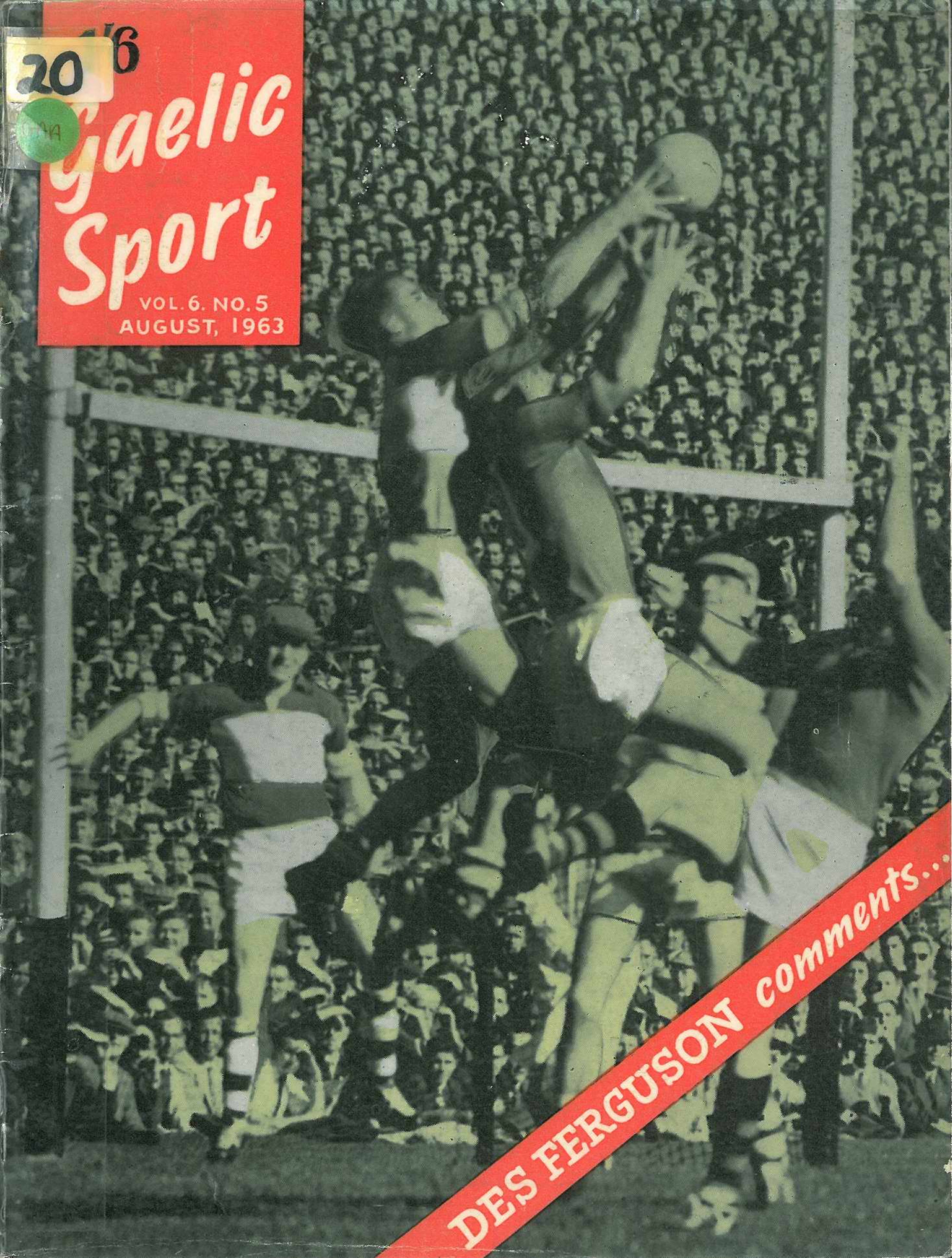


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Gaelic Sport

VOL. 6. NO. 5
AUGUST, 1963



DES FERGUSON comments...



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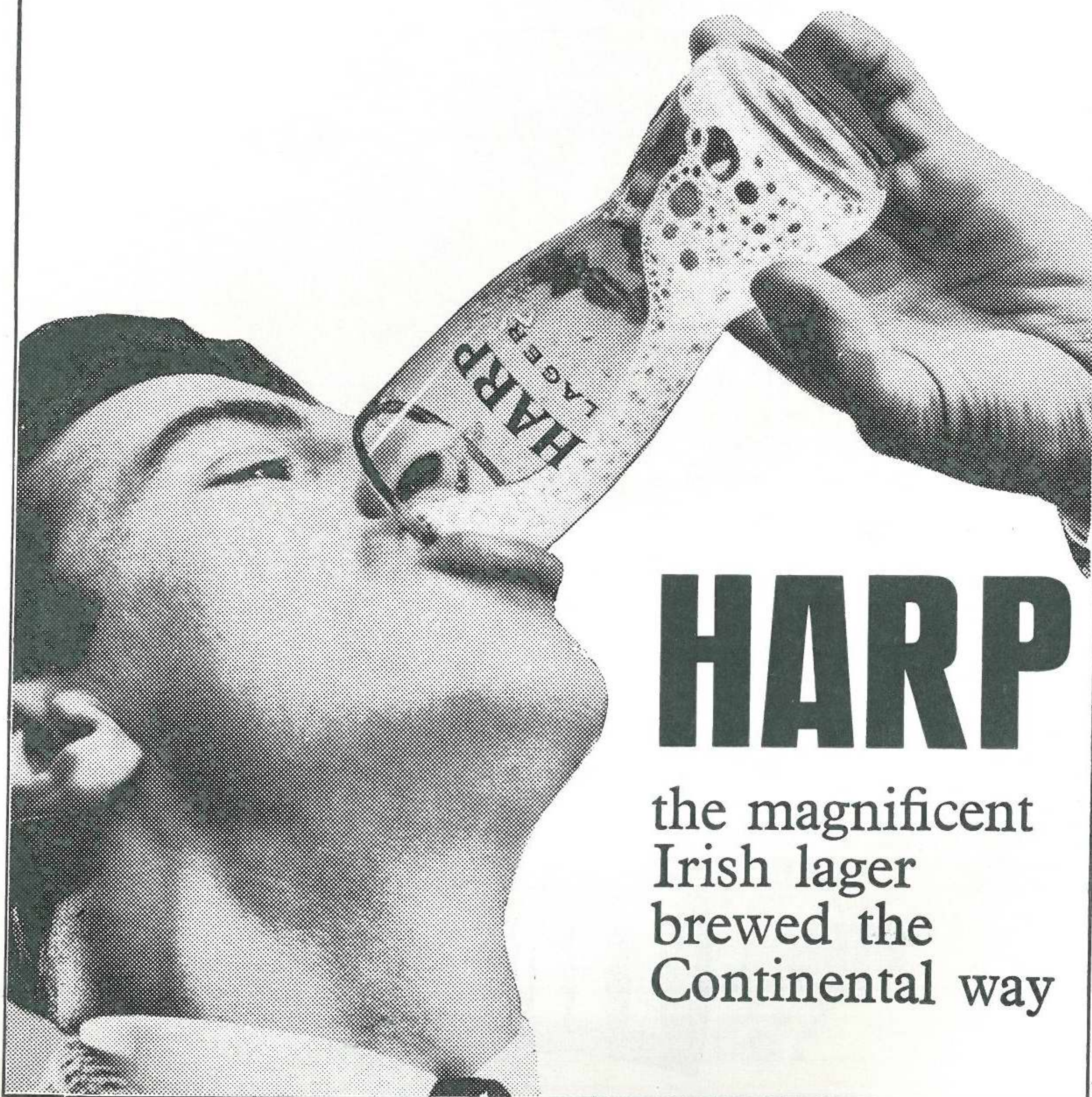
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Gaelic Sport

Vol. 6. No. 5. August, 1963

COMMENT

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MINORITY VIEW

SHOULD expert coaching become an integral part of Gaelic games, and particularly of Gaelic football? We are quite certain that the answer to that question would be an overwhelming affirmative if players, officials and followers had the means of expressing their views.

In an age of fantastic progress and continual and dedicated striving for perfection in all spheres of activity, and not least in almost all branches of sport, it is only natural that our own players and followers — and here again we refer specifically to football, hurling being almost perfect in its pristine structure — should aspire to and work for new and higher standards of performance.

Men like the late Dick Fitzgerald of Kerry and the present Kerry trainer, Dr. Eamon O'Sullivan, have contributed enormously by their writings to the development of the science and skill of the game. It is now good to see that young men like Joe Lennon of Down, and many others of his generation, are thinking and writing along similar, and in some cases, more advanced lines.

While this is tremendously encouraging it is nevertheless disturbing to note that there are still people in our midst, professing an interest in the welfare of the game, who would have us turn back to the old, reactionary, kiss-of-death attitude—"what was good enough for our fathers should be good enough for us."

A letter signed "Keep it

Gaelic" in this issue of *Gaelic Sport*, which is in reply to an article that appeared here last month, vehemently opposes the advancement of science and skill through coaching because (quote) "it is the honour of the little village that makes the game attractive to us, and not the actual standard."

Our correspondent would be amusing if his opinions were not so dangerous when he says: "I am not opposing the ideas expressed [in the article] because they are alien, which they are, but because they are wrong in their basic approach."

What, may we ask, is the right basic approach? Does our correspondent also deplore the process of evolution which has transformed the game over 80 years? Does he wish to be back in the 'eighties, in the days of rough-and-tumble, when the game was raw and young? Does he regret that the great Kerry-Kildare games of 1903 (the games which, reputedly, "made" Gaelic football) ever took place? At what point, precisely, does he think time should have stood still?

It is consoling to remember that the people who hold such reactionary views are few and far between to-day. And at the same time, it is immensely heartening to know that there are men like Joe Lennon who, while cherishing the old, traditional features of the game, will go on searching and planning and working for ever-greater science and skill in this great pastime of Gaelic football.



M. O'Connell

COUNT ON THE KINGDOM

THE Kingdom is ready to come of age. The 21st All-Ireland senior football title is about to be won, but first Galway must be disposed of in the semi-final.

Certainly Galway are not to be underrated. They were impressive in the league and looked even better in the Connacht championship. However, they might have been better served had they to overcome sterner opposition.

Kerry's outing against Tipperary in the Munster semi-final did the Kingdom little good either, but the Cork game was hard and lively and it was just what the two doctors ordered.

Not in a long time has the county had such an abundance of talent. As I write this, the team for the semi-final has yet to be picked but certainly there will be plenty of big names among the substitutes.

Kerry are never more determined than when there is something special at stake. And when Kerry are really determined they are almost unbeatable.

In 1953 it was the Golden Jubilee of the first championship victory. This year the Sam Maguire Cup is even more attractive. No county has ever

'Laune Ranger'

made it twenty-one and who better to do it than the Kingdom.

Mick O'Connell was brilliant against Cork and it now appears that the Valentianman is only reaching his peak. Croke Park will see him in full splendour during the next two games.

Granted the backs were not all that good against Cork. There were a few scores conceded which should not have been but, as is well known, Kerry never get down to real training until the stakes are high.

They will be high against Galway and they will be higher still in the final.

Now don't get me wrong. I am too old a hand to think that Galway will not make it a hard game. They will and always have done.

I was there when they drew with us and then won in the 1938 final. But that was the only real big occasion. Kerry's list of victories over the Tribesmen would fill this page.

There is too much at stake for Kerry to lose this year and despite Galway's best efforts and the efforts of whoever will be there against us in the final, Kerry are going to win.

We have always been fond of the old Sam Maguire Cup but this year we are really in love with it.



Tim Lyons



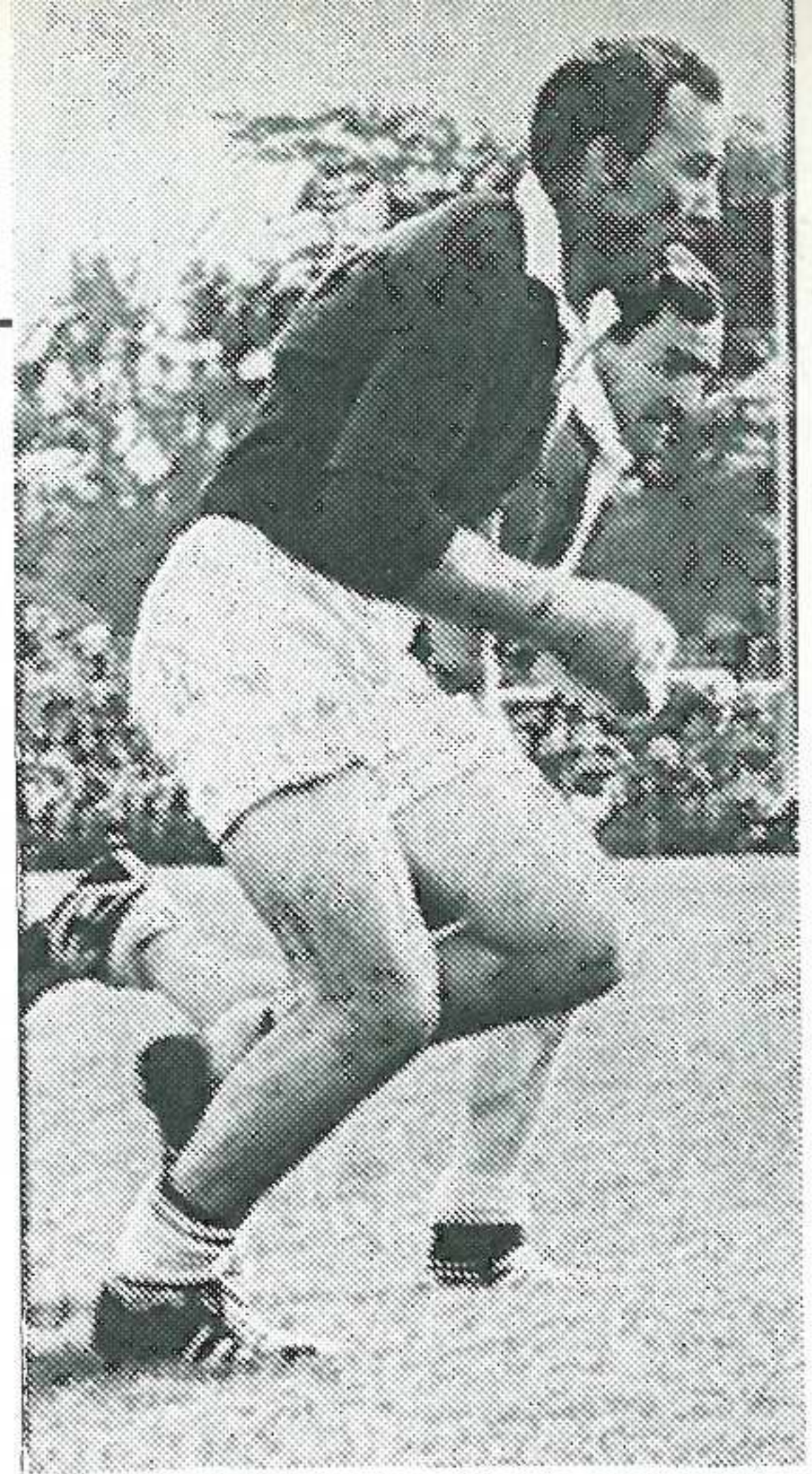
Tom Long



Seamus Murphy

WE ARE GEARED TO HALT THE CHAMPS

'Old Tuam Star'



Mick Garrett (Galway)

WHIST there and I'll let you in on a secret—Galway are going to beat Kerry in the All-Ireland semi-final. I'm daft, you say! Well maybe I am, but sure daft people are inspired sometimes.

