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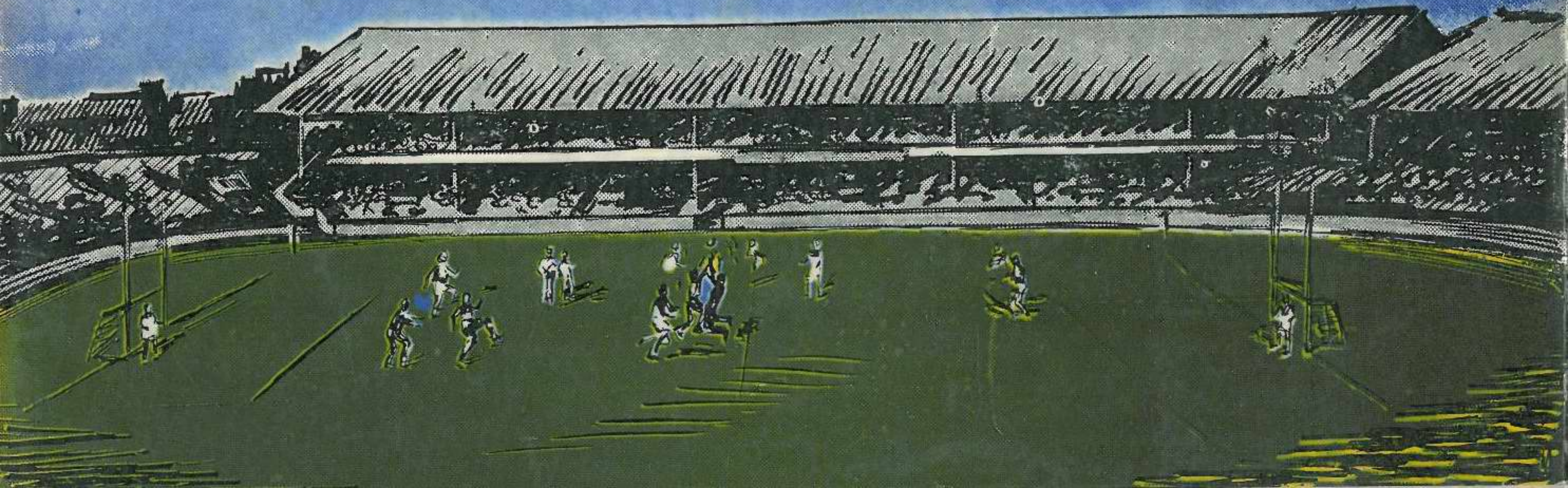
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September-November, 1962
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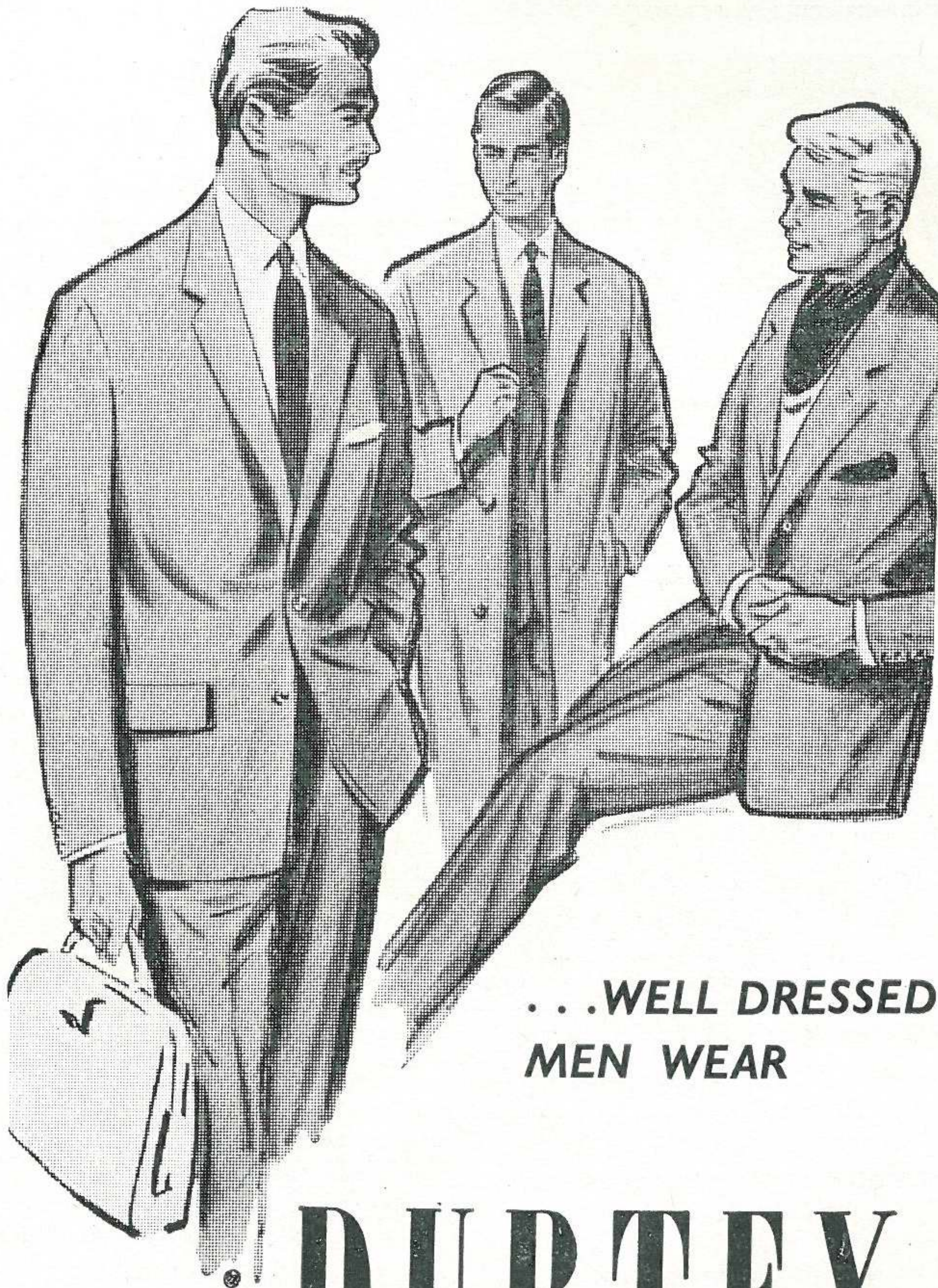
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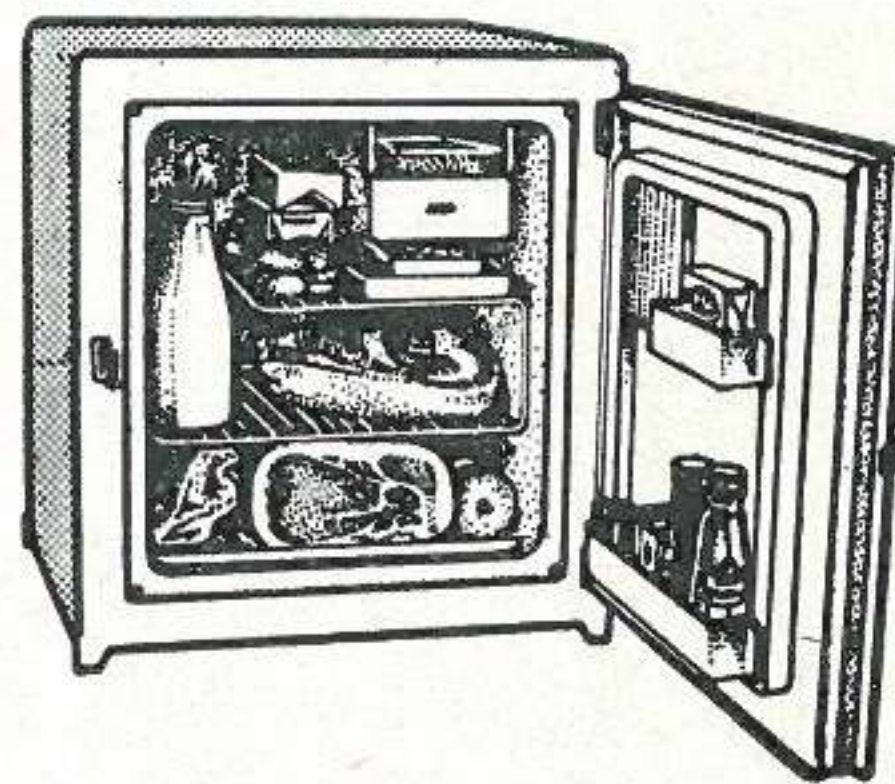


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OUR VIEW

Good luck Gerry

SPORTSMEN of the modern era can be divided, loosely, into two categories: Those who are paid for playing and those who play for fun.

It is one of our proudest boasts in Ireland that the national games are played only by amateurs. The fact that there is no cash return for the skill, vigour and enthusiasm which the players put into them is invariably a source of amazement to foreigners who see hurling and football for the first time.

Yet, it would be impossible to stage these games as we know them now if it were not for the incentive of prizes at all levels, from club to All-Ireland championships.

These prizes are not material. Medals and other trophies simply symbolise the honour attached to success. It is a system without which the games could not survive.

The most coveted prize in Gaelic games is, of course, the gold medal awarded for victory in the All-Ireland senior hurling and football championships.

Down the years, hundreds of men have won this, the highest honour in the games. Many of them—call them exceptional, or call them lucky—have won more than one. Their names are emblazoned in the record lists as immortal heroes of the G.A.A. And rightly so.

But in eulogising the champions we are always inclined to forget that each generation has produced men, equally great, who failed in their quest for this supreme honour.

Gerry O'Malley is one of these.

The great Roscommon player has graced the playing fields of Gaelic for more than thirteen years. In that time he has won most of the major honours in the game. But the greatest of all—an All-Ireland medal—has eluded him.

But now, the chance of achieving his life's ambition has finally come to Gerry O'Malley. For the first time since this incomparable footballer rose to senior inter-county ranks, Roscommon have qualified for an All-Ireland final. And when they meet Kerry on September 23, Gerry will carry the hopes and good wishes of thirty-one counties onto the crucial testing ground of Croke Park.

It is no reflection on Kerry's nationwide popularity to say that every follower of football, with the exception of the Kingdom's own supporters, will wish O'Malley success in what may well be his last chance to achieve the crowning glory of a magnificent career.

And even in their anxiety to win that 20th All-Ireland title, one suspects that the sporting Kerry-men themselves harbour an unspoken desire that both sides could win — just for the sake of matchless Gerry O'Malley.

OUR COVER

OUR front cover features four outstanding players who figure in the 1962 All-Ireland finals. They are Mick O'Dwyer (Kerry, top left); Gerry O'Malley (Roscommon, top right); Theo English (Tipperary, bottom left); Jim English (Wexford, bottom right). Each personifies the skill, spirit and determination of the team he represents.

Shades of old glory

By Peter Byrne

THE names Hitler, Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin blazed across the front pages of our newspapers. Inside pages told the story of how black market tea and petrol were changing hands at fantastic prices. In the sports section two names dominated the G.A.A. columns—Kerry and Roscommon.

Yes, those were the cloak-and-dagger days of World War II. And while much water has flowed under the bridge and many great teams have adorned Gaeldom since then, twinges of nostalgia will stir many memories as the Kingdom and Roscommon take the field for this year's all-Ireland Senior football final at Croke Park on Sunday, September 23.

For these were the glamour teams of another era and while Kerry in their own inimitable style have continued to storm the big-time football scene, the appearance of Roscommon—back in the final after a lapse of 16 years—recalls a host of happy memories.

Who could forget the superb Western football machine that wrecked Kerry's hopes in 1944 to retain the Sam Maguire Cup. Or that great '46 side which, built around men like Bill Carlos, Frankie Kinlough, Eamonn Boland and the Murray brothers, held the Kingdom to a draw in the final?

Roscommon again put up a tremendous battle in the replay



J. J. BRESLIN
Staunch Roscommon defender.

but Kerry pulled through to square the account with their great rivals.

And so to the 1962 final and the 64 dollar question—who will win? On paper there looks but one answer for who can deny that Kerry's semi-final performance was infinitely more powerful than the

milk-and-water effort Roscommon produced to beat Cavan.

Led by the mighty Mick O'Connell, the Munster champions destroyed Dublin's hopes with as fine a display as Croke Park has seen in many a long day. If they can bring in a repeat performance on September 23 then the title is as good as back in Kerry.

But can O'Connell dominate the scene to the same extent as he did in the semi-final? Therein lies the key to the whole question and hinging on the outcome rests Kerry's hopes of bringing off yet another all-Ireland triumph.

Frankly, I can't see the Valentia "wonder" enjoying the same latitude as he did against Dublin. On that occasion O'Connell soared up for the high ones more or less on his own but against lanky Bernie Kyne the outcome could be very, very different.

And I'm convinced that Mick's superb display that day put a very much over-rated complexion on Kerry's win. Remember, the Munster men were made to look a very ordinary team when the Valentia man faded in the third quarter.

But even without a five-star O'Connell display, the Kingdom can still point to a wealth of potential match-winners. Niall Sheehy and Tim Lyons can break the back of any challenge with their dashing, fearless football in

the full-back line while further out Seamus Murphy and Mick O'Dwyer will not be easily outwitted.

Up front, they have, perhaps, the most versatile footballer in the game in Tom Long and given any rope the talented Dingle man can, in partnership with Paudy Sheehy and Dan McAuliffe, floor Roscommon's hopes.

If Kerry have O'Connell, the Connacht champions can point to their own tower of strength, the great Gerry O'Malley. Only, unlike the Valentia man, O'Malley is certain to dominate the scene, irrespective of who plays on him.

Fearless O'Malley is, without doubt, one of the greatest half-backs ever to have adorned the game and flanked by two real terriers in Ronnie Creaven and Gerry Reilly, he poses a real threat to Kerry's hopes. The battle in this sector of the field could well provide one of the highlights of the game.

Against Cavan, the full-back line of John Breslin, John Lynch and Oliver Moran looked well-nigh invincible but it would be wiser to pass judgment AFTER they have rubbed shoulders with men like Long or Paudy Sheehy.

But while the Roscommon defence is sound enough, I don't think the forward line is up to the same high standard. Don Feeley and Cyril Mahon excepted, there was a distinct lack of thrust in their display against Cavan with Eamonn Curley one of the biggest disappointments.

No team can afford to squander such chances and still win an All-Ireland title and providing O'Connell is not too subdued, I think the forwards should be good enough to carry Kerry to another triumph. Still, if Roscommon win, there is not a man in Ireland who will begrudge Gerry O'Malley that richly deserved All-Ireland medal!



Seamus Murphy (left) and Tim Lyons, two of Kerry's most dependable players in the All-Ireland final against Roscommon.

FROM THE RECORD BOOK

FOLLOWING are some interesting facts and figures from the records of All-Ireland football and hurling finals:

FOOTBALL

The average score in a football final is 1-9 to 1-3.

Laois is the only county which failed to score in a football final. This happened in 1889 when Tipperary beat them, 3-6 to 0-0.

The highest total score (both teams) in a football final was registered by Galway and Cork in 1956—Galway, 2-13; Cork, 3-7. Next highest was Cavan's 4-5 to Mayo's 4-4 in the 1948 final.

The lowest total score was seven points. There were three occasions: Tipperary, 0-4, to Meath, 0-3, in 1895; Kerry, 0-5, to Dublin, 0-2, in 1904; Kerry, 0-4, to Dublin, 0-3, in 1924.

The most one-sided final took place in 1911 when Cork beat Antrim, 6-6 to 1-2. This 6-6 still stands as the highest team score registered in a football final. The second place in these one-sided

tallies is shared between the 1930 and 1936 finals. 1930—Kerry, 3-11, Monaghan, 0-2; 1936—Mayo, 4-11, Laois, 0-5.

HURLING

The average score in a hurling final is 4-7 to 1-6.

Two teams have failed to score in hurling finals—Galway in 1887, against Tipperary, and London in 1902, against Cork.

The 1887 final also produced the lowest total score—Tipperary 1-1, Galway 0-0. The second lowest total was in 1901 when London beat Cork 1-5 to 0-4.

The highest total was registered in 1893 when Tipperary beat Kilkenny, 7-13 to 3-10.

There was only one point scored in the 1914 final—Clare, 5-1; Laois, 1-0.

The highest team score in a hurling final was registered by Tipperary in 1896 when they beat Dublin, 8-14 to 0-4. This also was the most one-sided final. Second comes Cork's 5-20 to 2-0 win over Dublin in 1894.

The Hurling Final — Moondharrig

tips Tipperary, but he warns:

DON'T UNDER-RATE WEXFORD

IF you want to trace back far enough, you could well say that the All-Ireland hurling final of 1962 really began in the year 1950. That was a year in which Tipperary, who had beaten Laois with plenty to spare in the final of 1949, were sitting securely on top of the hurling world.

They had emphasised the worth of their All-Ireland victory by defeating Kilkenny in the National League final at the start of that summer, and were likely to be challenged successfully only by one team in Ireland—Cork.

Well, Cork met them in Killarney, and even the great Fitzgerald Stadium failed to cope with the crowds that day, for they were swarming all round the Tipperary goal-posts in the closing stages as the Corkmen, a goal behind, made a last bid for victory. Anyway, Tipperary just survived, and there were those who said that the rest of the campaign would be no more than a formality.

But, I think it was in the same month, I was lucky enough to see the rise of a new hurling force.



OLIVER McGRATH
Wexford sharpshooter.

Laois, the Leinster champions, were due to play Wexford in the Leinster semi-final at Kilkenny. It was a fine day, there was not much stirring in the Gaelic fields round Dublin, so down to Kilkenny I

went, more or less to pass the time, and I came back with the news that suddenly, out of nowhere, Wexford had grown into greatness, for they fairly swept the Laois men from the field that afternoon in Nowlan Park. That a lot of people besides myself had come to the same conclusion was obvious a few weeks later when, again at Nowlan Park, these boys of Wexford met Kilkenny in the Leinster final. The biggest crowd I had seen at a Leinster hurling final for years packed into the big Kilkenny field, and were rewarded by witnessing a wonderful game in which Wexford, leading much of the way, almost achieved victory in the last minutes.

To underline the power of the Wexfordmen, Kilkenny went under only by a point to Tipperary in the All-Ireland final, so that, when 1951 came round, and Wexford, after a lapse of more than twenty years, regained the Leinster hurling title, and went on to meet Tipperary in the final, there was a great hosting at Jones's Road to see how the men from the Slaney

would perform against the great Munster champions.

Well, it is hurling history now that, gallantly though Wexford fought that day, they failed to match the craft and experience of the Tipperary men, and over the next couple of years Wexford had little luck in their quest for high honours. They failed to Galway in a National League final, after beating Tipperary at Thurles earlier in the campaign.

They failed to recapture the Leinster title in either 1952 or 1953. They ran Tipperary very close in another National League final, but were beaten by a last-minute point.

In 1954, however, they came through again to another All-Ireland final at last. But, by this time, Tipperary had lost Munster supremacy to Cork.

Nineteen fifty-five was a very mixed-up year in Munster, where Cork and Tipperary went down in turn to Clare, and finally Limerick came through to victory in the province only to lose to Wexford in the semi-final, and the men from the Slaney went on to win the All-Ireland.

But, and it was a big but, it

was Galway they beat in the final, and there were a lot of folk, both in Munster and outside it, who said Wexford wouldn't really prove themselves until they beat Cork and Tipperary in competition, and top competition at that.

To lend point to that feeling, Tipperary had beaten Wexford in another National League final, though the issue was not clear-cut because Wexford that day had to field without the three Rackard brothers whose father had died but a few days before.

Anyway, the test of supremacy came in 1956 when Tipperary and Wexford again qualified for the National League final. This was the memorable day when, backed by wind and rain, Tipperary led by 15 points at half-time, and it looked as though no power on earth could shake that lead; but Wexford came storming back after the interval and swept to a most amazing victory.

