

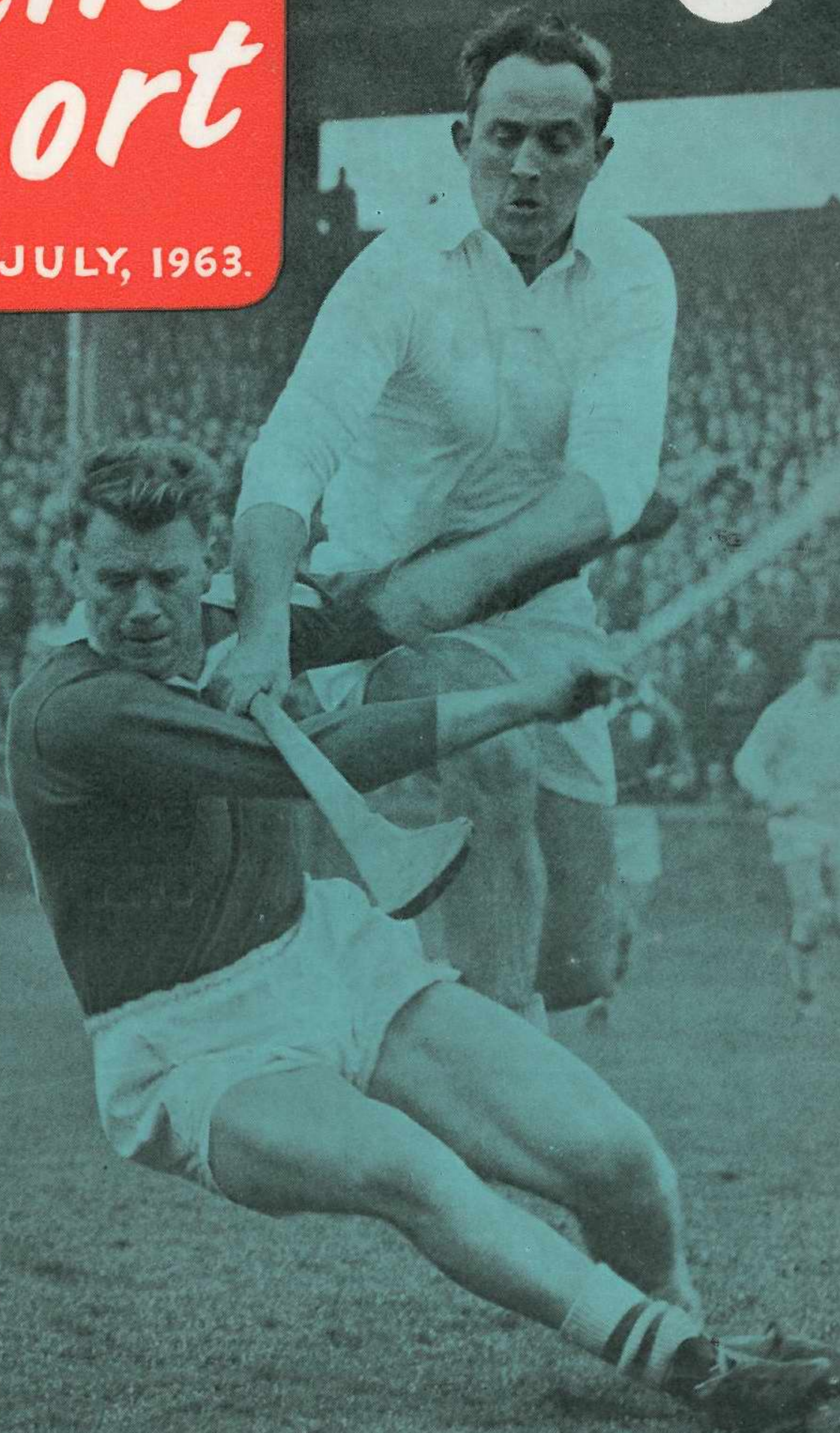
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# Gaelic Sport

VOL. 6. NO. 4. JULY, 1963.