Tell me now, were you in Castlebar? You weren't—well then son, sure what do you know about it? Yes, Galway will beat Kerry and cause the surprise of the year and I'll tell you why.

We have a better team than in '56. Granted Sean Purcell is no more, but man for man this year's team is a better balanced one. Every single one of the forwards is a score-getter and a footballer to his finger tips.

That game against Down in the league semi-final did Galway the world of good. It knocked the cockiness out of a young team that was that way inclined, and they haven't looked back since.

There were spells—especially in the first half, against Mayo, when all was not going well, but in the second half, they showed their true colours and sure against Leitrim they were unbeatable.

Leitrim were easy to beat, you say — well if they were, then Sligo and Roscommon must be mighty bad. No, Leitrim were no bad team, it was just that they happened to meet a great one.

There are no weak links on the Galway side and that is something which few counties can boast of. They are solid in every department. They have size where size is required and sure they have speed to burn.

Mick Garrett is a grand captain and now not

far, if anything, behind Mick O'Connell as a midfielder. Alongside him, Mick Reynolds is a match for anyone.

Kerry will not find it easy in this department. Don't mind the talk that Garrett never plays well in Croke Park—sure he hasn't been there that often.

Behind this pair, Enda Colleran and his boys rarely put a foot wrong and when they do isn't Martin Newell, of the lively brain, and his fellow fulls, always there.

However, it is the forwards who will really rock the Kingdom. Seamus Leyden is now the best half-forward in the game—not that he hasn't been for some time if people had bothered to take notice.

Inside him Pat Donnellan is almost just as good. Purcell and Stockwell may be gone but this Leyden-Donnellan combination can be just as handy when it comes to scoring.

And then there is McDonagh from Ballygar. Still only a young fellow, he has played in eight Connacht senior finals and he'll play in eight more. Mattie will field with the best of the Kerry men and what's more he'll come down with it.

Cyril Dunne—he didn't steal it, of course, is another match winner. Not as hardy as his father maybe but he is handier.

I could go on but maybe you believe me now. You don't, well I suppose every man to his own ignorance. Well 'tis not far off. I'll say no more.

MEMORABLE YEAR FOR THE BANNER COUNTY

IT is a long time since they had reason to celebrate in the Banner County but then there are still the old and the not too old who remember 1932 — the year when there really was something to celebrate.

The big break-through had been threatening to come for a long time. In 1927 Clare had held All-Ireland champions Cork to level scores at half-time and a year later at Thurles they drew with the Leesiders only to lose the replay. In 1929 Clare lost narrowly to Tipperary while in 1930 they beat Cork only to lose again to the Premier County. The following year the men of Dáil gCais fell to Cork but it was a game which perhaps should have been won and so in 1932 hopes were high in every parish from Loop Head to Killaloe.

The draw in the Munster championship provided Clare with an easy passage into the final for only Kerry had to be beaten and this was duly done on Sunday, July 3. The provincial final lay four weeks ahead and having had a try-out against a visiting American side at the Show Grounds, Ennis, on Sunday, July 17, the Claremen immediately went into full-time training at Mountshannon. In charge was the very able and respected Stephen Clune and under his tutorship preparation was earnestly begun.

The tempo of the training camp was somewhat upset a few days prior to the game when Tom Cos-

telloe, the youngest member of the side, became ill and had to be removed to hospital but a job had still to be done and the preparation continued.

Clare did, of course, face a colossal task. They were confronted by Cork, the reigning All-Ireland champions, who had won the title eleven months previous in a never to be forgotten three-game battle royal with Kilkenny. That Cork



LEFT:
P. (Fowler)
McInerney
(Clare)

RIGHT:
D. B.
Murphy
(Cork)



were expected back in Croke Park for the 1932 final was to put it mildly—but still there was hope in Clare.

Thurles, July 13, and twenty-five thousand were there to bear witness. Clare captain John Joe Doyle won the toss and the man with the goggles opted to play with the breeze. Referee, Willie Gleeson, sounded the whistle and the 1932 Munster hurling final was on.

Clare attacked, Falvey sending to Burnell but Cork cleared. Again Mick Falvey gained possession at mid-field and again the Cork defence stood firm with Jim Regan sending a long one into Clare territory where Denny Barry Murphy collected and sent inches wide.

Tommy Daly, the wonder man between the posts, pucked out. Jack Gleeson doubled on it at mid-field and Michael Connery added, sending it towards the square where Tull Considine lifted and hit in one graceful movement and Clare were a point ahead.

Five minutes gone—ten—fifteen and still only one lone point in the game. Leaside supporters felt more than satisfied for the breeze was strong and it would be theirs in the second half.

Jim Houlihan pointed a Clare seventy but still Cork looked safe—and then suddenly the game took a turn. Another long Houlihan delivery found the square and from there the net and then two minutes later the incident was repeated. Clare were eight points clear. Cork's reaction was as might be expected. They launched a series of assaults and just on the stroke of time Murphy crashed home a goal.

And so it was at the break—Clare 2-1 Cork 1-0. It was a slim lead and even the most loyal among Clare's supporters were not optimistic. It began to rain.

The second half was on and Cork attacked and were awarded a close-in free. Jim Hurley sent

low and hard and from the crowded square Daly was given no chance as the ball was whipped past him and to the net.

Only two points in it and the breeze continued to blow the rain into the faces of the Clare defence . . . and here were Cork again. But this time the mighty Pat "Fowler" McInerney was before them and he cleared.

Falvey and Gleeson tried valiantly to stem the tide at mid-field but Cork were set to clinch the issue and they attacked again and again. However, it was without result for the "Fowler" was unbeatable and behind him Daly was performing miracles.

And so it continued for the next ten minutes with Cork, backed by wind and rain, attacking and Clare defying every effort to raise a flag. Slowly it dawned on the vast Clare contingent on the sideline that Cork could be held and a great chorus of cheering rose to echo with every clearance.

The vocal support seemed to drive Clare to even greater efforts and when Tom O'Rourke sent a sweet ground ball across the square an avalanche of saffron and blue clad forwards finished it to the net. Clare were again five points clear.

Cork replied with a goal per Jim Hurley but again the Clare defence, anchored in the indomitable "Fowler," defied them to add another, and with time ticking away a roving Tull Considine



P. O'Reilly (left) and M. Power of Kilkenny.

fastened on a ball and catching the entire Leaside defence flat-footed, he sped through to crash home the clinching goal.

On the stroke of time Jim Hurley had a Cork point. However, it was but a Lee swan-song and the All-Ireland champions were defeated. Clare had brought off the surprise of the year and for the first time since 1914 they were Munster champions.

Sunday August 14, saw Clare take the field against Galway at Limerick in the All-Ireland semi-final and this time the Banner County were favourites. However, as often before and since, Galway had been underrated and no sooner had referee, Jimmy Flaherty of Tullamore, got the game underway than the Tribesmen were a goal ahead.

From the puck-out it was clear that Galway were the faster side for they moved like greyhounds, whipping over point after point. At mid-field Mick Gill was supreme and was supplying the forwards with a nonstop service. Up front, Mick King, saw to it that the service was not wasted.

Half-time brought welcome relief for a reeling Clare fifteen. They were being led 4-7 to 2-0. In the centre of the field they made somewhat of a dejected picture and even the arrival of Cork's Jim Barry did not help to cheer-up the prospects.

Galway opened the second half with a point and thirty seconds later added another. Mick Gill then swept through to add a third and Galway were sixteen points clear.

Quite suddenly there came a Clare goal and then another. A group of spectators, who had been on their way from the grounds, hurried back and when Jim Houlihan added another point, Clare hopes began to rise slowly again.

However, it was short lived. Mick King had two Galway points and Gill added two more—all in the space of three minutes. Galway were thirteen points clear with as many minutes remaining.



Top left: J. Houlihan (Clare). Top right: L. Meagher (Kilkenny). Bottom left: J. Hurley (Cork). Bottom right: T. Burnell (Clare).

A stream of spectators hurried to the exits. Even a Tull Considine goal in the 49th minute did not stop the exodus. Connery added a Clare point and then came another Considine goal. Nine minutes in the game.

Time ticked on and somehow Considine was in possession again. Once more he turned, weaved and shot and the net shook. Six points remained. Tom O'Rourke made it five but Galway came back for Mick King to make it six again. Four minutes remained.

Then the amazing genius that was Tull Considine goaled again and then the unbelievable . . . Considine goaled a fifth time and they were level.

Such an amazing rally could not but inspire to even greater efforts and every Clareman on the field threw what remained of his ebbing strength into the search for the winning score.

So hard they tried that not one but three scores came in the dying minutes of the game—a Houlihan point and two further goals by Considine.

And there it was—unbelievable

(Continued on page 51)



SO CONSISTENTLY GOOD

TOP TEN

FOR the third month GAELIC SPORT lists the top ten footballers and hurlers of the preceding month, based on individual performances. The players are listed in order of merit.

These lists are completed by our editorial staff and are based entirely on games played during the period specified. These current lists are decided on games played from and including Sunday, June 23, to Sunday, July 14.

Both lists show almost a complete change from last month with only Pa Connolly (Kildare) and P. J. Keane (Limerick) remaining.

An unusual feature of this month's rankings is that Dublin's Des Ferguson figures on both lists. His brilliant comeback against Kildare and Laois has him in second place on the football list.

This system of recording great performances on a monthly basis provides a detailed guide to the footballer and hurler of the year. Watch this page in GAELIC SPORT each month and follow the feats of the stars.

Carlow's Willie Hogan still leads as the top hurling championship scorer. The current lists are based on senior games played up to and including Sunday, July 14. A second Carlowman, Liam Walsh, shares joint second place. However, it must be remembered that Carlow have had three championship games.

In the football list Leitrim's Cathal Flynn leads, closely followed by Donegal's Harry Laverty. The football list shows a complete change from last month, except for Kildare's Harry Fay, who still retains a place.



Larry Guinan, the Waterford right half-back, whose outstanding game against Limerick in the Munster semi-final on July 7 earns him second place in our ratings of the top ten hurlers.

HURLING

- 1.—E. KEHER (Kilkenny).
- 2.—L. GUINAN (Waterford).
- 3.—O. WALSH (Kilkenny).
- 4.—W. RACKARD (Wexford).
- 5.—S. Mc LOUGHLIN (Tipperary).
- 6.—P. GRIMES (Waterford).
- 7.—P. WILSON (Wexford).
- 8.—JOHN DOYLE (Tipperary).
- 9.—D. FERGUSON (Dublin).
- 10.—P. J. KEANE (Limerick).

THE LEADING MARKSMEN

HURLING

- 1.—W. HOGAN (Carlow) 5-3.
- 2.—E. KEHER (Kilkenny) 2-5.
R. BROWNE (Cork) 3-2.
L. WALSH (Carlow) 1-8.
- 5.—J. SMITH (Clare) 1-7.

FOOTBALL

- 1.—C. FLYNN (Leitrim) 1-18.

FOOTBALL

- 1.—S. FERRITER (Donegal).
- 2.—D. FERGUSON (Dublin).
- 3.—M. WHELAN (Dublin).
- 4.—M. GARRETT (Galway).
- 5.—M. O'CONNELL (Kerry).
- 6.—J. McCARTAN (Down).
- 7.—T. BROWNE (Laois).
- 8.—S. LEYDEN (Galway).
- 9.—L. FOLEY (Dublin).
- 10.—P. CONNOLLY (Kildare).

- 2.—H. LAVERTY (Donegal) 2-10.
- 3.—N. DELANEY (Laois) 3-5.
- 4.—H. FAY (Kildare) 2-7.
- 5.—S. LEYDEN (Galway) 3-3.
H. DONNELLY (Offaly) 1-9.
M. WHELAN (Dublin) 1-9.

RESULTS OF SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP TIES

June 23:

S.F. Leitrim 1-8; Roscommon 1-3.
S.F. Dublin 2-6; Kildare 1-5.
S.F. Kerry 5-10; Tipperary 1-6.
S.F. Cavan 3-9; Derry 2-8.

June 30:

S.H. Tipperary 4-7; Cork 1-11.
S.H. Dublin 3-12; Carlow 2-5.
S.F. Laois 2-7; Offaly 0-9.

July 7:

S.H. Kilkenny 4-9; Wexford 3-8.
S.H. Waterford 2-15; Limerick 3-6.
S.F. Down 0-9; Armagh 0-5.

July 14:

S.F. Dublin 2-11; Laois 2-9.
S.F. Kerry 1-18; Cork 3-7.
S.F. Galway 4-11; Leitrim 1-6.
S.F. Donegal 4-5; Cavan 0-6.

**GO
WELL**

GO



TEAMS WITH A FUTURE

DES FERGUSON



DUBLIN are Leinster champions again but we certainly had to work hard to overcome the men of Laois. It was a hard but sporting game and with a little more experience Laois should come again. They made mistakes but will probably have learned from them and I expect that come next season they will be an improved side.

I did not see the O'Moore County in the years of its greatness, 1936-'38, but I did see Tommy Murphy and Bill Delaney play in later years and while they were both past their best by then, there can be no doubt but that the Laois side of the 'thirties must have been one of the finest, if not the finest, to fail in an All-Ireland championship.

Looking back to the Kildare game, I felt rather sorry for the Lily Whites. There is nothing as disappointing as entering a game firm favourites and then having more than your share of the play, but yet losing.

Certainly Danny Flood's absence was a big blow. I wonder how would things have been had he fielded. Still Kildare must surely come again. They are a rather young side and will no doubt have learned a lesson from the defeat. They should certainly make a bold bid for divisional honours in the National League—despite Kerry.

It was ironic that the Lily Whites should have been handicapped by lack of scoring power. On the same day in New York, Pat Cummins, who

earlier in the Summer left Kildare for America, had the game of his life.

Playing with Kilkenny against Kerry in the New York league final, I am told that he was the man of the match and scored five points from play together with having a hand in a few other scores as well.

The absence of Seamus Nugent and Jimmy Cummins were further blows to Kildare, but these two fine players will soon be back.

Carlow put up a fine show against Dublin in the Leinster hurling semi-final considering that it was their first year in senior competition.

However, I was even more impressed by their minors who drew with Dublin and although these boys later failed in the replay, I think Carlow can still look to the future with confidence.

In three to five years time I expect this county to be knocking on the All-Ireland door.

But then if Carlow hurling can look to the future with confidence so can hurling at large, for what Carlow has done surely any county, who gets down to the job with the same enthusiasm, can do.

Carlow has proven that hurlers need not necessarily be born, but can be made and if we do have a marked hurling revival in the weaker counties during the next decade—and indications point to it, much of the credit will belong to the hurling men of Carlow.

ANOTHER LORY MEAGHER

THERE are some times when I almost despair about the future of hurling and then I see a match like the National League final between Tipperary and Waterford or the recent Leinster semi-final between Wexford and Kilkenny, and all my doubts vanish, for it is obvious from such games that craft and style and stick-work and dash and hurling skill are all very much alive, and will be alive as long as a caman is swung in those areas. And to me the most heartening thing of all that day Kilkenny and Wexford played in Croke Park, was the fine hurling shown us by the Wexford minors.

A few years ago it would have been unexpected if Wexford beat Laois in a minor game, or, I suppose, in any other hurling match for that matter, and in view of the fact that Laois had some of the successful side from Patrican College, Ballyfin in their ranks, I thought they might have the better of this clash. But Wexford out-hurled them in every sector and that proved to any one with a long-term view that when the present crop of great Wexford hurlers have moved on, there are plenty of good youngsters in the county to take their places.

