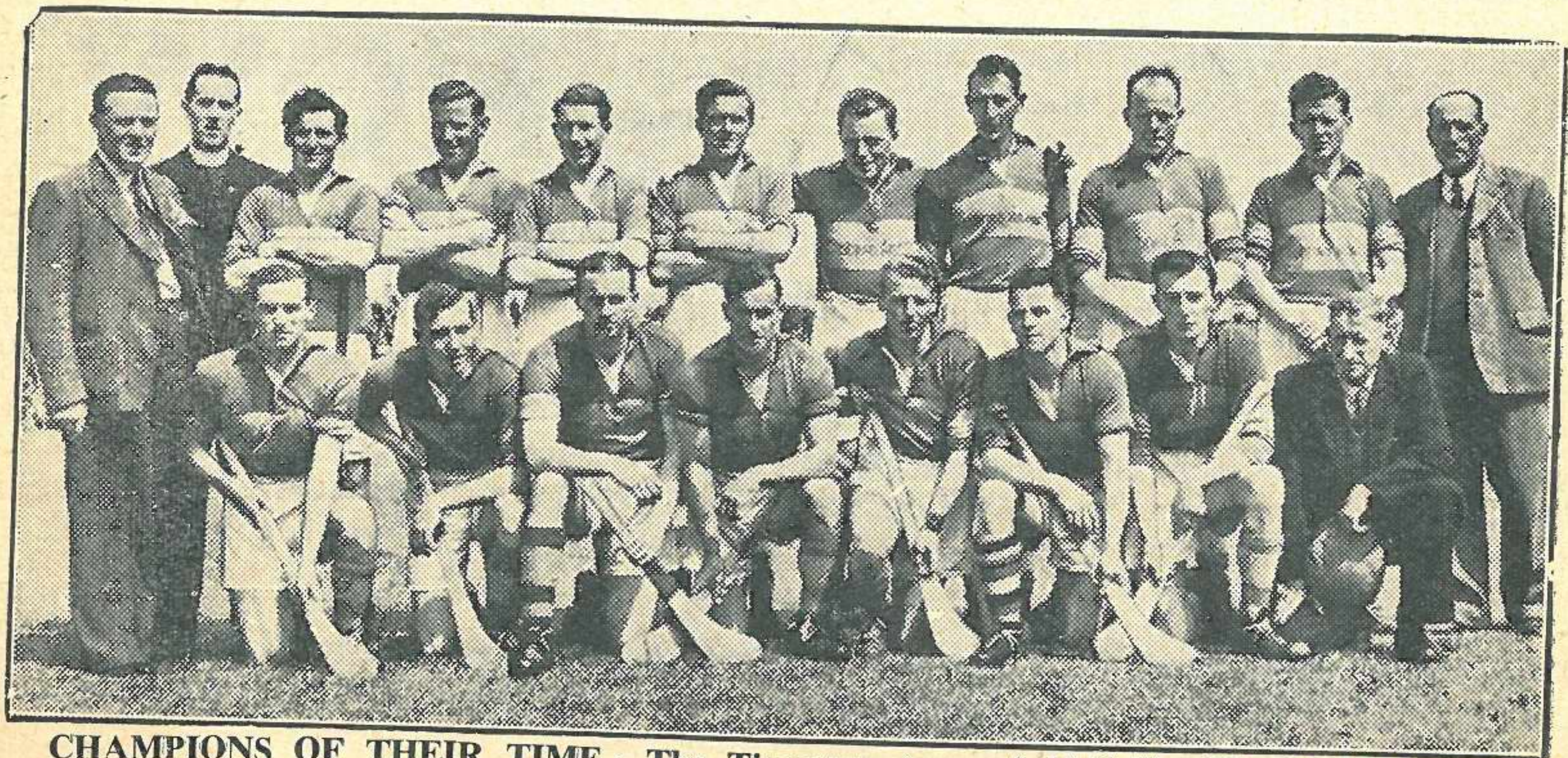
He came on the Sarsfields and Tipperary minor teams in 1954; helped Sarsfields to county titles in 1956 and '57, and made his

debut for the county seniors in the National League final of '57.

Like his uncle Tommy, he has shown all-round talent, with winning tilts at football, boxing and high jumping.

His first love, however, is the hurling pitch, where he lozes around inconspicuously, then pops up in totally unexpected spots and casually swings the sliothar dead between the posts.

Jimmy Doyle, who is already one of the immortals of Tipperary hurling, is but yet on the threshold of his career . . . a career that stretches into a magical future of hurling's high endeavour; and beyond, the glitter of golden celtic crosses and the wild tumult of a nation's acclaim.



CHAMPIONS OF THEIR TIME: The Tipperary team of 1949-50. They held the All-Ireland title from '49 to 51, but haven't appeared in a final since then. Can they recover the Crown this year?

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ALL-IRELAND TITLE HOLDERS

SENIOR HURLING

Cork (19) — 1890, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1902, 1903, 1919, 1926, 1928, 1929, 1931, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1946, 1952, 1953, 1954.

Tipperary (16) — 1887, 1895, 1896, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1906, 1908, 1916, 1925, 1930, 1937, 1945, 1949, 1950, 1951.

Kilkenny (14) — 1904, 1905, 1907, 1909, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1922, 1932, 1933, 1935, 1939, 1947, 1957.

Dublin—(6) 1889, 1917, 1920, 1924, 1927, 1938.

Limerick (6) — 1897, 1918, 1921, 1934, 1936, 1940.

Wexford (3)—1910, 1955, 1956. **Clare**—1914. **Galway**—1923. **Kerry**—1891.

Laois—1915. **London**—1901 (Home champions Cork). **Waterford**—1948).

SENIOR FOOTBALL

Kerry (18) — 1903, 1904, 1909, 1913, 1914, 1924, 1926, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1937, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1946, 1953, 1955.

Dublin (15)—1891, 1892, 1894, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1901, 1902, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1942.

Wexford (5)—1893, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918.

Cavan (5)—1933, 1935, 1947, 1948, 1952.

Tipperary (4) — 1899, 1895, 1900, 1920.

Kildare (4)—1905, 1919, 1927, 1928.

Galway (4)—1925, 1934, 1938, 1956.

Cork (3)—1890, 1911, 1945.

Maye (3)—1936, 1950, 1951.

Louth (3)—1910, 1912, 1957.

Limerick (2)—1887, 1896.

Roscommon (2)—1943, 1944.

Meath (2)—1949, 1954.

ATTENDANCES

Two counties have won four All-Ireland football titles in a row: **Wexford** did so between 1915 and 1918, and **Kerry** equalled that record between 1929 and 1932.

Cork is the only county with four consecutive All-Ireland hurling crowns. They held the title from 1941 to 1944.

Here are the attendance figures at All-Ireland hurling and football finals during the past ten years:

HURLING : 1948 — Waterford v. Dublin (61,742); 1949 — Tipperary v. Laois (67,168); 1950—Tipperary v. Kilkenny (67,629); 1951—Tipperary v.

Wexford (68,515); 1952 — Cork v. Dublin (64,332); 1953—Cork v. Galway (71,195); 1954—Cork v. Wexford (84,856 — record); 1955—Wexford v. Galway (72,854); 1956 — Wexford v. Cork (83,096); 1957 — Kilkenny v. Waterford (70,594).