1/6



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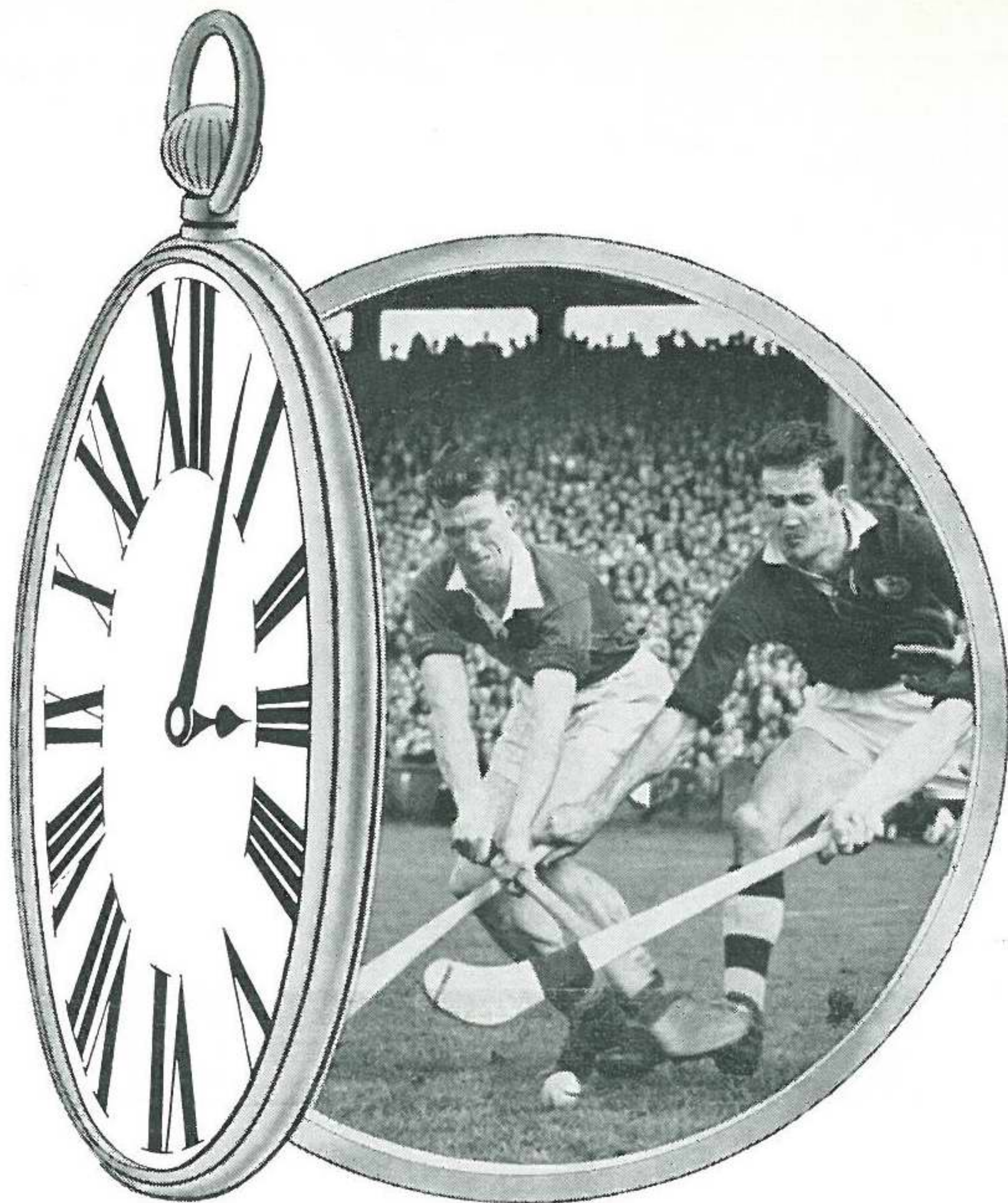
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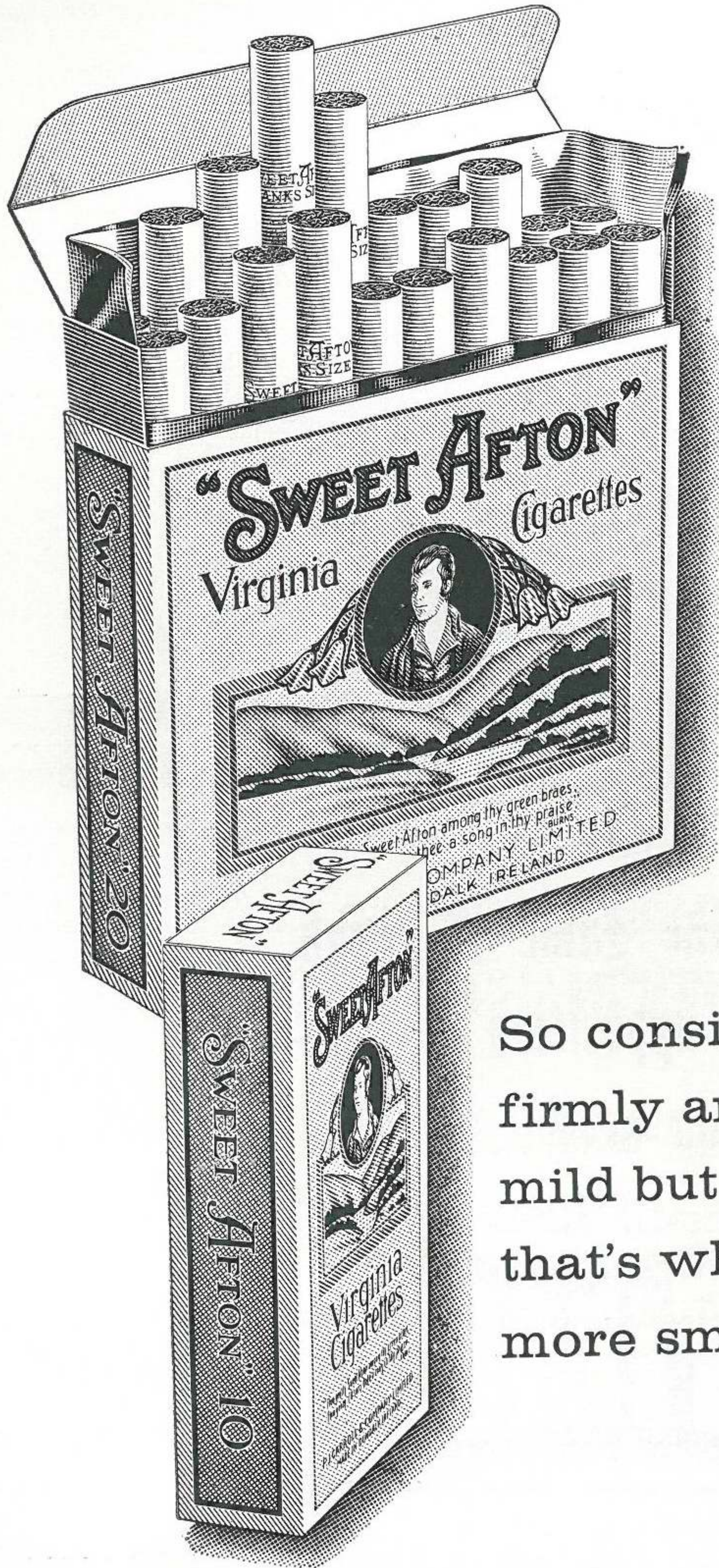
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# Calling the bluff

THE soccer bosses are sore because the Radio Eireann authorities think that Gaelic Games, being the National games, are more important than the imported pastime of Association Football. They are so sore, in fact, that they have withdrawn from Radio Eireann and Telefis Eireann all permission for broadcasts and telecasts of their game. And they have written to the press, telling at great length why they were forced to take this action.

The bosses talk of "discrimination," and make great play of the "disappointment expressed by many thousands of their followers" because R.E. allotted the Dublin and Cork wavelengths to soccer, meanwhile giving the more powerful Athlone wavelength to Gaelic Games on a couple of occasions recently. This, the bosses say, also happened in 1961 and last year; but that in former years their soccer Cup final and internationals got precedence on the Athlone wavelength.

If there is one important fact to be learned from this, it is that the people who now run our broadcasting and television services have at last taken a stand on the relative positions of Gaelic Games and the hotch-potch of other sports in Ireland—whether banned or unbanned.

For this we applaud them. But it would be foolish to imagine that the R.E. authorities have at last adopted this line of action solely because of nationalist sentiments. They are running a public service and, as in the case of newspaper proprietors, they possess sufficient wit to realise that it is good business to cater for that section of the public who make up the vast majority of their sporting listeners and viewers—namely, the followers of Gaelic Games.

One's heart should bleed for the poor soccer bosses. Their solicitude for their "many thousands of followers" is touching. Referring to their international against Scot-

land on June 9, they complain that R.E. gave priority to "a minor G.A.A. game" (Limerick v. Galway in the Munster senior hurling championship) on the Athlone wavelength on the same date. These people aren't fools. They know as well as we do that the following for soccer in this part of the country is entirely confined to Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Dundalk, Sligo and a few other towns of negligible population.

It is necessary, then, to call their bluff. Outside of the places mentioned, the number of people interested in listening-in to the broadcast of the Limerick-Galway game vis-a-vis the soccer international must at least have been in the ratio of 100 to 1. For the record, there were 26,000 people at that international. Figures of 80,000 to 90,000 are now commonplace for All-Ireland hurling and football finals. A crowd of 24,000 attended the 1963 soccer Cup final. Kerry and Down in the National League "home" final drew 57,000 paying customers to Croke Park, plus 20,000 who broke down the gates before the game. An attendance of 30,000 is not unusual at a Cork hurling final between, say, Glen Rovers and Blackrock. Are further comparisons necessary?

The soccer bosses are entirely at liberty to hoist their huffs and their bluffs. But those of us who have platforms from which to speak for Gaelic Games would be fools were we to let them get away with it. So, too, would Radio Eireann who, we are glad to see, have at last acquired the strength to resist the intimidation of minority pressure groups.

A final word for the men who run soccer in this country: Their game, in terms of playing membership and supporters, is only a minor sport when compared with the national games of hurling and Gaelic football. We can assure them that it will never be otherwise.

# SWEET TRIUMPH AFTER MANY LUCKLESS YEARS

Sean O'Neill

**T**HE cup of victory is never more sweet than when first tasted and on September 5, 1948, Waterford, long thirsting for honour, drank its fill. It was a great triumph—decisive and unquestionably well earned. It was all the more sweet too because in victory Waterford had defeated Dublin, who exactly a decade previously had dashed from Deise lips the cherished silver Cup.