It is good to see the future of hurling assured beside the Slaney and from what we have seen of the minors from both counties in the past five years or so, when their speed and craft often showed up the senior finals that followed them in a rather poor light indeed, there can be no fears at all for the future of hurling in Kilkenny and Tipperary, but the monotony with which these two counties have been appearing in the minor finals sounds a very loud warning

in itself. Where have the other counties been these past four or five seasons. I know those minors from Kilkenny and Tipperary have given us some wonderful matches, but a man who came only to All-Ireland finals might be pardoned for thinking that there have been no other teams in the competition.

After the Kilkenny-Wexford match I was talking to a few old friends whose opinions were divided as to whether or not Kilkenny were yet a top-grade side, but I was interested in the remarks of two men who, like myself, can look back over nearly forty years of Leinster hurling. The reason I was interested is because all three of us remarked how very like Lory Meagher, Eddie Keher is becoming in style and personal appearance on the field.

All three of us were, of course, talking not of the Lory Meagher of the thirties which is the Lory that most people remember, but of the Lory Meagher of the 'twenties when he was only winning his way onto the Kilkenny team.

Most people when they talk of Lory Meagher to-day remember only the days when Lory was one of the greatest mid-fielders the game has seen, a superb striker and an experienced tactician. The Lory Meagher we were talking about the other Sunday was the slim youngster whom I first saw play on the wing for Kilkenny around the middle 'twenties, and the similarity between the Lory of those days and the Eddie Keher of to-day was, we were all agreed, very striking indeed.

True, Keher has a lot to learn before he becomes the master of his craft that Lory was, but he is young yet, and the talent is there. And there is one advantage that

Eddie has over the young Lory that we remembered, he is the makings of a burlier man.

And, if Keher does mature into another Lory Meagher, Kilkenny will be blessed indeed, for looking back across the years I doubt if I remember any hurler who, in his prime, carried with him the grace and glamour that Lory did, and I can say that I saw him almost right through his long career.

One of the fascinating things about Lory was this, that he was unpredictable. Like all great artists, and he was an artist, he was temperamental. There were days when, for him, just nothing seemed to go right, just as he had his days when nothing would go wrong, and when Lory was hurling at his grandest there was nothing that I have seen to equal him in hurling either before or since.

For a start he looked the part. Tallish, slight enough, but wiry, handsome with slightly aquiline features, a very reserved man even in the days when he was the idol of all Leinster and the most talked of man in the hurling world.

But the thing that fascinated the crowds about Lory was this, that as well as being a great hurler he was a great stylist. Every ball he struck was a model of how that ball should be struck. Lory Meagher scoring a point from a '70' or a far-out free was a joy to watch, a true example of poetry in motion.

I remember as if it were only yesterday the exhibition he gave against Cork in the first replay of the 1931 All-Ireland final, when for a long time it looked as though his uncanny brilliance would carry the Noremen through, and my chief memory is of the style and elegance of his hurling that day,

and this through some of the closest and most tense passages of play that Croke Park has ever seen.

Lory, in the end of all, laboured in vain against Cork, but he saw many a bright day after and the game that lingers perhaps most sharply in memory still is the rain-storm final against Limerick in 1935. Meagher was a veteran then and one would have expected that, on a day when a continuous cloud-burst left Croke Park almost ankle-deep in water, his artistry with the ball would have been anything but suited to the conditions.

And yet he, of all men there, rose most conspicuously superior to the elements. One flash above all lingers indelibly. It is mid-way through the second half; Kilkenny force a line-ball very near the corner flag under the old corner stand near the Railway Wall.

Meagher trotted down to take it, and I can still remember noting that his grey tweed cap was jet black from all the wet it had soaked up. Through a grey curtain of rain he swung and struck, and the sliothar sped shoulder high and straight as a die to the centre of the Limerick 'square' where the intruding Martin White, long since a well-known Dublin businessman, connected so superbly with that perfect cross, that we only knew it was a goal by the shower of rain drops which the ball sent flying from the net as it struck the very centre of the rigging.

That, perhaps, was Meagher's most famous hour (it was the one and only time he captained Kilkenny to All-Ireland victory), but his memory will never grow dim, not alone for his hurling ability but also I think because in his build, his breeding, his diffidence He typified to the whole county and to all of Ireland the race from which he was sprung, that people which the old Annalists called the Deer-folk of Ossory, the people who, despite every vicissitude of the centuries, are to-day the men of the Black and Amber.



*Clubman Continental
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PAID TO FIGHT AT CROKE PARK!

PHILIP RODERICK

I HAVE been going to Croke Park for quite a long time—the first All-Ireland final I saw was between Kilkenny and Clare in 1932—and, while there have been endeavours from time to time to cast a veil of secrecy over certain incidents that have happened on the sacred sod of our National Headquarters, I must confess that I have seen quite a fair share of fist fights there.

Happily they have never been of long duration and were usually over and done with in a matter of seconds and well forgotten after the games were over.

But not such a long time ago I had the pleasure of a long chat with a man who was paid to put up "his dooks" in Croke Park and whose appearance there with another man brought displeasure to a large crowd when neither succeeded in putting the other away for the long count.

The occasion was the Republican Open-Air Boxing Tournament in December 1919 at Croke Park, sponsored by Brigadier Sean Mooney and the man I was chatting with was Tommy Moloney, one of the last of the great Irish prize-fighters.

At the time Tommy had just returned to Dublin and had taken up boxing again with the famous Jack Marks of Liffey Street. His first big fight was to be at Croke Park—a 20-round contest against Mick O'Beirne of Leinster Street, then the Irish featherweight champion.

The fight brought a great crowd to Croke Park and the ring was pitched right in front of what we know to-day as the Hogan Stand.

It was an even fight and after ten rounds there was little in it,

although most people felt that Tommy just had the edge on the champion.

The eleventh round, however, was the last one and it ended almost fantastically. Snow began to fall and the crowds in the stands, already petrified with the cold, began to complain that they could not see the fighters in the ring because of the snowflakes.

Tommy won the return fight but this one was at Portobello. Apparently the promoters did not feel like risking a second open-air show at Croke Park.

Tommy, however, got paid for fighting on the sacred sod of Croke Park and as he told me some years ago: "I must have been one of the few men to get money for raising my fists in Croke Park."

ALL-IRELAND SPECIALS

WE are telling you in good time —next month's issue of GAELIC SPORT will be by far the biggest and best to-date and it will be on sale at all leading newsagents throughout the country almost a week earlier than usual so as to give readers a complete and detailed preview of the All-Ireland hurling final.

This issue will carry all our usual features written by our top team of G.A.A. personalities and writers PLUS facts, figures, penpictures and the inside story leading to what promises to be an epic final.

In other words—the September issue of GAELIC SPORT will be the best value yet in G.A.A. literature, for it will be available at the usual price of one shilling and sixpence.

Yes, we are telling you now so that you will not be disappointed. The demand for this issue will be immense and as a result some of you, our regular readers, may be left without copies — unless you act now.

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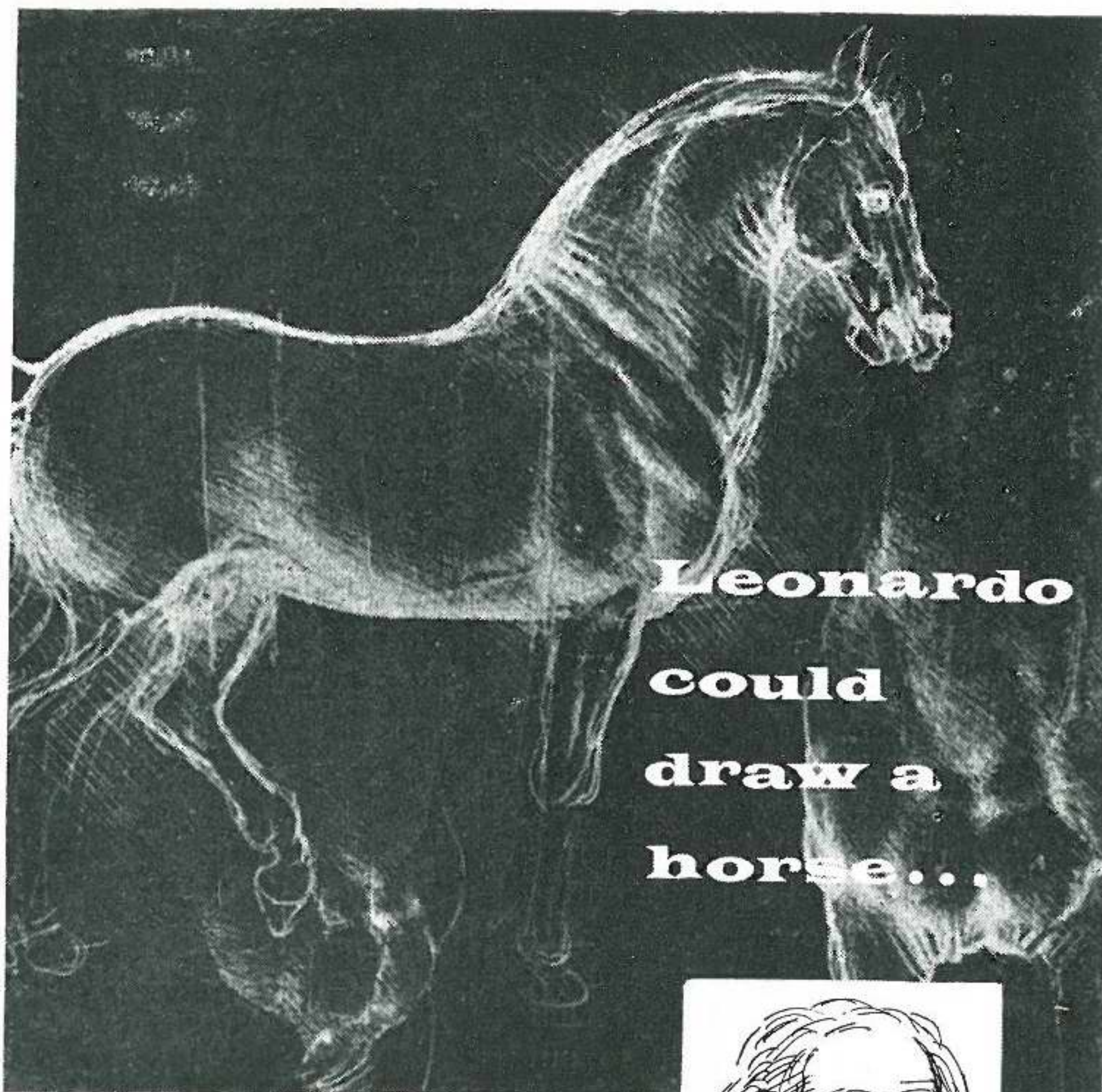
Either way you will not be disappointed.

The October issue will also be appearing earlier than usual so as to cater for the All-Ireland football final on Sunday, September 22. This issue too will be a very special one, so now is the time to make certain of your copy.

Remember, these two issues will combine to form a wonderful souvenir of the finals and will be ideal for sending to friends and relatives abroad.

The September (hurling) issue will be on sale throughout the country on Wednesday, August 28, while the October (football) issue will be on sale on Wednesday, September 18.

Beidh togha agus rogha na scéalaíochta ins na heagrán seo. Ná dearmad iad a chur ar órdú láithreach. Agus coinnigh cuimhne air gurbh í GAELIC SPORT sár-iris Cluichí na nGael.



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BEIDH LÁ EILE

AG UÍ FÁILÍ

Adeir Seán Ó Dúnagáin

DHA bhliain ó shin, ag an taca seo, bhí daoine den tuairim go raibh foireann peile Uí Fáilí ar tí Craobh na hEireann a bhreith leo. D'aontaigh gach éinne (seachas muintir Chontae an Dúin ar ndó!) go raibh mí-ádh orthu sa chluiche leathcheannais 1960 nuair a gearradh pionós 'na gcoinne, rud a thug an deis don Dún athimirt a bheith acu—cluiche a bhuadar 1-7 go 1-5—agus Craobh na hEireann a bhuachaint le 8 gcúilín le sparáil in aghaidh Chiarraí chróga.

Mar sin, tráth an Fhómhair 1961 agus an tarna craobh Laighean 'na ngleic, Roscomáin ar lár acu agus gan ach an Dún le sárú, bhí iniomad daoine a rá gurbé foireann Uí Fáilí foireann na bliana sin agus go mbéarfaidís an Chraobh leo. Mar is eol dúinn anois is beag nár rug agus tháinig ós cionn 90,000 duine leis an gcoimhlint a breathniú, an slua is mó dá raibh riamh ag cluiche ar bith sa tír seo roimhe nó ó shin.

Foireann an-mhaith a bhí ann leis na tacaí is fearr sa tír. Fir láidre scafanta, peileadóirí maithe ar nós na gCiarraíoch a bhí iontu. Mura raibh an Chraobh acu ní raibh a bhfad le fanacht aca, adúrathas. Ach mo léan géar níl a chomartha sin orthu i láthair na huaire.

An bhfuil a ré caite nó an mbeidh lá eile acu? Im' thuairimse beidh lá eile ag na hUí Fáiligh agus tá fáthanna maithe agam mar chruthúnas. I mbliana gortaoidh beirt dena peileadóirí is fearr acu Seán Mac Aodhagáin agus Seán O Riain. Ba mhór an chailliúnt an bheirt, go háirithe in eaghmais Uí Riain, a bhí ag imirt níos fearr ná ariamh. Maille le sin, theip ar an chaptaon, Tomás O hUaithne taisteal ó Shasana don chluiche le Laois agus is duine des na tosaigh cliathánacha is cliste sa pheil eisean.

Chomh maith bhí Lorcán O Cochláin (lár páirce) tinn agus gortaoidh Seán Brereton go lua sa chluiche céanna. Ba bhliain mhí adhmharach ar fad é, ach leis na peileadóirí sin ar ais i 1964 beidh scéal eile ann. Táid siúd uilig óg go leor go fóill.

Cinnté tá cúpla duine ag eirí aosta (nó táid aosta cheana féin!) agus is dócha nach mbeidh siad ar fhoirinn na bliana '64; ach tá go leor ann den caighdeán ceart chun ionadaíocht a dhéanamh orthu. Le roinnt bhlianta bhí fóirne mionúir tharr bárr ag Ua Fáilí—rugadar craobh Laigheann leo i 1960 agus i 1962.

Cheana féin tá beirt athmhionúir ó na blianta sin ar an bhfoirinn—Tomás Furlong agus Pádraig Mac Sheáin. Ceapaim go mbeidh beirt eile den caighdeán céanna in ann dul amach leis na sinnsir an bhliain seo chugainn, Micheál O Riain (cúl-báire) agus Antóin Mac Thaidhg (fear tosaigh). Leis an "fhuil" nua seo agus a gcuid sláinte ag na daoine a luadh thuas ní bhéadh ionadh orm dá mbeadh foireann Uí Fáilí sa chluiche ceannais i 1964.

Is annamh a deintear foireann a "thoghadh" chomh fada seo roimh ré ach molaim do mhuintir Uí Fáilí smaoinemh a dhéanamh ar an gceann seo 'na bhfuil meascán den chiall cheannaithe agus an óige:—

M. Ó Riain

P. Mac Cormaic	G. Mac Aodha	S. Mac Aodhagáin
P. Mac Sheáin	M. Ó Brádaigh	C. Ó Rinn
	L. Ó Cochláin	L. Clinton
T. Mac Thaidhg	S. Ó Riain	T. Furlong
L. Ó Beoláin	F. Weir	A. Ó Donghaile



My wonderful years in

LAST month I began this series of contributions to GAELIC SPORT by recalling the time I spent and the friends I made in counties Monaghan, Waterford, Galway and Kildare. However, I left out one county and for a very good reason — Royal Meath deserves an article all of its own.