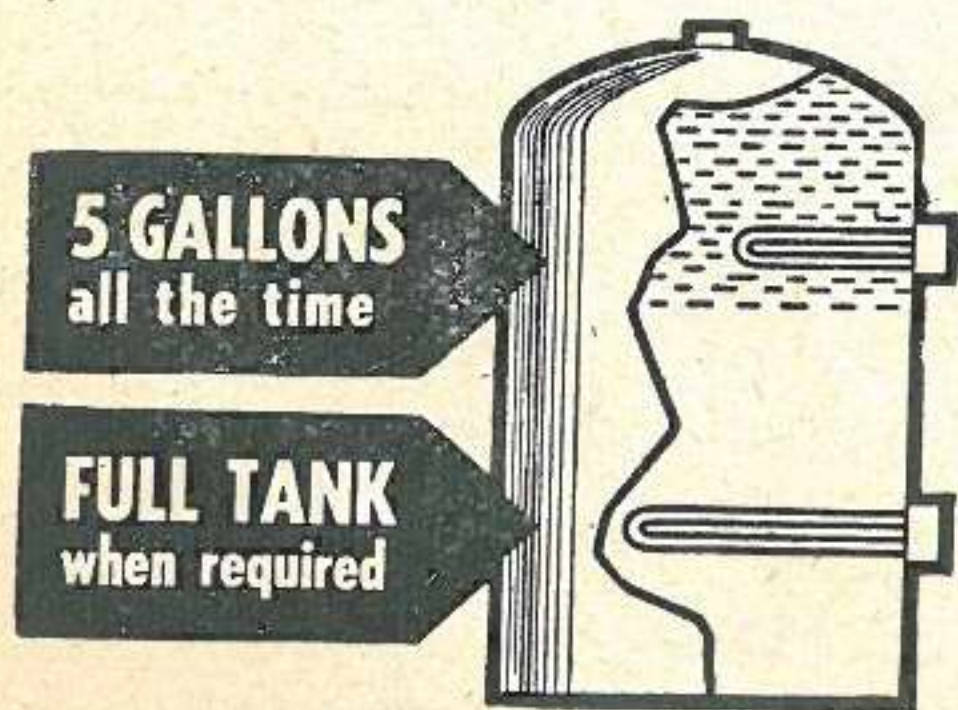
FOOTBALL : 1948—Cavan v. Mayo (74,645); 1949 — Meath v. Cavan (79,460); 1950 — Mayo v. Louth (76,174); 1951 — Mayo v. Meath (78,201); 1952—Cavan v. Meath, replay (62,515); 1953 — Kerry v. Armagh (86,155); 1954 — Meath v. Kerry (75,276); 1955—Kerry v. Dublin (87,102 —record); 1956 — Galway v. Cork (70,772); 1957—Cork v. Louth (72,732).



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EAMONN YOUNG *Discusses*

The Ban on Collective

THIRTY of them wound their way over the heather, and now they were tired . . . tired in body and in mind. No wonder, for they had marched thirty-four miles, lay in the heather throughout a winter day, without food, and then when twilight deepened, fought a bloody and decisive action. That was nearly forty years ago.

There was another evening, in mid-summer this time, when a little group of men marched out of a Southern town. Through the night they marched, and when they finished thirteen hours later they had marched forty-three miles without food. That was in Fermoy, about fifteen years ago.

A column of men left Clonmel and swung along the dusty roads to the South. Up the long slope to the Knockmealdowns they crept like a long green snake. That night in Cappoquin they had done twenty-five miles. Tomorrow there would be another twenty five, and then they would be in Middleton. It was a lovely summer night . . . too early to go to bed, and a man is young only once. The boys walked over to the dance in Lismore, four miles away.

Results like those came from collective training. Many more stories one could tell, and they would all lead to the same conclusion: when above-average results are demanded of a number of men, working in harmony, then collective training is the answer. I'm strongly in favour of it.

County teams had been training collectively for years when the G.A.A. Congress debated the question some time ago. There was a lot of criticism, and it appears there were some abuses. Much of it was never made very clear, for names and places would then have been revealed. But



STEPHEN WHITE . . . one of Louth's finest footballers.

Training

it seemed to me that at some training camp, players had lost money at cards and were prepared to carry on training only when those losses had been made up.

There were suggestions of professionalism and a lot of talk, most of it very sincere I'd say, of the abuses that were creeping into the G.A.A. through the gap of collective training.

Not very impressed, but part of a committed delegation I voted against collective training.

The motion to ban it was carried, and a man in the public gallery . . . a sincere chap I've no doubt . . . cried "**Long live amateurism.**"

But it struck me then—and I still wonder—if there were abuses why were they not dealt with by the people in whose training camps they occurred?

When a man has strong drink taken he is more likely to break the law. Yet drink is not outlawed. The law simply takes action against the offender.

If in some training camp, where a lot of decent boys were preparing for a great game, one of them

(Continued on Page 31)

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AS AONTAS — NEART, AS NEART — SAIBREAS

A Severe Hardship

put his foot in it, why didn't someone in authority have the moral courage to discipline the man concerned? Why did the matter have to be referred to a large gathering in Dublin, many of whom were not really interested in the decision.

Every county is entitled to an equal chance of winning an All-Ireland, and already there are many factors such as population and centres of employment which give advantages to some over others. By that decision to ban collective training Congress imposed a severe hardship on counties like Kerry, Mayo and many more, while others like Tipp, Dublin, Kilkenny and Cork were affected very little, or not at all.

If a county has half of its best men living more than forty miles from the training centre surely it's only reasonable to bring them together rather than have them going home tired every night after strenuous training, getting to bed late and then facing a job in the morning. Every player should be in bed at ten o'clock.

If you want a top-class performance by one man, then hard training is needed. See how hard and consistently boxers train.

In a team-game, when each player depends on another they must train together to get the best results. If they can be brought together every evening when the day's work is done, so much the better. But when that is not possible I'm convinced that we are denying the right of equal opportunity when we ban collective training.

They'll tell you that collective training results in tension and blue murder on the field. From my experience of it, I say without hesitation that it can lead to the worst as well as the best results just as does any kind of hard training in any sphere. If a concert pianist practised too hard

for too long he would play badly. He might not even play at all.

I remember a bunch of lads who enjoyed their collective training well. They hurled hard and enjoyed it. When the summer twilight deepened they went out to enjoy themselves as young men should and if they were late home what harm, for they could lie in bed on the morn. But a few of them played badly and the game was lost.

One doesn't burn the candle at both ends and get away with it. So the following year it was, "early to bed," and the man in charge was a tough customer.

Those summer mornings were lovely when we walked over the fields and along the bank of the river. What a breakfast we ate. It was good to be alive. And how hard we trained. There was nobody out late either. In the beginning we were loyal and wouldn't do it. In the end, we hadn't the energy anyway. And we didn't raise a gallop when the big day came.