To completely silence their critics, Wexford went on to take the All-Ireland title again that year by defeating Cork in the final; but there, it seemed, ended Wexford's great run, for Bobby Rackard went out of action due



KIERAN CAREY
Tipperary left full.

to a most unlucky accident, Nicky retired, and a lot of people said Wexford would not be heard of for a long, long time again.

Meanwhile, after a few of—for them—rather lean years, Tipperary were gathering power once more.

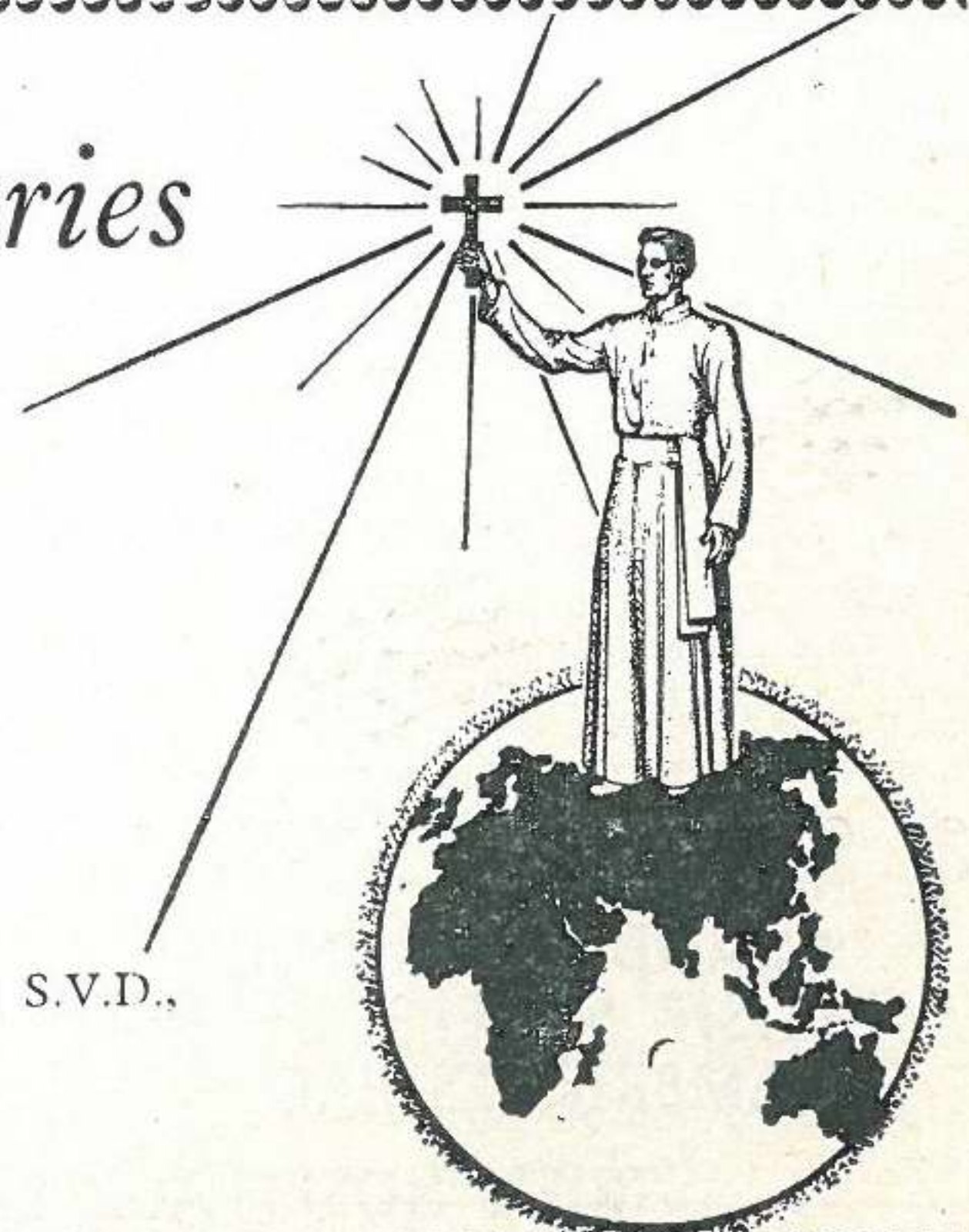
(Continued on page 61).

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Billie Rackard

By LIAM FOX

AMONG the immortals of our great game of hurling Billy Rackard will rank high in the special niche reserved for centre half-backs. For he has been one of the most outstanding men filling this vital position in recent years.

In fact, so splendidly has he played there for his native Wexford that many forget that he also deserves to be included among the all-time great corner backs of the game. Because forgotten now by most hurling followers is the fact that it was as a corner back that he first won real fame in hurling.

Fewer hurling enthusiasts still have ever known that when the time came to move from the corner to centre half, Billy didn't like the idea. For as he once said: "I was always reluctant to go out there."

It is now hurling history that he made the change with great success and hurling followers, far beyond the confines of County Wexford, who have delighted in the calm, thoughtful style of his play in this position have often composed silent prayers of gratitude to the selectors who first suggested the move.

It happened in 1953 when

his brother, Bobby, then Wexford's regular centre half-back, was ill and the few occasions Billy deputised in the No. 6 purple and gold jersey did nothing to dispel his dislike for the position or banish his longing to revert to the corner into which he had moved after playing at left half-back in the 1951 All-Ireland final against Tipperary.

By the time the 1954 All-Ireland final clash with Cork came around Bobby Rackard was back in the team and Billy, contentedly, at right full-back; but early the following year the two brothers swapped positions and such was Billy's brilliant performance in the replayed Leinster final against Kilkenny that he was firmly established as Wexford's centre half-back and in that berth, once disliked so much, he has since won two All-Ireland medals.

He made his first appearance on the Wexford team in 1950 and helped them win the Leinster and Oireachtas titles in the following year. Since then he has won every honour hurling can bestow, including All-Ireland, National League, Railway Cup — he was first picked for Leinster in 1955—



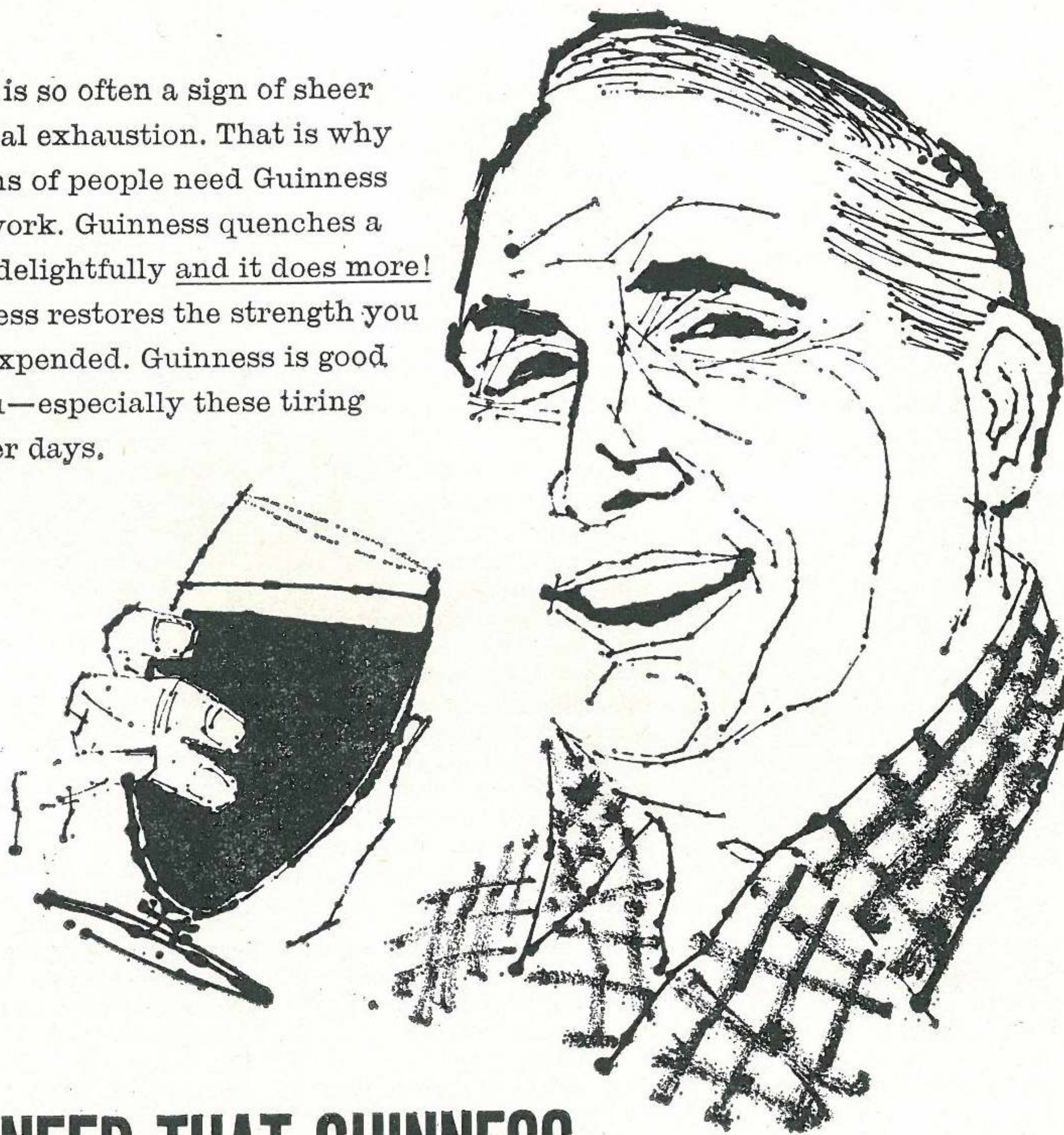
and Leinster championship medals as well as travelling to New York with the Wexford team in 1957. He has also been chosen on the Rest of Ireland team on several occasions.

Once a member of the Faughs club in Dublin where he won a county championship medal, he has for many years now helped his native Rathnure and last year captained the side to Wexford county championship success.

Thus, on the first Sunday of September towering Billy Rackard leads Wexford onto Croke Park for their All-Ireland tilt at Tipperary. And the honour could fall on no broader shoulders, for this fearless defender, whose speciality of picking the ball out of the air and from amid a forest of hurleys, whose resourcefulness and long raking drives have been such powerful assets to Wexford for so long, is one of the truest sportsmen in victory and defeat to grace the game of hurling.

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YOU NEED THAT GUINNESS

John Doyle seeks new record

By **TIM KELLY**



JOHN DOYLE

WHEN Tipperary returned from their American tour of 1957 it was learned that John Doyle was about to retire. The iron man from Holycross was then 27 and a veteran of eight years senior inter-county hurling. He had won three All-Ireland and six National League medals. His place among the "greats" was assured.

But then, John Doyle did not retire in 1957. Instead, he moved from his long-held left full-back position to left half-back and so began the second phase of a truly great career.

Another All-Ireland medal clinked into his collection in 1958. National League medals followed in 1959, '60 and '61. And then last year, a fifth All-Ireland medal.

In his new position the once tenacious and stonewall cornerback became a sweeping half-back. His magnificent performances in that new berth equalled, if not surpassed his previous feats in the full-line.

They are all remembered, but none more vividly than that of last year's final. Confronted by the speedy Achill Boothman, Doyle was having an arduous hour. But then, he was not alone in that respect, for the unfancied Metropolitans outsped their Tipperary opponents time and time again.

A major upset seemed imminent. Time was running out and Dublin were two points clear. Tipperary appeared resigned to defeat . . . but not John Doyle.

From the left wing he came surging up-field and Tipperary were back in the attack. Dublin repelled them, but Doyle was there again and again. Such unconquerable spirit was contagious and from the great-hearted John Doyle sprang new life. The fire had been rekindled and Tipperary marched on to win the day.

The closing minutes of that game were, perhaps, the greatest in the illustrious career of the hurling farmer from Holycross. They personified the unshakeable purpose which is behind his every stroke.

John Doyle, now 32, and the proud holder of five All-Ireland medals, faces yet another All-Ireland final. Victory will bring him the honour of being the only Tipperary man to win six premier awards.

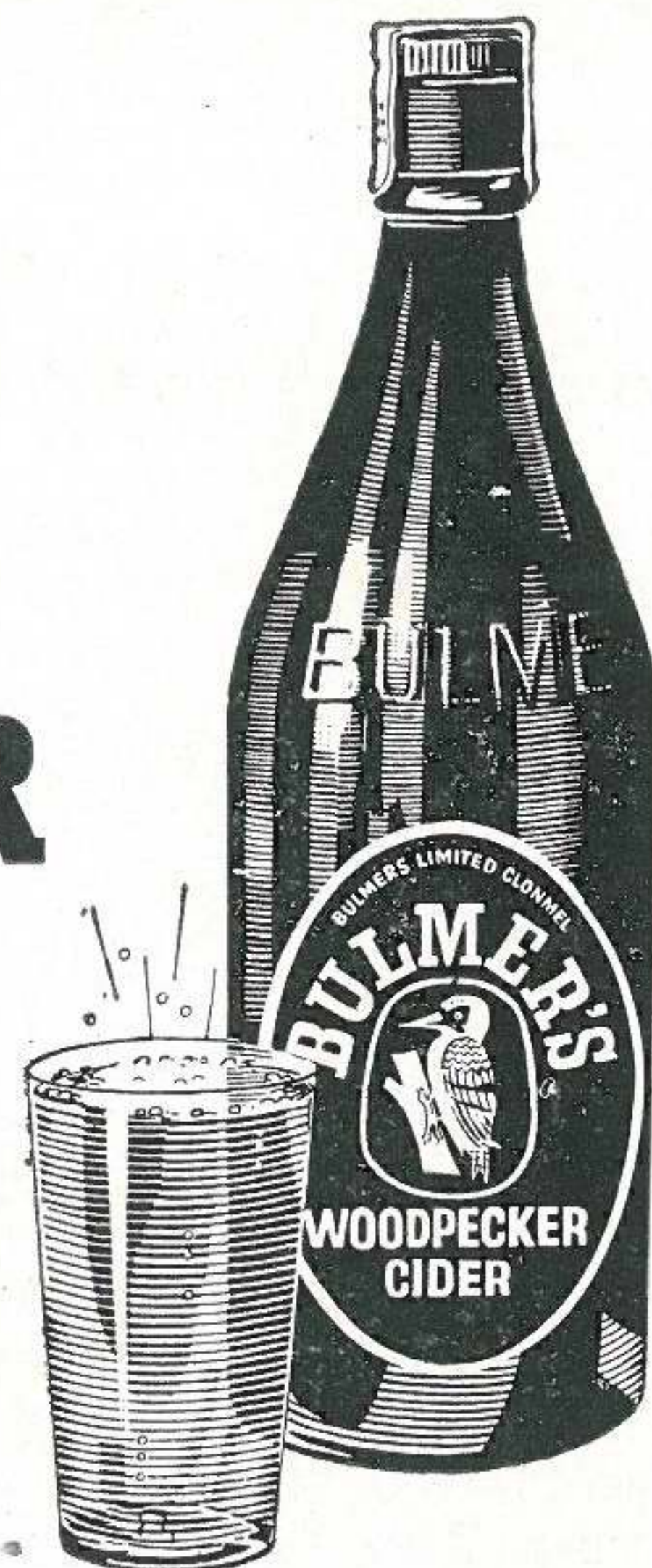
But let victory or defeat be his lot, John Doyle has long won that immortal fame which transcends medals and trophies. He will be remembered, not alone in Tipperary, but in every county where the caman is the emblem of manhood, and he will be remembered as long as it remains so.

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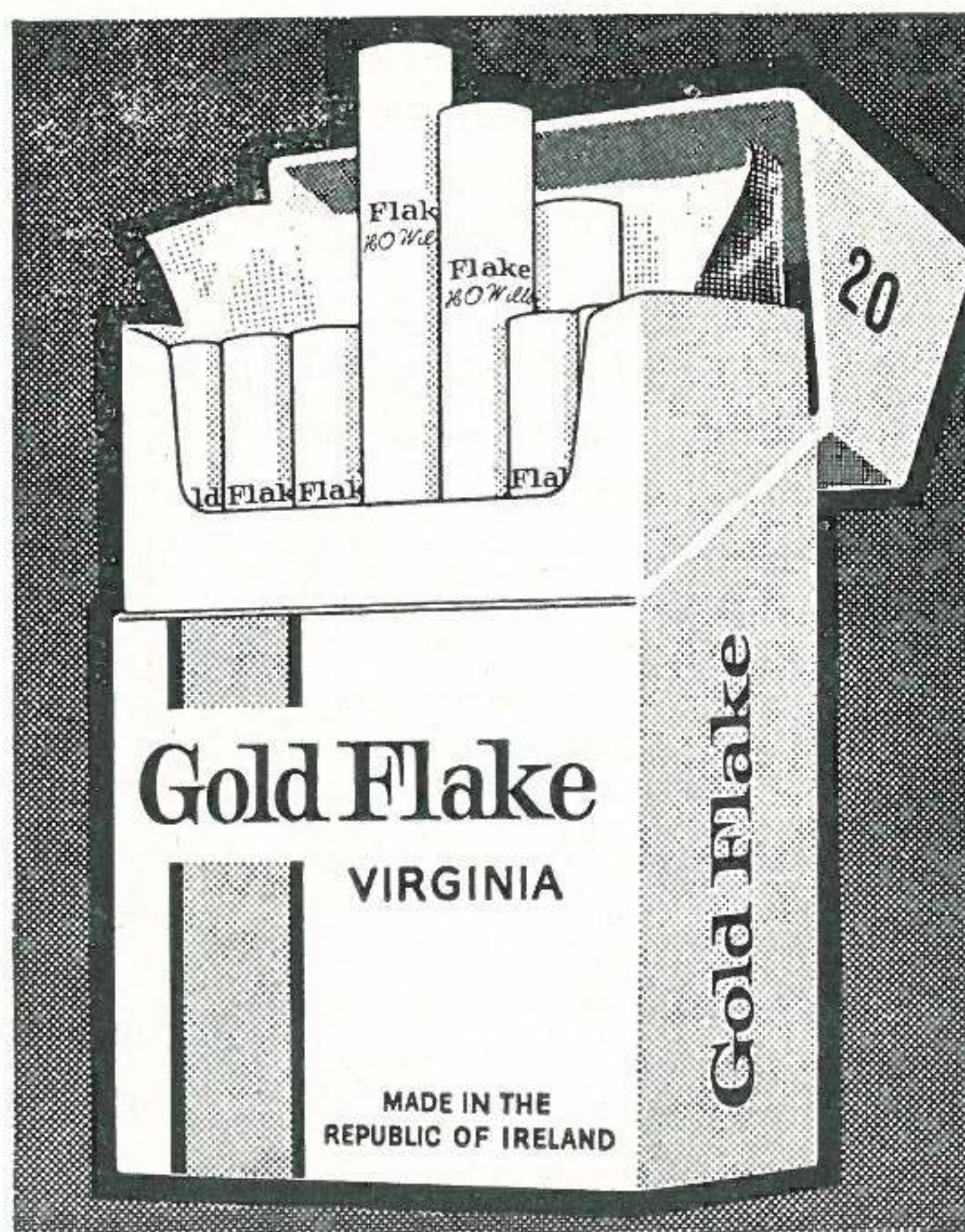
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THEY ALWAYS COME BACK

By FRANK FOLEY

SO mighty Kerry are back in the All-Ireland football final. Of course, it's only a matter of two years since they were there before; but many and many had predicted that their fate would be a far longer absence from Croke Park on the fourth Sunday of September.

Kerry were finished, they said. Down ruined them, we were told. But we now know that Kerry are never finished, are never ruined as long as a trace of that glorious football tradition courses through Kerry blood. And the one thing you cannot kill is tradition, especially one as notable as Kerry's

It's part of the tradition that just as soon as Kerry are beaten in a championship or two they are written off. It happens with the same greedy speed with which the vultures pounce on the dead carcass or the same unbridled haste with which the poor relatives grab up the fortune of the rich uncle who has just passed away.

Equally, it's part and parcel of Kerry's own tradition that they just will not stay down. In fact, they keep coming back to haunt those who dare take over their titles.