Still I suppose I should have mentioned this in last month's article for I have since had three letters and two phone calls asking if my memory had fallen down on the job—or as one letter put it—“What did Meath do to be left out in the cold?”

Well I can assure this writer, who signs himself “Remember '49,” that there is nothing cold about my memory of Meath. It is in fact the very opposite. I feel a great warmth and affection for that county and always will.

Yes, Meath was good to me during my stay and Oldcastle is particularly kind to strangers—even those in the uniform of the law as I was then. 'Twas many the cup of tea that was gladly given and gladly drank in those delightfully kept houses and who could ever forget them or the fishing, shooting and coursing.

But then, of course, G.A.A. affairs have always dominated my life and I suppose will continue to do so until the final long whistle and while in Meath I had plenty of G.A.A. activities to keep me busy.

When I went to Oldcastle first I was still just about fit enough to

kick a ball—but not too long a kick. I turned out with the local club.

My first game, as far as I can remember, was at Ballinvalley against Ballinlough—an old and fine club. My opponent was a character named “Pax” Gaynor . . . and he was a character—all fifteen and a half stone of him.

He was also a great man to give out and between his tongue and his weight I got a fair going over. However, we became the best of friends and so we have remained.

The last twilight flicker of my footballing days came to an end in those mid-forties and I was soon to turn from playing to helping to promote the game. Still, I will always remember my teammates on the Oldcastle fifteen—men like Jimmy Caffrey, Jim Coyle, Connie Farrelly, Donal and Jim Kearney, Terry Dolan and Batt McEnro.

It was a long road from my first All-Ireland final in the early twenties to Royal Meath in the mid-forties but I will always remember those last games with Oldcastle just as I will the first a quarter of a century previous.

The Russell boots were left aside and so I joined men like Eddie Reilly, Owen Clarke, Leo Herbstreet and Jack Gilson himself. Jack was as fine a trainer as you could meet and only recently helped neighbouring Virginia win the Cavan county title.

There is one humorous incident which easily comes to mind con-

cerning Oldcastle and the Meath County Board. The club was faced with an objection on the grounds of having played illegal players.

The “witness for the prosecution” held that he had seen them play at the Ballyjamesduff feis and certainly had the players in question done so, they were illegal.

Well the objection came before the County Board and that grand Gael, Very Rev. Fr. McManus, was in the chair. The witness gave his evidence, describing how he had seen the players in action in the Ballyjamesduff game.

As it happened I was representing Oldcastle at the meeting and I asked our observant friend how long he knew me? “About twenty years,” says he.

Yes, there could be no doubt about it, he knew me as well as I knew myself.

I then asked him how many bands paraded the teams around the field at the Ballyjamesduff game? He said he wasn't sure.

Did he know the linesmen? “No.”

Did he know the referee? “No,” says he, “he was a stranger to me.”

Well as it happened, I was the referee at Ballyjamesduff and I handed the chairman of the Board a letter from the chairman of the feis committee corroborating this fact. Needless to say that was the end of the objection.

Meath

I have always regretted having had to catch out our friend so blatantly—but it just shows you how a game might have been lost.

Football in Meath during those years was coming on by leaps and bounds—thanks to the great work put into it in earlier times by sterling men like Joe Curran, Tom Newman and Sean Giles.

Meath won the Leinster title in 1947, only to lose to Kerry in the All-Ireland semi-final. However, the Royal County was back in 1949.

By then I was on the county selection committee and it was like old times. The Leinster title came after some mighty battles. Then Mayo were beaten in the semi-final and it was Cavan in the final.

There was a grand spirit in that Gibbstown training camp. Under Fr. Tully's care the players formed as happy a group as I have ever seen. There was a wonderful response to the training fund from every corner of the county with everybody from labourers to the richest farmers and horse-trainers contributing their share.

If the present Meath side had the enthusiasm and spirit of the O'Brien's, Michael and Paddy, Brian Smith, Paddy Meegan, Frankie Byrne, Mattie McDonnell, Peter McDermott and that lovable trickster, Bill Halpenny, they would be half way towards winning the All-Ireland title.

(Continued page 21).

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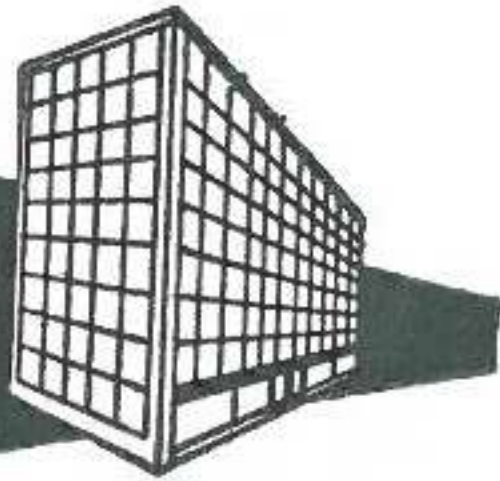
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(From page 19).

I will always remember two things about that 1949 final. The first was the magnificent display of Oldcastle's Jim Kearney. After a decade in retirement he made the greatest comeback on record and played a hero's part in bringing Meath its first All-Ireland title.

Equally well I remember the closing minutes of that game. I was in the dressing-room with Frankie Byrne, who having done two men's share, was injured as the game drew to a close.

There he lay the great Navan sharpshooter and his agony was two-fold for every cheer (and how those cheers sound in under the Cusack Stand) seemed to suggest a Cavan comeback. I tried as best I could to keep him informed as to what was happening without showing any doubt as to the outcome . . . but I could have told him that Cavan are never beaten until the final whistle. However, I kept saying it was 'in the bag' and that it was almost over and in the end I was ten times more excited than had I been sitting on the sideline.

However, all went well and I suppose I can always say that I did commentate on a few minutes of a game even though I had but one listener.

Two hours later I was back keeping the peace but the drive home, with cheering crowds at every town, village and crossroads, emphasised once again how much an All-Ireland title means.

Vividly I can recall the group of Navan children with a donkey bedecked in green and gold. I wonder have any of them grown up since to climb the football ladder. No doubt they have, for who could not aspire to follow in the footsteps of the men of '49.

The Cavan-Meath rivalry has always been keen—particularly as they are neighbours and for weeks after the game "eggles" were



Tom Walsh, of Kilkenny, who made a most successful senior championship debut in the Leinster semi-final against Wexford on July 7.

reluctant to cross the border in case the eggs might be thrown at them rather than bartered.

My playing days were long over but Meath in '49 made me young again and I was happy to have had the privilege of joining with shrewd and sincere men like Fr. Tully, Billy Egleston, Ted Meade, Joe Loughman (God Rest him), Mattie Gilsenan and Senator Jack Fitzgerald, in selecting that team.

And the Gaels of the Royal County showed their appreciation when the entire selection committee was sent to New York when

the team won the 1950-'51 National League.

It was certainly one of the greatest honours bestowed on me and it shows that Meath is not only royal by name but in its gestures as well.

They were happy years—good years, among the footballing folk of that fine county. Since the passing of that great team, Meath has failed to find another winning combination—but it will in time and if I know the Royal County, it will keep right on trying until it does.

DON'T MUZZLE THE PLAYERS

IT was November 1947. Kerry were not long back from the historic All-Ireland final at the Polo Grounds, New York, when on a cheerless day in Tralee, Mayo, who were complete outsiders, held them to a draw in the National League.

Everyone in Ireland was astounded—but they would have been much more so had they known all the facts. And the facts were these.

When we counted heads in Tralee on the Sunday morning before the match we discovered we had only fourteen players — and no subs. In desperation we persuaded one of our car-drivers, Johnny Mulvey (a former player and now Mayo County Board Secretary) to play and persuaded my brother, Finn, (who was then County Board Secretary) to tog out as our only sub. With the other two car-drivers as our only supporters, we brazenly took the field and, in the end, were most unlucky not to have beaten Kerry.

I'm telling that story now, not in an effort to seek praise, but simply to show how a responsible G.A.A. body could lack so much responsibility as to let its senior county team out in the National League with only fourteen players and with only one official in charge.

I know that our team after the match had very definite ideas on the matter and we were not prepared to let it lie there; so, those of us who were based in Dublin—Sean Flanagan, Tom Langan, Joe Gilvarry, Pdraig Carney, Liam Hastings and myself—decided to do something about it.

We composed a lengthy memorandum on the deficiencies in County Board management and policy as we saw them, with particular reference to the selection, training and treatment of players. We suggested remedies and guaranteed that if our recommendations were carried out that we would put Mayo back on the football map.

To bring as much pressure as possible to bear we also sent copies of our memorandum to all the local newspapers—and waited!

Well, our suggestions were accepted; and the next year we won the Connacht title, overwhelmed Kerry in the All-Ireland semi-final and failed by a single point to Cavan in the final—and we hadn't won even a Connacht title for nine years before that.

I'm not saying that our memorandum was responsible for all this but I am saying that it was responsible for a wind of change which blew through G.A.A. management in Mayo and made it possible. And I feel this incident clearly shows that players have a right to be heard and when they are heard and heeded that nothing but good can flow to the Association.

For let's face it—the G.A.A. is a player's organisation. Ninety per cent of its registered members are players and in the long run it is the players who are mainly, even solely, affected by the rules. They have a right to express themselves, then, on the rules or on the work of the Association in any particular respect. And, of course, any opinions they have to express are expressed by them in the best interests of the Association.

And one of the most significant developments in the G.A.A. since World War II is that they have been expressing those opinions most volubly and most articulately—and the G.A.A. is certainly the better for them. If the G.A.A. administration is too far removed from the players and their opinions on topics such as dressing facilities, travelling and hotel arrangements, control of matches, training, competitions, even the playing rules themselves, then they are failing in their duty.

Since the war everything went along happily until Congress this year, when from the floor of the house, without any prior warning, came a motion which sought to prevent members of the G.A.A. from expressing themselves on controversial topics. With the wealth of emotion which Congress can beget on such an occasion and without any reference to its possible effect or its practical difficulties it was passed almost unanimously.

At the time it was felt that the motion referred only to statements made by a referee or County Board officials after incidents or matches but it is now clear that it is intended to refer to any statement made by any player as well. Furthermore, the word "controversial" was not defined by Congress so that it can be interpreted to cover everything that's worth discussing—the hand-pass, full-time training, the Bogue Clock, etc. etc. In fact it depends entirely on the whim of each G.A.A. authority as to what interpretation they would like to put on it.

It was argued at the time that any G.A.A. member who had anything to say should say it through the usual G.A.A. channels. In answer to that I can say that there are lots of G.A.A. authorities in Ireland to whom you would be talking for a long time before you would get any further. Besides, players often have not the time to participate in the forum as well as in the field. Even then, there are some declared players who have no opportunity of making their case in their own county. The net result is that if they can't give their opinions to the Press, they virtually can't be heard. While on the other hand, by giving them to the Press they are ensuring the widest possible support for what they have to say.

There is, of course, no obvious good which can flow to the G.A.A. from preventing players going into print. On the other hand, there may be a great deal of harm.

Last month, for example, the Down Association of Gaelic Sportsmen (in reality, the Down football team) produced the first issue of "The Downman" which is to be a quarterly magazine. The magazine was written, edited and paid for almost entirely by the Down players. Its objects are to bring Down players and spectators closer together, to disseminate information and knowledge of G.A.A. affairs, to give players a platform for their opinions and, generally, to advance the cause of the G.A.A. as much as possible, particularly in the matter of passing on to the younger Down generation all the benefits and experience the present Down team has gleaned.

Could any development be more welcome or any objects more worthy? Would it not be truly tragic if it had to cease publication because of a motion which was shortsighted, unwarranted and, need one say it, unwholesome?

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MEATH LACK A LEADER

WHEN Meath defeated Kerry in the 1954 All-Ireland final they did so with a team that was old by normal football standards, but it still possessed an unconquerable spirit which enabled it to

carry off the Sam Maguire Cup and confound the experts. This was the swan song of the greatest ever Meath team. Within a year of that victory Paddy and Micheal O'Brien, Kevin McConnell, Peter

McDermott and Paddy Meegan had hung up their boots. Since then until recently Meath have been wandering in the wilderness but they haven't lacked company because their great rivals of the late forties and early fifties, Louth, Cavan and Mayo have also been through a very lean period.

In the 1961-62 National League campaign Meath made a heartening showing, only succumbing to Dublin in the semi-final after a ding-dong struggle. However, just when followers were expecting great things from this young, eager side, they slumped to unexpected defeat at the hands of Kildare in the first round of the Leinster championship.

Despite this reverse Meath again came to the fore in the 1962-63 National League and qualified to meet Kerry in the semi-final. Kerry scraped home, but only just, and Meath looked forward to better things in the Leinster championship. This time they survived the first round only to fail by a point to Dublin when they looked home and dry.

What is wrong with Meath football? Why have they shown such consistently good form in the league during the past two years only to fail miserably in the championship? Why is it a case of so near and yet so far? The short answer, of course, is that they are just not good enough, but a bald statement like that does the team less than justice.

The present fifteen are very well equipped physically, being one of the biggest (if not the biggest) team ever to represent the county. But because of their physique several of the players lack that most important asset — speed. The National League games are invariably played on heavy ground



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during the winter and spring months and in such conditions strength and stamina are more of an asset than pace.

But when playing surfaces become hard and fast during the summer months many players who had previously revelled in the heavy underfoot conditions find themselves consistently outpaced during the course of a game, hence one reason for Meath's poor showing in the championship. Speed is a vital factor in modern football and Dr. Eamonn O'Sullivan, the most able trainer in the country, has always placed great stress on it.

The Meath forward line has been the weak sector of the team during the past few years. They have never functioned as a unit, mainly because they lack a leader.

A leader is a player, who, by his style of play has the ability to dictate the pattern of forward play. Ideally, such a player would be the centre half-forward. Think of the contributions such stars as Jimmy Murray of Roscommon, Kevin Armstrong of Antrim, Mick Higgins of Cavan, Sean Purcell of Galway and Jim McCartan of Down have made to the success stories of their respective counties.

In the past few years Meath have tried out at least half a dozen players as pivots of the attack but they have yet to find a worthy successor to Brian Smith or Mattie McDonnell.

The present Meath team are also lacking in teamwork. In the last quarter of the league semi-final against Kerry they subjected the Kingdom defence to sustained and severe pressure, but so often was the ball ballooned high in the air by half-backs, centrefield and half-forwards that one could be forgiven for thinking they were competing to see who could kick the ball the highest.

Such a policy against any Kerry team, good or bad, is tantamount

to football suicide. I have never known a Kerry defence to be beaten during the course of a game because they were outfielded.

Again in the second half of the championship clash with Dublin when Meath were hanging on to a dwindling lead, several scoring opportunities were missed because too frequently the man in possession ignored his colleagues and tried to go it alone. The all too few efforts at combined movements were quickly nipped in the bud because invariably the man who received the pass was standing flat-footed and was quickly covered off. Except in exceptional circumstances a pass should always be delivered to a player on the move and slightly ahead of him so that

he doesn't have to stop to gather the ball.

Down and Dublin are the best exponents of this type of passing in present day football. Indeed it was just such a pass that led to Mickey Whelan's goal against Meath and sparked off a Dublin resurgence which eventually ended the Royal County's championship hopes for 1963 by the slender margin of a point.