Let us begin our story of Waterford's Greatest Hour then by taking a brief look back to the 1938 final. Waterford had won their first Munster senior hurling title and in the All-Ireland semi-final at Ennis beat Galway 4-8 to 3-1. On Sunday, September 4, they lined out against Leinster champions, Dublin, in the decider.

It was a great game but despite the best efforts of Mick Hickey, Charlie Ware, Declan Goode, John Keane, Christy Moylan and the other mighty men from the Comeraghs, Waterford went down.

It was close—2-5 to 1-6—and perhaps that made it even more disappointing, for many Deise followers held that it was a game which could, and maybe even should, have been won. But resignation got the upper hand and beidh lá eile ag an bPaorach expressed the hopes of the majority.

But the lá eile took a long time to come. Cork were back as Munster champions in 1939 and in 1940 Limerick left the province. The years went by and one by one the great warriors of '38 doffed the Deise jersey for the last time.

The war came and went and Waterford were still in search of major honours. And then it was May, 1948, with yet another Munster championship beginning and,

as often in the past, Waterford journeyed to Thurles.

Clare, the 1946 National League champions, provided the opposition. The same counties were matched in the minor game and the Deise lads, led by a youth named Mich Flannelly, ran riot to win 9-5 to 0-4. Except for star colleges' player, Jimmy Smith, Clare appeared very wanting in competent young caman wielders.

But then it was the senior game. No sooner was it on than stylish Vin Baston opened the scoring with a long range point and this seemed to trigger the Deisemen into action, for they immediately settled down and taking a firm grip of the game went on to lead 4-4 to 2-1 at half-time.

It appeared over and won, but it wasn't. Clare rallied. Dan McNerney, the Clare centre half-back, stayed close to John Keane. Willie McAllister and "Haulie" Daly began to find loopholes in the Waterford defence, and the Banner County was fighting back all the way.

The Waterford mentors sent John Keane to centre half-back—but still Clare kept coming. Goode cleared and so did Fleming. At midfield Baston was trying desperately. Slowly but surely they began to regain their hold on the game.

Keane's presence in the half-back line made a great difference. He and the youthful Phil Grimes were now unbeatable.

Time was ticking away and Waterford counted the seconds and held on. The relieving long whistle and the score stood Waterford 4-8, Clare 5-3.

It was a good win—nothing sensational but solid and quietly impressive. Keane, Baston and young Grimes were the heroes. The

## THEIR GREATEST HOUR

### 2 . . . WATERFORD, 1948

latter, only just nineteen, promised to grow into a really great hurler and when a month later Grimes packed his bag and journeyed to far New York, all Waterford Gael-dom mourned his going.

June 13 saw Waterford at home to Wexford in a challenge game at Waterford. A large home-crowd turned up and were more than disappointed when all but one of the non-resident players failed to field. The man who travelled was, of course, the ever-loyal and sporting Vin Baston.

There was much discontentment in Waterford hurling circles after the game. Wexford, by no means a hurling force in 1948, won by a point, 3-5 to 3-4, and furthermore they deserved the victory.

The weeks slipped by and then it was August 1 and Thurles again. Cork were defending their cherished Munster crown and straining at the leash to get back to Croke Park where a lone Kilkenny point had deprived them of the 1947 title.

Again the Waterford minors set the pace. Faced by reigning All Ireland champions, Tipperary, they hurled with extraordinary dash to overcome the odds and win the day.

Such a great victory could not but inspire and to a mighty cheer Waterford were first to attack in the senior game. However, Cork cleared and slipping into gear the Leesiders moved as only a great and experienced team can and within minutes were ahead 1-2 to 0-1.

Waterford heads hung low. Then it came. Johnny O'Connor, the raven-haired man of steel, and it was in the net.

Cork hit back but Sean Cusack and Andy Fleming cleared in turn.

The latter clearance found Bill Galvin and Cork conceded a seventy.

Up stepped the graceful Vin Baston—a long one, swinging out to the left. Christy Moylan was there and in the twinkling of an eye the ball was in the net. Waterford were ahead and fifteen minutes were gone.

Out near midfield Christy Ring gained possession for Cork and the mighty veteran of five all-Ireland medals sent over a glorious equaliser which travelled all of seventy yards.

It was the signal for a great and sustained Cork attack. They came and were through. Jack Lynch fired low and hard . . . glory Jim Ware. It was a seventy.

Jim Young took the free and it dropped. The illusive Josie Harnett sent to the square. A defender got it out a few feet but it was driven back in again and as Waterford hearts stood still, Sarsfield's Con Murphy grabbed it and stepping clear, he shot at point blank range. The net shook—but the ball it was out field.

Yes, from five yards range the peerless Jim Ware had done it again. The roar of the crowd was deafening. Even the sporting sons of Cork could not but raise their voices to acclaim as great a save as storied Thurles has ever been privileged to behold.

Such feats breed victory and still leading by a point at half-time, Waterford were at least half-way to Croke Park.

The second half saw Jackie Goode clear once and then a second time before O'Connor sent a long one which found Tom Curran and the net. Four points clear.

Cork, of course, fought back. Willie John Daly scored and so did Ring and Harnett. Waterford still held on. For a while it did look bleak but Bill Galvin fastened on to a Ned Carew sideline cut to save the day with a great goal.

Still Cork kept fighting and score by score they pegged back the lead. Time ticked away and

'twas many the Waterford supporter would swear it was 'up.' The score: Waterford 4-7, Cork 3-9. A long Waterford clearance and Ring had it. He slipped by one man and then another. He was away. Five . . . ten . . . twenty yards and still he came, the ball



*Phil Grimes . . . who played with Waterford in the first round of the 1948 Munster championship. Soon afterwards he emigrated to America and thus missed the satisfaction of helping his county on the rest of the road to All-Ireland triumph later that year.*

as if glued to his hurley. He steadied and shot. It dropped inches wide and it was all over.

Yes, Waterford had won their second Munster title.

Two weeks later it was Croke Park and Galway. Waterford were now confident as only Munster champions can be but when Galway got away fast and took an early lead much of that confidence ebbed. The Deise defence appeared unsteady—as if the wide plains of Croke Park offered too great a task.

A relieving clearance and a hurried shot at goal resulted in a Waterford seventy.

The referee placed the ball and Vin Baston's sweet stroke sent it soaring. It dropped and kept dropping all the way to the net.

Once again the inimitable Vin

had stepped in to show the way. From then on Waterford were in gear and, except for the brilliance of Sean Duggan in the Galway goal, would have led more than 3-6 to 0-3 at half-time.

Just before half-time John Keane—as if in a hurry to reach the final,—scored one goal and then another. This spelled well for what was ahead.

However, the second half saw a less effective Waterford. Galway rallied somewhat and the Deise forwards seemed to lose their bearings. Luckily the backs held on and Waterford finished seven points clear.

Still, taking the game as a whole, Waterford were not that impressive and the wise men, the tipsters, the forecasters and the betting men joined to make Leinster champions Dublin, firm favourites for the final.

And so came the big day. For John Keane, Christy Moylan and Mick Hickey it was history being repeated. Ten years and one day had gone since 1938 and here they were again trying.