(Continued on Page 33)

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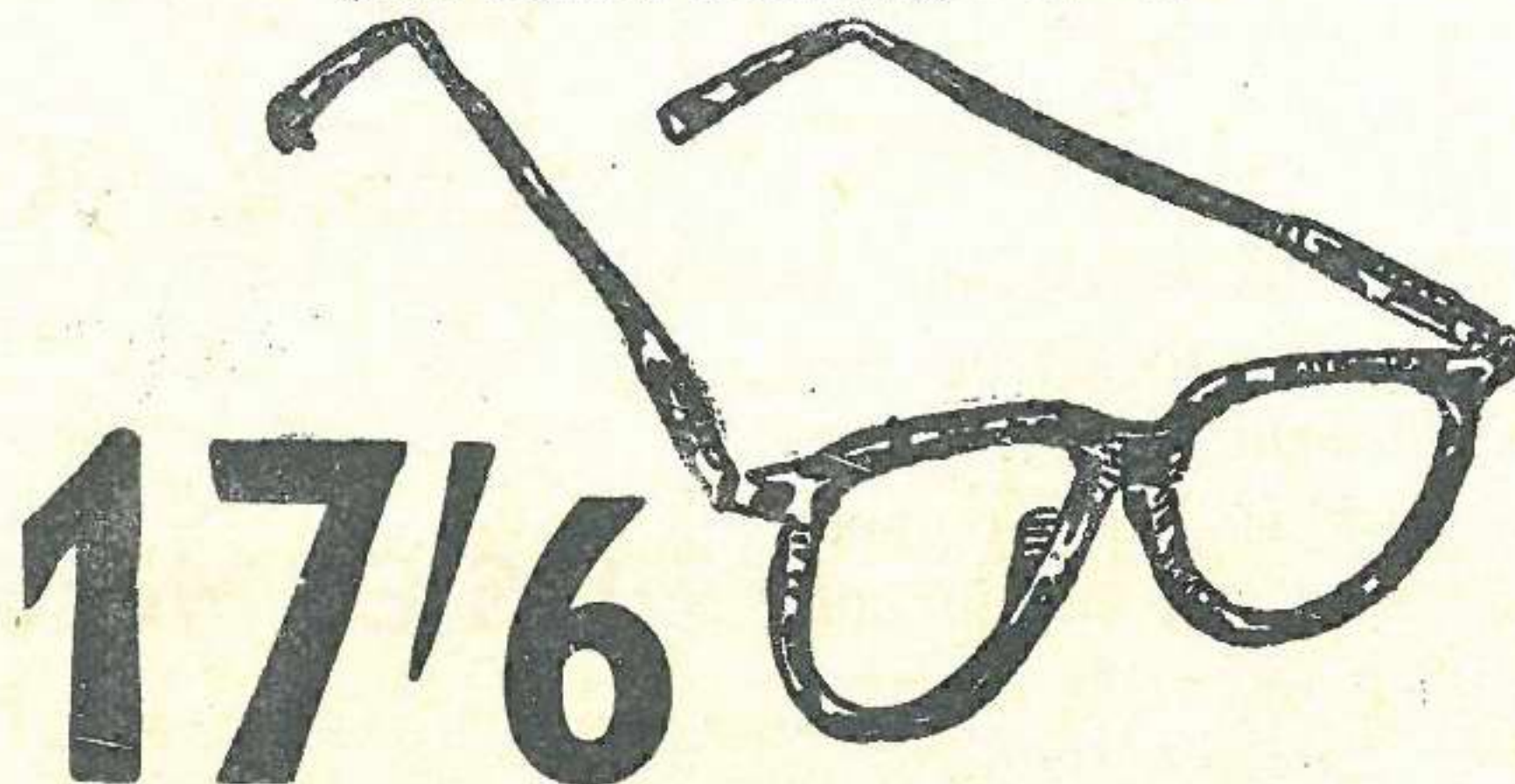
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Without a sound man to take charge of training it is fatal, and I'll go so far as to say that I have met few to whom I would entrust a team for an All-Ireland. But that is because there aren't enough men who will study the job. The success that has crowned the efforts of a certain psychologist down in Killarney helps to prove the point.

A trainer has to combine so many qualities that will be found very rarely — and, lest it be thought that I regard myself as a trainer, let's say that in ten years time I might not be too bad, provided that I continued to study the job.

Perseverance, diplomacy, firmness, and above all a kindness of heart are needed, and are not often found in the desired proportions.

Take a knowledge of diet alone. Should a man take a drink when he's training? You might say: Should a man take drink at all?

Down in Dunmanway long years ago the boys were keeping fit, so a bunch of them used to meet and run from the town out to the 'Club-House' three miles away, where there was a

crossroads adorned by the normal piece of rural furniture, the tavern.

As the boys jogged along towards the "Club-House" the pace smartened up all the time. It was great training. Nearer they came, and nearer, until they were belting along at a speed that made the people admire and the hens scatter. The last quarter was a "Delany kick." and you'd run just as hard if you knew that the last man in had to buy a gallon of porter!

Then one of them would insist that the only drink was a drop of whiskey. But he was no fool, for he would drink two pints of water first for fear that his tongue would soak any of the precious liquid.

All these important matters could be ironed out if only the G.A.A. allowed collective training once again, properly supervised and controlled by men who knew what they were doing; men who can get the best results from a bunch of young athletes, eager to thrill us on All-Ireland day.

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Terence Roynane writes about the origins of hurling

It Goes Back Through The Mists of History

THE origins of hurling are far to seek, but there can be no dispute about the fact that Ireland's national game is one of the oldest field games on earth.

Here, in its greatest and last stronghold, the caman game reaches back into the farthest records of our history, aye, and far beyond into the remotest memories of tradition.

It is said that there was a hurling game played as a preliminary to the battle of Moytura which was back when the Tuatha de Danainn came to Ireland. And certainly hurling was in full flower at the start of

the Christian era for it was at that time that Cuchullain was hurling his ball of bronze before him on his way to join the Red Branch Knights at Emainn Macha.

Hurling was the common relaxation of the warriors of Fionn MacCool and it was for his prowess at hurling on the green of Tara that Diarmuid of the Love Spot won the hearts of many a high-born maiden.

It was a hurling game that led, in part, to the departure of St. Colmcille from Ireland, though the saint himself had no part therein, and the game was still flourishing, though in an unorganised way, when the Normans came.

It was not long till the Norman-Irish were as fond of the game as were the natives them-

selves and twice, in the Statutes of Kilkenny and in those of Galway, the alien rulers tried to wean the settlers away from the hurling game, by out'awing it.

After the Flight of the Earls, and the subsequent collapse of what remained of the old Gaelic way of life, the Irish still clung to the hurling—almost all that was left of the way of life their fathers had loved.

Even during the worst years of the penal laws the hurling game lived on, sponsored often by sporting members of the new Planter class who frequently



JIM CROWLEY and **KEVIN HEFFERNAN**, Nos. 14 and 15 a brilliant pair for Dublin in the All-Ireland football final.

matched their tenants against one another in cross-country games for large wagers.

Wexford was a great stronghold of the games through the years, and when the pikes were out in '98, it was the hurling men of Wexford who led the van.

Through the years before the Famine, the old style of cross-country hurling was in its flower, the whole man-power of a parish meeting the whole man-power of another parish in the 'hurling home' which often lasted from after Mass until dark on Sunday or Holiday.