Down's splendid team were unique in doing something that no other county ever before

*O'Connell
—the man
on whom
Kerry
depend so
much against
Roscommon*



accomplished; beat Kerry again and again.

They did it in the 1960 National League semi-final, later that year in the All-Ireland final, again in last year's All-Ireland semi-final and a fourth time in last year's big Wembley Stadium exhibition. It's a record no other county can claim to have against Kerry.

On top of all that the county didn't win the All-Ireland junior title since 1954 (and won't this

year) and its minors hadn't even come out of Munster for three years until this summer.

Certainly, they must be finished. For there, we were told, was the evidence of Kerry's passing. The senior team was a thing of shreds and patches and there was no new material available from their junior or minor teams.

Then along came Kerry, the great unfancieds being led to the slaughter for the All-Ireland semi-final against Dublin. Poor old Kerry. Not bad enough that they are down, but it was their ill luck that they had also to be drawn against the best team Dublin had put on the field for a decade. Indeed, Dublin and Roscommon or Dublin and Cavan would make an interesting final.

But the glories that were etched out on Croke Park as the power of Kerry thundered into yet another final amounts to still further proof that Kerry are never finished and that there has never been anything wrong with Kerry football that cannot be cured by fifteen green and gold jerseyed Kerrymen, fired by that fierce determination to "prove them all wrong" once again.

Thus it has been in 1962. The
(Continued overleaf)

KERRY'S FABULOUS RECORD

KERRY are in search of their 20th All-Ireland senior football title and will contest their 30th football final this year.

They played in their first decider in 1892 but were beaten by Dublin, 1-4 to 0-3.

They won their first title in 1903, beating London, 0-11 to 0-3. In the home final that year they had three meetings with Kildare before the issue was decided. The first game took place at Tipperary and the final score was Kerry, 1-4, Kildare, 1-3. A goal was disputed and a replay was ordered. This was played at Cork and ended in a draw—Kerry, 0-7; Kildare, 1-4. The second replay was also played at Cork and this time Kerry won decisively, 0-8 to 0-2.

They might well have two more football titles to their credit had they not refused to contest the 1910 final and the 1925 semi-final. In 1910, they qualified to meet Louth in the final, but refused to play due to inadequate travel facilities for their supporters. In 1925, Kerry and Mayo qualified for the final but objections led to the semi-finals being declared void. Kerry refused to compete in the competition which was arranged in lieu of the semi-finals. This was won by Galway, who were then accredited with that year's title.

Kerry won four titles in a row in 1929, '30, '31 and '32, and three in a row in 1939, '40 and '41.

Their longest-serving player was Cork-born Dan O'Keeffe, who starred in goal from 1931 to 1948, inclusive.

Kerry and Roscommon have met twice previously in All-Ireland finals. Roscommon won by 1-9 to 2-4 in 1944, while in 1946, Kerry won on a replay, 2-8 to 0-10.



A shot from the Kerry-Galway All-Ireland final of 1959—the last occasion on which the Kingdom won the Sam Maguire Cup.

(Continued from page 15).

gritty resolution of men like Niall Sheehy, stonewall Tim Lyons and most reliable Mick O'Dwyer in a compact, unyielding defence; the sheer perfection of the football played by that wizard from Valentia, Mick O'Connell, at midfield; the combination, craft and brainy movement of Tom Long, Paudie Sheehy in attack, allied to the skill of the discoveries like

Donie O'Sullivan, Gerry O'Riordan and Jimmy Lucey makes Kerry great once again.

In the semi-final they showed that, like all Kerrymen before them, they can catch a ball and they can kick it like no others can.

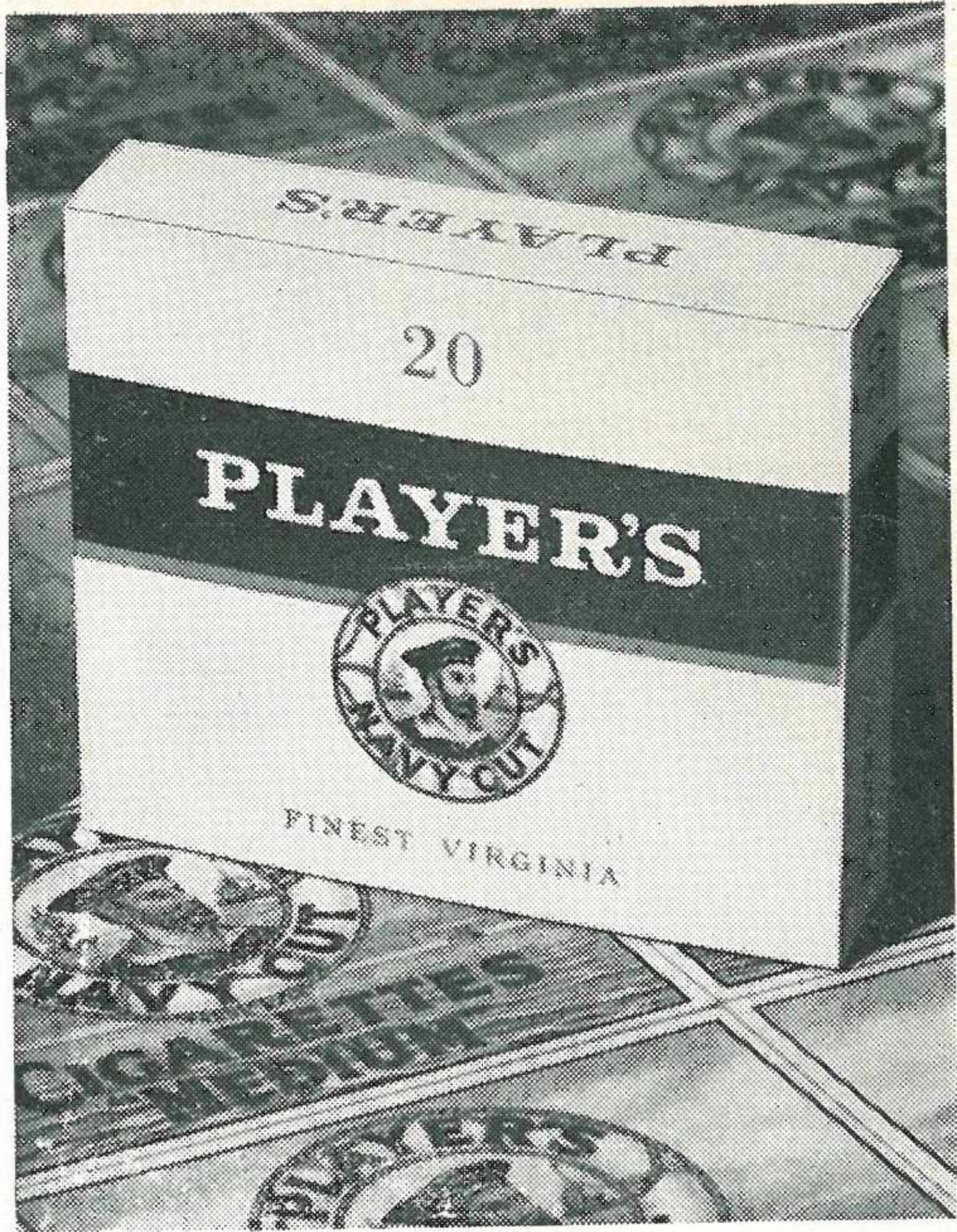
Their real greatness, the fighting glory that shines through those green and gold jerseys, brings them back to Croke Park again and again.

All-Ireland winners

	Foot- ball	Hurl- ing	Total
Cork	3	19	22
Dublin	16	6	22
Tipperary	4	18	22
Kerry	19	1	20
Kilkenny	—	14	14
Wexford	5	4	9
Limerick	2	6	8
Galway	4	1	5
Cavan	5	—	5
Kildare	4	—	4
Mayo	3	—	3
Louth	3	—	3
Wat rford	—	2	2
Roscommon .	2	—	2
Meath	2	—	2
Down	2	—	2
Clare	—	1	1
London	—	1	1



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GIANTS OF HURLING

By SEAN O'NEILL

WEXFORD are back. The men from the Slaneyside have done it again. They have defied age, the formbook and the critics to crash their way into the All-Ireland hurling final.

The amazing thing about this Wexford team is that it is powered by five men who ranked among the finest in the game as far back as 1951. Watching Tipperary beat the Slaneysiders in that 1951 All-Ireland final, who would have imagined that Nick O'Donnell, Padge Kehoe, Tim Flood, Ned Wheeler and Willie Rackard would still be forming the backbone of a Wexford team in the 1962 final.

Here are five giants of hurling. Men who will be remembered among the greatest that the game has ever produced. Five men of unblemished record, who have mastered the art and outwitted Father Time.

Playing at left half-back in the 1951 final, Willie Rackard was already a hurler of two years senior

inter-county experience. Overshadowed for so long by his older brothers, Nick and Bobby, Willie has now won his rightful place as one of the greatest defenders of all time. Every honour in the game has been his and even now, in his thirties, he seems destined for many more years of top-class hurling.

Rathdowney-born Ned Wheeler was at mid-field in 1951. Since then he has starred in every position from left half-back to full forward. Ned has long ago won his place of fame as one of the most wholehearted hurlers of our time. Honoured on many occasions by both Leinster and Ireland, Laoisman Ned Wheeler has certainly done Wexford proud.

Kehoe—a name steeped in the Gaelic tradition of Wexford, and there is none more worthy of that great tradition than the indomitable Padge. A star for twenty-four years—ever since at the age of 13 he played for the Wexford minors. Not

(Continued on page 21.)

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ROUND TOWER

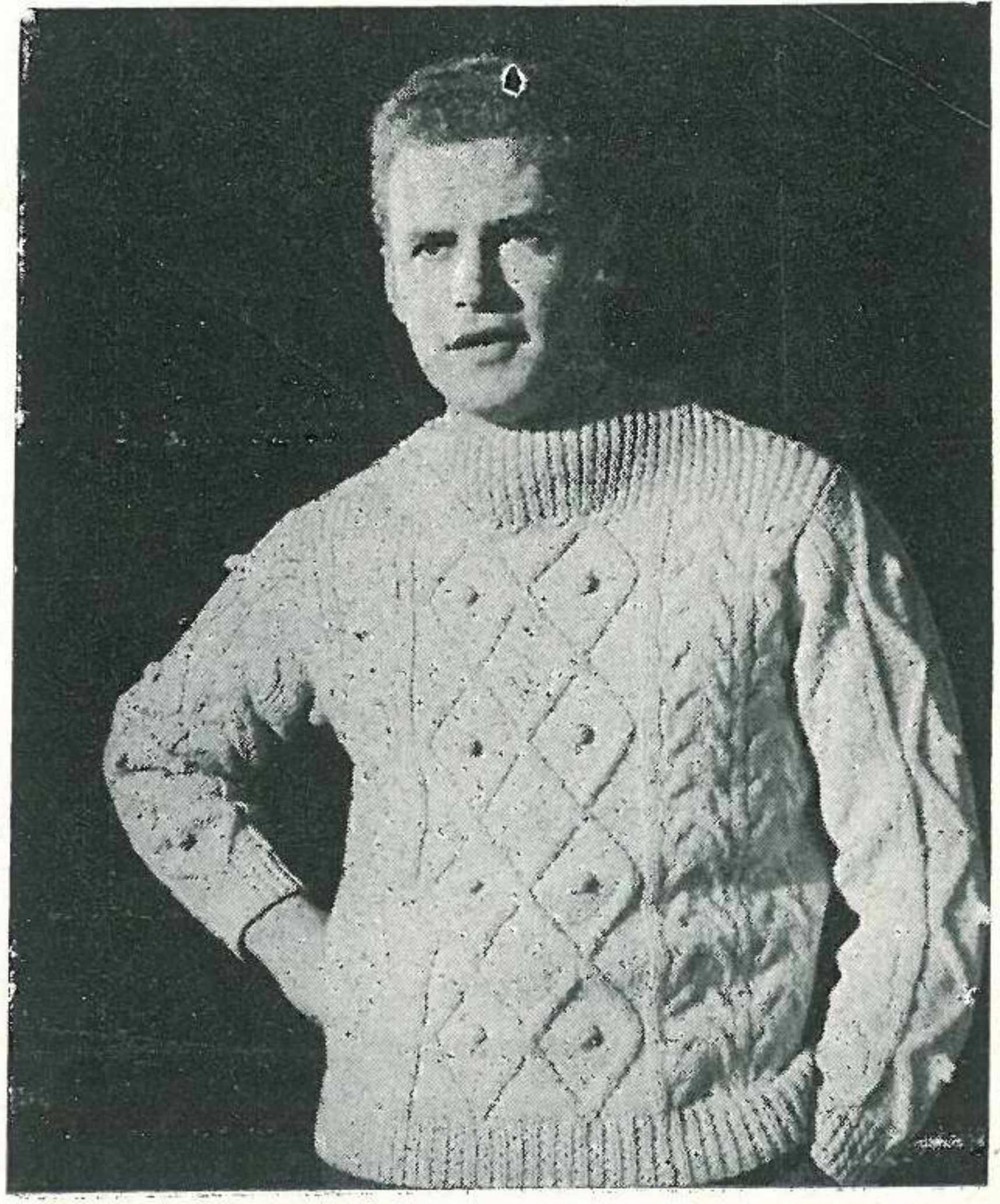
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At the pinnacle of fame . . . one of the great Wexford teams of the middle 1950s.

(Continued from page 18.)

since Mick Mackey in his prime has a better centre half-forward graced Croke Park.

Tim Flood—small in stature but a colossus in hurling craft. The farmer from the Barrow Valley must rank next to Christy Ring as the ball-player of our era. Now in his mid-thirties, Tim has lost none of the craft which has brought him so much distinction.

It is now sixteen years since Graiguenamanagh-born Nick O'Donnell won his first All-Ireland medal. That was in 1946, and he was one of the stars of that year's victorious Kilkenny junior team. By 1949 Nick was employed in Ennis-corthy and playing for the local club, St. Aidan's . . . the rest is history. It is sufficient to say that never has an "alien" son brought more glory to an adopted county.

Irrespective of what happens in this year's decider, Nick O'Donnell has already won his place of fame in the annals of hurling. Last summer, when Gael-Linn organised a nation-wide poll to elect the greatest hurling team of all-time, a

distinct majority of the 10,000 fans who voted penned the name of Nick O'Donnell for the full-back berth.

Memories will retain many vivid pictures of Nick O'Donnell long after the powerful Wexford full-back has laid his caman aside; but the picture which will predominate in most minds will be that of the end of the 1956 final.

It was a glorious moment for the men of Loch Garman, for they had retained their All-Ireland title. But it was not in the joyous acclamation of this triumph that Nick O'Donnell was to be found seconds after that final whistle.

Instead, he and the princely Bobby Rackard were proudly carrying Christy Ring shoulder high from Croke Park. In victory their first thought was to pay tribute to the inimitable man from Cloyne, who minutes previously had almost brought them defeat.

Many years and many All-Ireland finals will have gone before that picture will dim. It was one of the most exhilarating moments in the history of Gaeldom. It was the moment which best typifies the unconquerable men of Wexford.

THAT WEXFORD MAGIC

**"Here's luck to ye Wexford,
great champions of Leinster,
Tall men from brown mountain
and shady boreen,
Ye came to Croke Park despite
all odds against ye,
And humbled the pride of each
famed hurling team."**

THE phenomenon of the popularity of the Wexford hurlers through the past decade is without parallel in the history of the Gaelic Athletic Association, where

the tradition, certainly as far as hurling is concerned, has always been to maintain an almost parochial patriotism.

A Corkman had all his interest concentrated on Cork, a Kilkennyman on Kilkenny, a Tipperaryman on Tipperary, and so on. But Wexford, since 1951, have brought about a remarkable change by winning the loyalty of many supporters from other hurling counties. I know many followers who will support Wexford, when

Wexford are opposed to any other county except their own.

In addition, there are those from the lesser hurling counties who have seen Wexford come from obscurity to greatness in a comparatively short time, and who see reflected in Wexford's victories a possible pattern for their own counties.

But a number of people, who had no great interest in hurling until Wexford appeared on the scene, most of them from football counties (some with little G.A.A. affiliation otherwise) go along, particularly to Croke Park, when Wexford are playing, to support the men in purple and gold.

The secrets of Wexford's attractions for the crowds are not far to seek. In the first place they always bring action and life with them onto every hurling field on which they play and, never since they came to prominence in 1950 can I remember an occasion when these Shelmaliers died easily, no matter how great the margin against them.

In addition, they are one of the most sporting teams in the history of the game. They play strong, robust hurling; they play fearlessly themselves and expect all others to be just as fearless; they give and take the hardest of knocks in the best spirit of the game and in all the championship games I have watched them play since first they

(Continued next page)



Mick Maher (Tipperary), left, and Padge Kehoe (Wexford), rivals again in this year's All-Ireland hurling final.

came to prominence I have never seen them guilty of bad sportsmanship, or even draw a deliberate stroke on an opponent. (To forestall criticism on this point I may as well add that I was not present in New Ross at a certain tournament game a couple of years ago).

Finally, Wexford have always seemed to provide us in recent years with players who possess an amazing amount of personal magnetism for the crowds..

The three Rackard brothers had, and very rightly so, a big personal following. Though Nick and Bobby have gone, Billy still carries on a great tradition nowadays, and such as Nick O'Donnell, Padge Kehoe, Tim Flood, 'Hopper' McGrath and Ned Wheeler are no less popular even with those who have no personal link with Wexford at all.

Looking back myself over the years since these Slaneysiders came to greatness, I am amazed at the number of times they crop up when I review my memories of great hurling days—their gallant battle when still a 'green' side against Tipperary in the All-Ireland final of 1951; Bobby Rackard's wonderful hurling on the losing side in the final of 1954; the immense determination against Limerick in the All-Ireland semi-final of 1955; the way they shook off Cork's rally in the final of 1956.

Much more recent, of course, was their remarkable victory over Tipperary in the All-Ireland final of 1960. Tipperary were rated as certainties by all the experts, and it was seemingly a case of the team that couldn't lose meeting the team that couldn't win. Yet, win Wexford did, against all the odds, and thus endeared themselves to thousands more by a great display of another of their remarkable qualities—fighting heart.

(Continued on page 54.)



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TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE

HOW good—or bad—is your general knowledge of G.A.A. affairs? Test it with the following questions, and then check your score. The questions are set by “Gaelic Sport” correspondent CHRIS MURRAY.

- 1—The G.A.A. was established in?
- 2—The official name for Kilkenny's G.A.A. Park is?
- 3—The annual Whit Saturday Wembley Tournament began in?
- 4—In Kerry's All-Ireland win over Dublin in 1955, their right corner forward was Paudie Sheehy or Johnny Culloty. Which?
- 5—Who captained Kerry to success on that occasion?
- 6—A new G.A.A. pitch called the was opened this year in Tipperary town?
- 7—The referee for last year's All-Ireland was?
- 8—Is it a foul to charge the goalkeeper when he (the goalkeeper) is in possession of the ball?
- 9—Did Limerick ever win an All-Ireland S.F. title?
- 10—Three G.A.A. stars were honoured with Caltex Awards last year. Name them.
- 11—What trophy is presented annually to the Inter-varsity hurling champions?
- 12—For what competition is the Croke Cup presented?
- 13—Who are All-Ireland S.F. Colleges champions this year?
- 14—Did Nick Rackard play inter-provincial football for Leinster?
- 15—Jim Crowley was Dublin's midfield star in their 1958 All-Ireland win over Derry. Right or wrong?
- 16—A new Park was opened in Derrygonnelly (Co. Ferman-

- agh) this year. Its official name is?
- 17—Mayo was the last team before Down of 1960/61 to win two S.F. All-Irelands in a row. Who captained that great side?
 - 18—Secretary of the Tipperary G.A.A. Co. Board is a former star hurler. Who is he?
 - 19—In hurling, when a player is fouled after delivery, what is the penalty?
- Now turn to page 46 for the correct answers to the above questions and see to which of the following categories you belong.
- 18-19 correct—**Excellent**
 13-17 correct—**Very good**
 10-12 correct—**Fair**

FINALISTS

In this table we give you the total number of appearances in All-Ireland finals of the 24 counties who have reached the last stage up to and including 1961. Replays are not taken into account.