Croke Park, the teams, the flags and the excitement. Unequaled and indescribable as hearts beat quickly and loud cheers tried hopelessly to relieve the tightening and almost painful inward tension.

Once again Mick Flannelly, Tom Cunningham, Mick O'Connor and the mighty minors carried the day. By 3-8 to 4-2 they conquered Kilkenny and even if the big game should be lost all was not lost.

The National Anthem and then the mighty roar. Hurleys flashed and Dublin attacked for Hayes to clear. It swung up and down before Baston collected and as only Baston could, he side-stepped and shouldered off in turn four Dubliners before sending a high one down the left wing. Racing for it, Christy Moylan collected and in the same movement sent high and over the bar. Yes, ten years was a long wait.

(Continued on page 52.)



## VIN UASAL BASTON

*Adeir SEÁN Ó DÚNAGAIN*

Tá Vin uasal Baston marbh. Is deacair é shamhlú. Tá bliain is fiche ó bhuaile mé leis don chéad uair. Thíos sa Chéad Chathlán i nGaillimh a bhí an bheirt againn.

An chéad rud a thugas faoi deara ná a uaisleacht—ní h-amhain ar an bpáirc ach i ngach áit.

Ag an am ní raibh sé ag imirt le Portláirge. Bhí taisteal fhada as an gceist ag an am agus ní raibh aon saoire breise le fáil ón Arm.

Ach ba cuma Vin le club, conndae nó cúige, ní ar son onóir a d'imir sé riamh ach ar son an chluiche. Bí an iomáint a chéad grá.

Bhí sé ana thugtha don treanáil agus leis ba mhó a chaith sé a chuid am saor. Ba bhreá bheith ag breathnú air. Bhí sé mear, lúfar agus ana láidir. Seachas b'fhéidir Christy Ring nó Padge Kehoe, ní raibh sarú Vin ag tóraíocht cúl ó phoc 21 slat.

Bhí sé Gaelach. Bí an Ghaeilge, gan amhras ár dteanga laethúil sa Chathlán ach seachas sin ar fad, bhí Vin tugtha don teanga.

Fear meidhreach i gcomluadar a beadh é—ach ní raibh sé ró-thugtha ann féin don scléip.

Ba bhreá leis bheith ag breathnú ar dhaoine eile agus iad ag déanamh spóirt—beadh sé leo gan bheith páirteach má thuigeann tú mé.

Ait go leor, bhí sé tugtha don banjo—é dá sheinm go ciun ina sheómra féin. B'annamh é gan beith ar Aifreann laethúil — ach muna mbeithfá féin ann ní thabharfá a cháifeacht faoi deara.

Dhein sé moltóireacht ar chluiche ceannais na bliana 1947—blian ina dhiadh sin bé féin a bhí ina shár-laoch nuair a thug Portláirge an lá leo don chéad uair.

Le linn a ré ní raibh a shárú ann leis an gcamán. Mar chara agus mar shaighdiúir ní raibh a shárú ann ach oiread.

Bhuaile mé leis sé seachtain roimh a bhais—é ana thógtha le comóradh an dá scór (1924-1964) ag an gCéad Chathlán. A lán moltaí aige faoi cé mar ba chóir an comóradh a chur ar bun.

I nGaillimh a bheidh an comóradh an bhliain seo chugainn. Beidh Vin in easnamh—ach beidh cuimhne air. Agus cé'n fáth nach mbeadh—nár bh é sár-fhear ar shár-fhir an Chathlán é—nár bh é ár gcara dílis uile é—Vin uasal Baston atá anois i measc na naomh.

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# TOP TEN

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## Follow the feats of the stars

**F**OR the second 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 compiled 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, May 19 to Sunday, June 16.

Two of last month's top ten hurlers find places in the current list. Clare veteran, Jimmy

Smith, in tenth position last month, now tops the list, while Waterford's Tom Cheasty, who was number one last month is now in fourth position.

The football list shows a complete change from last month when Kerry's Kevin Coffey headed the 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.

### HURLING

1. **J. SMITH (Clare).**
2. **O. GOUGH (Kilkenny).**
3. **T. CORBETT (Cork).**
4. **T. CHEASTY (Waterford)**
5. **T. McGARRY (Limerick)**
6. **T. WALSH (Kilkenny).**
7. **P. J. KEANE (Limerick).**
8. **R. BROWNE (Cork).**
9. **J. DOYLE (Tipperary).**
10. **M. CULLINANE (Galway).**

### FOOTBALL

1. **C. GALLAGHER (Cavan).**
2. **J. QUINN (Meath).**
3. **P. KELLY (Donegal).**
4. **F. LYNCH (Louth).**
5. **D. FOLEY (Dublin).**
6. **P. CONNOLLY (Kildare).**
7. **G. HUGHES (Offaly).**
8. **T. BENNETT (Armagh).**
9. **N. DELANEY (Laois).**
10. **J. MURRAY (Leitrim).**

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Another new feature which we are providing is a list of the top five championship scorers. This

current list is based on senior championship games played up and until Sunday, June 16.

### HURLING

1. **W. HOGAN (Carlow), 4-2.**
2. **J. SMITH (Clare), 1-7.**
3. **R. BROWNE (Cork), 3-0.**
4. **'DARK' W. WALSH (Carlow), 2-1.**  
**P. MOLLOY (Offaly), 2-1.**