(Continued on Page 37)

SPORTSMEN

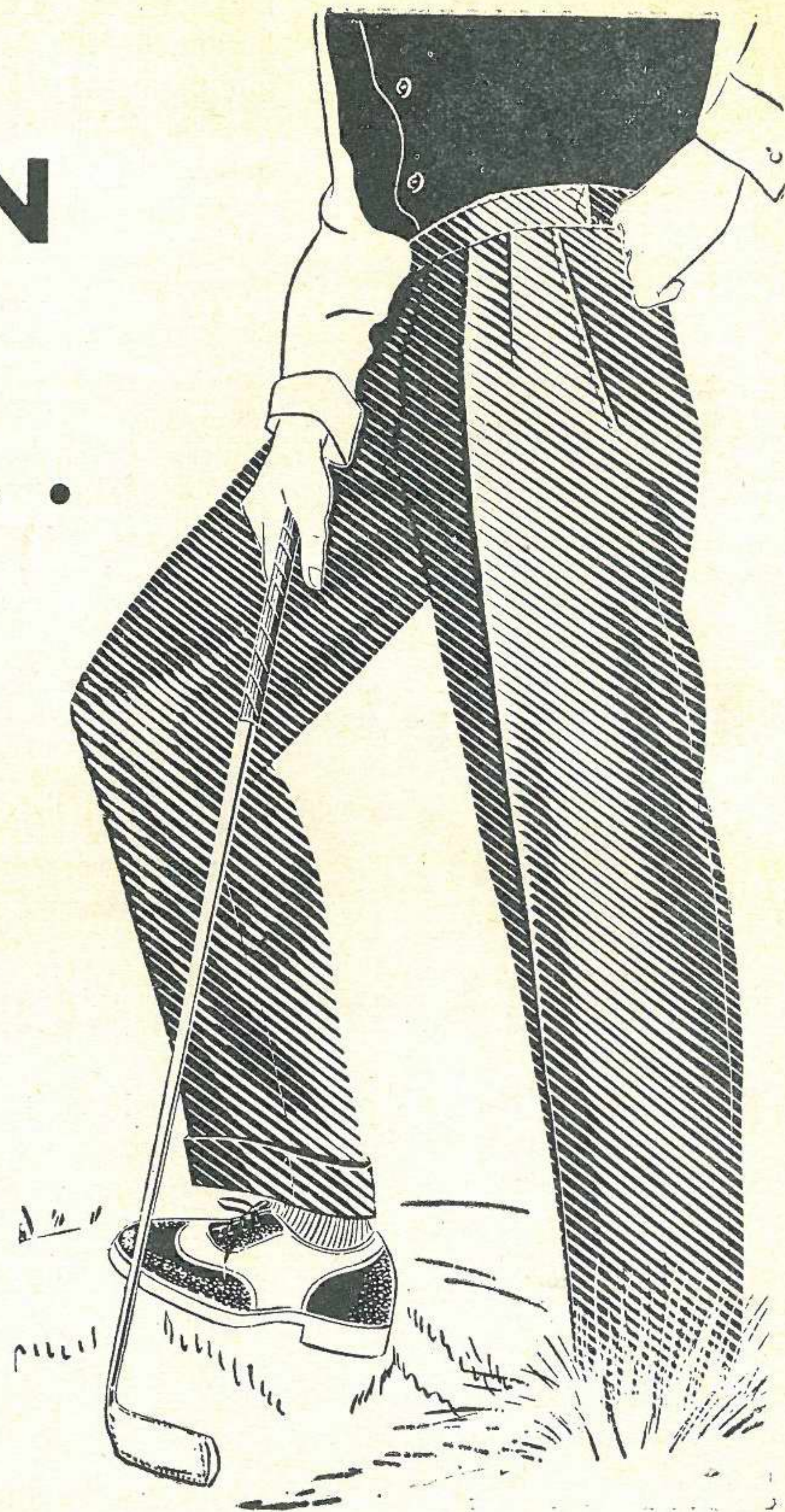
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(Continued from Page 35)

The Famine scattered the hurling as it scattered the Irish; yet it was soon to be revived and the first sign of revival came from Gort in the county of Galway in the early 1850's.

Soon afterwards there came to this area a young school-teacher named Michael Cusack from nearby Burren in the County Clare, and there amid the hurlers of Gort he intensified his boyhood love of the game.

Throughout East Galway this revived hurling steadily spread and by the 'seventies the fame of Pat Larkin from Kiltormer, who led the hurlers of Killimor, was known even in distant Dublin. There Cusack, with a parcel of gossoons from his Civil Service Academy, had been keeping the old game going in the Phoenix Park, and from those Phoenix Park games sprang first the Dublin Hurling Club, and then the famous Metropolitan hurling clubs which was later to be one of the foundation clubs of the G.A.A.

In early 1884, the Metropolitan hurlers went down to play Killimor on the Fair Green of Ballinasloe. And though, due to different rules, the game was never really played, the interest roused was so great that the beginnings of the G.A.A. may be readily traced back to that day in Ballinasloe.

As was to be expected, when the G.A.A. was founded, Gal-

The Origins of Hurling

way had a big part in its beginnings and the first inter-county game ever played in Dublin was between those two great strongholds of the game, Galway and Tipperary.



JOHN KIELY brilliant Waterford hurler for many years—and he can still hold his own with the best of them.

A couple of years later the Galway men from Meelick met the Thurles Blues in the very first All-Ireland hurling final, played at Birr, and which Tipperary won very narrowly.

It is surely fitting that Galway and Tipperary should

again meet in this year's All-Ireland final, for the history of the game is forever interwoven with the history of both counties.

Incidentally, old-timers tell a story about that first All-Ireland. They say that, for some reason or other, the Tipperary men were late in arriving at Birr that day and the rumour went round that they were going to give Galway a walk-over.

Indeed, I have heard it said that some of the Galway supporters were already preparing to leave the town in triumph when their opponents finally arrived.