	Foot- ball	Hurl- ing	Total
Dublin	22	21	43
Cork	12	30	32
Kerry	29	1	30
Tipperary	5	23	28
Kilkenny	—	28	28
Galway	10	9	19
Wexford	8	10	18
Limerick	2	10	12
Cavan	11	—	11
London	5	4	9
Kildare	8	—	8
Mayo	7	—	7
Meath	6	—	6
Louth	5	—	5
Laois	2	3	5
Waterford	1	4	5
Clare	1	3	4
Roscommon	3	—	3
Antrim	2	1	3
Down	2	—	2
Armagh	1	—	1
Monaghan	1	—	1
Derry	1	—	1
Offaly	1	—	1

A remarkable record

THE name of Barney Royce has long been forgotten in the history of the G.A.A. In fact, with the possible exception of some of the older generation of G.A.A. followers in Co. Wexford, it is doubtful whether anyone in this country remembers it.

Yet, it is a name that should be remembered . . . for the late Barney Royce held one of the strangest records in the long history of our National games, a record that can never be equalled.

That any man could win four senior All-Ireland football medals and six Leinster senior football medals without once

taking the field is little short of incredible. But this actually happened and the man who achieved this fantastic honour was Barney Royce of Wexford town.

Barney was a substitute on the Wexford team that won the Leinster senior football championship of 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917 and 1918, and was also a substitute on the Wexford teams that won the All-Ireland senior football championships of 1915, 1916, 1917 and 1918.

And if you care to check the records, you will find that never once did Barney play for Wexford in the Leinster and All-Ireland finals of those years.

Lochtai Agus Leigheas

Le SEÁN Ó DÚNÁGAIN

IS fíor-mhínic le déanaí go bhfuil lucht leanúna cluichí Gaelacha ag cáineadh na moltóirí ar fáth amháin nó fáth eile. Cinnte, tá an caighdeán íslithe le cúpla bliain anuas agus cífidís céard is bunús le sin agus conas is féidir an aicíd a leigheas.

As an gcéad dul síos caithfidh

mé a rá gur ar mholtóireacht peile is mó atá cur-síos á dhéanamh agam. Mar sin féin, oireann fúmhór na bpointí don iomáint chomh maith.

Tá na rialacha soiléir go leor agus is dearfa go ndéineann moltóirí dian-staidéar orthu. De ghnáth is duine é an moltóir a

d'imir an cluiche le roinnt mhaith de bhlianta cé nach é an imreoir cáiliúil an moltóir is fearr i gcoitinne. Ar aon bhealach tá taithí aige ar an gcluiche agus tá sé ag déanamh dian-iarracht leis na fóirne a choinneáil faoi smacht agus an sásamh is mó a thabhairt don lucht féachana. C'én fáth mar sin go bhfuil an oiread sin míshástachta?

Caithfidís smaoineamh gur cluichí amaitéaracha atá sa pheil agus san iomáint agus gur amaitéirí, sa bhunchiall, iad na moltóirí chomh maith. Ní fhagann siad íocaíocht dá laighead agus is trua go mbíonn orthu masla, ciapadh agus fiú buillí a fhulaingt toisc moltóireacht a dhéanamh le deá-mhéin. Mar son, tá sé in am do na hudaraísí smaoineamh ar mholtóirí lanáimsearcha, íoctha, a cheapadh. I dtosach, ámh, ní mór scoil moltóireachta a bhunú agus na daoine is callúla, mar mholtóirí, a chur 'na bun.

I láthair na huaire ní féidir moltóirí, ag a bhfuil baint ar bith dá laighead é leis na fóirne sa choimlint, a cheapadh; tá sé áifeireach nach féidir le duine ó Chontae Shligigh moltóireacht a dhéanamh más as Chuíze Chonacht do cheann de na fóirne atá ag íocaíocht. Tugtar fé deara ceart go leor go bhfuil nósanna ar leith ag moltóirí sna Cúigí éag-

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súla. Mar shampla, deirtear go bhfuil iomáint na Mumhan níos gairbhe ná iomáint Chúige Laighean agus, mar sin, nach cóir Muimhneach a chur i bhfeidhil chluiche 'na bhfuil Contae ón Chúige sin páirteach.

Don scribhneoir seo siad na pointí is mó deacrachta do mholtóirí ná

- (a) An méid coiscéim a thógann imreoir agus é i seilbh na liathróide.
- (b) An sonnc leis an ngualainn.

I gcás (a), leigtear do dhuine amháin ocht nó naoi gcoiscéim a thógaint agus má thógann duine eile cúig cinn cuirtear feall 'na leith. Cuireann a leithéid seo déistean ar an lucht leanúna.

In gcás (b), ní féidir dul i ngiorracht an té leis an liathróid, dar le moltóirí áirithe, cé go gceadaíonn na rialacha "fogha leis an ngualainn" ach gan é bheith ón chúl. Ní thugann moltóirí eile áird ar bith ar an sórt seo fogha agus tá an ceart acu. Ach ciallaíonn sé seo go bhfuil gá leis an "scoil" a luadh thuas.

Ach lasmuigh de na rudaí a chionn an moltóir, bíonn alán rudaí ar tárlú nach bhfeiceann sé. Táid ann adeir gur ceart níos mó comhachta a thabhairt do na cúntóirí ar an dtaobh-líne. Ní bheadh mórán céille le seo mar ar uairibh bheadh an bheirt ar an dtaobh-líne ag iomaíocht le chéile chun áird an mholtóra a tharraingt ar chaillíos éigin, fhaid a bheadh an moltóir féin, b'fhéidir, i lár an achraim i bhfad uathu. Chuirfeadh sé moill ar an gcluiche.

Na moltaí atá agam chun caighdeán ceart moltóireachta a bheith againn ná:—

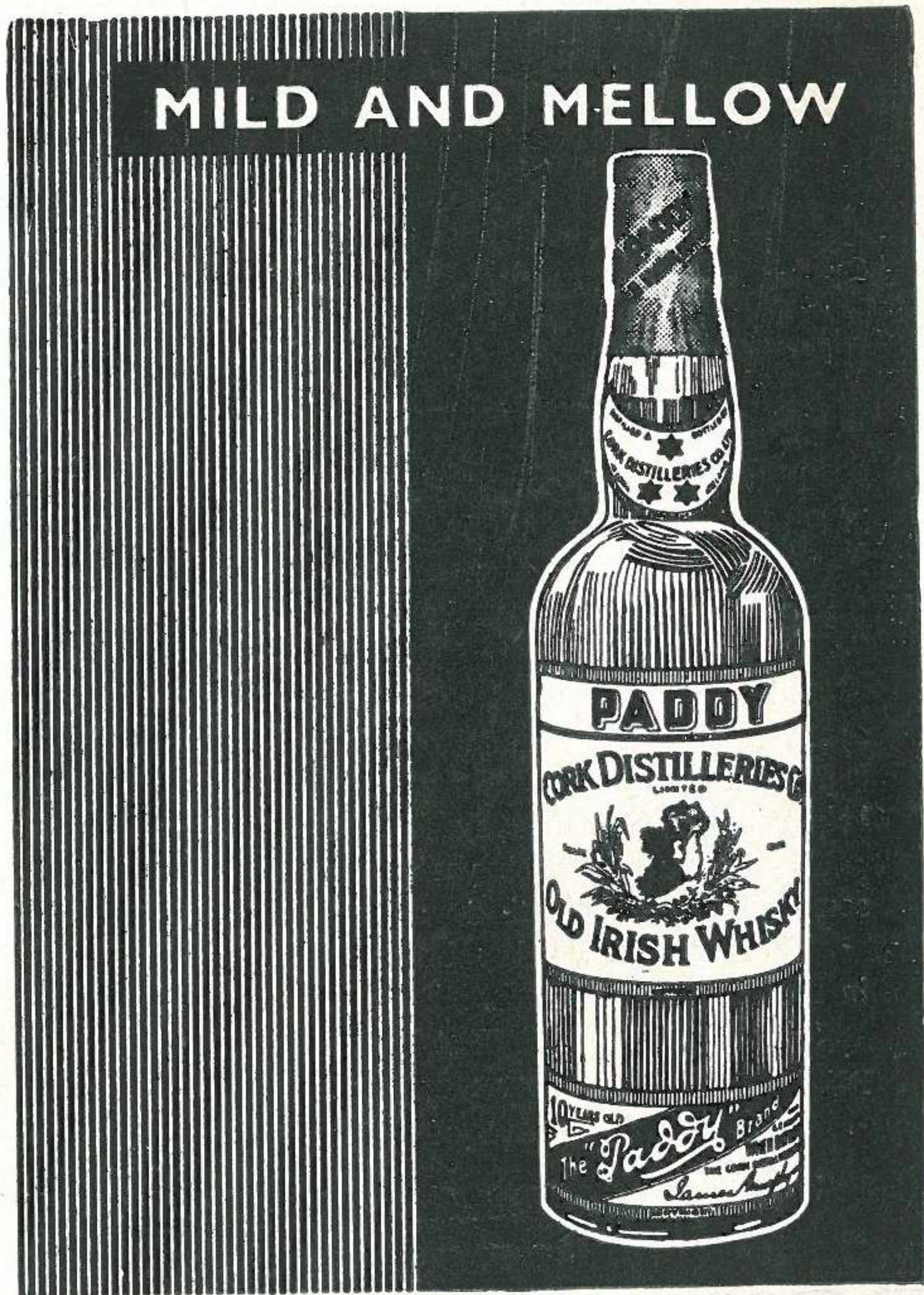
- (i) Scoil Moltóireachta a bhunú.
- (ii) Daoine maithe lán-aimsireacha a cheapadh.
- (iii) Painéal moltóirí ceaptha ag tosach na bliana do na cluichí tábhachta ar fad, idir peil is iomáint,

agus go gclaoifí leo seo ba chuma cad iad na contaetha a bheadh san iomaíocht.

- (iv) Cead a thabhairt don mholtóir, imreoir "dána" a chur chuig an taobh-líne ar feadh scathaimh, abair, deich neomat.
- (v) Pionós níos déine a leagadh ar an imreoir go

mbíonn ar an moltóir é chur ón bpáirc ar fad agus an dlí a chur ar aon duine den lucht féachana a dheineann ionsaí ar mholtóir.

Ar aon bhealach tá an caighdeán moltóireachta ag titim agus caithfear tabhairt fé'n gceist gan mórán moille. Braitheann dea-ainm na gcluichí ar na moltóirí!



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JAMES McCARTAN
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Tribute to the ex-champions

By EAMONN YOUNG

DOWN are out; to-day their conquerors show their paces where the Black and Red excelled. Normally we like to see champions beaten; but for me, I would like to see more of this delightful team. Perhaps we will. Down did not come overnight. Their's was a carefully planned attack on Croke Park which over five years was moulded and sharpened to meet the demands of red-hot competition until we saw in action the smoothest machine in modern football.

Their play was eminently sensible; no stupid fouling, no swelled-headed selfishness. Men of brains and ability to see the ball coming sprinted smoothly to open spaces and swept away the ball with educated feet.

Clean they were, too, and while we may have howled at Jim McCartan's charging with the ball, the style was a natural expression of that forceful but clean forward with the big heart.

But it was their fighting spirit, that dauntless steadiness in the face of trouble, that I liked best. It was never more obvious than in May last when Dublin had enough of the ball to win two games. Down held on, though we thought they were going on that American trip as a beaten team. I was sorry for them. But I could have spared the tender

feeling which has little to do with sport anyway, for in a flying last-minute rush Down forced that penalty. Sean O'Neill didn't delay us long. The shot was stopped—by the net; and Down heaved a sigh of relief.

It was that day I wondered how far they would go. Would they win the '62 All-Ireland? Would they take three in a row and then four to stand along with Kerry and Wexford?

Maybe it was the American trip; maybe it was Breffni's dash and traditional skill. Anyway, the men from the Mournes have left the stage after a glorious two years in which they won everything including two All-Irelands, two Leagues, a Brendan Cup and anything else you care to mention.

Remember the final of 1960 when we thought that Kerry might reverse the League decision of the previous May? Tony Hadden had Down a point in front after two minutes but Mick O'Connell levelled. Then Paddy Doherty, streaking through, fired a bullet at the base of a Canal goal upright. Tadhg Lyne swung over a free but Paddy Doherty and Sean O'Neill followed his example, while Jim McCartan had one from play. Four more frees, three by Tadhg Lyne, the other from

(Continued on page 31.)

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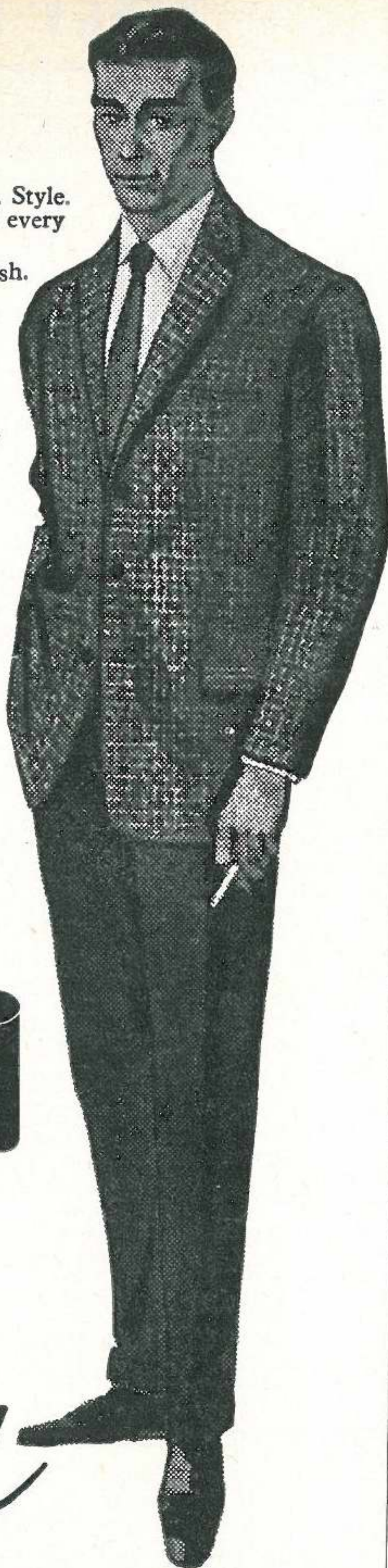
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(Continued from page 29.)

Doherty, raised white flags and they went to the dressing-rooms with Down's seven points leaving them two ahead.

Kerry men roared when Mick O'Connell and Seamus Murphy levelled the score in four minutes. Now the Kingdom would show how games are won. But then came the kick that halted the Kerry men. Kevin Mussen drove a neat line ball to the centre-forward position, where lion-hearted Jim McCartan rose to field with typical firmness. Swinging around his man he lobbed a high ball from 40 yards to where impeccable Culloty waited at the Railway end. Johnny's outstretched hands faltered under that high ball and 87,768 people gasped when the leather spun off the goalie's left hand and trickled over the line.

A minute later, solid Kerry men committed the sin born of panic, and Paddy Doherty danced up to the penalty which he himself had forced. That immaculate left foot swung through in a smooth pendulum motion and the leather bit viciously into the back of the net. Down two goals up. Back came the Kingdom in spite of those hammer-blows, but Mick O'Dwyer's point was their last score while Paddy Doherty tacked on two more from frees; and then as if to say "It's all over, boys," left-footed a delightfully gay shot over his head for the final 2-10 to Kerry's 0-8.

Over the border for the first time went the Sam Maguire Cup and two young Downmen scaled the uprights at the Canal end to tie their county's colours there in triumph.

Remember the thrilling start of the 1961 final when, after thirty seconds, captain Paddy Doherty's left foot sent over a lovely point and the terraces erupted with a delirious mass of black

and red. A minute later Har Donnelly slipped a ball to Mick Casey who had come over from his right corner and the big Offaly forward left-footed a ball that spun right past Eddie McKay. In the fifth minute Har Donnelly's unerring foot tapped a free over the bar and then came the crushing blow when Donnelly drove a high one to the square where a northern mistake paved the way for Peter Daly's quick dash and smart ground kick to goal.

Then we sat back and said "Now let's see how good Down are?" Sean O'Neill pointed a free and then came Doherty's high ball which Jim McCartan fetched, and swinging away to the left hammered a left-footed shot that from fourteen yards out beat Willie Nolan. In the twenty-third minute the smooth, sensible play of the Northerners was delightful as Paddy Doherty gathered a long ball and in the flicker of an eyelid placed it in front of Sean O'Neill who had come flying in from the far wing, to send a scorcher to the net.

Offaly had two points then; Tony Hadden fisted one for Down and we waited for the half-time whistle which would leave the teams level after a hectic thirty minutes. No, not yet, brother; for Jim McCartan's kick reached Paddy Doherty so anything could happen. It did; the captain flowed past his man, tapped a neat pass, and Brian Morgan swung away to his left foot to send a bullet that told us this game was over.

The second half of the game showed us Offaly scoring five points to Down's three, but it is the first half we will remember when, in an All-Ireland, we saw one team give another two goals up and beat them in fifty-three minutes. It won't happen again.

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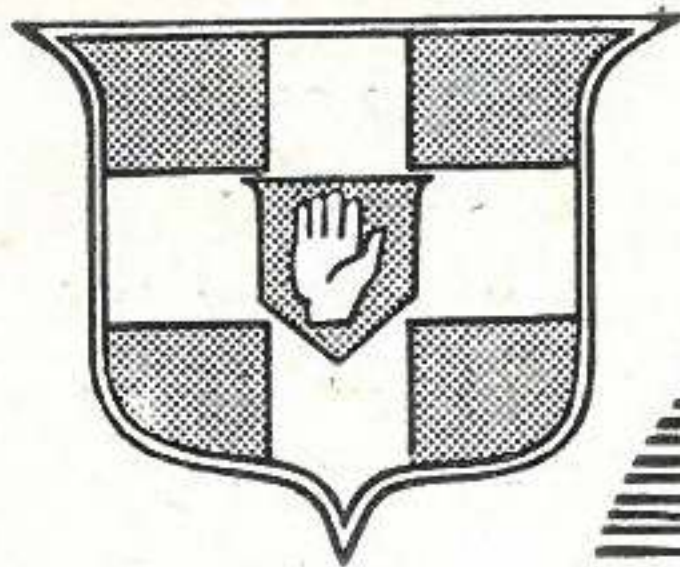
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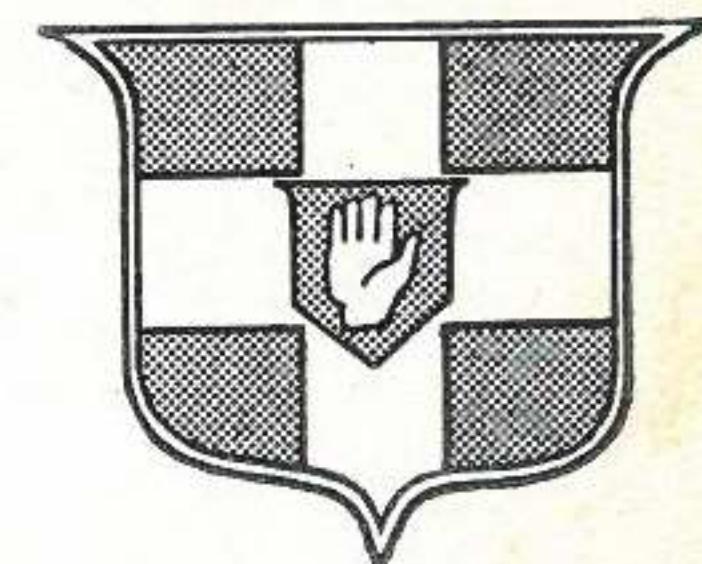
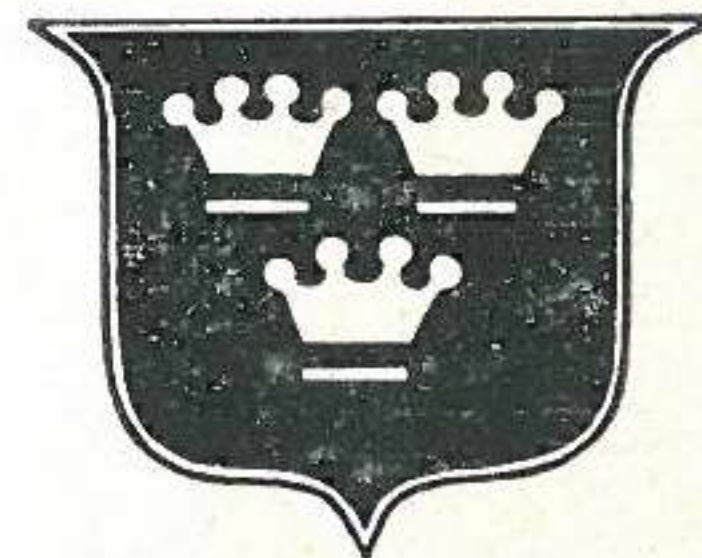


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RULE 18 IS OUT OF DATE

By Jack Power

OBJECTIONS to senior inter-county teams are so rare that it was a complete surprise when it became known that Sligo were considering lodging an objection to Roscommon being awarded the Connacht football championship semi-final between the counties.