### FOOTBALL

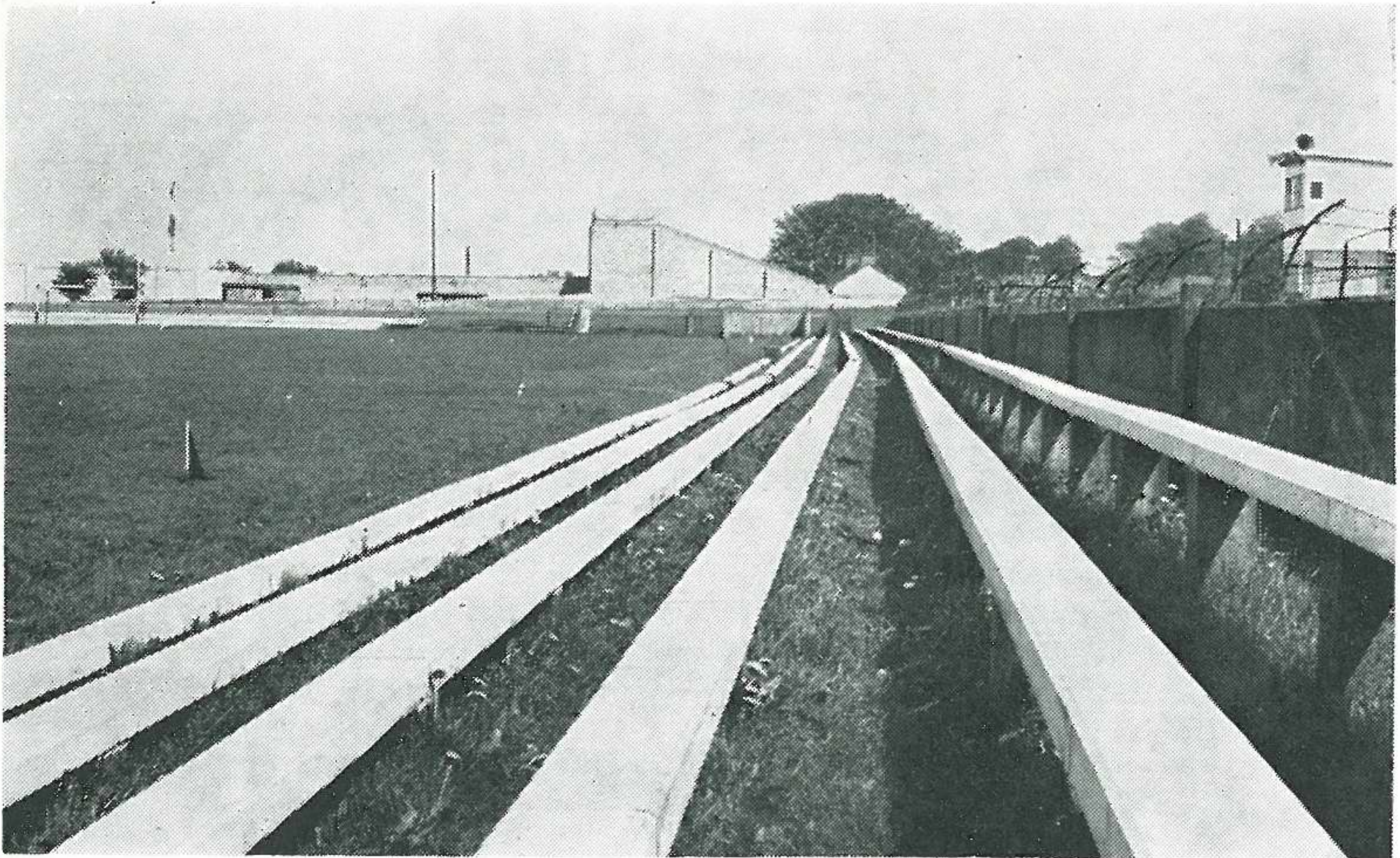
1. **B. HAYDEN (Carlow), 0-11.**  
**J. MULROY (Louth), 1-8.**
3. **H. FAY (Kildare), 1-5.**  
**N. DOOGUE (Carlow), 2-2.**  
**V. KANE (Down), 2-2.**

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It is interesting to note that Carlowmen head the list in both hurling and football and there are in all four Carlow players listed. However, it

should be remembered that during the period in question Carlow have had two championship outings in both codes.

# **'BANTILE' SEATING FOR SPORTSGROUNDS**



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## RED LIGHT FOR KERRY

THE 78th Munster senior football final is for decision on July 14 and once again it is old rivals Kerry and Cork who contest the issue. Kerry seek their 49th title; Cork their 18th and as usual Kerry enter the game firm favourites.

However, I do note an air of quiet expectancy about this young Cork side. They performed well throughout the National League and against Waterford in the provincial semi-final they conceded but one point in fifty minutes of play.

In Eddie Coughlan, J. J. Murphy, Noel O'Halloran and company, Cork appear to have the type of forwards long sought and against Waterford they kicked fourteen accurate points—plus, of course, two goals.

Yes, Cork are outsiders on July 14, but what has happened in the past could well happen again. Kerry seek their sixth consecutive title—just as they have done on four occasions in the past and oddly enough only once have they made it.

### GALWAY AGAIN

It looks like Galway for the Connacht senior football title on July 14. As I see it this young Western side is better balanced than that which won the All-Ireland title in 1956. Given a youthful Sean Purcell to lead them, I believe that this team would be capable of dethroning Kerry . . . but then Sean Purcells come on the scene but once in a lifetime. For the record the Connacht senior football honours list reads—Mayo 28, Galway 21, Roscommon 11, Leitrim and Sligo one each.

### WESTMEATH MINORS

As I write, Westmeath are still unbeaten in both minor hurling and football. By the time you read this they may no longer be but the point is that these lads have given their county something to hope for in the not too distant future. This gallant county has yet to win a Leinster senior title and this year they were the first to bid adieu to senior competition. However, a day will come no doubt . . .

Westmeath have won two Leinster minor football titles—1939 and '52. I wonder how many Westmeath Gaels can recall the 1939 side? Well here it is—H. Dunne, T. O'Byrne, S. Casserly, E. Martin, J. Connolly, E. Casey, A. Coady, M. Reynolds, E. Meagher, J. Delaney, M. Farrelly, D. Fox, E. O'Rahilly, S. Cashin, C. Lynam.

In the Leinster final they beat Laois 1-2 to 0-2.

### GREAT CLAREMAN

Another county which I am convinced is on the verge of a comeback is Clare. Not since their collapse against Limerick in the 1955 Munster final have the Banner County won a major hurling game, while their footballers have been even longer in the wilderness.

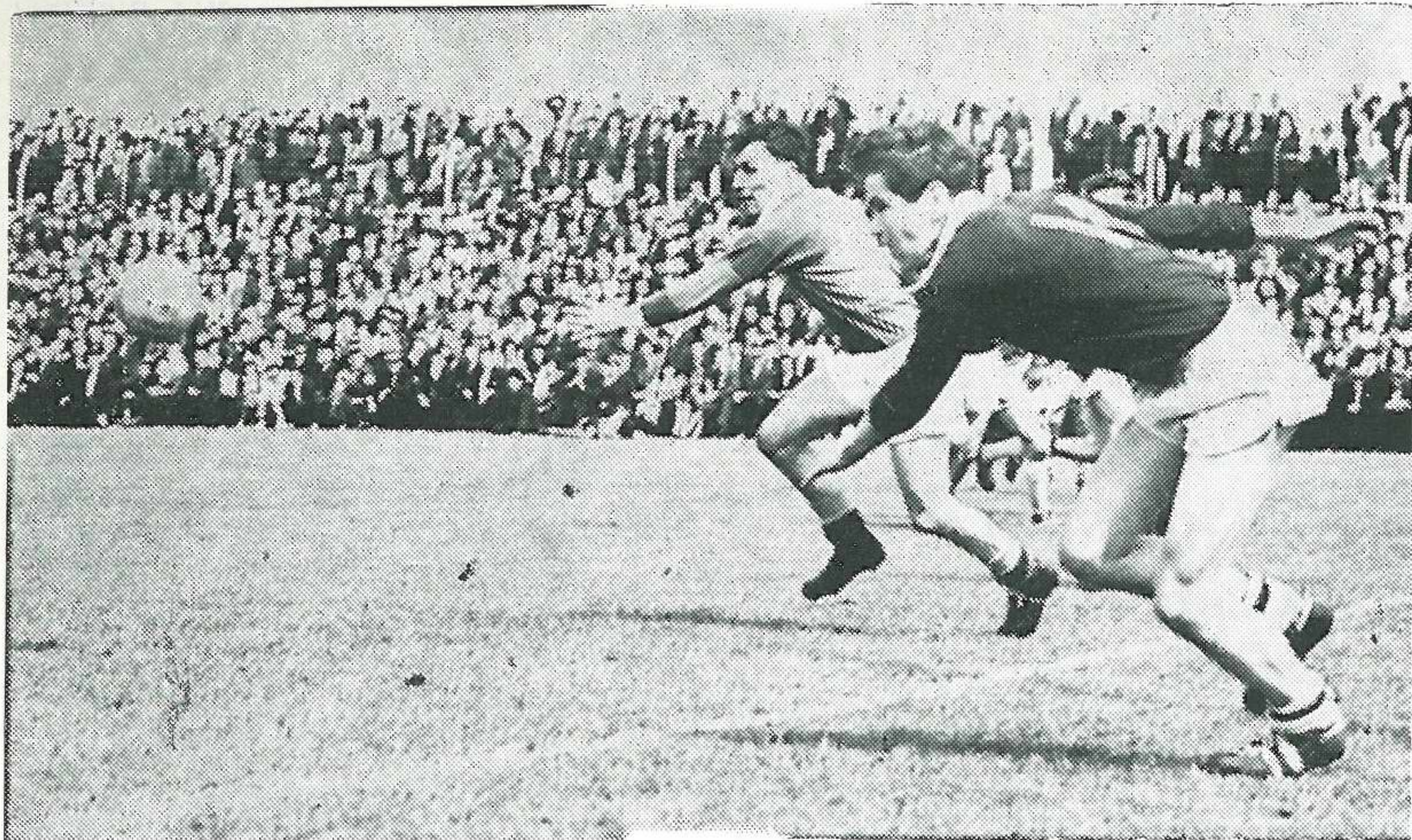
However, I detect a new air of industry in Dail gCais since that dynamic young man, Jack Daly, took over as County Chairman. With him came another very able official, Michael McTigue, who is now Secretary and in these two men Clare have certainly found officers of unusual competence.