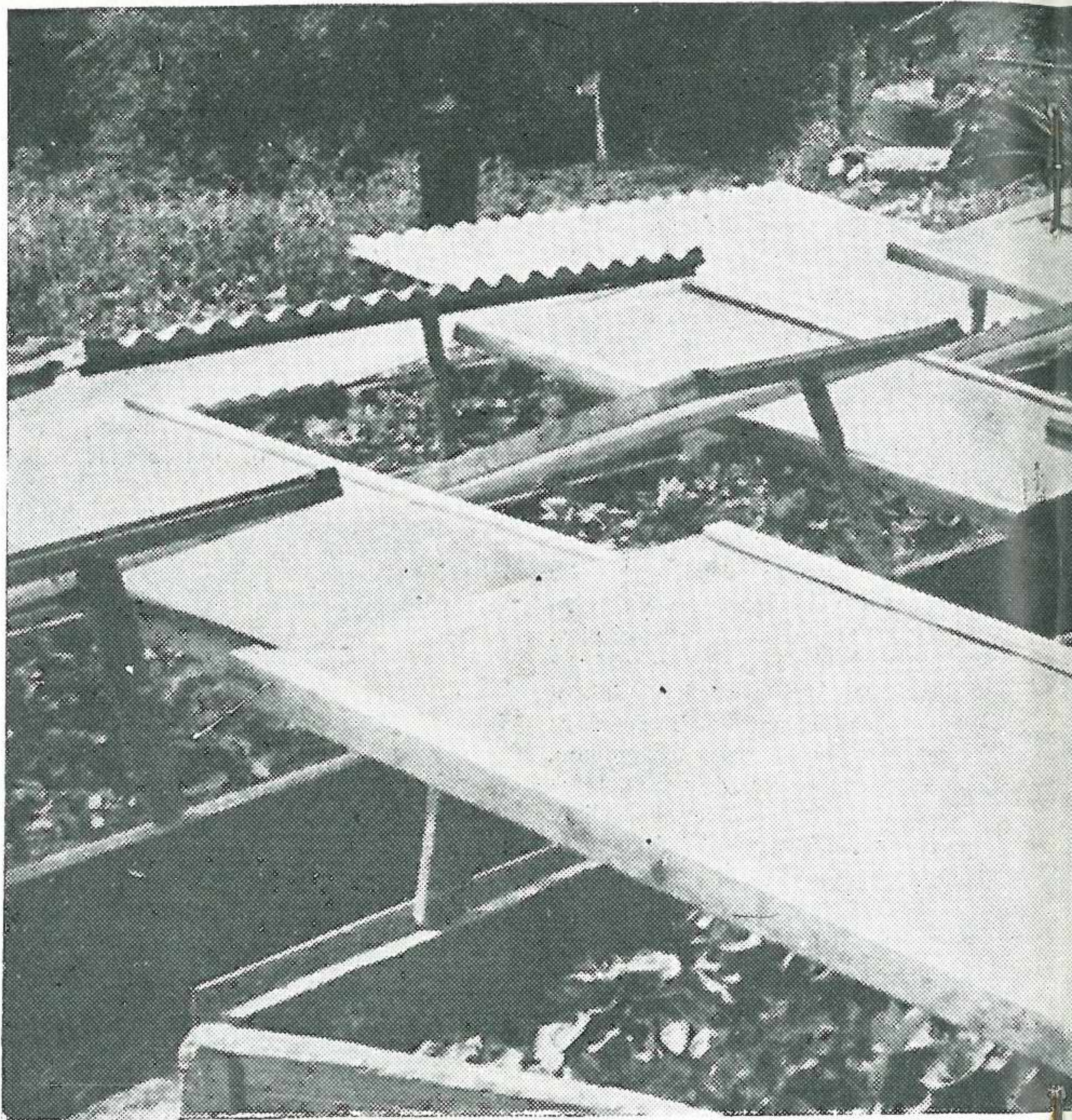
The present Meath team have plenty of spirit and determination and I'm convinced that individually they have not yet reached their full potential, but until more emphasis is placed on speed and teamwork, I'm afraid it will continue to be a case of so near and yet so far.



Down and Armagh players battle for a high ball in the Ulster senior football semi-final at Casement Park on July 7.

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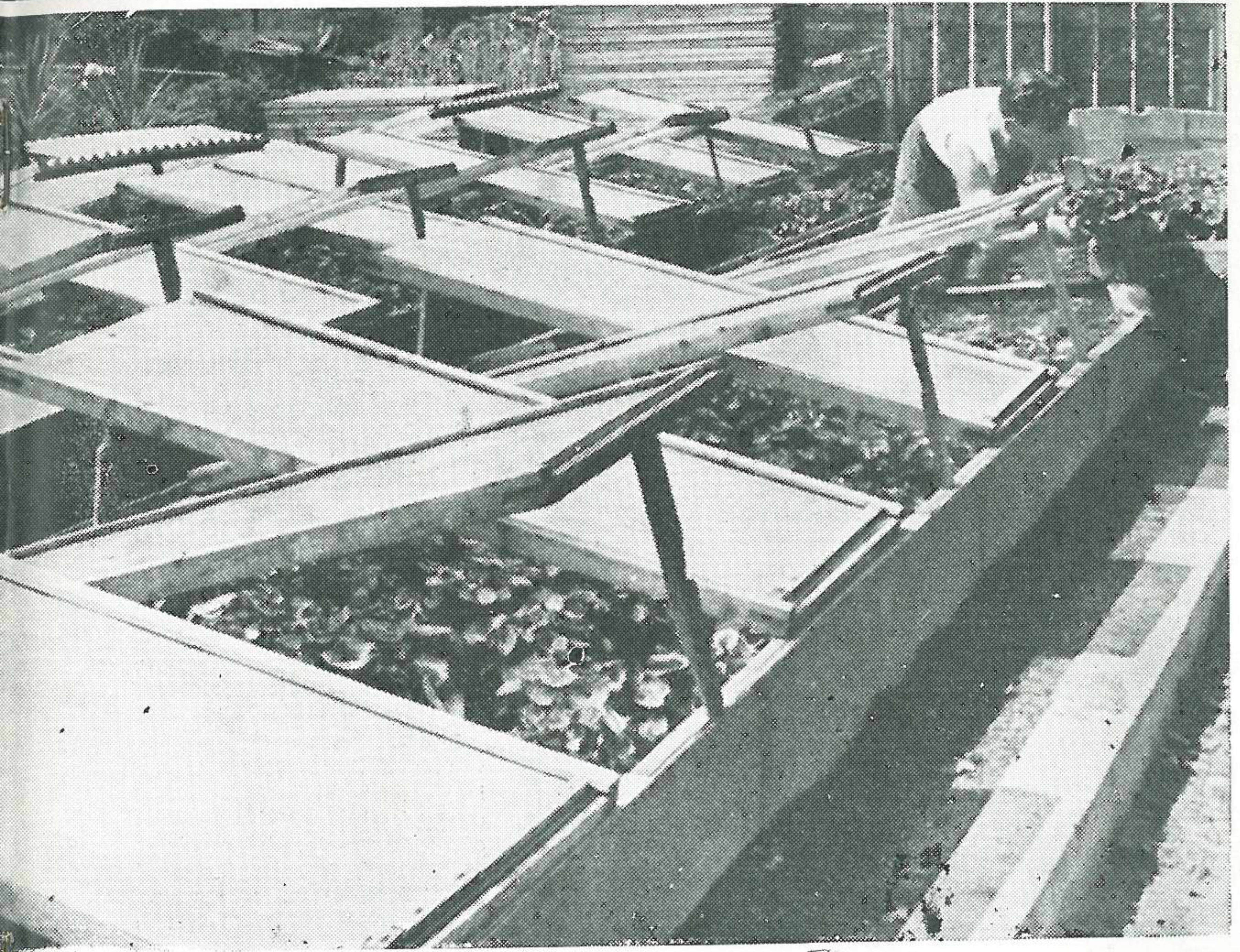
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PROGRESS IN THE SCHOOLS

THE success of Down in the All-Ireland field was attributed in no small way to the success of St. Colman's College and Abbey C.B.S., Newry, in the Ulster Colleges competition. Many of Down's historic All-Ireland team of 1960 were products of the Newry colleges—Leo Murphy, Patsy O'Hagan, Sean and Kevin O'Neill, James and Dan McCartan, Kevin Mussen and P. J. McElroy, all played college football in Newry and this paved

their way for a glorious inter-county career which brought the Sam Maguire Cup across the Border for the first time.

Yes, the McRory Cup—the senior colleges' competition, has produced many stars and now a new competition has come forward in Ulster which will I believe be a great help to Gaelic Games in the North—the Voluntary Intermediate Schools' Competition — these schools, which started as a result

of the 1947 Education Act (N.I.), could be classed as something similar to the vocational schools in the South.

The schools were built on a very large scale and up to 800 pupils attend some of them. The education authorities aimed at providing a secondary education for children who were unsuitable for grammar schools but had other special abilities and aptitudes. The authorities also gave a special place to physical education in the school curriculum and therefore it was a great opportunity for the organisation of Gaelic Games by members of the G.A.A. who were on the school staff. Down were the first county to organise the games in 1958 and last year Newry Technical school won the first Ulster championship. Fermanagh and Tyrone followed in the North West section and now there are five divisions: Antrim County, Derry and Belfast completing the total.

In October of last year a meeting was convened in St. Joseph's Training College, Belfast, by former county footballers Malachy Mahon of Fermanagh, Donal Donnelly of Tyrone and Bro. Faughanan of Enniskillen, to bring the five divisions together and elect a

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provincial committee. Joe Sheehan, Down, was elected chairman; Dinny McKeever, Derry, vice-chairman; Donal Donnelly, Tyrone, secretary, and Br. Faughanan, Fermanagh, treasurer. This committee was entrusted with the running of the championship and they received a grant of £600 from the Ulster Council of which £100 was to be spent on the organisation of hurling. An age limit of 15 on the 1st August was agreed upon for the championship but each division would make their own rules for the league. This Committee would be on a similar basis as the Ulster Colleges' Council.

The progressive Down Co. Board have taken a keen interest in the Intermediate schools competition and they have given in past years grants of up to £100 as well as £20 to each school as a first entry grant. St. Malachy's, Castlewelan won the football league in 1962. Each school has also been presented with 40 hurleys and progress is reported here. The executive committee hope in future years that these schools will improve the standard of hurling. Competitions in this code were held in counties Antrim and Down last year. In Antrim St. Olcans, Randalstown under the supervision of Derry county footballer—Dinny McKeever won the Antrim Co. division in football for 1962. Many other county footballers take a prominent part in the organising of the games — such as Colm O'Neill of Derry, in Ballinascreen; Sean O'Connell and Leo O'Neill, in Dungiven; John Lennon, Down; Arthur McGory, Tyrone; John Casey, Fermanagh; Gerry O'Neill, Derry and many others. In Belfast where this competition should be a great force in the years to come, Gabriel Brock and Br. O'Connor are prominent in the organising of affairs.

In all 27 teams took part in last years football competitions and with new schools being built this number will increase in the years to come.



T. Keenan of Kildare (No. 20) makes sure that the ball goes safely over the Louth crossbar in the Leinster minor championship match at Croke Park on June 23. Louth won, 4-5 to 0-11.



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THE LEESIDE'S GOLDEN YEARS



FOUR All-Ireland victories in a row and Cork had won an honour which eluded the great teams of the previous sixty years. And the champions of the last four years were only getting into their stride. No wonder we entered the championships of '45 with heads high. But as always that's when the blow comes hardest and our old rivals Tipperary moved on with a sound team to win the Munster championship, gave Antrim a five goal beating in the semi-final and slipped Kilkenny by two goals in the final.

John Maher relentless, and a solid man, stood at centre-back and captained the side, while my friend, ciotog Harry Gouldsborough gave all his energy, speed and determination on the halfway line where he was partnered by Tom Wall. Tony Brennan was at full forward and that lovely player Tom Purcell at left half back.

But in Cork just to keep the name in the limelight and add another All-Ireland to the list the boys went ahead rather seriously in the football by beating Tipperary by a lucky point and Kerry by a lot more, Galway by half a dozen points and Cavan by 2-5 to 0-7.

Key-men on that football team were the two fine hurlers Jack Lynch and Derry Beckett, who made a very important contribution from the corner forward positions. In fact it was Derry Beckett's late goal, when he managed to slip past that gigantic champion footballer, Tom Rielly,

which won the game. In all modesty I will omit to mention that I had a great game myself.

So it was that Jack Lynch won five All-Irelands in a row (adding another in the following year) and Derry Beckett became one of the few dual champions. In '46 the hurlers got on the road again and this time there was no mistake. Hurling better than ever, Billy Murphy, Jim Young, Din Joe Buckley and Alan Lotty swept on through Munster. Ringey was captain and Paddy Donovan blossomed into a powerful centre-back the feature of whose play was an ability to catch a falling ball amid a forest of hurleys with what appeared to be a complete disregard for personal safety. Time and again I saw him carve his way with powerful hips and shoulders out through a bunch of frantically struggling players to clear away downfield with an energy that dis-

couraged opponents and set us cheering wildly.

On to the team that year came tall Con Murphy of Rathcormac, a slender and skilful winger who afterwards had good games with Dublin. As well we had those two tall men, fair-haired Jerry Riordan and his brother Mossie of the black head and loping stride, who carried on in true Rockies fashion the tradition set by their famous uncle, Tommy Riordan.

Mossie was at left corner and Jerry on the mark. He afterwards won three All-Irelands ('52-'54) at corner-back where his strength, determination and close marking made him one of the cornerstones on which victory rested. In the '46 semi-final Cork destroyed their tough opponents, Galway, at Birr and Kilkenny gave gallant Antrim the same treatment. In a great final we had the magnificent score
(Continued overleaf).

NINE SHARED IN UNIQUE RECORD

Eamonn Young

(From previous page).

of seven goals and five points to Kilkenny's three goals and eight points.

The late Jack Mulcahy, as tough a small man as ever hit a ball was the Black-and-Amber left half-back and captain. Here was a man who was never beaten and in addition to his excellent ball control he had the strength of mind and body which made him very formidable. I remember having a rather unenviable time with the same Jack one day in a Nowlan Park League game when by way of encouragement Christy Ring said to me: "Sure we've no team—sure you're playing to-day." No wonder I have an inferiority complex.

Beside Ringey, on that '46 team was another great character, Hitler Healy of Ballinacollig. This tough, hardy chap from Muskerry, whose black hair fell over his forehead in the style of the late and unlamented Fuehrer, was game for anything from pitch and toss to soldiering and he did a fair amount of both.

One of his favourite sayings was "I don't care who he is I'll have a go off him anyway." There are many of us who can testify rather ruefully to the merit of the suggestion; now he's in England doing well and still turning out with the lads.

Nineteen-forty-seven saw the end of the trail. But how near it came to being a glorious swan song with only one change from the champion team of '46. With Sean Condon, the new captain, at right wing, the side looked good enough to go far and they did. Those gallant warriors, some of whom had been up at the top since thirty-nine, forged on through Munster once again, humbled Antrim, and prepared to meet the old enemy, Kilkenny, who had put Galway away.