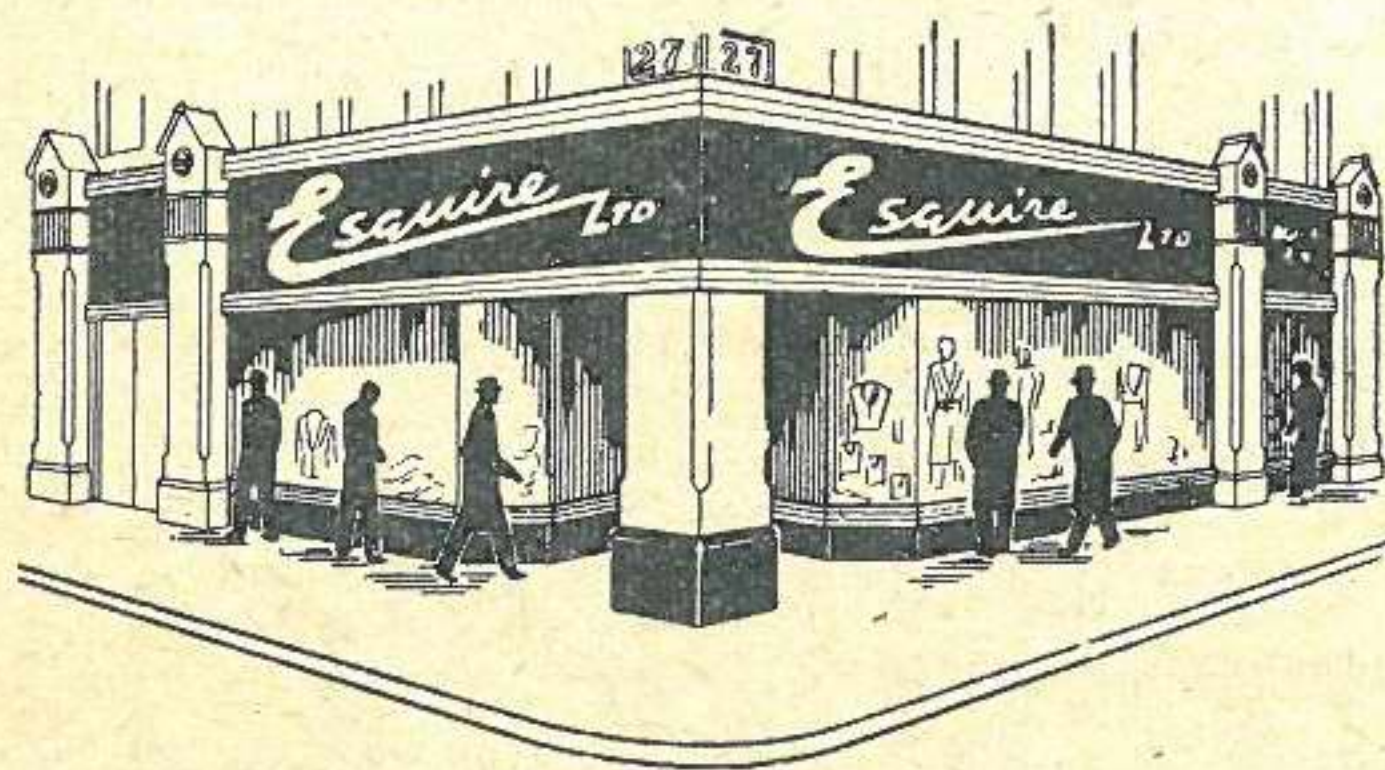
In any case, Tipperary did come, and triumphed, as they triumphed over the Ardrahan men subsequently in the only final played at Terenure in the early 1900's and as they triumphed over Galway again at Croke Park in 1925.

But though all the odds are against them this time, who knows but that this will be the occasion that the Galwegians will upset all the odds and gain their long awaited vengeance for those past defeats.

FREE
Competition
on Page 43

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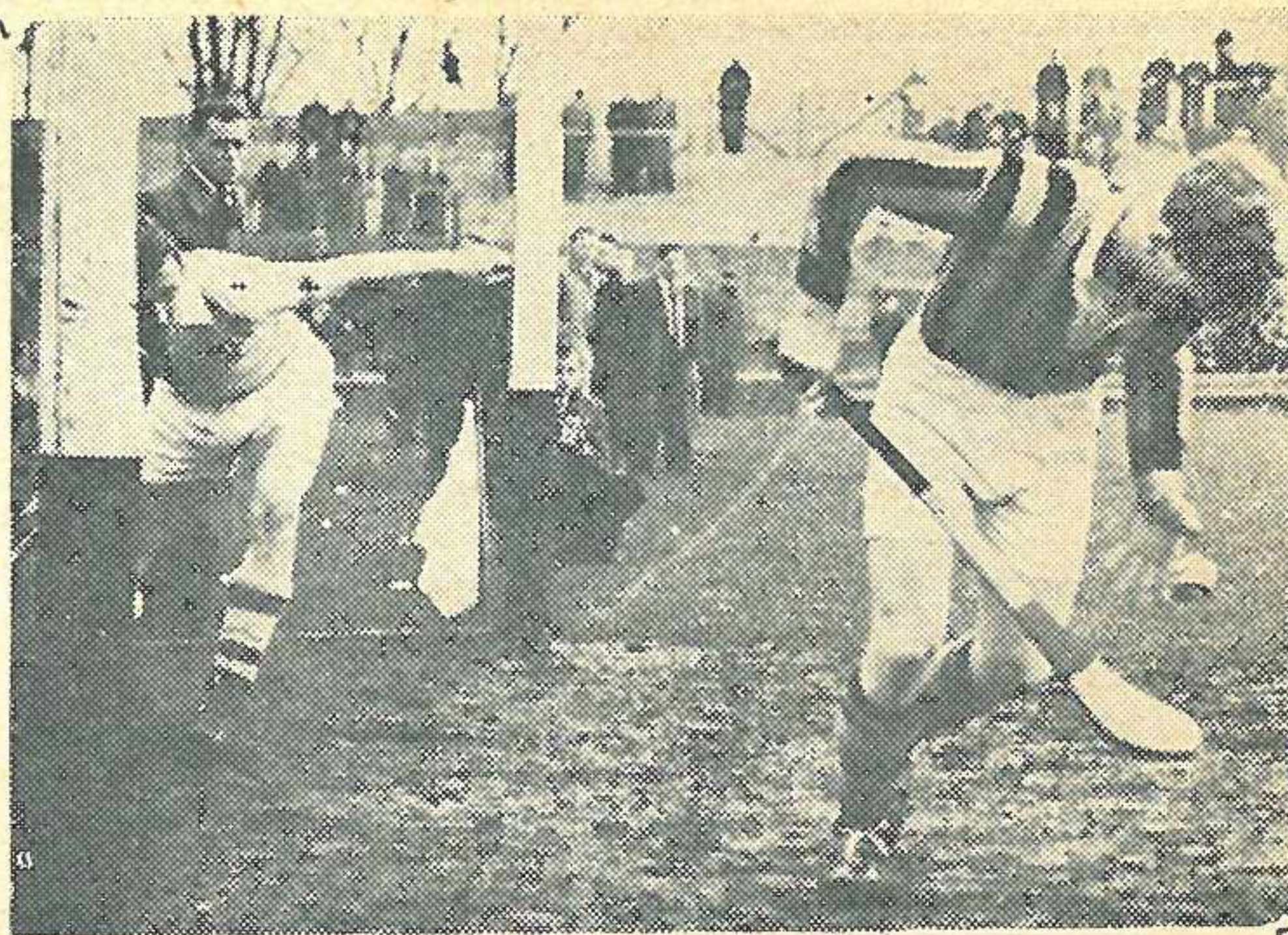
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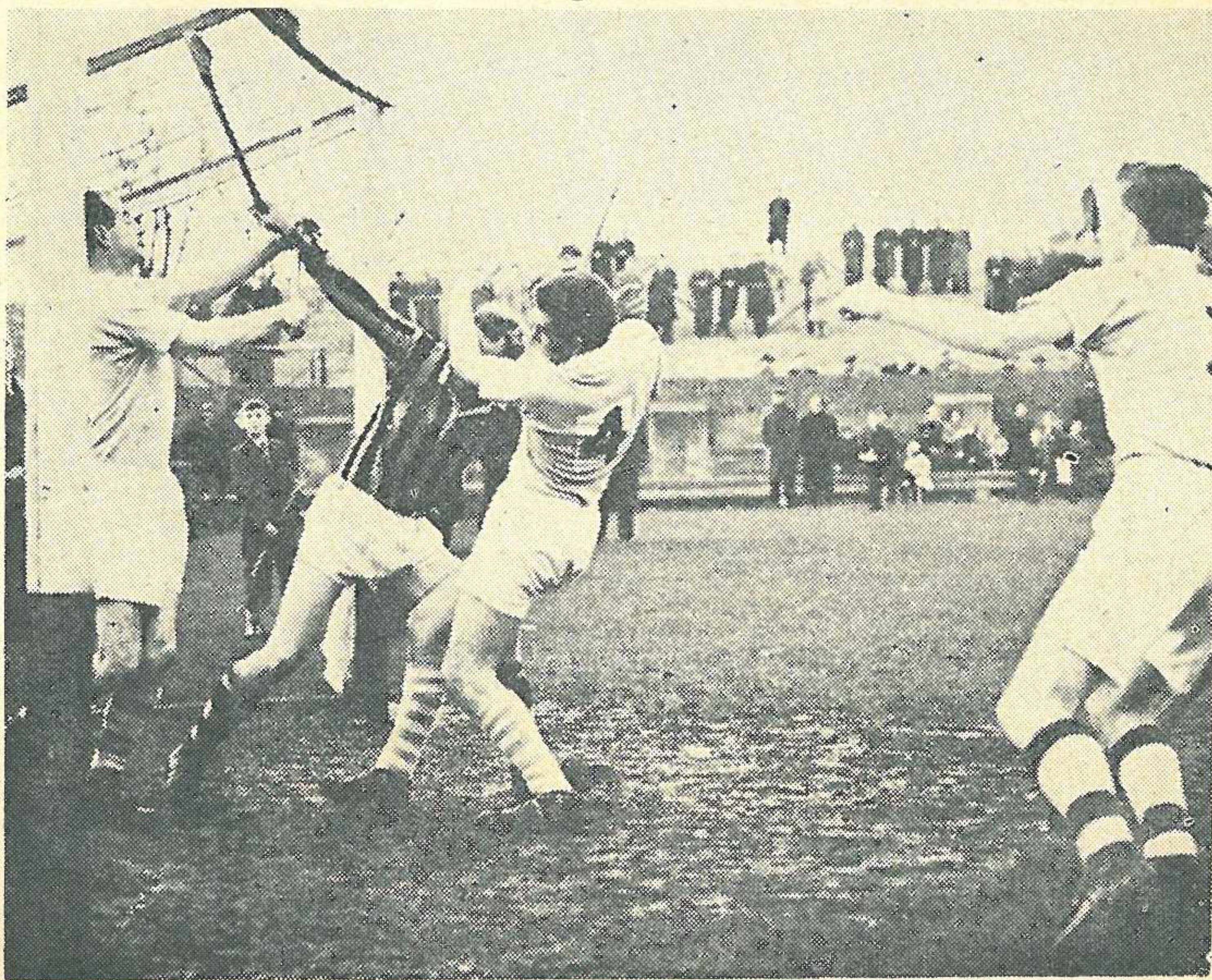
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Above : Kilkenny's goalkeeping wizard Olly Walsh makes a "conjuring" save. Below : Marcus Wilson (No. 4), showing his hurling skill in this picture, is one of Dublin's big men in the football final against Derry.