A firm but enthusiastic hand at the top can do much to lead a county into the limelight and there is none more justly firm and yet more enthusiastic than that of Jack Daly.

Only six months in office and one has but to visit the county to see the obvious results. There is a new authority and precision about club competition and particularly County Board affairs. In the intercounty field Clare showed an improvement on last year in all grades.

Mr. Daly is an honours M.Eng. Sc. graduate and I have heard it rumoured that his stay in his native county will be a short one. No doubt there would be greater scope for his professional qualifications elsewhere. However, for the sake of G.A.A. affairs in Clare let us hope that the rumour I heard remains but a rumour.

(Continued overleaf)



*Paddy Gibbons (Mayo), nearest ball, and Sean Cleary (Galway) in a headlong race for possession during the Connacht football semi-final at Castlebar on June 16. Galway advanced to the final on the score: 2-8 to 1-6.*

(From previous page)

Heartiest congratulations to Louth County Secretary, Peadar Kearney, on his recent marriage. One of the most able and sincere county officials in the country, Peadar personifies the earnest men who keep the wheels ever turning and yet rarely are in the public limelight.

Louth may be the smallest county in Ireland but when it comes to club competition its calendar is one of the most heavily laden. Yet, I know of no county where competitions at all levels are run more smoothly and without hitch. For this most of the credit belongs to Peadar Kearney. Sliocht sleachta ar shliocht a sleachta.

#### **VOCATIONAL SCHOOLS**

The Vocational Schools intercounty football championship has been going now for the past few years and for some reason or other it does not appear to have captured the attention which it merits.

Personally, I see no reason why this competition (and its hurling counterpart) could not

eventually become as noteworthy and as important as the All-Ireland College's championship. We are all aware of the great contribution made over the years by our colleges towards the development of Gaelic Games—well there is no reason whatsoever why our vocational schools should not make an equal contribution provided their competitions are given the recognition and co-operation which they deserve.

#### **FIRST BAN**

Mention is made elsewhere in this issue of the various bans on Gaelic Games instituted by British law. However, I recently came across an interesting item which told of how Edward III banned all sport in England. It seems he wanted all able-bodied men to become expert with the bow and arrow and to bring this about—he had an act passed ordering the cessation of all games of sport.

Edward IV was even more insistent. He made "anyone playing futeball or intermeddling therein" liable for a two year "stretch."

## WATCH OUR NEXT ISSUE

WATCH out for next month's issue and the stories and articles which no Gaelic Games follower can afford to miss. Remember GAELIC SPORT is now on sale with all leading newsagents on the first of every month. Next month's issue FEATURES:—

● **DES FERGUSON** — As versatile with the pen as he is in football and hurling. His article on Christy Ring in last month's issue has won wide acclaim.

● **PAUL RUSSELL** — Ireland's most outspoken and controversial G.A.A. writer will have more to say. Paul writes by kind permission of the "Sunday Review." His column will in future be a regular feature of GAELIC SPORT.

● **SEAN DONEGAN** — His series "Stories Yet Untold" has proven a winner. Next month this former Offaly and Leinster football star will continue with his unsurpassed stories and anecdotes.

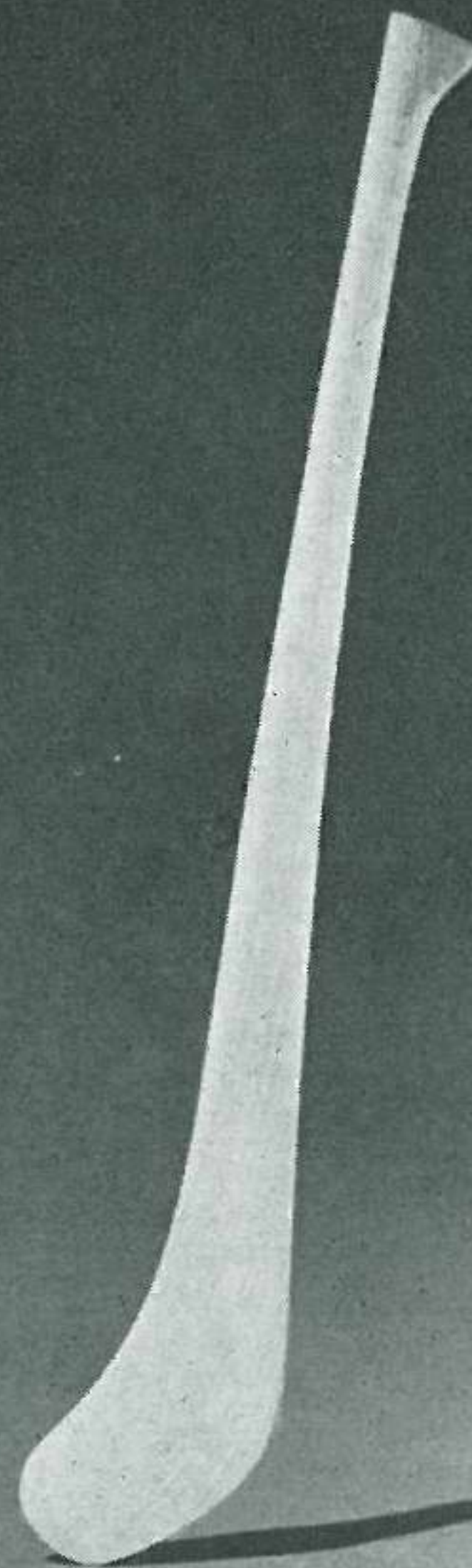
● **EAMONN YOUNG** — From far away Elizabethville in the Republic of the Congo, Eamonn's third article in his series "The Leesiders Golden Years" will be sent exclusively to readers of GAELIC SPORT.

● **SEAN O'NEILL**—His series "Their Greatest Hour" is proving yet another GAELIC SPORT winner. So far this entertaining writer has dealt with counties Carlow and Waterford. Next month he will recall in detail Clare's greatest hour and all that led up to it.