In a great final against a team in which Jim Langton, Shem Downey, Diamond Hayden, Pat



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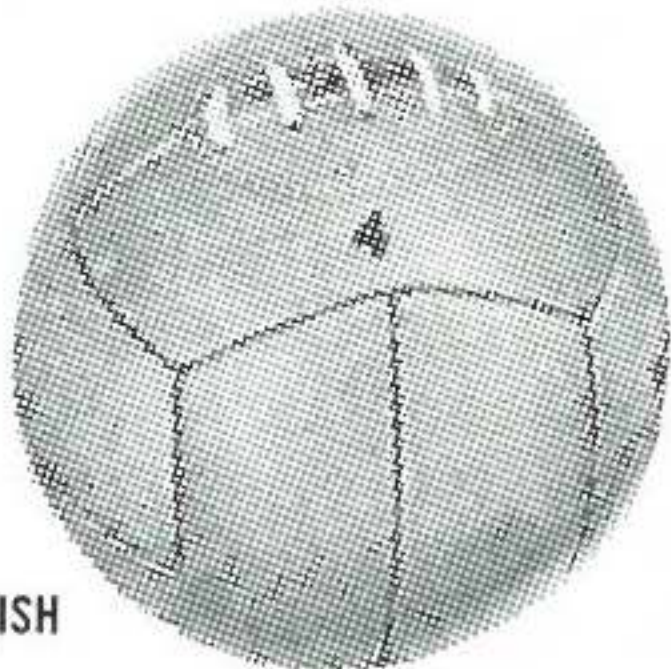


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Kilkenny backs, Seamus Cleere (No. 5) and Martin Treacy (No. 4), hold off their opponents during a Wexford attack in the Leinster senior hurling semi-final at Croke Park on July 7.

Prendergast, Mark Marnell and captain, Dan Kennedy, stood out, Cork still managed to notch a very respectable score of two goals and seven points. It was unfortunate that while our sporting opponents raised no green flag on goalie Tom Mulcahy, they swung no less than fourteen points over the bar to win by yet another decisive Black-and-Amber point, just as they had done in the Cork side's first bid for glory eight years before.

So that was the end. In '48 Waterford won a long awaited All-Ireland and then came the new Tipperary team led by Pat Stakelum, Tony Reddan and Seamus Bannon.

But nine of those great Cork hurlers made a record that will live a long time. Four medals in a row was the hard-earned prize shared by Alan Lotty, Batt Thornhill, Billy Murphy, John Quirke, Jim Young, Jack Lynch, Din Joe Buckley and Christy Ring. In all

four finals Paddy Donovan was on the field before the hour was up.

Where are they to-day? Except for Derry Becket, ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam, most of them are with us. Batt Thornhill the barber from Buttevant, Micka Brennan, Johnny Quirke, Paddy Donovan, Jim Young, Alan Lotty, Bobby Byng, Din Joe Buckley, Billie Murphy of the magnificent puck, Sonny Buckley, Billy Campbell . . . one may come across them any day in the street. Con Cottrill, Bobby Dineen, Jim Morrison, and Joe Kelly are priests. Hitler is in England. Jack Barrett and Con Murphy are well known G.A.A. administrators. And Jack Lynch is helping to run the country.

Four of them Lynch, Lotty, Young and Billy Murphy played in seven hurling finals from '39 to '47 and Lynch, of course, added the football final to make it a remarkable eight in nine years.

An equally outstanding tribute

to the steadiness and all round merit of the players is the fact that to play in those seven finals Cork called on only thirty-three men. I've often seen it take twenty men to win one final.

There is one of that glorious band still in action. He's as fiery and energetic as ever. He has thrilled us in every pitch in the land as well as in England and the United States and still he's the daddy of them all. Twenty-three years' service he has given in the scarlet jersey of the Leaside and this sportsman's wish is that his hurling will mellow with no loss of grace or power until the day that Christy hangs up the stick that has been part of him since his minor days.

Will we see teams like those again? Of course we will. Blood as red as the jerseys they wear still flows in the veins of the boys who swing flashing ash by the shining waters of the Lee.



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MEMORIES OF GAELIC GAMES IN THE ARMY

STORIES YET UNTOLD

Sean Donegan

I THINK it was 1940 that I first met that sterling footballer from County Clare, Paddy Begley. He was at Croke Park with the Munster Railway Cup team and in my book Paddy will always rank as one of the most underrated footballers of our time.

It is never easy for a Clareman to make the Munster fifteen and it was never more difficult to do so than in the early forties when the colour of the jerseys was about the only thing which distinguished the provincial line-out from that of Kerry. However, like Georgie Comerford before him, Begley broke through that barrier and took his place with the Kerry men.

It was some years later when I met the powerful Kilfenoraman again and the circumstances are worth recalling.

During the war years it was the task of the First Battalion (An Cath Gaelach as it was then known) to defend Shannon Airport and the surrounding countryside from hostile attack.

Each year the annual manoeuvres took us down through North Clare and my first field-assignment as a Second Lieutenant was to lead a platoon in an attack on Ennistymon. Our starting point was Kinvara and it was quite a trek on foot. Every few miles the local L.D.F. were holding us up with road-blocks and it was our job to "destroy" the obstacles.

We kept moving on towards our destination and then outside Kilfenora, my scouts signalled that there was yet another road-block ahead. We immediately put our drill into effect and moved in to take the "enemy."

I crept cautiously forward, having first moved to the rear of the obstacle and as I approached close-combat range I saw a lone defender standing in the ditch beside the road-block. He had his empty rifle carefully trained on me and it took me but a second to recognise Paddy Begley.

Kilfenora had sent but one man to defend its domain against the advancing forces . . . but perhaps they knew what they were doing and probably reckoned that if Paddy Begley could be a team in himself, he could also be an army in

himself, and certainly had it been "live-action" the advancing forces would have been left without their commanding officer and probably a few more as well.

Anyway Kilfenora was taken and having shook hands and chatted for a while, Paddy enquired what his next duty was. I informed him that he could go home and with that he stooped down into the rushes and extracted a large basket.

"I won't be needing this so" says he, proceeding to hand out sandwiches to almost everyone of my forty-five men. For me, he had an extra treat—a five-noggin bottle of milk. Paddy must have been expecting a three-day siege and if he succumbed during that period, it certainly wouldn't have been for the want of food.

Anyway, I can tell you, we enjoyed those sandwiches. They were a tribute to the culinary craft of Kilfenora.

I often thought since what an extraordinary and talented people live in this tiny North-Clare village. They seem to win the All-Ireland céilí-band title at will, while during the early forties six or seven houses produced probably the finest team ever to win the Clare senior football title.

Next to the Begleys there were the Hogans, Tommy and Dermot, also men who never won the recognition outside the county which their talents deserved—although I have a feeling that Tommy once made the Munster team.

Anyway to leave Kilfenora behind us and to conclude the story of our manoeuvre, we then marched on our final objective—Ennistymon. We applied the usual drill and advanced with caution. The scouts reported no opposition and so we swept in and captured a deserted and undefended town.

Or was it? Within a minute of our arrival in the centre of the town, the local defence poured out of various establishments and rather peevishly explained that we had not been expected quite so soon. They suggested that we go back out again

(Continued on page 37)

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(From page 35)

... and we wouldn't come in as easy a second time.

However, it was a long way from Kinvara on foot and, I can assure you, Ennistymon remained captured. Come to think of it, they had few good footballers in that town.

My recollections of Clare don't by any means end there. Two years later we were camped at Miltown Malbay, on the old Spanish Point race-course.

One particular Sunday I had heard that the Clare county final was to be decided near-by and I asked Joe Keohane if he would come. "Sure," says Joe, "I didn't see a football game this seven years." It was probably true too — he was always playing and never a spectator.

We hit for the game and with us went a native Clareman, Sgt. "Tichie" O'Connor. The finalists were Kilfenora and Cooraclare and our old friend, Paddy Begley, was in his usual centre half-back position with the former. We contacted him at half-time and he asked us to meet him at a local hostelry, where the teams had togged out, after the game.

Cooraclare won the title and it was a fine sporting game. What truly surprised us was the standard of play and it was difficult to understand how Clare teams were not meeting with more success.

On calling to see Paddy afterwards, we were further surprised to find that both teams were using the same premises and fraternising freely. The Cup was filled and the chairman of the Cooraclare club announced loudly that—"nobody drinks from this until Joe Keohane and his friends had their drink first."

And so it was. Meanwhile Joe had got into conversation with the Cooraclare captain and we all became the best of friends. I regret not being able to recall the name of the Cooraclare leader but he was a small, dark and flying forward and no doubt he led them to many a victory afterwards. Anyway Keohane, O'Connor and myself enjoyed that evening in their company.

One other Clare final that comes to mind was played a few years later. I did not see it but I heard all about it. It was either a junior or intermediate football decider and involved was another North-Clare club (not Kilfenora), whose name I won't mention.

This club made a habit of importing a few Army men from Galway when needs arose—maybe they still do, but three friends of mine were drafted on this particular occasion.

The game was a replay and before it began the three visitors were carefully instructed to explain that they had been away at college, should anyone

ask why they had not played in the drawn game. The fact that all three were around the thirty mark did not seem to matter.

Anyway they won, but to this day there is no sign of medals for the visitors who played a major role in bringing the title to the north of the county.

Turning from the flippant to a sad topic, I cannot continue reminiscences of old Army days without recalling Vin Baston, who recently left us while still in the flower of his manhood.

Vin was, of course, a member of the First Battalion and during the 'forties had few equals as a hurler. His career with the caman needs little recalling, except perhaps to mention that he was the only man to have refereed an All-Ireland hurling final prior to winning an All-Ireland medal.

What may not be too well known about Vin though is that he was also a good footballer. He won a number of All-Army medals while on the Battalion team. There was one aspect of football which Vin never quite mastered—the dropping ball. He told me how he always had an instinctive dread that such a ball, dropping straight down over his head, might break one of his fingers.

Vin was a true Gael in every sense of the word and how we, his old Army friends, will miss him. Ar dheis láimh Dé go raibh a anam uasal.

(Series Continues Next Month)

TAYTO SCHOLARSHIP

A new £1,600 University Scholarship sponsored by the Dublin business firm Tayto Ltd. is now available to schoolchildren throughout the country. The scholarship scheme has been approved by the Minister for Education and will be closely tied in with this all-Irish company's Radio Quiz show.

Announcing the scheme, Mr. Joseph Murphy, Managing Director of Tayto Ltd. said that his firm were endeavouring to give a lead to other business concerns in the country. He hoped that this University grant would indicate the active and constructive contribution his firm were making to the country's economic progress.

The grant will consist of a sum of £400 a year for four years and the scholarship may be taken up in U.C.D., U.C.C., U.C.G., T.C.D. and Q.U.B. in any of the following faculties—Science, Engineering, Architecture or Arts. There is also the option of Agriculture at U.C.D. or T.C.D. and Dairy Science at U.C.C.

Cleary's star shines again

IT was evening time in Tinahely, on Sunday, October 18, 1959.

Like any country village, one would expect to find a rather peaceful atmosphere, interrupted only by the playful antics of a few children.

But this was an evening with a difference, the normal tranquility of this South Wicklow village had been temporarily disturbed, a huge bonfire blazed in the square, an air of excitement filled the air, and generally the place was a hive of activity.

It was a big occasion for the local folk of Tinahely and indeed all Wicklow — a champion was coming home. Earlier in the day, in the ballcourt at Clogh, Co. Kilkenny, the pride of Wicklow

handball, Joe Cleary, had come and conquered and so captured his third Minor All-Ireland title, of the season. His kinsmen were not going to let such an achievement pass unnoticed so they hailed their hero with a reception and presentation, that is still spoken of in Wicklow handball circles.

And no player ever deserved it more, for the un-assuming Cleary, who is now only twenty two years old, has done trojan work for handball in the Garden County, and kept it in the limelight when the county's hurlers and footballers were not enjoying the success they might.

Normally there would be no difficulty in penning the profile of one, just out of his 'teens, but in

Joe's case there is so much crammed into those early years, that a volume would be more appropriate for the task. From the time young Cleary first hit a ball in the local three-walled, and then clay-floored alley, it became immediately obvious that here was a player of natural skill — a prospective champion of the future.

And thus it transpired, that at the tender age of eleven, Tinahely's Joe Cleary, pulled on the Wicklow singlet for the first time and lined out in the Leinster Minor championships. Surely, this is a record in itself, which will not easily be surpassed, but in actual fact it was only the beginning of the road in which he toppled

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records like nine-pins, showed scant respect for personalities, or their achievements, and reaped success upon success.

For the following seven successive years, he competed in the minor grade, and small blame on the mentors of other counties who began to wonder if this player would ever reach the age of eighteen.

In 1958, at the age of seventeen, Joe took the handball world by storm, when he won a minor soft singles All-Ireland and then partnered with Wally McKenna to win the junior soft doubles also. He thus joined the present-day Limerick senior, Martin Mullins, as the only players to have achieved such a unique distinction, although the Wicklowman stands supreme, in so far as he was still available for Minor competition the following season.

Which brings us back to the eventful fifty-nine. For Cleary, this was a year to be remembered, he took all four minor titles in Leinster, and according to the records of Leinster Secretary, Joe Lynch, was the greatest under-age player ever to emerge from the province. The only title he failed to win that year in the All-Ireland sphere was the handball doubles, but here again Wicklow lost no face in going down to Tipperary's C. Cleere and J. Cleary.

And so the Tinahely hero, had fully realised the earlier hopes of his tutor and greatest admirer, Willie Pollard, who had done so much for handball activities in the southern part of the county. Of course, others who helped Joe to handball fame, were Dick Arnold, the go-ahead secretary of the Wicklow Board and the present chairman of the Leinster Council and Fr. Neville.

Down the years while he had been amassing the impressive total of five All-Ireland titles, Joe Cleary had not been idle on the home front either. A regular com-

petitor in the county championships he left all opposition standing and between 1953 and 1960 had collected seventeen trophies.

But as there is no sky, without a cloud, so it was with Joe, that in the late fifties he was knocked low with injuries and illness, that abruptly ended his playing career. This was the end of Wicklow's dominance in the ballcourt, most people thought, but, they had

reckoned without the indomitable spirit of the star of Tinahely.

Yes, the clouds have cleared, and Joe Cleary, has made a remarkable recovery. He is back in action again, full-blooded and ready to regain for Wicklow, its lost status. And from what I have seen of him, in games this season, it will not be long until Joe, again mounts the All-Ireland winner's rostrum and carries away the crown of victory.

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In last month's issue I commented on Rules 131 and 132 dealing with the commencement of play and the duration of play. This month I spotlight Rule 133 which deals with scores—a very important aspect of our games.

RULE 133—SCORES

"A goal is scored when the ball is driven or played by either team between the goalposts and under the crossbar, except when thrown or carried by any of the attacking side. In All-Ireland, and inter-county and, as far as possible, in county championship matches, a net shall be placed behind each goalpost so as to receive the ball when it passes through.

"A point is scored when the ball is driven or placed by either side over the cross-bar and between the posts except when thrown by any of the attacking side.

"The ball hitting the cross-bar or upright posts and rebounding into the field of play is still in play. Should the cross-bar become displaced or broken and the ball passes between the upright posts, below where in the opinion of the referee, the cross-bar should have been, he shall allow a goal. Should the upright posts become displaced and the ball pass inside where they would, in the referee's opinion, have been, he shall allow a goal or a point according as the ball would have passed under or over the cross-bar. The ball is in play until the whole ball has passed over the goal line or sideline.

"The game shall be decided by the greater number of points. A goal shall be equal to three points. Should the ball be played through the goal space by one of the defending side, it shall count a goal to the opposing team and if through the point space, it shall count a point."

RECOMMENDATION—Referees should frequently remind umpires that a score or sideline should not be signalled unless the whole ball has passed over the line. This applies to a point as well as to a goal and to the end-line as well as the side-line. At least one of the umpires should move backwards to a favourable position to judge points.

COMMENT ON ABOVE — As we can see from the rule, a goal is disallowed, if the ball is thrown

or carried by any of the attacking side into the opposing side's net. A forward then must part with the ball in scoring a goal, before he himself, with the resultant momentum, is carried over the line. Most followers and referees detect a foul throw, but a palmed goal or point is a legal score. By my interpretation, a forward following up on say, a rebound from the crossbar can either fist, slap, boot, or knee a ball to the net.