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Padraig Carney

By Kevin Fitzpatrick

THE little man leaned tensely on an iron railing. Now and again I watched him, peering knowingly through old eyes at the dashing footballers of Mayo and Dublin in the National League final of 1954.

Suddenly he spoke in a soft southern accent—maybe to me, maybe to the whole vast concourse at Croke Park :

“I’ve been watching Gaelic football for fifty years; but that lad, Carney, out there beats ’em all. And you can count Dick Fitzgerald and Billy Mackessy, Sean Kennedy, John Joe Sheehy, the Landers, Jack Higgins and Paul Doyle in that.”

I didn’t have to be convinced. I relate the old man’s words merely to lend the weight of long experience to my own opinion.

And I haven’t changed my views. Padraig Carney was the greatest footballer I have ever seen; and, very probably the greatest of all time.

The red-haired Swinford doctor was the complete footballer. He possessed the best of all the high qualities that the game demanded: speed, courage, vice-like fielding, perfect ball-control, stamina, accuracy and, above all, a brain of swift, razor-edge precision.

As a strategist and tactician he approached a football field as a Grand Master approaches an intricate chess board.

During his inter-county career, Mayo reaped all the fruits that hung within easy reach of his marvellous skill.

When he left Ireland for America in 1954, Mayo’s team slowly and steadily waned. Perhaps it was merely the psychological effect of his going; perhaps Mayo’s sun was going down the sky at that time, anyway.

But there are sound men who think that his loss to the county meant more than a ruptured morale. They believe that the Mayo team couldn’t afford to lose a man, who, in himself, was almost half a team; and whose contribution to many of his county’s victories was often more than that.

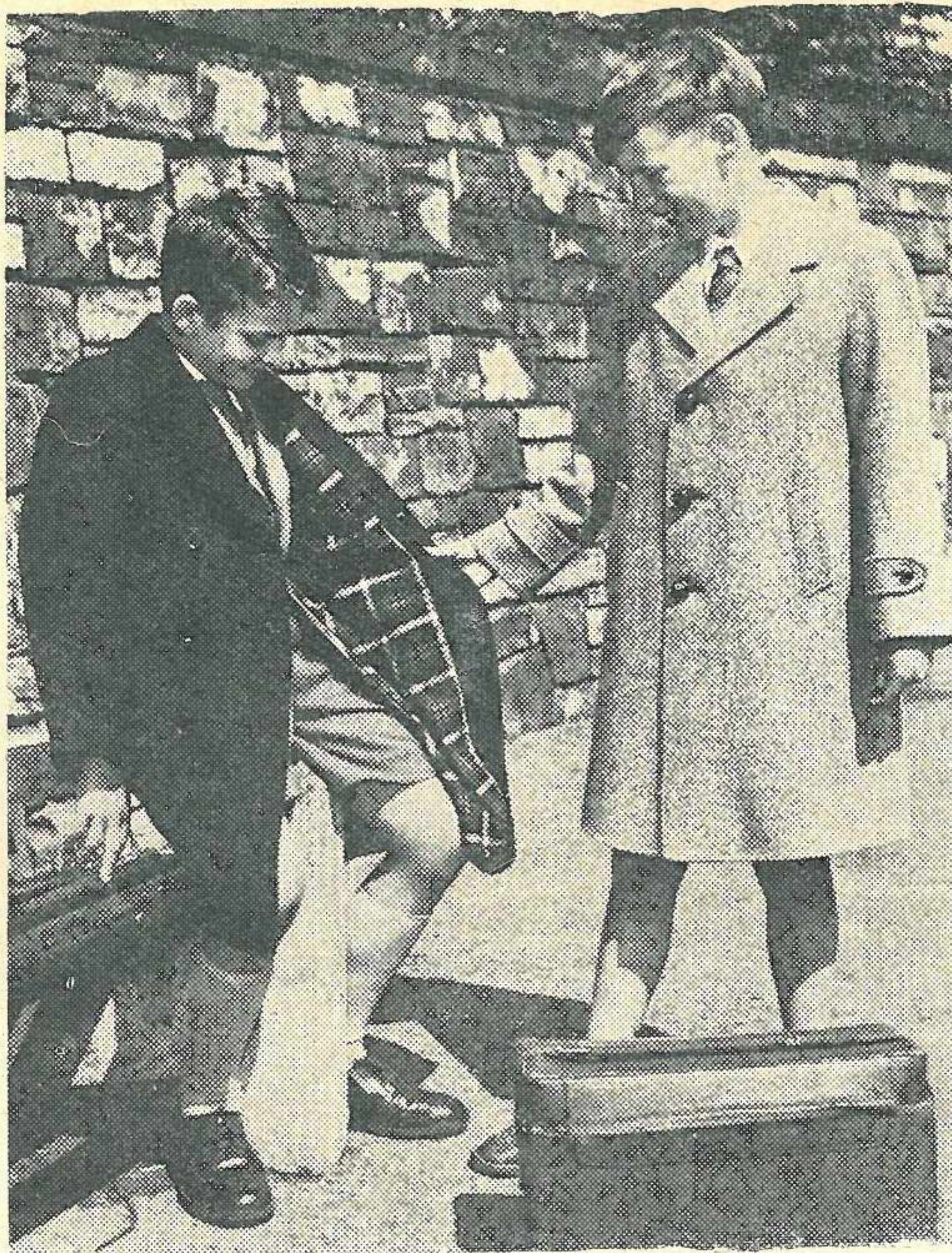
I know that there are many who will not agree with me. They are entitled to their opinions. But I’ll stick to mine, and of this I am certain: we won’t see anyone to equal him in this century.