● **FRANKIE BYRNE** — As accurate with the pen as he was in picking off points. There will be yet another article by this former Meath all-time great in next month's issue.

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the ash-  
and pride in  
St. Lua...”



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## JOE LENNON'S BOOK COULD REVOLUTIONISE FOOTBALL

ONE of the most embarrassing incidents in a fairly long playing career happened to me in the very first All-Ireland semi-final I appeared in. We were playing Kerry and I was at centre-field. A ball came rolling fast across the field in front of me. I pulled on it, missed completely and nearly went flat on my face—to my own consternation and the crowd's obvious amusement.

Of course, nobody had ever told me that to connect with such a ball you must pull in front of it. It was only when I began to apply some elementary principles of duck-shooting to my game that this thought struck me and thereafter I never missed.

That was in 1948 and the year before, I had another odd experience. I was playing right half-back on a Mayo team against that Antrim team of the 'forties, whose forwards were capable of producing the most bewildering football. My particular forward was a tricky one named Tommy Best and the first ball that came to him that day he dribbled it right up to me, inviting me to tackle him. I did. He slipped me easily and was gone. I looked a proper Charlie!

Again, of course, nobody had taught me how to tackle a "dribbler" or, even more important, when not to tackle an

opponent at all. This I had to learn for myself from bitter and oftentimes embarrassing experience.

All this came back to me recently when a "foreigner" asked me at what age I received coaching for Gaelic football. Reluctantly I had to admit that I was never coached. True, I had an older brother who gave me some idea of the fundamentals of the game but, other than that, I learned everything for myself by trial, error and observation.

And I am not unique in this. On the contrary I can say without fear

— **By** —  
**Eamonn Mongey**

of contradiction that efficient and effective coaching is practically non-existent in the G.A.A. There are, of course, some exceptions—men (teachers principally) who through their own intelligence have worked out a system of coaching which does achieve some good results. But they are few and far between.

Allied to coaching is training and here real danger arises. How many so-called trainers really know what they are doing or what effect particular exercises will have on their charges? What value is there in "lapping" a field or what

# CALL FOR COACHING

danger is there in touching your toes? These are questions which very few of our present-day trainers would even begin to answer. And they are so important.

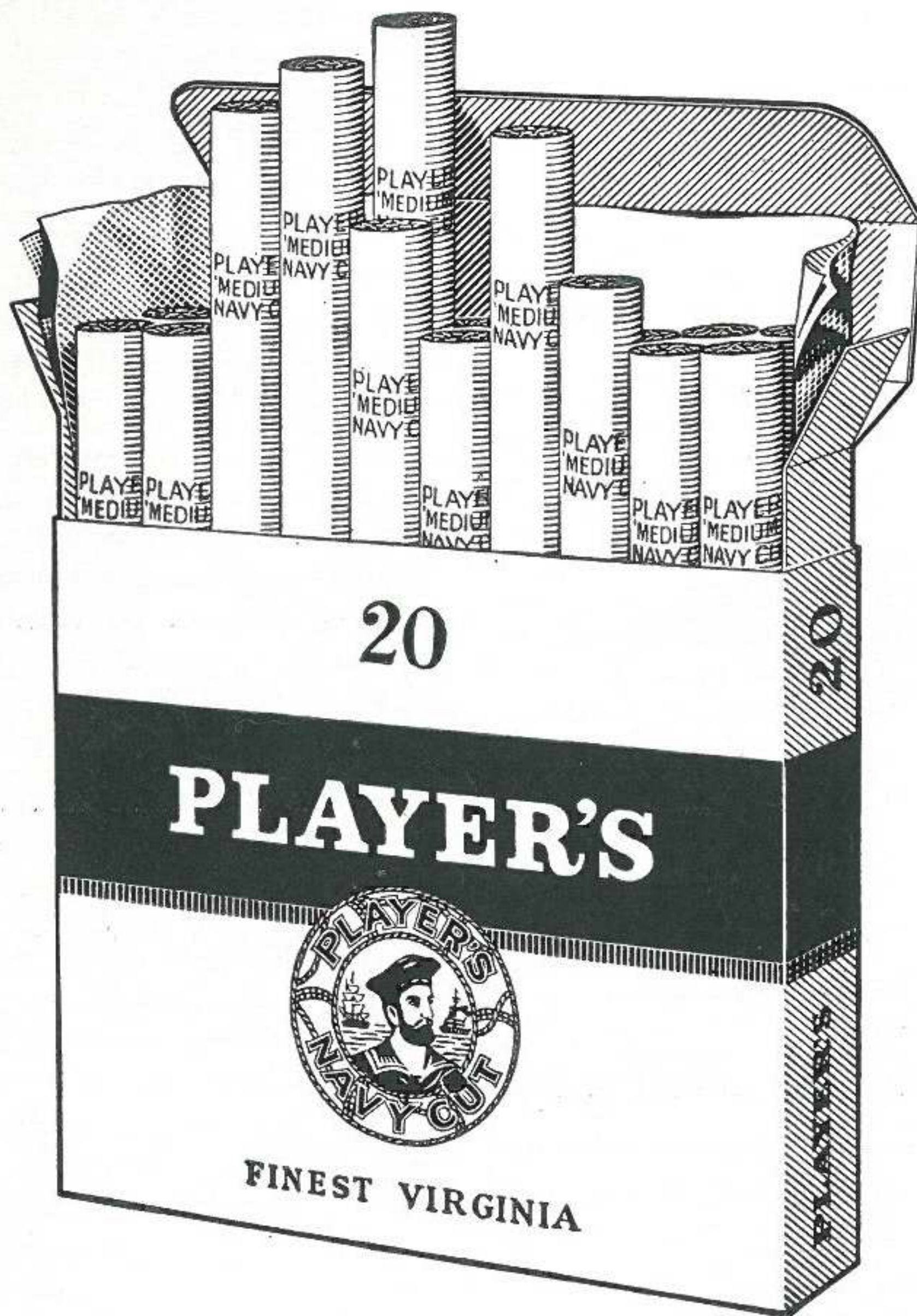
But I am glad to say that all this may well be remedied in the near future. I have just read a book (not yet published) by Joe Lennon, the Down midfielder, on Gaelic football coaching and if his ideas are implemented they could well revolutionise the game.

Joe sets the theme in the opening chapter — "The time worn methods of preparing Gaelic football teams are suddenly out of date, antiquated. For the next bulge, we will need to replace physical training with physical education and this will entail a high proportion of coaching in the preparation of our teams. Coaching as such has never really been studied or applied in Gaelic football. But once the benefits of coaching are realised, we will wonder why we did not think of it before."

From that Joe moves on to prove conclusively the need for coaching in Gaelic football, and then moves on to show how coaching should be done.

He analyses each skill with enviable expertness, shows how each should be taught and then links them altogether again.

(Continued overleaf.)



Ní pléisiúr go **PLAYER'S**

(From previous page.)

I should say that this is far from being a technical book. It is an extremely thoughtful book, illuminated by numerous incisive and provocative remarks about the rules, the medical profession, the G.A.A. and even the Press. It is never dull and, in my opinion, is what we have been waiting for.