All members of the Roscommon team were established seniors who had played during the season without their legality being seriously questioned. Therefore, I, in common with many others, wondered what possible grounds Sligo could have for such a step.

Well, it transpired that John Lynch, Roscommon's long-serving defender, was the object of this unwe'come attention. The reason? He was born in England during a brief visit made by his mother to that country. What, you may ask, has a man's place of birth got to do with his right to play hurling or football with any club or county of his choice, provided he is legal in every other respect?

Well, Rule 18 of the G.A.A.'s Official Guide states that a player who plays and resides outside his **native** county may declare for a club in his **native** parish or the club of which he was a member immediately prior to leaving the county.

The key to Sligo's proposed objection lay in the fact that John Lynch has, for some years, been in business and residing in Tuam, Co. Galway, where he plays with the local Stars.

During that time he has declared for, and continued to assist, Roscommon—his native county—and no one had previously expressed any doubts as to his legality to do so.

Happily, and sportingly, Sligo decided not to object and there the matter ended. It did, however, help to spotlight what I consider one of the most ridiculous rules in the G.A.A. Guide.

John Lynch, however, was in no danger of being prevented from playing with what is to all intents and purposes his native county. Central Council ruled some years ago that Mick Higgins, who was born in America and brought up in Cavan, was entitled to assist Cavan, no matter to what part of Ireland his duties as a Garda Síochána brought him.

Dublin's Des Ferguson, John Mitchell of Wexford and Jimmy O'Donnell of Leitrim are three well-known players who have assisted counties in which they were not born and did not reside. Each chose to play for the county in which his family resided and in which he learned his hurling or football.

Central Council, I believe, gave official permission for this procedure in the cases of Ferguson and Mitchell, but why isn't this permission granted to every similar applicant?

A close friend of mine living in Dublin did so and was refused. At the time he was in his late twenties and sought permission to assist the club

in his home parish. He had played with the same club since boyhood, having gone to live there at the age of four, and his family still reside there. On his application to Central Council being rejected, he retired from the playing-fields in disgust, remarking that at his age he had no interest in changing clubs.

Motions to substitute home for native county in the wording of Rule 18 were lost at two recent Congresses. On one occasion a majority of delegates favoured the amendment but it failed to get the two-thirds majority required to change a rule.

Rule 18 inflicts hardship on players whose only "crime" is their place of birth. It also seriously affects clubs by depriving them of the services of players who leave home in order to better themselves. It is ignored except in a few instances, and is enforced only in cases brought to the notice of County Boards by clubs seeking to win matches on objections.

Were Rule 18 universally enforced there would be no cause for complaint. However, it is almost

impossible to do so unless a player is very well known, because the birth-place of the average player is rarely required for official purposes.

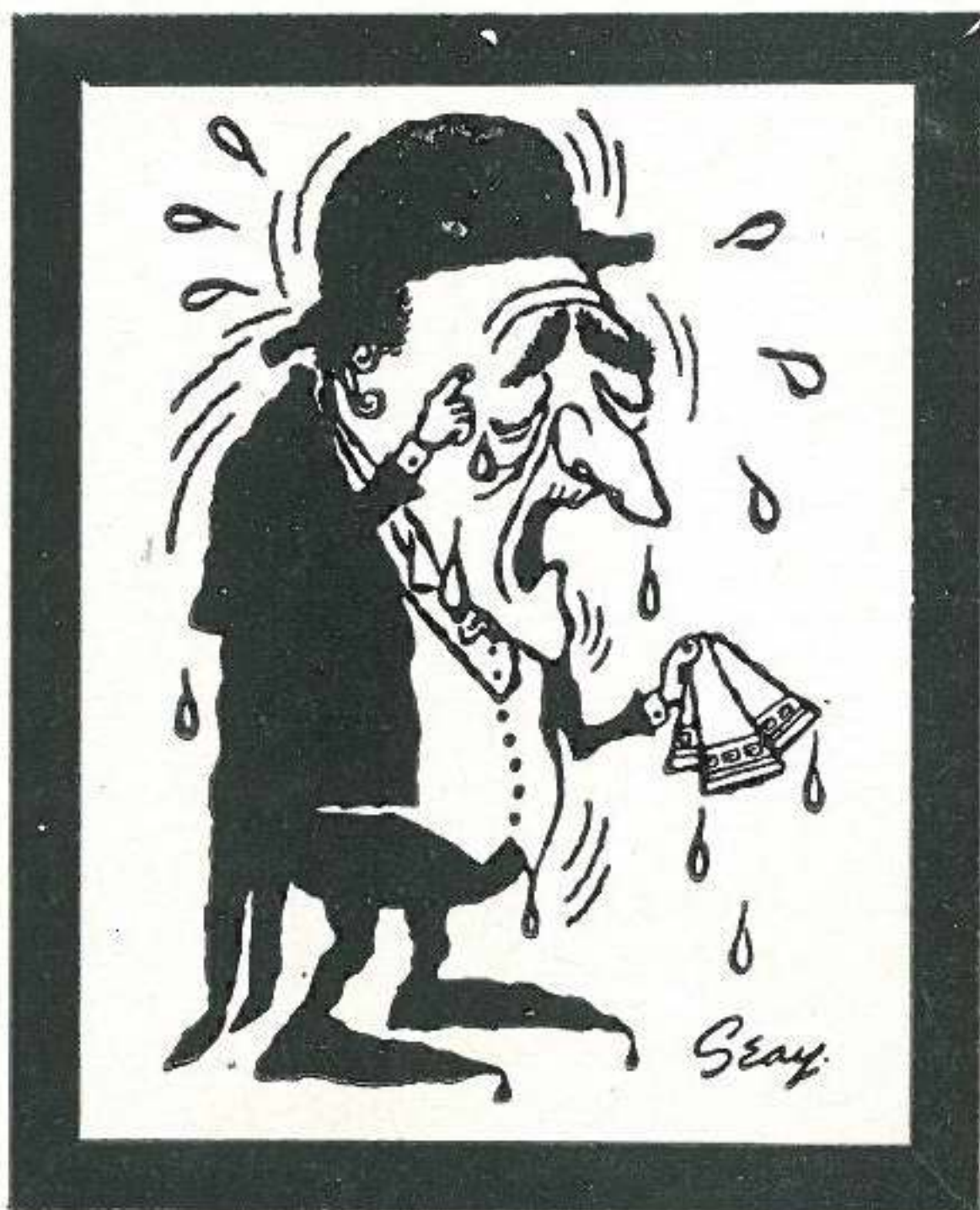
At present, there are many players in every county who infringe this rule because they assist their home clubs.

I see no reason why Congress should not amend the rule and legalise its procedure, for it is asking too much of a player to sever all connections with a club to which he has owed allegiance since boyhood simply because he secures employment outside his native county.

Rule 18, like so many others in the G.A.A.'s Official Guide, provides the 'rule book lawyers' with opportunities to practise their obnoxious profession.

Its greatest fault lies in the fact that it can deprive a team of honours fairly won on the field just because one of the players was born in County A instead of County B and happens to reside in County C.

Could anything be more ridiculous?



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Colleges must be organised

By **AGNES HOURIGAN**

NOW that the inter-county games on the camogie fields are practically over for the year and the Gael-Linn Cup interprovincial games are yet to come, it is time to look a little farther afield and, taking a long-term view, assess the chances of running a Colleges' All-Ireland series.

The position at the moment is that very successful provincial championships are run in Leinster and Ulster, while local championships are run also very successfully in Cork and Galway.

I am told that that tireless, worker, Ethna Neville, is making great efforts to get the Limerick Colleges going and then a play-off between the Cork and Limerick winners would give us a set of true Munster champions.

It should then be relatively easy for Central Council to arrange play-offs for an All-Ireland title between the representatives of Leinster, Munster and Ulster and the Galway winners.

Last season I saw many of the Leinster games and I was amazed not only at the neat and colourful tunics of all the teams but at the wonderful enthusiasm shown everywhere by teams and supporters alike.

The Leinster winners, Convent of Mercy, Callan, were not only a grand team of ball-players but received tremendous support from the school and the people of the town alike. In the North I saw some grand teams while the standard of play in the Dublin leagues and championships is commendably high.

But apart from immediate considerations the importance of encouraging camogie in the schools and colleges is this, that the school-girls of to-day are the stars of the future and the administrators of the future as well.

Most of the present players of the Dublin All-Ireland side are Colleges players of the past, and so also I think are many of the Galway All-Ireland side. Certainly, I saw many of the present Munster champion side play for the Cork Colleges' team in the days when an annual challenge game between selections from Dublin and Cork was a feature of the Colleges year.

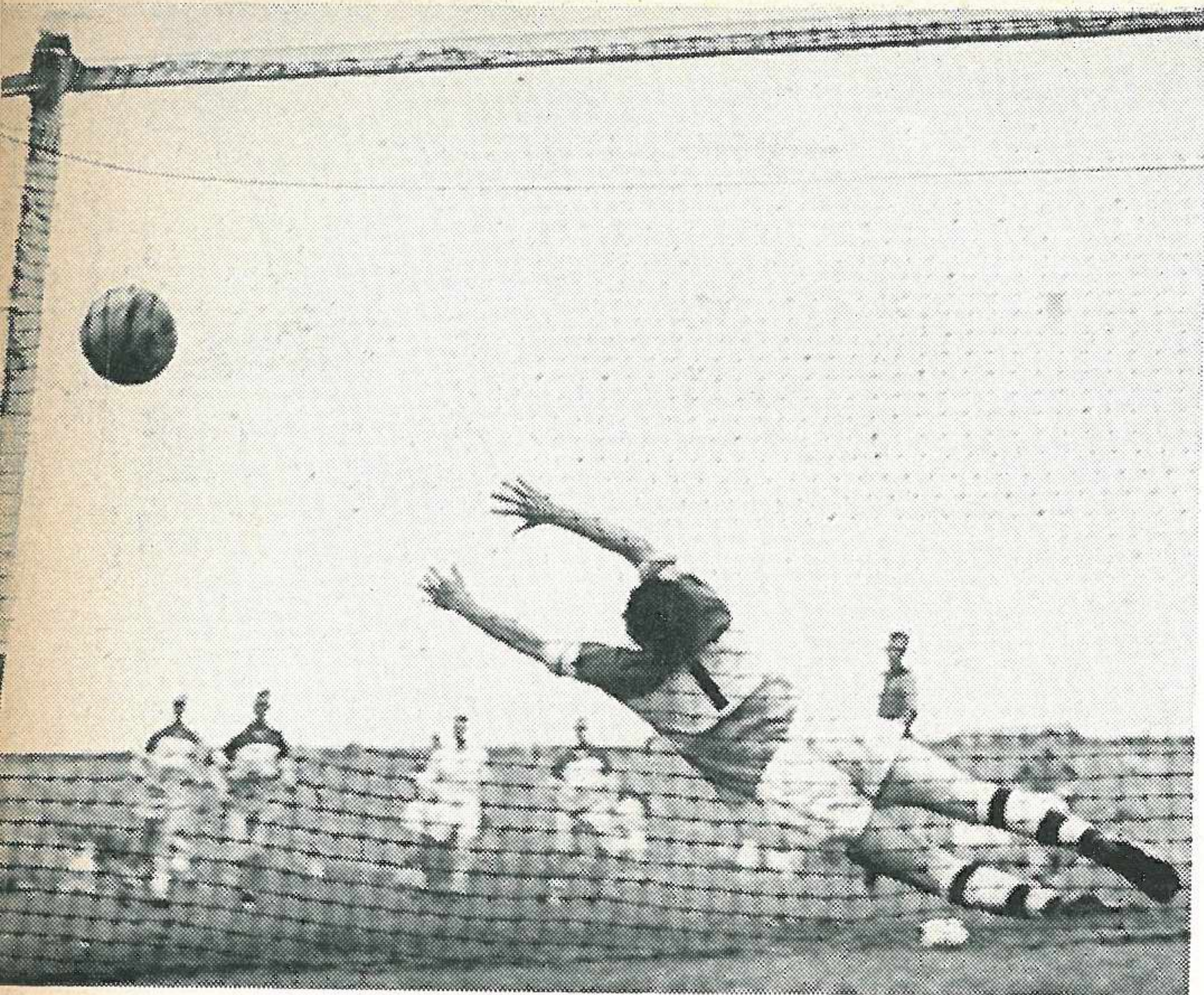
Even more important from a far-seeing viewpoint is the fact that if we can get the girls well interested in the game at an early age they will remain enthusiasts all their lives and let us never forget that the greatest need of the Camogie Association is executives and administrators who will keep on organising and encouraging the youngsters when their own playing days are done.

So let us make a particular effort this year to get the organisation of the schools and colleges under way to an extent that has never been attempted before.

We should not rest content until there is a camogie team in every secondary school and convent in Ireland. Nor should we be content to organise the secondary schools and colleges only.

In hurling and football there are already All-Ireland championships in existence for technical schools. Surely we should be able with the benefit of the experience of these competitions to organise similar games between the girls of the technical schools, many of whom possess good camogie teams already.

These are ideas for all of us to work on during the normal close season, and some such moves are essential; for as the G.A.A. has long ago proved, the hopes of the future are with the youth, and to no other game does that apply more truly at the moment than it does to camogie.



Remember this incident? It occurred in the All-Ireland football semi-final of 1960—between Down and Offaly. The Offaly goalkeeper, Willie Nolan, dives full length in a vain effort to stop the penalty kick which brought Down a badly-needed goal in the 51st minute of the game. That score gave the Ulster men the chance to snatch a lucky draw.

Is this the end for Offaly?

By SEAN DONEGAN

HAVING failed in their attempt to annex three Leinster titles in a row, the question now arises as to whether the present Offaly senior football team has reached the end of the road.

Irrespective of whether they have or not, this present team has carved a niche in G.A.A. history. In the minds of many they were worth an All-Ireland title. Be this as it may, the fact remains that

they broke through the seemingly impregnable barrier of the Leinster Championship and won the county's first senior title in 1960 and retained the championship in 1961.

This Offaly team was forged in the crucible of the 1958/59 League campaign, and winning Division 3 from such formidable opposition as Galway, Dublin (reigning All-Ireland champions) and Louth,

amongst others, they failed against Kerry in the League semi-final. Nevertheless, the foundations were laid and, in 1960 the team which came through that campaign thrilled all Faithful County followers by taking the provincial title in a dogged, rain-soaked battle against the men of the "Wee" county.

This was their greatest year. While football is played in Offaly,

followers will forever maintain that an unjust decision deprived them of victory in the All-Ireland semi-final against Down and gave the Mourne men a second bite at the cherry; in the second encounter the Down men got through by two points and easily disposed of Kerry by a margin of eight points, in the final.

In 1961, again as Leinster champions, the Offaly men blitzed Roscommon in the semi-final and again faced Down, reckoned by many sportswriters as the greatest combination of all time, in the All-Ireland final. The failure of Offaly by the narrowest margin marks the pinnacle of achievement by the men in the Republican colours.

Playing the catch-and-kick style of Kerry and Galway their football, though not classic, was effective and exciting. That the crowds enjoyed their manly approach to the game is evidenced by the records created wherever they played. A record for a single replay in 1960 versus Down; a record All-Ireland attendance in 1961 against the same opposition, a record for a Leinster semi-final against Kildare and a record Leinster final attendance against Dublin in 1962, all point to the fact that the Midlanders played a brand of football which was thoroughly enjoyed by the fans.

And now the curtain has fallen on 1962. Shall it be the final one or shall it go up again on a revitalised team next year or by the year after? Some of the faces, having reached the "sera and yellow leaf" of footballing life, will undoubtedly bow gracefully off the stage. Men of the calibre of Mick Casey, Phil O'Reilly and Mickey Brady, together with Sean Foran, already gone, may never again grace the sward of Croke Park in a major final; but the remainder of the team is young enough to form the backbone of a side which, taking inspiration from this history-

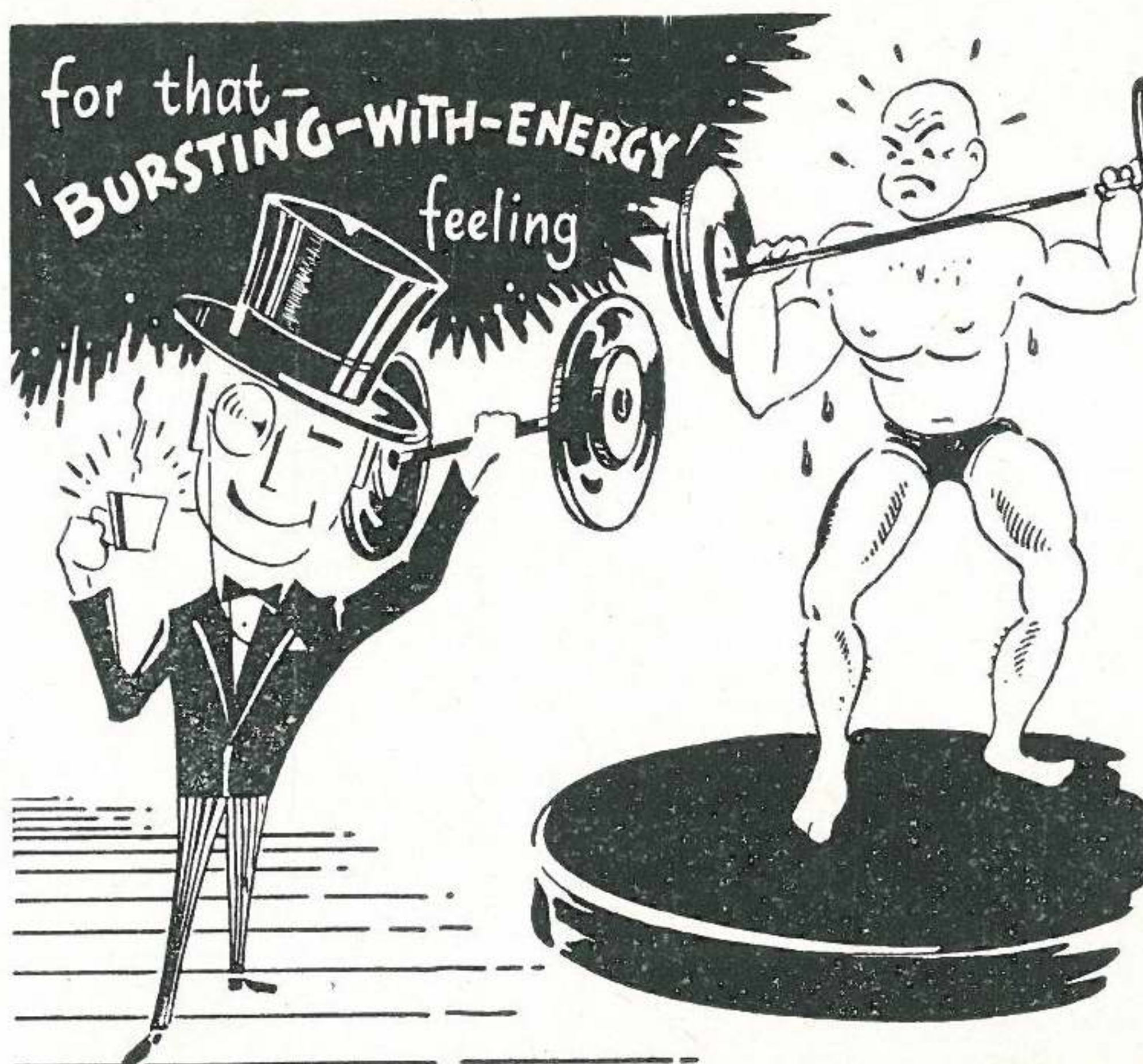
making one, may yet gain the rewards so richly deserved.