LIAM MALONE
MAYO
(Senior Football)

Liam who hails from Breafoy, Castlebar, is one of Mayo’s most promising rising stars. He has gained a wealth of first-class experience on the field. At 21 years Liam has proof of his prowess in a splendid record in Ireland and in Britain. In 1954 he gained an All-Ireland medal at 17 years of age. He played for St. Paul’s, Birmingham and captained the Warwickshire Junior Team in the All-England Final in 1957. This team was later defeated by two points by his home county, Mayo.

Liam is a member of Castlebar Mitchells G.F.C. and is at present working in Dublin in his brother, Joe’s Car Hire Company — JOE MALONE SELF DRIVE, at Fleet Street, Dublin.



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In the event of nobody forecasting the actual attendance the nearest forecast to the actual attendance shall be the winner.

The Editor is sole judge and his decision is final. Please make his job easier by writing clearly and cleanly. Result will be published in the “Irish Independent” and “Irish Press” on the 3rd of October, 1958.

Closing date for entries: 12 o’c. Thursday, 25th September. Address entries: “Gaelic Sport,” 33 North Summer Street, Dublin.

NAME

ADDRESS

SCHOOL AGE

FORECAST

IN years Tom Maguire is just a youngster . . . but in the history of Cavan football he has already carved himself a veteran's niche. At twenty-four, he has already taken his place with the other proud figures in Cavan's Hall of G.A.A. fame.

Yet . . . it seems only yesterday that I first saw him play, in an All-Ireland minor semi-final against Westmeath in 1952.

Two years later I saw him again, on the Cavan side that beat Armagh in the Ulster Senior final.

By then, Tom had grown into a tall, powerfully-built young man . . . by then, he was poised on the threshold of greatness.

However, I'm jumping ahead of myself . . .

Tom was born in a little spot in Cavan called Templeport, just a stone's throw from Ballyconnell. There, as a schoolboy in Porturlan, he had his first introduction to football.

"I had to walk three miles to school every day," he recalls, "and the other boys and myself shortened the road by kicking a rubber ball."

From this humble start in the game that was to make him famous, young Tom progressed to the local school team, and, in 1948-49, he won his first G.A.A. medal in the Co. Cavan Schools' League.

From there on, his rise to glory was rapid . . . minor honours with Cavan . . . senior recognition with the famous Cavan "Slashers," in company

with other youngsters like Jim McDonnell, Donal Kelly and Gerry Keyes, all destined to move into the top brackets of Cavan stardom . . . club football in Dublin with Banba and the Garda . . . and, finally, a well-earned place on the Cavan senior team

Came 1954, and the first of the big years for Tom Maguire.

"We won out easily in Ulster with a victory over Armagh, he says,

"That was my first provincial medal and it made me feel ten feet tall."

Flushed with the thrilling prospect of an All-Ireland gold medal, Tom and fourteen other gallant Cavan men went to Croke Park to meet Meath in the semi-final—and crashed to a tragic defeat.

"The no stoppage rule wasn't in force then," he says, "and more's the pity." With only a few precious minutes left for play, I collected a ball at mid-field and cut out to the right. Paddy O'Brien came out to tackle me and the next minute both of us were sprawling on the ground.

We were awarded a 21-yards free, just a little wide of the posts.

Unfortunately, Paddy O'Brien stayed down for over three minutes. Brian Gallagher was waiting to take the free, and I'm afraid the waiting was too much for his nerves. Normally he wouldn't — couldn't have missed the kick; but he sent it high and wide . . . and the game was over."

(Continued on Page 47)