Nets are to be seen more often now than before, and this is a welcome change. The sooner we have nets at all county grounds, the better. Time was when a rope was often used as a crossbar. Nowadays we seldom see this, *Deo Gratias*.

In the event of the crossbar

being broken when a score is made, it is left to the referee's judgment to decide whether the score was a goal or a point. While dwelling on this, I feel a lot of these accidents could be avoided if players did not jump acrobatically and cling to the crossbar for no reason it would seem.

The recommendation lays emphasis on the following words "that the whole ball has passed over the line." Sometimes a player feels aggravated when, after punching a ball with a flick of the wrist into play again, the sidelinesman rules against him. But the sideline official is the sole judge in this matter and if he feels that the whole ball is over the line even if it does not touch the ground as in the case referred to, then a sideline kick results.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ANTI-COACHING

Sir,—Much as I respect Eamonn Mongey and Joe Lennon, I must say that I disagree with their combined views on coaching. I am not opposing the ideas expressed in the article in your July issue because they are alien, which they are, but because they are wrong in their basic approach.

To make Gaelic football into a soccer-like machine of precision and angles would be to rob it of its natural colour and personality.

Ours is an amateur game and unlike other amateur games, we have no players who even aspire to become professionals. It is the "honour and glory of the little village" which makes the game attractive to us and not the actual standard.

"Keep It Gaelic."

Dungannon.

* * *

STORY UNTOLD

A Chara,—Why did Eamonn Young skip the account of the 1941 Munster hurling final in his "Leaside Golden Years" article. But then Corkmen are not the best at telling stories of the games in which they were beaten. How

about giving us a full account of that Munster final and of how Tipp. beat the Foot and Mouth All-Ireland champions?

"Up Tubberadora."

Request granted. Full account of that game will appear in a future issue.

—EDITOR.

* * *

PRAISE

A Chara,—I am writing to congratulate Sean Donegan on his most enjoyable series of articles "Stories Yet Untold." They are the most humorous articles I have ever read on Gaelic Games and I hope he has more of them.

Martin Cahill.

Glasnevin,
Dublin.

* * *

EDDIE KEHER

A Chara,—I like your Top Ten feature although I cannot say that I agree with some of your ratings. If Eddie Keher is not on top of the hurling list in your August issue I will burn my copy of GAELIC SPORT.

"Black and Amber."

No need for the fire son—Eddie has made it.—EDITOR.



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PAUL KELLY

IN THE 'BIG TIME' WITH DONEGAL

By Sean O'Donnell

THIS may or may not be Donegal's year—as I write the Ulster final has yet to be played, but whither which, I think we can rest assured that the great day is not far off.

They all deserve the All-Ireland medals which lie ahead and each and everyone of this youthful team is playing his part. It is therefore timely that we got to know these lads for they will constantly be in the news from now on.

Paul Kelly is a typical member of this very much resurgent team. He is 24 and a native of Cloughaneely. He first hit the headlines as a student at St. Eunan's College, Letterkenny, and from there he graduated to the county minor team.

In 1956 he and two other members of the present side, Sean Ferriter and John Hannigan were the stars of the minor side which brought home the Ulster title. Two years later he was on the county junior team and also starring for U.C.D. in Sigerson Cup competition. During these years he played mainly as a forward.

Promotion to the county senior team was inevitable and it came in 1959 and later that year he won his first major medal in senior competition, when U.C.D. captured the Sigerson Cup.

A year later he won a second Universities medal when U.C.D. defeated U.C.G. in the final at Croke Park and it is interesting to note that it was a switch between



Paul Kelly

himself and Bernard Brady that clinched the game.

Selected for the Combined Universities against Ireland in 1961, Paul was matched against the great Gerry O'Malley and at least held his own. From then on his star arose even more rapidly.

Last year he captained U.C.D. in defence of their Sigerson Cup title and although beaten, Kelly had a great hour at centre half-back. Again he was an automatic choice for the Combined Universities fifteen and had a battle royal with Kerry's Mick O'Dwyer.

However, Paul's greatest games were yet to come. He starred throughout the county's surge forward in the Dr. Lagan Cup competition but when needed most against Down in the final, Paul found himself unable to play due

to an extraordinary technicality. Donegal lost narrowly but no sooner was Paul Kelly back in action than they were on the road back for another tilt at Down.

The Dr. McKenna Cup competition got underway and Donegal beat Derry. Then, and when least expected, they found themselves in serious trouble against Armagh at Lurgan.

That was the day Paul Kelly really made his claim to greatness. He was the man of the thirty and playing at left half-back, he time and time again turned back the tide of Armagh pressure. Donegal held out to a draw—thanks to the man from Cloughaneely.

And so Donegal marched on. They won the replay with Armagh, beat Fermanagh in the championship and then humbled the pride of Cavan. And so it is that Paul Kelly and his fellow Tir Chonaill players now appear on the threshold of fame.

In the space of seven years this young star has done his county proud. He has played in every grade and in a host of positions. A place on the Ulster team appears the next step—but then who knows what may happen even before that.

However what happens this year is not the really important thing. The vital thing is that at last Donegal are in the football big time and there they will stay for quite some time to come—thanks to Paul Kelly and his fellow-players.



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UNKNOWN 'SUBS' SAVED ST. VINCENT'S!

Patrick Carver

LIFE gets a little tedious at times. That was precisely what I was thinking to myself when I sat down to write this article a few weeks ago.

It was a beautiful day; I was dog lazy. Outside, summer was giving us a brief look at what she could be capable of—and there was I, sitting at a typewriter, searching wearily for an excuse to sleep in the garden.

Eventually I had to give up. The only way I could justify a siesta beside the roses would be to get rid of this article as quickly as possible. The problem however was; what to write about?

My imagination was at its lowest; my energy was just a point above that, and of inclination I had none.

Eventually—and more to waste more time than to find inspiration—I started to look through a list of All-Ireland teams. That kept me busy for almost an hour and then it was time for coffee. That would put in another half-hour.

It was while I was drinking my second cup of coffee that the inspiration came. The last All-Ireland teams I had been looking at were the Cork and Dublin hurling teams of 1953 and then, suddenly, for no good reason that I can account for, the name Norman Allen came into my head.

Where was he now? The last time I had seen him was with a New York team that played Wexford in Croke Park. Was he still playing? Or had he retired?

I still have not found out but I am not worried, because in thinking about Norman Allen I remembered a delicious little story he had told me back in 1956. At last I had an idea for this article.

The story is not about Allen at all, but about Monsignor Fitzpatrick whose name will forever be synonymous with the famous St. Vincent's club and about whom there are already hundreds of legends.

This little incident happened back in 1947, just before St. Vincent's crossed the threshold into hurling and football greatness and the game was a Dublin minor final against Sean Heustons at Crumlin.

For some reason or another a few of the St. Vincent's side failed to show up for the game and they were forced to take the field with eleven players.

Not that it mattered a great deal. After the first two or three minutes it became obvious that nothing beyond a miracle could stop St. Vincent's from winning.

But Fr. Fitzpatrick remembered the rule that to win any game a

team must finish with at least 13 players. He realised too that the chances of finding any extra St. Vincent's players in the Crumlin area were nil. The only place to find them would be Fairview or Marino . . . and that was a nice step across the city.

It was no problem at all for Fr. Fitzpatrick. At the time he had a little box motor car — I imagine many St. Vincent's men will remember it with affection—and he hopped into it and set off at breakneck speed right across the city.

Arriving in Marino he found a few lads playing in the street and without a word of explanation he whipped them into the car and, like a bomb, was heading back across the city to Crumlin.

Now the problem was whether the match was still in progress.

It was. Now was the time for more speed. His recruits pulled on the St. Vincent's jerseys, dashed out on to the field . . . and everything was perfect. St. Vincent's won the final and they finished with the required thirteen men.

With a man like Fr. Fitzpatrick to look after things like that, is it any wonder that St. Vincent's are the club they are today?

Bless him. . . and long may he be with us.

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SCARCITY OF FUNDS

NOW that the provincial campaigns are over it is relatively easy to assess the progress of the game in the various provinces. Certainly Munster must get full marks for a start off, as there all six counties fielded in the senior championship. Leinster has three championships, and only Carlow did not enter for one or other of them, though Wicklow subsequently failed to field. However, I understand that Carlow are likely to be back in the ranks again very shortly as at least one club there has affiliated direct to Leinster Council.

Though there is a new spirit alive again in Ulster, championship activities, between senior and junior seem to have been confined to Antrim, Armagh, Tyrone, Monaghan, Derry and Down. I do not know about Donegal, who played last year, but there seems to be very little stir in Fermanagh and Cavan.

In the West, Mayo and Galway, together with Sligo, keep the flag flying, but Roscommon and Leitrim seem to be out of it.

In the various provinces all the outgoing champions retained their titles, but not always in the same way as they did a year ago. In the North, Antrim proved the exception to that rule for they again won very easily against such opposition as was forthcoming. Cork did even better than last year, for they were then hard-pressed in the final by Limerick. But this time they faced a very confident Tipperary, and yet won very readily at Limerick.

Galway were very much up against it when they found Mayo on level terms through much of the second half in the Connacht final at Newport, but survived with a late goal, while Dublin were given a great battle by Leinster Intermediate champions Wexford at Gorey and were not sure of victory until the closing minutes of a very hard-fought game.

So that left the All-Ireland semi-finals between Cork and Dublin and Galway and Antrim. By the time the next issue of Gaelic Sport comes round we shall know who the finalists are, but at the time of writing we do not yet know when the final will be played.

It is perhaps a pity that the Camogie Association has not been able to afford a ground of its own on which such games could be played but the funds for so big an undertaking have never been available and are not likely to become available in the foreseeable future. Indeed what few people realise is that camogie players must be among the least "molly-coddled" of any sports players.

Players for club matches almost always pay their own expenses, while I know that in Leinster many players on county teams also meet their own expenses if, as is often the case, their county boards are unable to do so. The Leinster Council has rarely been able to refund County Boards more than a percentage of expenses incurred for championship games, though it does provide a meal for the teams after finals.

Even the inter-provincial competition for the Gael-Linn Cup is a heavy drain both on the counties concerned and on the Central Council. The Central Council provides meals for the teams, but travelling expenses have to be met for their own players, in one province at least, by the various county Boards. Indeed I knew of one case where a brilliant young player from a little-known county was in a very unfortunate position when she was chosen to play for her province. Her county board had no money to pay her fare to the game which was more than a hundred and fifty miles away and she was not in a position to provide the money herself.

(Continued on page 49)

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Finn Gallagher of Donegal bursts through a circle of Cavan players in the Ulster football semi-final at Clones on July 14.

(From page 47).

Fortunately, there was a group of camogie lovers in the area, who heard of the case and promptly held a little collection, being proud of the honour that had been conferred on their locality in having the player selected for the province in the first place. And I am glad to say that the player in question did not let them down.

I quote those instances just to show the difficulties that camogie faces and because I think all the more praise is due to those who not only keep the game going but do so much to spread it throughout the country, and it is still spreading.

I have heartening news of new clubs being formed in many cases and several people have written to me asking where they can obtain Rule Books.

Well there are old Rule Books available, but a new one is being prepared at the moment and I will give full information, please God, in the next issue together with a list of people from whom Rule Books may be obtained.

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Form

THE GAMES IN BRITAIN

'JEDA'

THE London County Board made no secret of their all-round satisfaction with this year's Wembley Tournament. The attendance fully justified the great effort and the gate receipts of almost £11,000 left a surplus balance of over £3,000, which compares very favourably with last year's profit of £700.

Equally encouraging was the performance of the London footballers and hurlers in games against Kerry and Kilkenny at New Eltham. They were only narrowly beaten in both games.

Heartiest congratulations to Lancashire on winning the provincial football championship of Britain. When one considers that

Kerry only beat London by two points and that since then Hertfordshire had three points to spare over London, while they in turn were beaten by Lancashire in the final, it does give some idea as to the healthy position of things in these parts.

Lancashire now look forward to playing hosts for the All-Ireland junior final on October 6. This is their fourth appearance in the final but on each of the previous occasions they travelled to Ireland for the decider and lost.

In 1949 they lost to Kerry at Croke Park, while four years later, Cork beat them at Cork. In 1958 they travelled to Ballinasloe and put up their best final performance

before going down to Galway, 4-5 to 3-1.

As I write, it only awaits the Central Council's agreement for this year's decider to be fixed for either Liverpool or Manchester—depending on which city can provide a suitable venue and I think we can take it that G.A.A. history is about to be made.


Certainly Lancashire will be difficult to beat on homeground. They have a host of outstanding players, including Fr. Emmet Fullen, a former Derry intercounty player; Fr. Moss O'Connell of Kerry fame, P. J. Gilmartin and Sean Corridan, two former Kerry minors, and Eugene and Charlie Smith of Cavan.

In his first year in office as chairman of the Warwickshire Board, Dr. John McAndrew of Mayo, is happy in the knowledge that there is an increased club membership, while the standard of play in both hurling and football is at the highest ever.


News has just reached me of a number of ambitious plans which the London County Board intend to implement shortly. In no way downhearted for having failed to raise the £45,000 required to purchase the land which was available in the Wembley area some time ago, the Board is now scouting for another suitable piece of ground in the North London area.

While this is being awaited, sideline seating will be installed at New Eltham and it is expected that this amenity will double the weekly attendance, which is usually around the 1,000 mark.

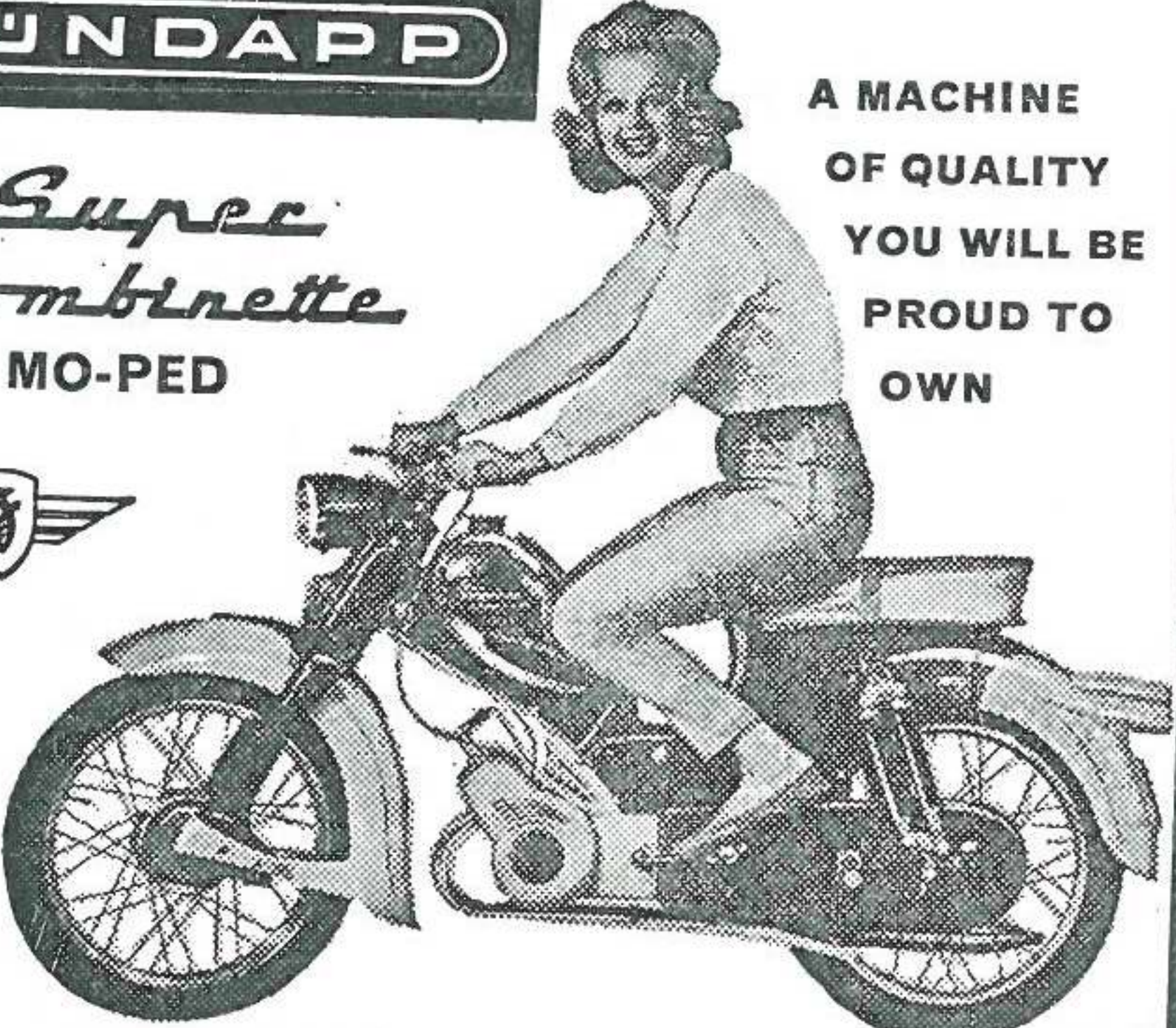
Incidentally the London Board now have a full-time medical officer. He is Dr. Michael Brosnan—an uncle of Kerry County Chairman, Dr. Jim.