And this resurgence can come right away. Great minor teams have come out of the county in the last three years—Offaly minors were Leinster champions in 1960, provincial finalists in 1961 and are again champions this year. There is a wealth of talent blossoming forth and already Tom Furlong of the '61 minor team has gained senior status; many others have what it takes and if, drawing from this reservoir of minor talent,

Offaly do not make the grade in 1963, then certainly they should in 1964.

The end has not been reached by this Offaly senior team; a chapter has closed but a new and more exciting one remains to be written. Most of the present team will remain as the main characters in the story and, in this writer's opinion, the last page of the book will show a man in the tricolour jersey receiving the Sam Maguire Cup. In 1963? It would not surprise me at all.

Togha An Trean-Fhir



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SEAN DONEGAN pleads:

SAVE HURLING!

IN three of the provinces, Gaelic football is the glamour game; hurling is the poor relation, and even where a fair following for the game is available, a rather feeble attempt is made to cater for such followers.

In the provinces of Munster and Leinster where a goodly number of counties participate in the senior championship, there is what might be termed "an arranged draw" to ensure that such counties as Kilkenny and Wexford do not clash in

the preliminary rounds. This may result in good "gates" in the semi-finals and finals in the respective areas. But are we interested in "gates" only?


To this writer it seems that hurling has been on the wane for a number of years. There are many factors responsible for this; they shall be enumerated here and drastic remedies shall be proposed—but then, as the old saying has it "virulent diseases need drastic remedies". True, efforts have been made to rectify matters, but it cannot be stated that they have been successful.

In 1962, Wexford, in their third outing of the year (in the championship that is), will have either won the All-Ireland championship or be defeated finalists; in between the Leinster final, which is now also the All-Ireland semi-final, and All-Ireland day, six weeks have elapsed. This hiatus was filled by only one major hurling match, the Munster final.

For Wexford fans, the interim period was a thrilling one on the home front; county championship games added "bite" and team-pickers had a field day. But in most other areas hurling was more or less forgotten.

Which brings me to one of the drastic proposals. Why not revive the All-Ireland championship on a club basis? This is not to propose the abolition of the present inter-county championship for the McCarthy Cup, but as an addition to fill in the gap in those lean hurling periods and, incidentally, and altogether more important, to bring the game to the followers in those

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"weaker" counties where the will for hurling is widespread but the way has not been provided.

But prior to this innovation, or contemporaneously with it, another drastic remedy must be applied.

A scheme for a wider provision of hurleys must be inaugurated. Schools, colleges and minor clubs must be catered for in this scheme. To make proper use of these hurleys full time instructors must be appointed. All media of instruction must be availed of, and this includes television. A comprehensive plan would need to be drawn up and the co-operation of all interested parties would be a "must".

Apart from any donations now advanced by the Councils and County Committees for the provision of hurleys, a percentage of all championship 'games' should be made available for the purpose of financing this scheme. Here the inter-club championship would give the added revenue for just such a venture. Played on an open-draw system, with the team first out of the hat having a home venue, capacity attendances at provincial venues

could be anticipated. The final, of course, should be played in Croke Park.

If it be a foregone conclusion that the same strong county will appear in the League final every three years out of four, so much less in value to the spread of the game is such a competition. If it must go, then wise men will have seen a better prospect of boosting our own ancient unique game. Drastic measures! Yes. A canker must be cut out if the patient is to have a chance.

To sum up—to improve and spread the game of hurling we must have:

1. More widespread planting of ash trees.
2. A scheme for the provision of free or cheap hurleys to schools, colleges and juvenile and minor clubs.
3. A plan for full time instructors to establish schools of tuition in all "weaker" counties, using all modern media of instruction.
4. The inauguration of an inter club all-Ireland championship.
5. A revision, a streamlining and even curtailment of the present League set-up.

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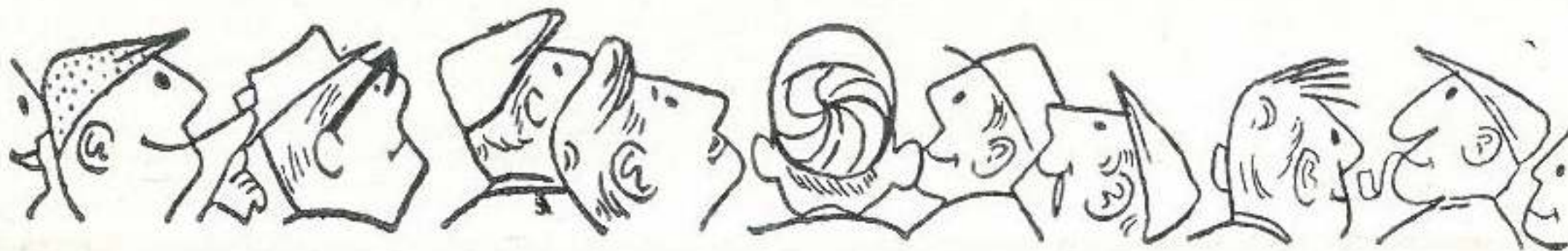
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HAS FOOTBALL DECLINED?

By
BOB DOLAN

A QUESTION often asked nowadays is: Has the standard of football declined over the last twenty years or so? And I think the answer must be that it has, in spite of mounting popularity and increasing attendances.

Of course, the old-timers solidly maintain that the game has been declining since the early twenties. This may be so, but it is hard to compare the game as played then with the football produced in the late 'forties and in the 'fifties.

The character of the game as played in those earlier days was quite different and although the era produced some wonderful players and teams such as Dublin, Kerry, Louth and, of course, the famous Lily Whites, to mention some of them, great emphasis was placed on brawn and physical contact.

And taken overall, if one takes away the outstanding teams of that period, style and skill were at a premium in other counties.

In great contrast, the late 'forties and early 'fifties were something of a golden period, which each year yielded teams capable of producing sparkling and fresh football and personalities whose names will be remembered whenever G.A.A. topics are discussed for many a year to come.

Typical of this era was the

scintillating exhibition of football served up in the 1955 All-Ireland final by Kerry and Dublin; and who will forget the great Galway, Mayo, Meath, Louth, Cavan, Kerry, Roscommon, Derry and Dublin sides which set Gaelic hearts afire with the splendour of their displays.

The mere mention of some of the players engaged should evoke the happiest memories of some glorious hours of football.

For instance, I will always remember the supreme artistry of Galway's "Terrible Twins," Frank Stockwell and Sean Purcell who brought forward play to a new peak of perfection.

Unforgettable, too, was the precision play of Olly Freaney, Kevin Heffernan and Des Ferguson, when Dublin were winning National League titles and challenging for the Sam Maguire Cup.

Then there was the commanding figure of Paddy O'Brien and his Meath colleagues Peter McDermott, Paddy Meagan and Christo Hand.

Mayo had the peerless Padraic Carney, Eamonn Mongey, Sean and Mick Flanagan and Paddy Prendergast; Cavan were nobly represented by Mick Higgins, Simon Deignan, Victor Sherlock, Peter Donohoe and the late, great P. J. Duke.

Kerry had great stalwarts in Paddy Bawn Brosnan, Sean

Murphy, Jerome O'Shea, Paudhie Sheehy and Jim Brosnan.

One could fill pages with the players and their teams who enlivened the G.A.A. scene a decade or so ago; but it is hardly necessary because their deeds have ensured their fame.

And do our present day players measure up to those of that period? I don't think so.

I believe that, generally speaking, there is not the same sparkle, skill and stylishness about their play, but I think that the Down team of 1960 was worthy to take its place with the men of my golden era.

I consider that the non-stop rule may be responsible for this lack of brilliance.

When this rule was first introduced the teams who were well trained were generally able to outlast those who did not measure up as far as fitness was concerned. But as the county mentors realised that only fit teams could hope to succeed they all began to insist on regular training.

So now there is a better all-round standard of fitness than before and this has led to a definite speeding up of the pace at which the game is played. And I do not think that the players' skill has yet adapted itself to the faster tempo, with the result that

(Continued on page 45.)



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Kevin Heffernan (right), who brought new splendour to the game of Gaelic football when he first donned the Dublin jersey in the late 1940s.



(Continued from page 43.)

the pattern of the game has changed slightly.

For one thing, the body-checking that was such a feature of the game not so long ago is nothing as common as it was.

In its stead we now have more jersey pulling and what one would term mean fouls—all done in a manner which is calculated to escape the notice of the referee.

No doubt, it was this tendency that prompted a writer in one of our national newspapers to use the phrase “manly fists.”

I am not suggesting that our players of to-day do not possess

skill or stylishness but that they have not brought it to the necessary peak of perfection.

However, I do not suggest that my heroes of the late 'forties and early 'fifties would have met this challenge better than their present day counterparts.

In fact, for such as Stockwell, Purcell, Heffernan, Franey, Mick Flanagan (Mayo) and Meagan speed was their greatest asset and they used it to devastating effect.

I think, too, that there are less players of star quality playing to-day, but this may be because the emphasis is more on teamwork than on individual brilliance.

But however one looks at it, the game is not producing classic football either from teams or individuals and in that sense, at least, the big ball code can be said to have declined.

How then, can the ever-increasing popularity and attendances be explained? I think the main reason for this is the rise to prominence of such teams as Down and Offaly.

They have injected new life and interest into the game, which, as a result, has climbed new peaks of progress in every direction except—I think the most important aspect—providing stylish play.

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How did you score?

Answers to questions on Page 25

- 1—1884.
- 2—Nowlan Park.
- 3—1958.
- 4—Johnny Culloty, the present star goalkeeper.
- 5—John Dowling, now retired after long service.
- 6—Sean Treacy Memorial Park.
- 7—Liam Maguire, the former Cavan footballer.
- 8—No; provided the charge is in itself legitimate.
- 9—Yes. Limerick won the first ever title in 1887 with the club side, Limerick Commercial's.
- 10—James McCartan (Down—in football), Liam Devaney (Tipperary—in hurling) and Mick Mackey (Limerick—the Hall of Fame Award).
- 11—The Fitzgibbon Cup.
- 12—All Ireland Colleges senior hurling championship.
- 13—St. Mel's College, Longford.
- 14—Yes; in 1946 and 1950.
- 15—Wrong. Jim was then a star centre half-back.
- 16—Canon Maguire Park.
- 17—Sean Flanagan.
- 18—Pat Stakelum.
- 19—A free puck shall be given (except a score is made, which is allowed) where the ball lands, if OUTSIDE THE 70 YARDS MARK; or, on a point on the 70 yards mark opposite where it landed, if it be inside the 70 yards' mark.

SCRAPBOOK

By **EAMONN YOUNG**

THE old hurler was passing by "The Horse and Jockey," so for the sake of old times and the great welcome he always had from that fine Tipperary woman, the late Mrs. O'Keeffe, he called in on her son Bill.

There were about a dozen watching television, men ranging from 18 to 30. On the screen a coloured man was debating racial discrimination with two white men (and doing pretty well, incidentally). Outside, an evening sun was slanting gloriously towards the blue of the Galtees. An old-timer said sadly as he watched the youth of the 'sixties: "God be with the days when there were sixty men up in the field playing hurling."

* * *

PAT FANNING of Waterford, the Munster Council chairman, told me of the benefit his county team was getting out of circuit training.

In the last few years (due mainly to competition in international athletics) physical education has improved a lot. Circuit training is a new method of getting the best value out of old exercises. In a circle perhaps 100 yards in circumference (or much greater if the training is being done outdoors) each man performs a number of exercises which are specially

designed to bring into play all the muscles of his body. As one player follows the other in close succession and all are running, it is essential that the first man will move as quickly as possible to avoid holding up the line.

The first exercise may be a thirty yard dash to a spot appointed for the performance of a dozen dips and presses. The second might be a fast trot with a frog-leap over an obstacle and a further thirty yard trot (if the exercise is outdoor) ending with arm-strengthening exercise like hanging from the bough of a tree or a firm cross-bar for the third incident.

Up to about a dozen exercises can be included in the circuit and naturally they are designed with a view both to physical test and novelty. In a large hall or gymnasium a greater variety of exercises (using ropes hanging from the ceiling, horizontal bars, etc.) can be used. The idea can be worked out by any team trainer and, used wisely, will bring excellent results as well as giving the boys a happy fifteen minutes training.

* * *

"**WHAT'S** the way to Tubbercurry?" said the man going to the match "Well," said the passer-by, "if you take the next

turn to the right and go on for half a mile and then take . . . ah, no, I'm wrong . . . take the next turn to the left, go on for a mile, turn to your left . . . dammit I'm wrong again. Listen, son, if I was going to Tubbercurry I wouldn't start from here at all."

* * *

HARD to believe when one watches the active black-haired man in togs doing side-line duty in the inter-county games at Thurles that Jerry Doyle is father of Ireland's most graceful hurler, Jimmy.

* * *

DOWN failed in their bid to win three All-Ireland football titles in a row; yet they did very well to take two. It takes a lot of luck as well as ability to take home the All-Ireland Cup once, not to mind twice.

Wexford footballers had a glorious spell when between 1913 and 1918 they appeared in all six football finals being beaten by Kerry in the first two. In fact they drew the first game in 1914. Kerry won four between '29-'32 but didn't get to the last stage either immediately before or after.

In hurling, Cork had a wonderful spell twenty years ago. From '39 to '47 they appeared in no less than seven of the nine finals, winning all

(Continued overleaf.)

(Continued from previous page.)

but two. The remarkable fact that only thirty men played in all those years shows that it's health, ability, favourable domestic circumstances, enthusiasm, and plain luck that enables a team to win such honour. Down so far have shown a lot of all five qualities—and we'll see them back soon again.

* * *

I DON'T object to roughness on the field of play. The games are made for men and I hope they will continue to be played by chaps who can give—and take. But cowardly striking annoys me. Most of it is the peevish, spidery type of blackguarding, like the cutting tongue of a dissatisfied woman. Some of it isn't harmless, unfortunately, and it's disgusting to see a man hurt when he is watching the ball 100 yards away.

Bad temper grows during a game;

in the beginning it can be curbed easily but later when tough men go out to get their own back something has to give and it's usually the other fellow's bones.

Why can't we nip it in the bud? Because the referee doesn't want to put off a man for a month when the winning team is due to play again during that time. Obviously, in the All-Ireland and club championship this will nearly always be the case.

I'll bet that the Munster football final—the greatest debacle in years—would have been yet another good game had ref. Moss Colbert the power to put a man to the line for ten minutes of the hour without automatic suspension. Let the committee give the offender a week or a year at the next meeting.

* * *

A MOMENT after the inter-county man had kicked a ball a spectator told me he was ill gal,

When pressed, he replied that the man was playing soccer. He seemed to know what he was talking about and, in addition, was a member of his County Board.

I thought we decided very definitely at last Congress that the foreign games rule was going to stay. Surely we have more honour (and commonsense) left than to return to the gutter of foreign games hypocrisy in which too many revelled twelve months ago.

I'm no lover of rule 27, but let's apply it—or take it out.

* * *

TIME was when thirty was the age-barrier, when players nailed up the boots (for fear they'd ever take them down again) and retired to ponder in slow, silent admiration of their photos on the walls of the public-house snug.

Now half the players in the country want to be as good (and as old) as Christy Ring. The suggestion that a man over thirty can't train and be fit is balderdash. Di Stefano who, I believe, is one of the world's greatest soccer players, is 36.

* * *

IT'S not long since I saw Vincy Twomey of Cork strike over a long point for Glen Rovers' intermediate team. Vincy, slim as an ashplant and stripping less than eleven stone, was one of the greatest centrebacks in the game because of a darling sense of anticipation and an ability to trigger-think.

Because of his swerve he was seldom knocked but when he was, one felt he would never come up again. He came.



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EAMONN MONGEY

REMEMBERS . . .

Heroes on Final Day

I HAVE often wondered what makes a particular All-Ireland final a memorable one—the game itself, the crowd, or, perhaps, some scintillating individual performance? Well, in my book it's the individual performance which stands out; for I can never fail to warm to, and remember, a man who among thirty of the best players of his time stands head and shoulders over all on the very day on which a surpassing performance is most wanted—All-Ireland Day.

But, when you have an inspired individual performance by the captain of the winning team in a game of top-class hurling on a day on which the previous record crowd for a hurling final was shattered by nearly 20,000, you can truthfully say you have watched a memorable All-Ireland final. Well, that did in fact happen—some 17 years ago this year.

The year was 1945; the teams were Kilkenny and Tipperary, and the “man apart” was Tipperary captain John Maher.

Everything had built up to an epic performance by the Tipperary colossus. John had decided this was to be his last inter-county game. He had had 16 years' service in the Tipperary colours. In his first year (1930) he had won an All-Ireland medal; he was determined to win another in his last year. As captain of the team he was expected to show how it should be done—and he certainly did.

Kilkenny were favourites that day and quickly

showed why. In the first quarter of an hour they literally besieged the Tipp goal. Balls kept raining down on those Tipp backs, but attack after attack was hurled back defiantly, so that at the end of the quarter Kilkenny could show only a two-point lead on the board—three points to one.

The rock on which most Kilkenny attacks perished was centre half-back John Maher. One of the best ground hurlers of his day he soon showed that he was as good in the air as he belted ball after ball out of the danger area. But that was not enough for John.

Taking a detached look at the flow of the game he decided that Tipp would never win by defending; so he sallied up the field with the ball, swept it over to Mutt Ryan who transferred it quickly to Eddie Gleeson, and his goal gave Tipp a lead they never lost.

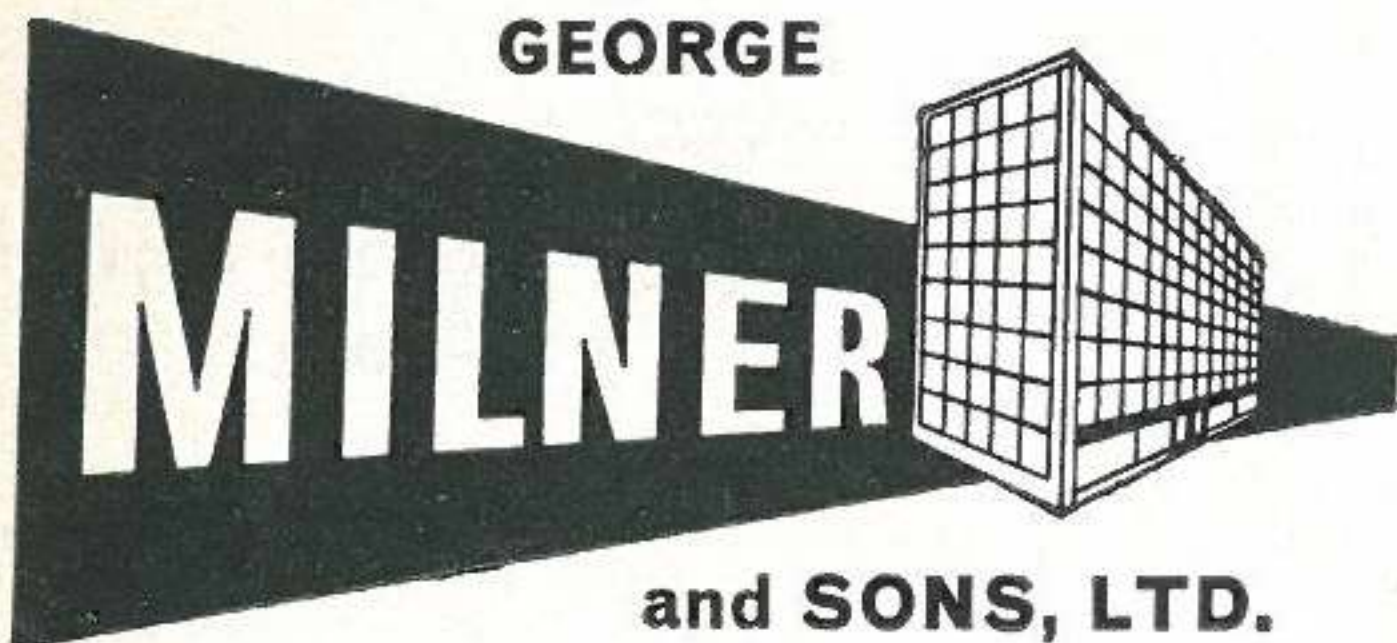
By half-time Tipp were twelve points ahead but on the re-start Kilkenny began to cut back the lead and after twenty minutes only four points separated the teams. Then John Maher opened up his shoulders, seemed to hurl the whole Kilkenny forward line on his own and quickly snuffed out their best efforts. The Tipp lead was expanded to two goals and that was their margin of victory at the end.