Tom Maguire

a pen-picture

by Philip Roderick

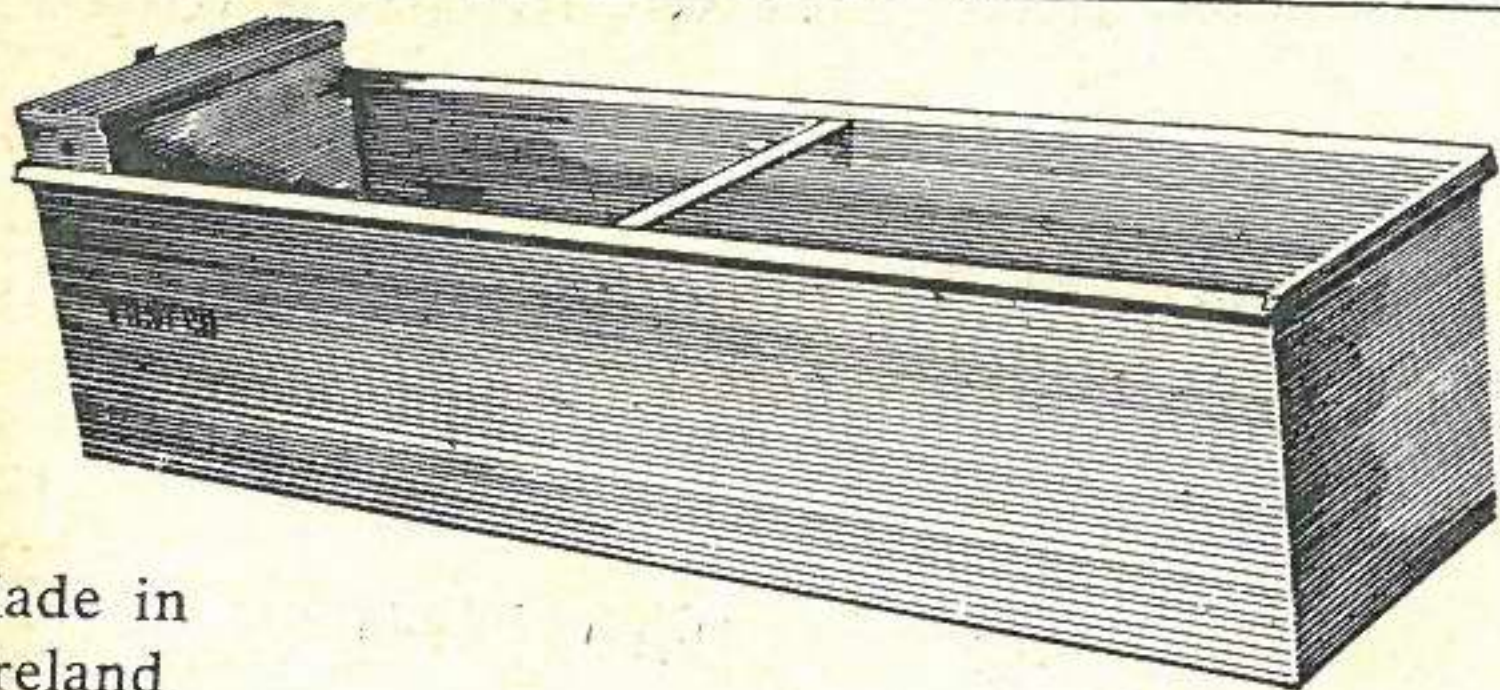
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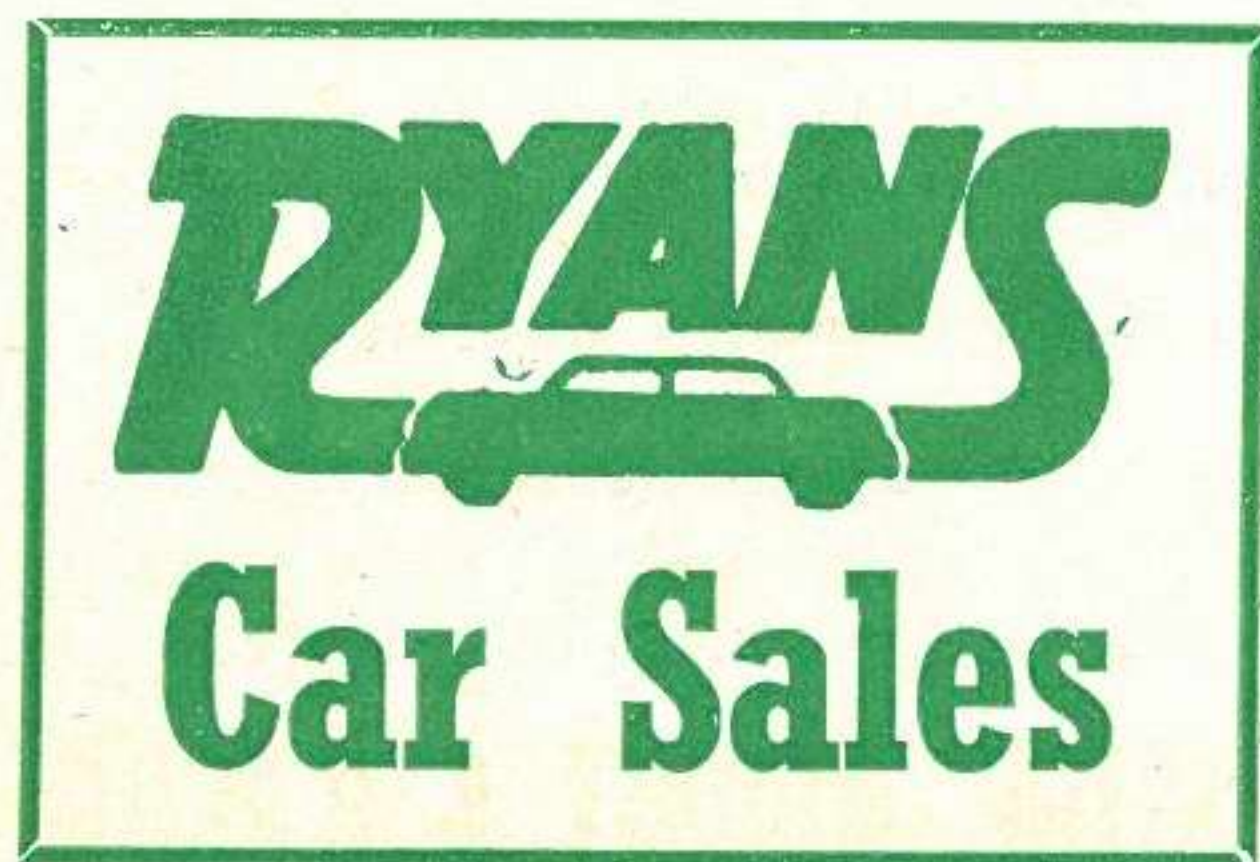
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Thrills of the Past . . .

Left: Action in a Tipperary—Wexford National Hurling League tie. Below: Brilliant Galway goalkeeper, Jack Mangan, saves his net.

Tom Maguire

a pen-picture

(From Page 44.)

The following year brought further honours to Tom. First he was picked as a reserve on the All-Ireland team against the Combined Universities, and then he went on to collect a second Ulster senior football medal.

So once again an All-Ireland medal was in the offing . . . but once again Tom Maguire had to taste the bitter dregs of defeat.

“After a thrilling drawn game at Croke Park, which promised an even more thrilling replay, the Cavan men were whipped by a rampant Kerry side.

Another year saw Tom further up the ladder of fame. A Railway Cup medal put him



among the greats of Ulster football . . . but in his native county there were lean days ahead.

A shock defeat in the Ulster championship by a rising Tyrone team sent the Cavan men into the wilderness of Northern football . . . and sad

to say, they're still languishing in the outer regions.

“But, we'll be back,” says Tom, “some day soon we'll come back to Croke Park to win the All-Ireland final.”

WITH MEN LIKE TOM MAGUIRE . . . I THINK THEY WILL.

QUIZ CORNER

Answers

1. Limerick Commercials won the first All-Ireland football championship—1887. They beat Louth Young Irelands by 1—4 to 0—3 at Clonskeagh on April 29, 1888.
2. July 1873, in College Park, Dublin.
3. Maurice Davin and Michael Cusack.
4. Limerick beat Dublin 5—2 to 2—6 in a replay.
- 5....The All-Ireland championships were not completed in 1888 because of the American "Athletic Invasion."
6. Yes. They beat Limerick 7—3 to 4—5 in 1923.
7. There are 12 names on the roll of honour: Cork, Tipperary, Kilkenny, Dublin, Limerick, Wexford, Clare, Galway, Kerry, Laois, London-Irish and Waterford.
8. In the 1948 final Cavan beat Mayo 4—5 to 4—4.
9. 1942.
10. Kerry won the 1903 title when they beat London Hibernians 0—11 to 0—3 at Jones' Road on November 12, 1905.
11. 1923.
12. 21. The number was subsequently reduced to 17.

'Mystery Man'

THE "mystery man" on page 20 is, of course, Billy Murphy of Cork. Billy, who played for many years with his native Ballincollig's junior team, won All-Ireland medals with Cork in 1941, '42, '43, '44 and '46. The long puck referred to was in the 1941 All-Ireland final against Dublin when Cork full-forward John Quirke scored a goal from Billy Murphy's tremendous puck-out.

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