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(Continued from page 7).

but true. Clare had won 9-7 to 4-14.

Exactly a month later they were at Croke Park to face the might of Kilkenny. It had been a long wait for Pat "Fowler" McInerney. He had won an All-Ireland medal in 1914 and here he was again eighteen years later playing better than ever.

The extraordinary and versatile Tull Considine—he had been at Croke Park in 1917 when Clare put up a fine performance against Wexford in the All-Ireland football final. Now he too was back although fifteen years had gone.

Tommy Daly, of course, was no stranger. He had won an All-Ireland junior medal in 1914 and added senior medals in 1917, '20, '24, and '27—all with Dublin.

They were certainly not a youthful team—some were much nearer forty than thirty but craft and skill was theirs and any team that could overcome a sixteen point lead in as many minutes were indeed worthy to take the field at Croke Park.

From the whistle Clare attacked and continued to keep Kilkenny on the defensive. Jack Gleeson stayed close to the great master, Lowry Meagher, while flanking him at midfield, Mick Falvey did the spadework.

It was Gleeson who opened the scoring with a glorious point but Ned Byrne equalised for Kilkenny. Still Clare came again and Connery pointed. Minutes later princely Jim Houlihan made it three points from a seventy.

Play moved swiftly but at either end the backs were superior. Larry Blake — small but fast as a hare, was doing wonders in the Clare

half-back line, while at the other end of the field Kilkenny's Paddy Phelan was equally brilliant. Just before half-time Ned Doyle whipped over a Kilkenny point to leave it Clare 0-3; Kilkenny 0-2 at the break.

The Leinster champions retired with something to chew on and what was done and said in the dressing-room is not mine to tell but the second half saw them tackle the task with all the craft and hurling greatness that was theirs by both acquisition and tradition.

Opting for fast open play, they swept the ball from wing to wing and the Clare defence was immediately in trouble. Martin White had a goal and minutes later Matty Power added another.

Clare were certainly in trouble and more was to come. A Meagher delivery found Power again and a crowded square gave Daly no chance. Kilkenny led 3-2 to 0-3.

A lesser team might have crumbled but the men of Dáil gCais were of other metal. Slowly John Joe Doyle and his fellow backs regained their grip and just entering the fourth quarter Tom Burnell sent in and there to meet it was the one and only Tull. It was in the net. Two minutes later Burnell did likewise and only two points remained.

Kilkenny surged into the attack

but Tommy Daly and his wonder stick turned them back. Gleeson whipped a beauty towards the Kilkenny goal but O'Reilly cleared. Up and down swung the play with neither side capable of adding to their total.

Watches said two minutes and then Mick Falvey pulled. Gleeson had it—he rounded Meagher and sent a high ball which began to drop about thirty yards out from the Kilkenny goal. Four men moved for it and were under as it dropped and then one broke loose with the sliotar firmly grasped in his left hand . . . It was Tull Considine.

The crowd held its breath. He turned, weaved and went left. Paddy O'Reilly the Kilkenny full back moved quickly to tackle but Tull swerved left again. He was clear and O'Reilly was almost two yards behind.

Alone Jim Dermody stood in the Kilkenny goal — the last man between Clare and the All-Ireland title. Considine kept coming. Twenty yards—fifteen. He steadied, swung—and MISSED.

Yes, the great Tull Considine, the man who almost single-handedly notched Clare's 9-7 against Galway, the Christy Ring of his era, had missed the score of a lifetime. Within a split second the ball was outfield and the 1932 final was over.

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LOOKING AROUND with JIM O'BRIEN

WRITING in the May issue of "Gaelic Sport," I said that Laois would reach the Leinster final and win it too. Well, I was part right and I might have been right all the way were it not for my fellow writer, Des. Ferguson.

He certainly was the man who made all the difference against Kildare and in the Leinster final he didn't put a foot wrong. If a few of the Laois forwards had half of Ferguson's craft, they and not Dublin would be meeting the Ulster champions on August 18.

Dublin must, however, be given credit for a great return to form and they certainly will not be easily beaten in the semi-final. As I write Donegal and Down have yet to meet in the Ulster final but whichever of them triumphs, they will need to beware of the crafty Metropolitans.

* * *

Off to the United States, at the invitation of the American Board, go the Mayo footballers on August 16. We wish them Bon Voyage and may they do honour to their county and country.

* * *

One finds reference to Gaelic Games in the oddest places these days. America's leading sports-writer, Dan Parker, writing in his famous, and indeed somewhat feared, New York Mirror column recently, had some nice things to say about Kerry's legendary John Joe Sheehy . . . But then sure Parker couldn't write about a better man.

* * *

Roscommon star of 1942 and '43, Brendan Lynch is playing fine football with the South Tipperary Garda team. Inspector Lynch is now stationed in Clonmel.

Former Derry star, Colm Mulholland, is now the backbone of the Cavan team in New York.

It is said that the Kerry hurling selectors were as irregular as were the players in turning up for training for the county's meeting with Meath in the Division II National League final. It will be remembered Meath won . . . no doubt their selectors were more regular.

* * *

It is good to see Gaelic Games getting underway in the racing stables and heartening indeed to find a personality like Pat Taaffe leading the way.

* * *

They are due to have a big day at Killorglin on Sunday, August 11, when the opening of Puck Fair coincides with a game in aid of the P. J. O'Sullivan Memorial Park. The game features the New York Galway side against a Laune Rangers selection and I have heard that it is possible that Sean Purcell and Frank Stockwell will turn out with the former.

* * *

There is no truth in the rumour that former Monaghan county

THANK YOU

Sincere thanks to Colm Ó hAinlighe of Galway, who wrote to let us know that the All-Ireland winning Roscommon minor team of 1939 was not in fact captained by Joe Tiernan but by Liam Gilmartin — later to become one of the great mid-fielders of modern times.

Eamonn Mongey also wishes to thank Father E. G. of Cork, who sent him a very interesting treatise on the entire question of physical training. Eamonn may have something to say on this matter in a future article.—EDITOR.

secretary, Leo Burns, will be drafted on to the county team for the Dr. Lagan Cup competition—not that he wouldn't be better than a few of the forwards who played against Down in the championship.

Leo certainly showed how it should be done when he turned out some weeks back with the Donaghmoyne Old-Timers side of twenty years ago. They met the club's present minor side and won 1-11 to 2-4 with Burns picking off a personal tally of 1-9.

* * *

One of the finest addresses ever given at a G.A.A. meeting was that of Most Rev. Dr. Lucey at this year's Munster Convention. As far as I know, only the "Cork Examiner" published this magnificent treatise in full and therefore the vast majority of Association members were not afforded the opportunity of reading it.

I had understood that the Munster Council were to produce the address in pamphlet form and have it circulated throughout the thirty two counties. However, I have yet to see it and therefore presume this has not yet been done. Let us hope it is in circulation shortly.

* * *

I avail of this opportunity to join with many others in welcoming "The Downman," the quarterly organ of the Down Association of Gaelic Sportsmen. Well produced and readable, it is a credit to its editor, Joe Lennon.

However, I have one grouse and it is that not one single word of Irish—not even the words Cumann Luitcheas Gael or a name, is in the native tongue. This is odd, for I happen to know that most of the Down players are quite fluent in the language.

So let's have rud beag Gaeilge the next time Joe.

CEARD-CHUMANN OIBRITHE IOMCHAIR AGUS IL-†SAOTHAIR NA hEIREANN

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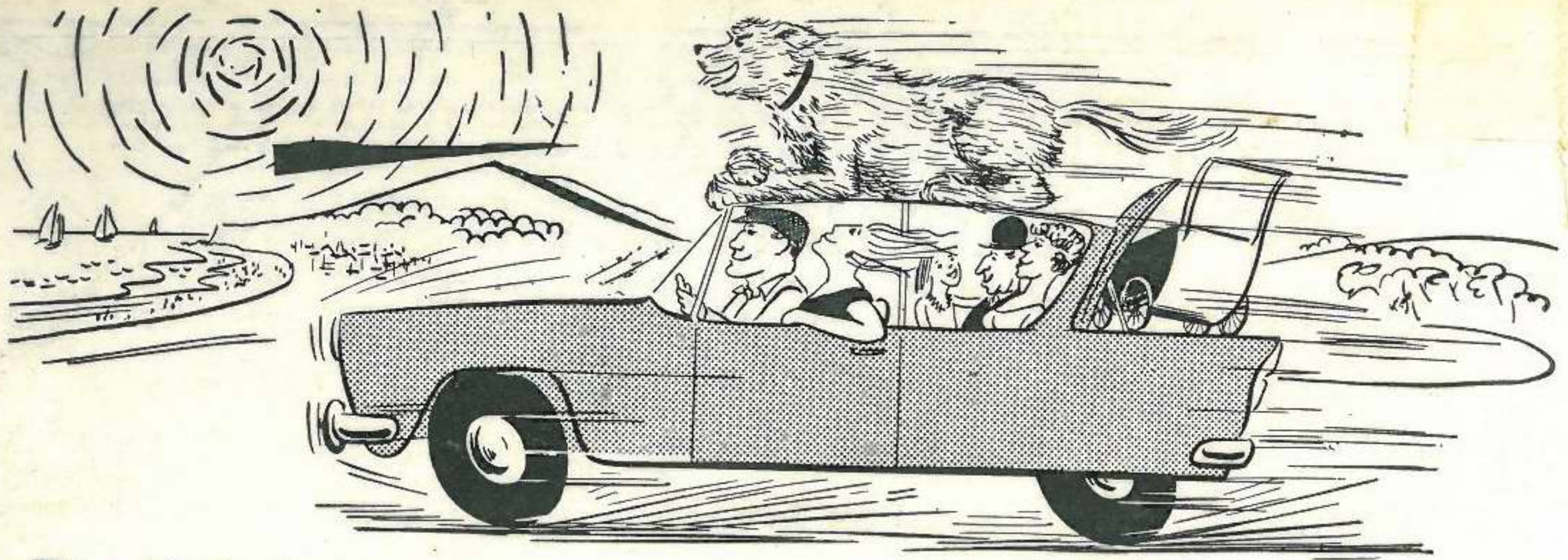
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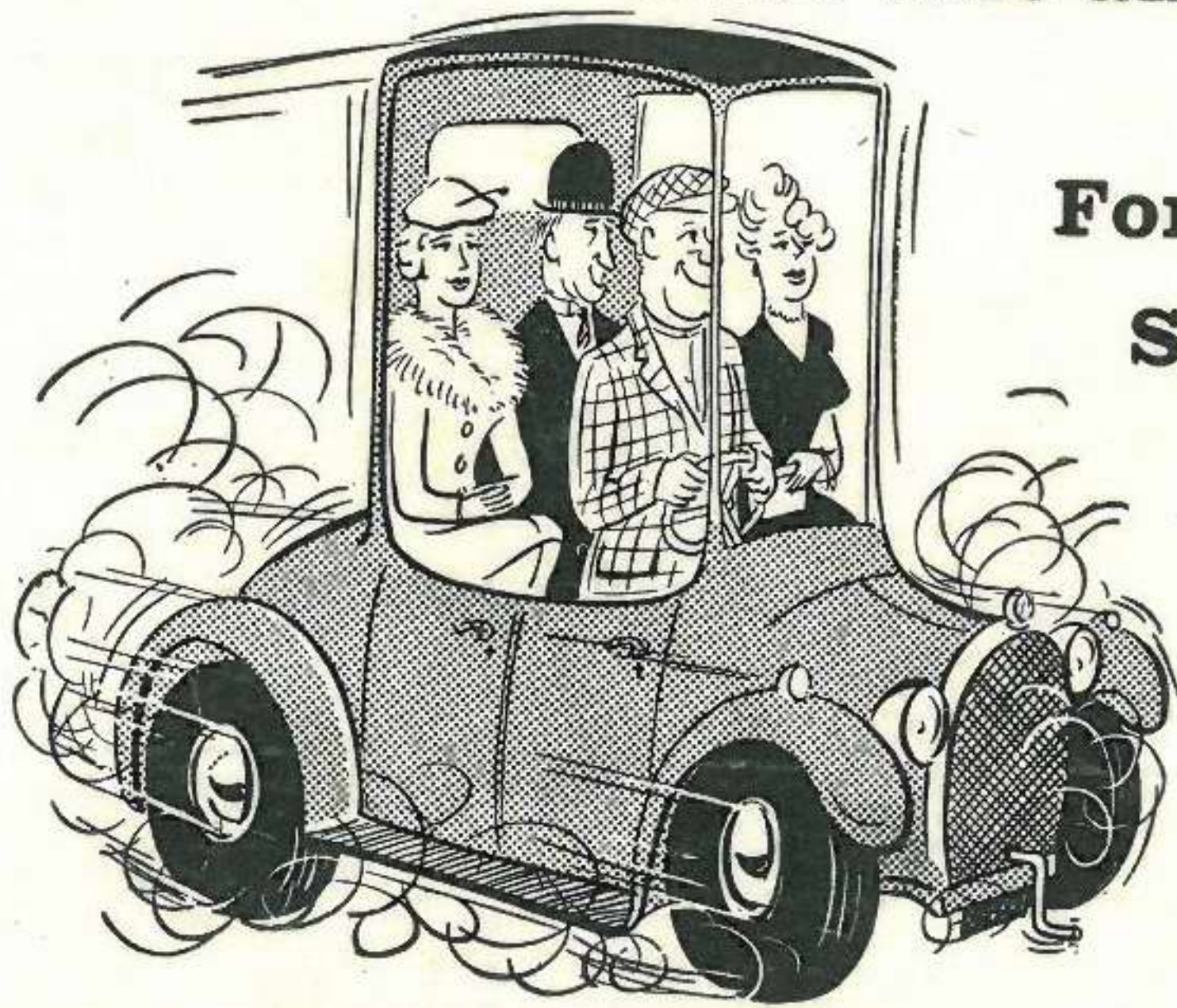
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