When the last whistle sounded few Tipp spectators waited to think whether star Kilkenny forward Jim Langton had scored off John Maher.

(Continued on page 51).

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(Continued from page 49).

In fact, he hadn't; but, regardless of that fact, they knew who their hero was anyway.

To a man, they wished to chair John Maher off the field for one of the greatest hurling displays ever seen in Croke Park. And as John left the field on their shoulders he must have taken a long look back at the scene of his triumph, for he never played in another All-Ireland final there.

While I still cherish memories of John Maher's display that day as possibly the best I have seen in an All-Ireland final, nine years later I saw another which even yet makes me wonder if it was not greater still. The only difference was that it was given by a player on a beaten team and because of what preceded the final, the particular display was completely unexpected.

For three weeks before the 1954 All-Ireland hurling final, Bobbie Rackard couldn't train, and there were rumours that he couldn't even walk. Playing in a challenge match against Tipperary he badly tore a muscle in his leg and spent three weeks in Tramore getting special treatment. Right up to the big day, the question was "Will he?" or "Won't he?" and he got a special cheer of encouragement from the record crowd when he trotted out on the pitch and took up his position as centre half-back.

But Bobbie needed no encouragement. The lay-off had only whetted his appetite for the game and he soon began to beat everything in sight. Utterly disdainful of the flailing hurleys, he came bursting through time after time, hitting the ball colossal distances up to his forwards.

So magnificently did Bobbie perform that even though Cork fielded a half-forward line of Ring, Hartnett and Willie John Daly they had only five points on the board at half-time. Wexford had 1-2, so that the teams lined out level for the restart.

For the first ten minutes of the second half, Wexford held Cork scoreless while they themselves ran up a three-point lead. But then, tragedy struck: Nick O'Donnell was carried off injured. Without a full-back among the reserves, Wexford turned to Bobbie Rackard and he took up his position in the square.

Bobbie played even better in there, but the fact that he had to, showed that there was something wrong outfield—and there certainly was. A gap appeared in the half-back line and through it came the Cork attackers to run up a goal and four points.

Even worse, the Wexford forwards, deprived of Bobbie's long clearances, made no headway against the Cork backs and failed to score in the last twenty minutes. But what would have happened if Bobbie Rackard could have been left at centre half-back? My guess is that Christy Ring would never have got that eighth All-Ireland medal.

Whilst there is some doubt in my mind as to whether John Maher's or Bobbie Rackard's display was the greatest I've seen in a hurling final, there is no doubt whatever about the greatest I saw in a football final. That honour belongs, indisputably in my opinion, to Sean Murphy of Kerry. Possibly the best ten minutes of football ever played in Croke Park were played by Sean Flanagan at the start of the 1950 final; but, over the hour, no player ever turned in a better display than Sean Murphy in the 1959 final against Galway.

Of course, Sean was lucky, because the play was coming to him. Beaten at centre-field, where Frank Evers was playing Mick O'Connell out of the game, and where Mattie McDonagh was out-fetching Seamus Murphy, the Kerry backs were sorely tried in the first half. But they revelled in it—and none more so than Sean Murphy.

He fetched, kicked and carried with purpose and determination. He beat "Hauleen" McDonagh so badly that Galway switched him with John Nallen. Then they took Nallen off the team and put on Mick Garrett, but even if they had left the three players on together they still would not have made an impression on Sean that day.

With the teams level at half-time, Kerry made a shrewd switch in the second half in bringing Tom Long to centrefield. Immediately, the pressure was taken off the Kerry half-back line and then Sean Murphy became an attacking half-back. Feeding his forwards consistently they soon ran up

(Continued on page 60).



How Mackey must have yearned for the

Why did Limerick

By SHANNONSIDER

SUNDAY, July 22, 1962, deserves to rank as the darkest day in the long history of Limerick hurling. Disappointment and despair was the lot of those thousands of loyal Shannonside fans who travelled to Cork that morning with banners flying. Defeat had not been ruled out, but the manner and the extent of their failure was heart-breaking.

"It proved that the drawn game was nothing more than a fluke,"

declared one of the national newspapers on the following morning, and so crestfallen was Limerick that not one pen had the spirit to dispute it.

What happened to the fifteen young men who a few weeks previously had stormed from behind to almost dethrone All-Ireland champions Tipperary? They were there to a man in the replay, yet one point from a "seventy" was all that they could manage in

the first half and the resumption saw nothing more than a token improvement.

I saw pain on many a Limerick face at Cork. I saw the dark and grim features of Mick Mackey, crouched on the sideline and yearning for his youth . . . and Jack Keane, who felt the rout as only the father of a victim son can feel. Denny Lanigan, Willie Hough and a score of Limerick heroes of bygone days—I saw them all—sad, disappointed men.

Why did Limerick collapse? Why should a team, fit and young and well trained and blessed with all the strength and speed of resplendent manhood, fail so miserably—a team with a following and a tradition second to none.

I have no answer and I have yet to hear one which convinces me.

I am old in years and I now feel old at heart. My only consolation is that I was there to see the old days. I remember the Tyler and his men. I saw Denny Lanigan, Willie Hough, Jack Keane and the men of "'21" storm to victory against Dublin on that May afternoon of 1923 to win Limerick's third All-Ireland title.

I was there in '33 when the genius of Lowry Meagher, Paddy Phelan and Matty Power, together with the inexperience of our own Mick Mackey, won the day for Kilkenny. But how Mick made amends in '34.

By a lone point Kilkenny beat us in '35, but '36 was ours again and this time Kilkenny felt the full

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years of his youth!

collapse?

power of unconquerable Limerick manhood.

And, of course, there was 1940. We were too old they said, but they were wrong.

That was the end. Paddy Scanlan, Paddy Clohessy, Timmy Ryan, the Mackeys, Dick Stokes and Jackie Power could not go on for ever—and God knows some of them tried. Yes, they tried and they waited for young men to come along and take their places and carry the banner.

Young men came along all right, but the banner was not retained aloft. The strength and the spirit and the grit were missing. The determination and the confidence, for so long the hallmark of Limerick hurling, was missing—and the banner came down.

I am old, but I have my memories—great memories. They are a blessing for which a man should give thanks, and I do—but great as are the memories I would give them all just for one more day. One more day when the green and white would be unfurled proudly over the fair plain that is Croke Park. One more day when I could see the young men of Limerick live up to the great tradition which their fathers and grandfathers won for them.

I would gladly barter all my memories, much as I treasure them, just for that one day. Surely there are fifteen young men in Limerick who will take me at my word and help me make the deal . . . before it is too late.

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE HIBERNIAN BALLROOM, A.O.H., PARNELL SQUARE, DUBLIN

Built in 1905. Most artistic and largest on Parnell Square West. At the back of the stage, surmounted by a banner bearing the word 'Fáilte', is the Harp and Shamrock, Green, White and Gold. Over the stage is the coat-of-arms of the O'Daly's, at one period Chief poets of Ireland, founders of Colleges and Seats of Learning, crossed to Scotland and there established Colleges of Music. Hence the connection between Irish and Scottish music. (Let him who can deny this claim, bring forth worthy proof against the ancient records and annals of the Gael). On the left side of the ballroom are oil paintings of the O'Neill's of Ulster, ancestors of the O'Daly's. Also on the left is an oil painting of St. Brigid, patron Saint of Kildare, recently valued at several hundred pounds. Among the oil paintings on the right is one of Patrick Sarsfield, considered to be the finest in existence. On a panel at the bottom of the ballroom and surmounted by the coat-of-arms of the four provinces are photographs of céilí bands, hurling and football teams. Pride of place is given to those of Christy Ring, the Rackard Brothers, Mick Mackey, Michael O'Hehir and Dr. Brian Galligan, Vice-president of Comhaltas Ceoltóirí Éireann. Also a rare photograph taken in 1936 of the Leaside Club, who run céilí and old-time dancing in the ballroom every Sunday night. A.O.H. means Ancient Order of Hibernians, known in penal times as the Ribbon Men and defenders, Catholics whose property was confiscated, the owners evicted and their lands given to Orangemen. The name was later changed to A.O.H. and has remained so ever since. Ribbon Men — so called because the badge they wore took the form of a ribbon. Defenders — Defenders of their faith, their homes, and their country.

Works consulted in connection with the above: Annals of the Four Masters, Annals of Clonmacnoise, The Tribes of Ireland (O'Donovan) O'Harts Irish Pedigrees, History of Ireland (Abbé Mac-Geoghegan and John Mitchel) History of the O'Daly's, History of the O'Daly's of Muintir Bhaire and other sources.

The border shows the Celtic and other ornate designs in the ballroom.

(Continued from page 23.)

And yet, their greatest display of heart had been provided more than four years before in the final of the 1955-56 National Hurling League, when, against Tipperary in Croke Park, they were five goals behind at half-time.

True, Tipperary had been aided by wind and rain in the first half, but, so well had the Munstermen played, and so completely had they dominated Wexford's best efforts, that the odds were utterly and entirely on a Tipperary victory when the teams lined out for the second half. In addition, Wexford had lost the services of their great captain, Jim English, who had had to retire with a severe but accidental head injury. Never before had a side faced such odds in the second half of a big game against Tipperary.

Yet these dauntless Wexfordmen set about achieving the impossible from the restart, and did achieve it, sweeping the gallant Tipperary men back upon the Railway posts in a tornado of hurling fury that Croke Park can hardly have seen since mighty Micky Maher's matchless men of Tubberadora had been in their heyday more than half a century before.

To me, the Wexford resurgence that day has ever typified the hurling heart of the Model County. And now that Wexford are in an All-Ireland final again, I will, please God, be there again to see them play, confident that, win, lose or draw, they will give the crowd plenty to cheer about, for no team has brought more glamour, colour and manly entertainment to the hurling fields than have those great hearts from the mountains and boreens.

So here's to ye, Wexford, aye true men when needed,

Sure your fame has exceeded the heroes of old,

For you brought the All-Ireland once more to the Slaney,

And wreathed in glory the purple and gold.

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(Arrow)

T.E. At Croke Park

PLANS FOR FINALS

By FRANK O'FARRELL

THREE cameras, one in the usual Hogan Stand TV box, the others behind each goal; monitor screens from which the producer will select the best picture to send out; thousands of feet of cable carefully buried to avoid tripping-up spectators; at least half of the commentaries in Irish, the remainder in English; but NO Michael O'Hehir.

Sum it up and you have the first 'live' television of the All-Ireland hurling and football finals from Croke Park.

For Telefis Eireann, the coverage will demonstrate anew the wonder that is TV. Every clash of the ash, every toe-to-hand run and every score will be seen in detail as it happens—just as we saw it in the football semi-finals.

But for the G.A.A. chiefs who decided to allow 'live' coverage, there will be many anxious hours as the fans converge on Croke Park.

Will the coverage affect attendance? Will thousands of people who would normally be queueing outside Croke Park before noon in the hope of getting in, now decide to sit in the comfort of their own homes and watch the telecast? These are the sort of questions the G.A.A. leaders are asking.

Personally, I think their fears will be unfounded. For practically every follower of G.A.A. games, the All-Ireland finals are "oc-

casions" not to be missed. There's the excitement of travelling up from Kerry or Tipperary or Roscommon or Wexford to the capital for the finals. For me, at least, not even live TV could prevent me from going to Croke Park on final day.

How will the 'live' coverage be arranged? The week before each final, Telefis Eireann staff will move into Croke Park to lay cables and set-up the camera sites behind each goal. All this work will be carried out under the careful eye of producer Philip Thompson, who also produced this year's Irish Sweeps Derby programme and won many friends among viewers with his picture selection.

As I write this, Micheal O'Hehir has decided NOT to do the TV commentary. He says he will be doing the radio commentary and has decided, in his other capacity as TE's Head of Sport, that a separate commentary is necessary for TV.

Experiments with commentary will be carried out right up to the finals, however, and it may be possible that you will hear part of each game described by the golden voice of O'Hehir. However, that is just a very big "may".

My own solution for those who would like a bit of both radio and TV: turn down the volume control on your TV set and listen to the commentary on radio.

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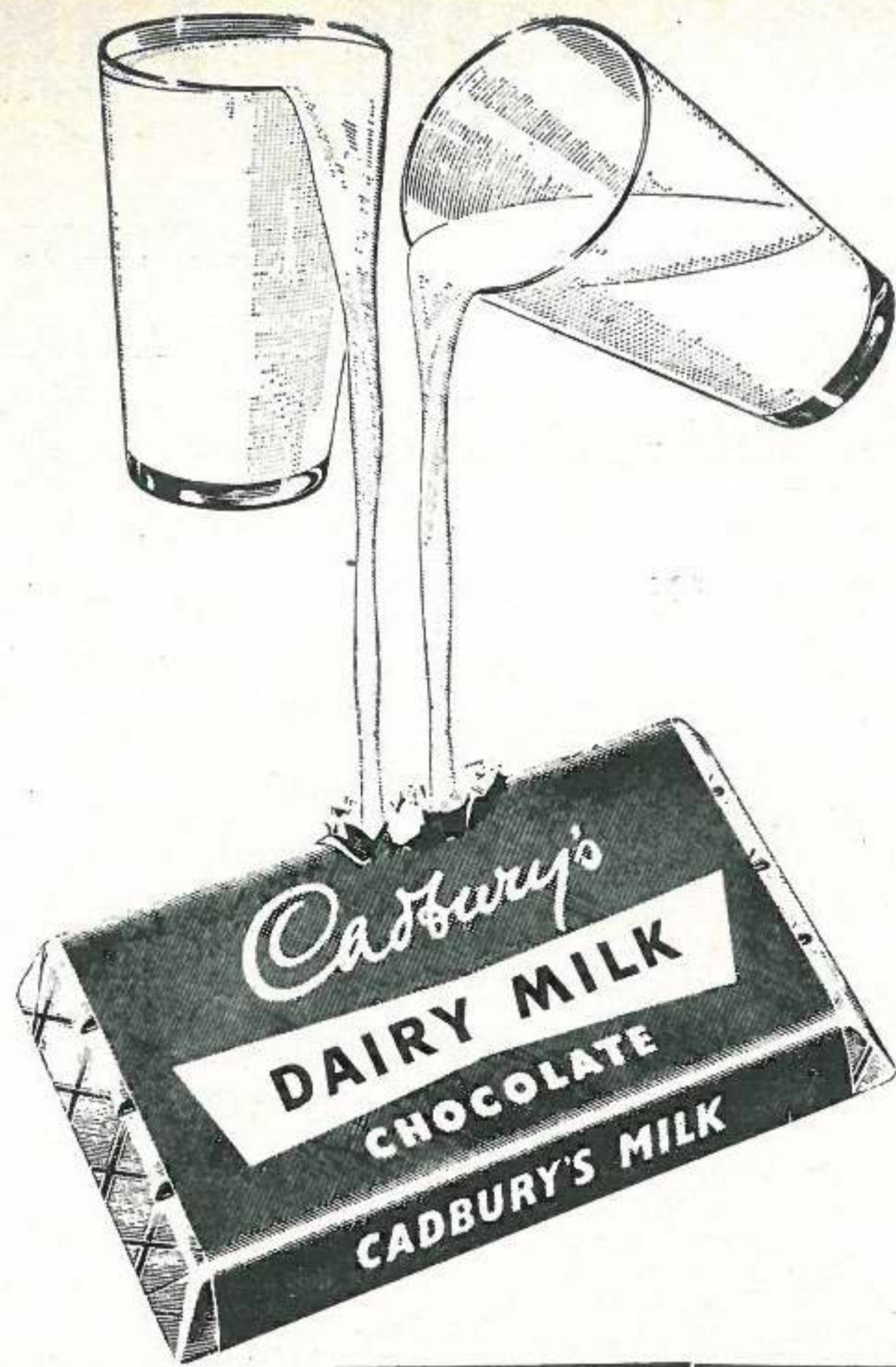
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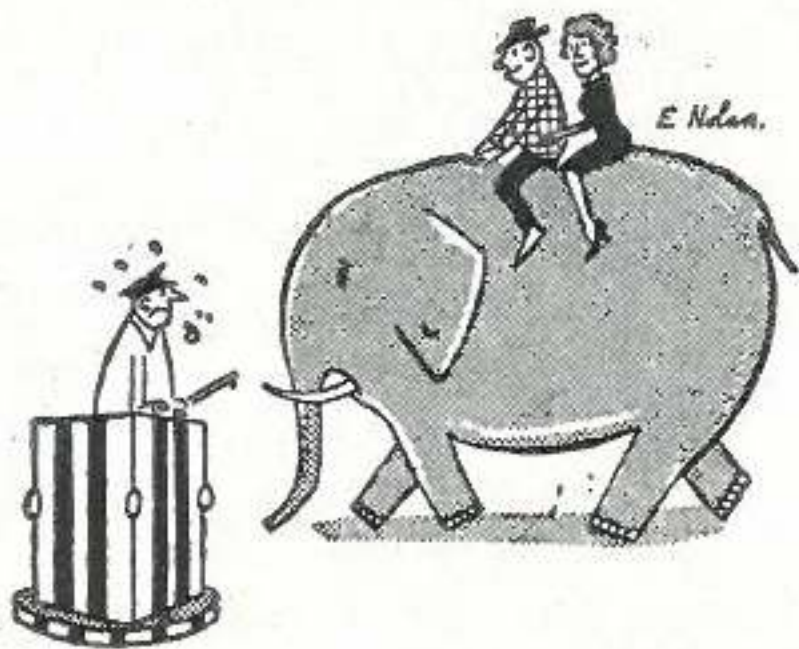
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DOWN MEMORY LANE

By Phillip Roderick

PROBABLY the longest major G.A.A. game of modern times was the All-Ireland "home" hurling final of 1901, between Cork and Wexford at Deerpark, Carrick-on-Suir, on June 14, 1903. In all, the game lasted two hours and ten minutes. Cork won by 2-8 to 0-6 but were subsequently beaten by London-Irish in the final proper.

* * *

OUTSIDE of Dublin. Fraher Field, Dungarvan, staged more All-Ireland senior hurling finals than any other venue in this country. The "home" final of 1903 and the finals of 1905 and 1907 were played there. Cork would also have had three but for the fact that the 1911 final, due to be played at the Athletic Grounds, was abandoned following a dispute over the state of the ground.

* * *

ON July 16, 1916, teams from Dublin and Wexford took part in a major football game under circumstances which, happily, will never again be duplicated. In a match played as a "Leinster Championship" they played behind prison walls! The venue was the infamous prison of Frongoch and, for the record, Dublin were the winners.

ONE WONDERS who holds the greatest scoring feat in a top-class hurling or football game? Nick Rackard had 7-7 for Wexford in an All-Ireland senior hurling semi-final against Antrim, but there are claims that Martin Kennedy, the great Tipperary full-forward, once scored ten goals in a National Hurling League game. Kennedy must be regarded as one of the most prolific scorers in hurling; during Tipperary's American tour of 1926, he scored 27 goals in six games!

* * *

DUBLIN, believe it or not, possess the somewhat dubious distinction of being the only team to fail to register a score in a Leinster senior championship final. On October 16, 1910, they were beaten in the football final by Louth to the tune of 0-3 to 0-0.

* * *

W. J. SPAIN, the first player to win All-Ireland senior medals in hurling and football, never represented his native county. Born at Nenagh, Co. Tipperary, he won his hurling medal with Limerick (1887) and his football medal with Dublin (1889).

GREATEST comeback in the history of All-Ireland players was that of the late Denis Walsh of Tubberadora. After winning an All-Ireland hurling medal with Tipperary in 1889 he returned to the county side after an absence of 17 years and won another with the Tipperary team of 1916.

* * *

MICK CROWE of Limerick holds the record of refereeing most All-Ireland finals. He officiated at all the finals between 1906 and 1913.

* * *

KERRY, this year's All-Ireland senior football finalists have played against every county in Ireland except one. Can you name it? There is no record to show that Kerry ever played a football game against Kilkenny.

* * *

IN THE EARLY days of this century, the Irish football Association offered a sum of £50 to local soccer authorities in Co. Fermanagh to combat the growing influence of Gaelic games. Principal area involved was around the Fermanagh-Donnegal border.

(Continued on page 59)

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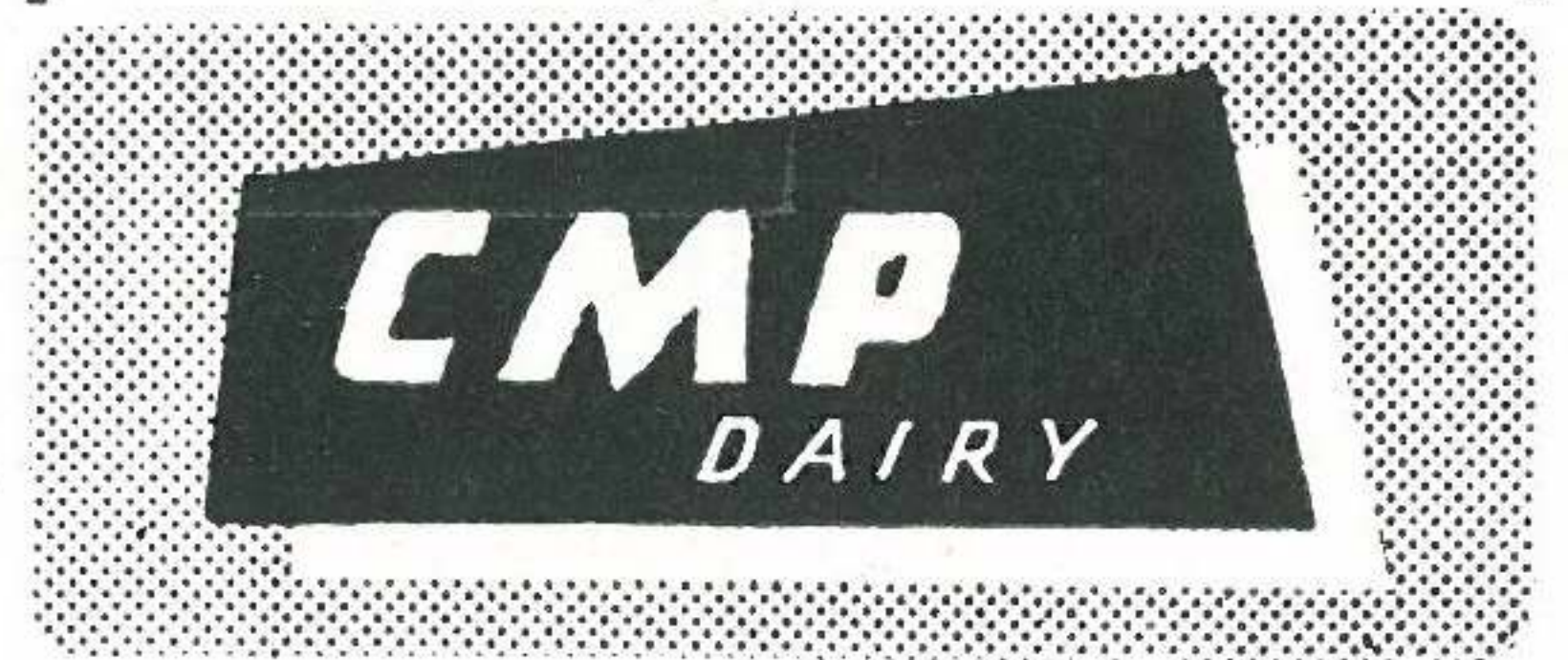
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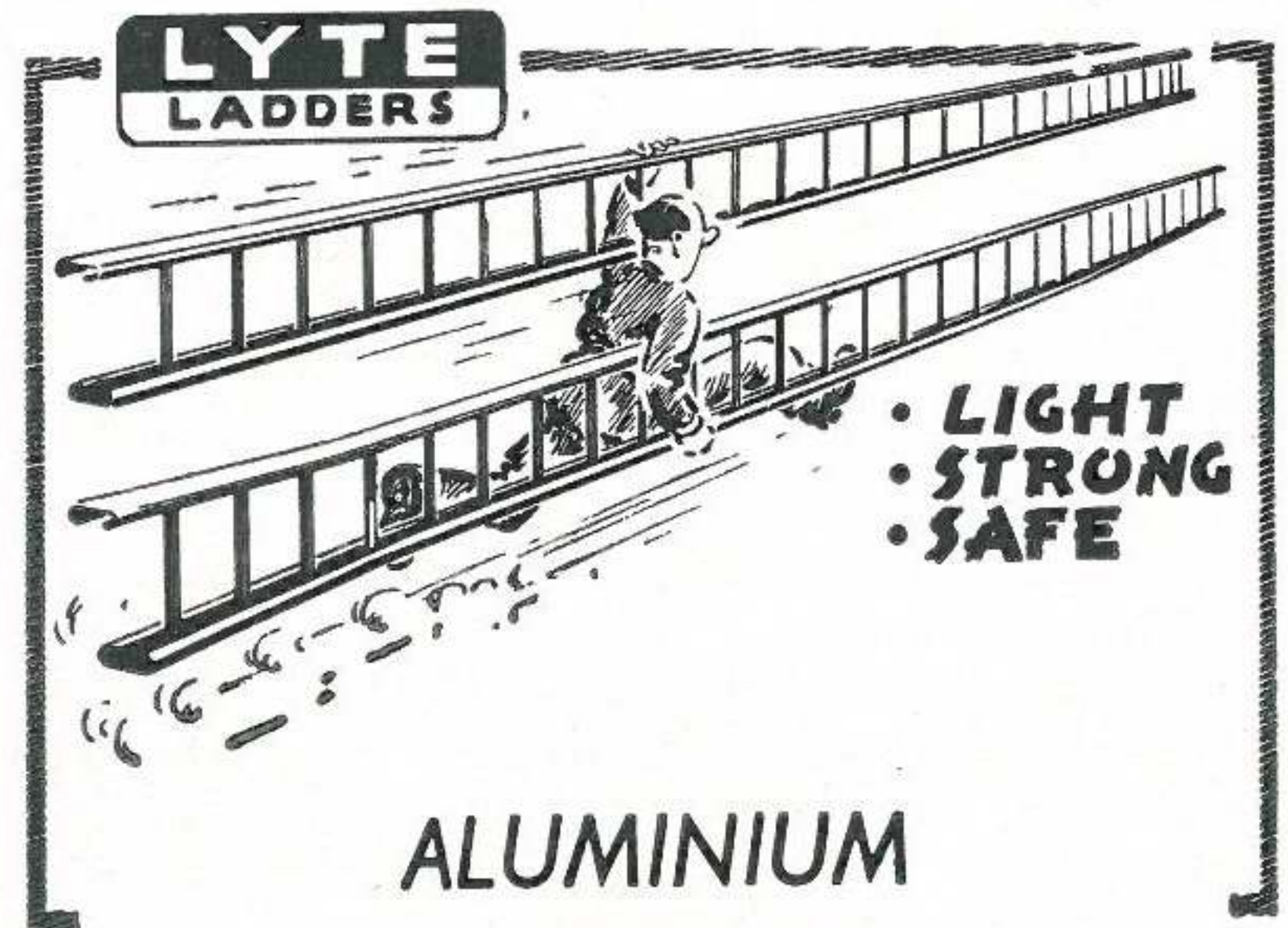
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(Continued from page 57)

UP TO THIS YEAR, the breakdown of the number of All-Ireland titles won in all grades of hurling and football shows that Tipperary are ahead with 44 (18 S.H., 4 S.F., 7 J.H., 2 J.F., 12 M.H., 1 M.F.). Cork and Dublin share second place with 40 each.

* * *

ONLY ONCE in the history of the All-Ireland finals has there been the case of a man with the name of an Irish county, taking part in the final. He was J. Kilkenny who played with Galway against Tipperary in the football "home" final of 1900.

* * *

ONLY ONE MAN in the history of Irish sport has won an All-Ireland senior hurling medal and an Olympic gold medal and, rather strangely, in view of Kerry's reputation as a football county only, he is a Kerryman. His name is Edmond Barrett, who won his All-Ireland medal with the London-Irish side of 1901. He won his Olympic gold medal (in tug-o'-war) at London in 1908.

Nick Rackard, on right, whose 7-7 for Wexford against Antrim in the All-Ireland hurling semi-final of 1954 was one of the highest individual tallies ever scored in a championship match.



Ask For

COUSINS

"GOLDEN ORANGE"

(Continued from page 51).

a winning score and at the full-time whistle it was Kerry by nine points—3-7 to 1-4.

Small wonder, then, that Sean Murphy not only was the star of the hour but the footballer of the year also, and, as such, duly honoured by the Caltex award.

But, however well they play, backs cannot win matches—that must be done by forwards—and so my last All-Ireland star is one who scored seven of his side's nine points in an All-Ireland football final and whose personal tally exceeded the total of the opposing team.

Like Bobbie Rackard, Mick Higgins was a patient just before the 1952 All-Ireland final replay against Meath. In bed with 'flu until the Wednesday before the game, Mick was unable to do much training; but his one natural asset—accuracy—never deserted him and required little training. Thus it was when Cavan found themselves up against it in their game with Meath that they fell back on the infallible boot of Mick Higgins.

Only a point ahead at half-time, after playing with a gale in the first half, Cavan were in trouble early in the second half when Meath levelled. Higgins put Cavan ahead again, Cusack added another but Peter McDermott got one back for Meath. Then, one two three four times Mick Higgins kicked—four times the scoreboard changed and Cavan were home, Taaffe's last point for Meath being in the nature of a consolation effort.

I have often heard it said (as an exaggeration) that a particular player won the match on his own, but the only time I ever saw it really happen (on the scoreboard, at least) was in that 1952 replay.

Well, there are my four All-Ireland stars—John Maher, Bobbie Rackard, Sean Murphy and Mick Higgins. Will they be added to this year or will a performance by Jimmy Doyle, Willie Rackard, Gerry O'Malley or Mick O'Connell even dim the memory of these great heroes of the past? Only time will tell—but what a performance it will have to be!

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(Continued from page 9)

They failed to regain the Munster title until 1958, but, when they did so, they came rampant out of Munster to regain the All-Ireland title with something to spare. They followed that up by winning back the National League title, but then, very surprisingly, lost their Munster title to Waterford in 1959.

They came back, however, to win the Munster crown again in 1960 and faced Wexford in the All-Ireland final. I do not remember any other game of its kind in which both the critics and public opinion were so fully convinced that there could be only one result—that Wexford could not win and that Tipperary could not lose. And yet, the impossible happened; the Wexfordmen took the title against all the odds.

Again last year, Tipperary came through to the final, and again met in Dublin a very unfancied side, and had a tremendous battle before they achieved victory.

And now Wexford and Tipperary meet again in this final of 1962. This time, however, public opinion will be very sharply divided as to who will win. Some claim that the powerful hurlers from the Slaney have the "Indian Sign" on Tipperary nowadays; others with equal justification feel that Tipperary, with that 1960 defeat to avenge, will be all out to achieve victory and will do so fairly comfortably.

On form, there cannot be much between them. Tipperary were beaten by Kilkenny in the League semi-final at Nowlan Park, whereas Wexford beat Kilkenny in the Leinster final.

On the other hand, Limerick beat Wexford in the National League, but after holding Tipperary to a draw in their first championship meeting, were swept out of the way in the replay at Cork.

The Tipperary men then showed their best form of the year with another convincing victory over

Waterford in the Munster final, and let it be remembered that Waterford had beaten Cork well in the semi-final.

Yet this time, while one can never fully measure the resources of these Wexford players, on many of whom the years seem to make no impression whatever, I am inclined to make Tipperary favourites. Two years ago the failure of Jimmy Doyle was a major factor in Tipperary's defeat. But even though he is again opposed to John Nolan (and there is no better half-back in Ireland) I do not believe that the Thurles wonder will be out of it this time, and I feel that he will spark the Tipperarymen to victory.

Wexford, however, are the greatest-hearted side in the game. No one knows what heights they can attain when the mood is on them, and win, lose or draw they will again give every spectator value for money at Croke Park on this first Sunday of September, 1962.



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Those misleading headlines

THE ONE-WAY SLANT

By PETER BYRNE

STRANGE isn't it that when anything untoward happens on a Gaelic football or hurling pitch, a certain section of our National Press always sees fit to give it the "full treatment" as if someone had been lynched.

"Disgraceful Scenes" or "Unsavoury Incidents" are some of the phrases which come most readily to the minds of those sub-editors who, apparently, delight in putting scare headings on match reports.

Of course, these same gentlemen always make sure to "play" reports of rugby brawls well down the page just in case it might offend the rug-and-whiskey brigade.

They carefully avoided to give much mention of the rough-house tactics which nearly caused the British Rugby League team's tour of Australia to be hastily abandoned this summer or, for that matter, the numerous "incidents" which marked the Rugby Union team's tour "down under."

And the fact that police had to use tear-gas to break up an angry mob at a soccer match in Greece or that 50 people were treated in hospital after a Rangers-Celtic game in Glasgow, only merits a couple of lines tucked away at the end of the page.

But just let the slightest little incident occur at a G.A.A. game and it's sure to be splashed across the headlines the following morning. It makes one wonder just how free our National Press really is!

Now, no true Gael condones these incidents and we, in common with other sporting organisations, would like to see our games rid completely of any tactics which would smear the

fair name of the G.A.A. That is the goal we are striving for but apparently we needn't expect any help from certain newspaper men.

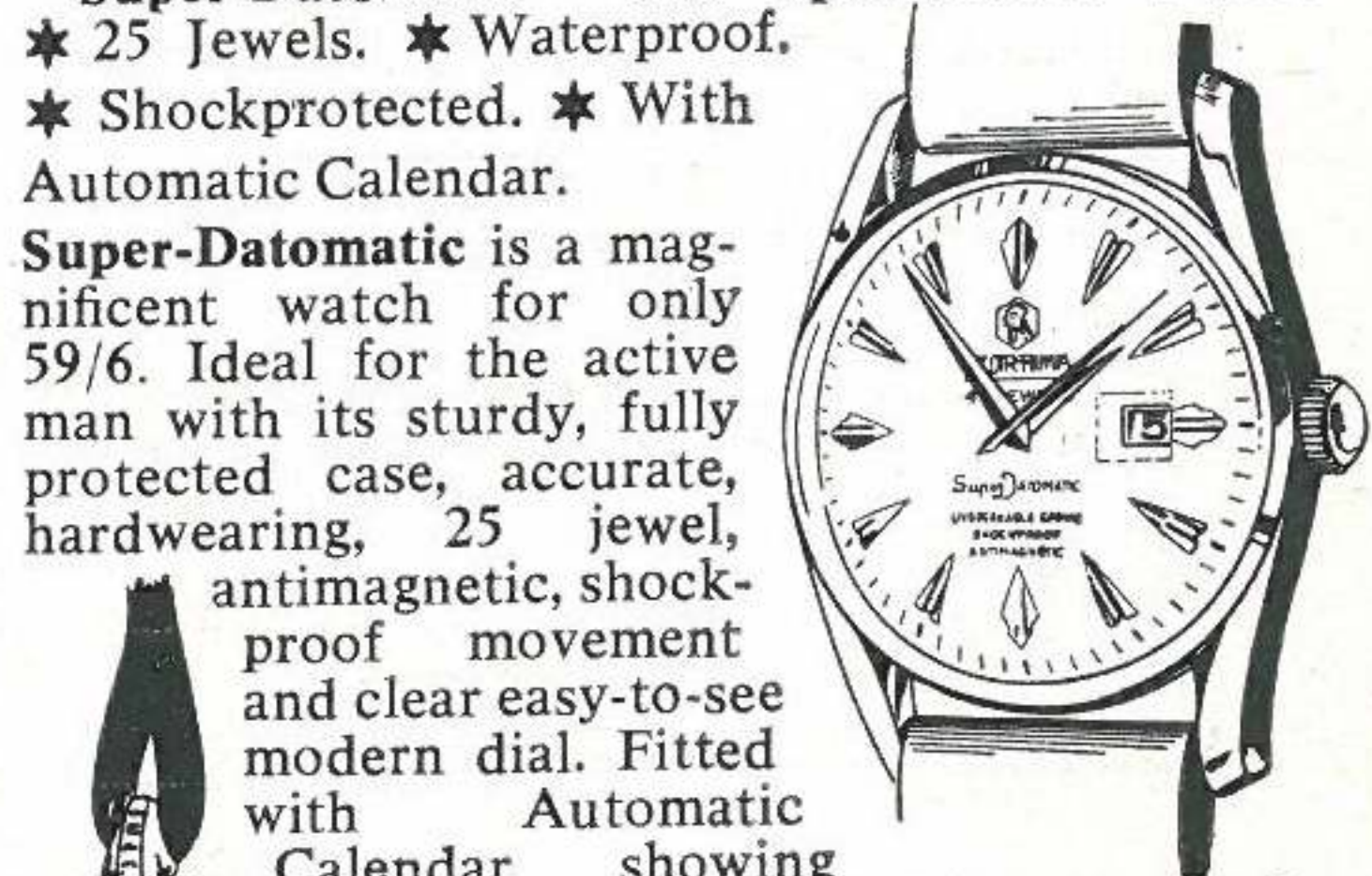
Accordingly a great deal of responsibility weighs heavily on those men who are honoured to be playing in those inter-county games in which there is nation-wide interest. For on their behaviour rests the good name of the Association.

Gaelic football and hurling are strictly men's
(Continued overleaf)

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Tony Wall (centre) one of Tipperary's key men in the hurling final against Wexford.

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 and the subscription fee covers postage.*

(Continued from page 63).

games—and let's all be thankful for that. Good, honest-to-goodness shoulder-to-shoulder exchanges are part and parcel of both games and I am sure no true Irishman would wish it otherwise.

But in such a type of game the danger of men becoming over enthusiastic is, indeed, a live one and even one doubtful tackle can spark off a train of incidents which, unfortunately, can ruin a game.

Those are the type of tactics our Gaelic footballers and hurlers must guard against. Caution must ever be uppermost in their minds and while it isn't always easy to curb one's enthusiasm, level heads must at all times prevail.

In this matter of dangerous play referees must, of course, play a big and vital part. All too often the "man in the middle" is made the scapegoat for dirty play and saddled with most of the blame for any flare-ups.

The vast majority of our referees are good, efficient and scrupulously fair officials. But unfortunately, you will get the odd official whose mis-guided sense of fairness sometimes persuades him to let blatant offenders go unpenalised.

This is one of the root causes of the trouble. Players when they get an inch sometimes think they can take a mile and trivial incidents can often snowball at a fantastic pace.

Let the official in charge be firm and straight from the start. Any kind of dangerous play, no matter how well-known the offender is, merits the line and if our referees pursue this course of action, it won't be long before the odd flare-up on our Gaelic fields disappears completely.

Then some of our more bitter scribes had better start reading up on croquet!



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