But what is the best use that can be made of it? Personally, I would like very much to see the Central Council set up a summer school for coaching. Gormanstown College with its wonderful pitches, equipment, and gymnasium would be an ideal location. I would put Joe Lennon in charge of it not just because he wrote the book but because he is a qualified football coach. Jim McKeever could help him, and each county board in Ireland could be asked to send two representatives for coaching instruction. All they learned could then be brought back to their counties and passed on to all the clubs down there. Provided, we got full cooperation from all concerned I think that the words of Joe Lennon, quoted from the book, might well prove true.

“ We have not really tapped the resources of this game of Gaelic football. We are still inhibiting the overflow of superfluous enjoyment. The great heart of the game is still only a dim throb in our ears. When we begin to make scientific approaches to the game and exploit its latent potentialities, it will blossom forth in flashing brilliance which as yet we have seen only mirrored in the glass of our best performances to date.”

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## THE LEESIDE'S GOLDEN YEARS

# THE ROAD TO A GREAT RECORD

### EAMONN YOUNG

THE foot and mouth disease cost Ireland a lot of money in '41 and many a fine herd of cattle was led into huge trenches around the country for the executioner's bullet. In Munster the games were held up and reluctantly the Council decided to send Cork ahead as the Munster standard-bearers in the All-Ireland series. In fact there seemed little doubt that the right choice was made and we looked forward to bringing back that elusive Cup after ten long years.

Flying Dublin beat Galway in Birr and though the score (2-4 to 2-2) was low the fact that Dublin had Christy Forde in goal, tough veteran Charlie MacMahon, Mick Gill (junior) and those fine half-backs Phil Farrell and stylish Jim Byrne to hold the defence together, made the Galway task a hard one. For the final two more of the '38 champion team, Harry Grey the long-legged stylist from Laois and

speedy winger Mossie MacDonnell the army man from Cork made the total of Dublin's All-Ireland winners a very respectable seven, and when one remembers that the fine tough player Ned Wade was back from Tipperary to lead the forwards it's no wonder that by the Lee there were some who felt the cup might again be dashed from eager lips.

The boys trained very hard under jovial Jim Barry, a psychologist who had the knack of man-management. Paddy O'Donovan told me he met Jim in the street one day after missing training on the night before. The trainer never asked him a question but simply went into a long and glowing account of the fun the lads had the night before—how Alan Lotty drove some beautiful balls and Jack Barrett was a pleasure to watch . . . and the jokes the boys cracked.

Paddy could hardly wait until teatime to get his togs out. But that big day was not quite as tough as we feared. Cork hurling was back in all its splendour.

The half-back line of Billy Campbell, Con Cottrill and Din Joe Buckley was terrific, and at centre-field Jack Lynch and Jack Barrett had the brains, brawn and hurling to keep the ball up to a forward line where Sonny Buckley the captain, Jim Young at left-wing, Micka Brennan and the two young men from East Cork, Ted Sullivan and Christy Ring were flying.

Billy Murphy drove one of those murderous puck-outs from the Railway end. Away up into the sky it went. John Quirke, the right corner at the Canal end moved out between the full-forward Ted Sullivan and the man on the '21,' Sonny Buckley. Dropping out of the air came the white ball and Quirky whipped as it struck the ground. Like a bullet went the drop-shot all the way to the net.

No wonder Dublin went down by 5-11 to 0-6.

When the game was obviously sewn up 'Quirky' went down "injured" for the substitute who comes on the field in an All-Ireland final is automatically entitled to one of those precious medals. Looking keenly to the line he waited to see if the small hardy man from Carrigtwohill was coming on. He did and the "wounded warrior" lay still.

When the game was over that good goalie, Jim Buttimer, who

(Continued on page 17)

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# Phoenix

(From page 15)

had an easy day teased the substitute.

"You didn't do much to win the All-Ireland," he said.

"I did as much as you, Jim," said Bobby Ryng who had been at right-corner in the '39 final. "I got one puck at the ball."

There were great celebrations in Cork and at last we were back in the big time. Of course we'd have to beat Tipperary in the delayed Munster final.

In Limerick they played it and one could write forever about the game. Better to come to the point and say that Tipperary won. In Cork there was blue murder, recriminations, arguments, suggestions that Cup should be given to Tipperary . . . it was a dreadful business. Eventually the County Board held an inquiry and because I hope to continue rearing a family by the Lee I'll just say no more.

The sequel is of more importance. A month later the teams met again in a tournament. The atmosphere was electric and Cork took a sweet sporting revenge. No one blames a Tipperaryman who rubs salt into the wound after twenty years with his crack about the Foot-and-Mouth All-Ireland but even a son of Tiobrad Arann cannot deny the greatness of the champion Cork team of those years.

So it was that Jack Barrett of Kinsale in the twilight of a rousing career won his All-Ireland at last.

In '42 a place simply had to be found for the strong ex-North Monastery boy, Con Murphy, from Innishannon, who was to stay on the side at corner or centre-back

for the remainder of that hurling era. Ned Porter of Dillon's Cross took over the goal and Con Cottrill answered the call of the Church so Jim Young dropped back to the left half-back position which he later made his own. Paddy O'Donovan, who had been on Cork hurling teams and football teams during the previous few years took the centre-field task with his friend Jack Lynch and on to the half-forward line with the fast improving Christy Ring came two stylish ex-minors Mick Kenefick and Sean Condon. John Quirke, cool and crafty, stood on the mark with two of the shrewdest small corners in the game Derry Beckett and Charlie Tobin of Glen Rovers, who at the time was soldiering in Limerick.

Beckett was one of a great clan. The father Jerry, born in Kerry's Kilgarvan was a champion sprinter, won an All-Ireland football medal in 1911 and would have had a hurling medal also but for an illegality (not concerning Jerry). Willie, Derry's brother, a beautiful striker, won the national half-mile championship while Derry himself showed the finished craftsman he was by winning a football medal with Cork in '45 as a left corner where he also won his hurling cup in '42 against Dublin, who went down by 2-14 to 3-4.

Two in a row for Cork and no thought of stopping.

Tom Mulcahy of the Barrs, whom many say was the best ever in Cork, stood in the goal where he was to stay to the finish. Fr. Con Cottrill was back at centre-field with Jack Lynch and with Sean Condon and the captain, Mick Kenefick, on the wings. 'Ringey'

at 23 was showing star material. The full forward line of '41, John Quirke, Ted Sullivan and Mika Brennan had returned. This was indeed a solid team and the country looked forward to another great Kilkenny-Cork epic until the Black and Amber visited Belfast to play Antrim. The men of the North, hurling with flying abandon got away to a fine start and never looked back. They scored 3-3 and the Noresiders could tack on only six points to their lone goal. It was a bad night in Kilkenny.

In the final Jim Barry said that thirty one and a half counties were against his team and he really wasn't far wrong, though that extra half might have been a slight exaggeration. Our men were expected to win and they did to the emphatic tune of 5-16 to 0-4. In front of the Antrim goalie, whose name appropriately enough was Hurl, men like Murphy, Graham, the captain Walsh, MacKeown, Bateson, Campbell and Kevin Armstrong hurled with fire and enthusiasm but the skill of their seasoned opponents was a little too much.

Three in a row and still going strong. It had been done before by Cork in 1892-94, by Tipperary in 1898-1900 and by Kilkenny in 1911-13 (though the 1911 game was awarded) but never had the four come to one county in hurling. Wexford and Kerry footballers had done it in '15-'18 and '29-'32. Many felt Cork had a great chance of making history.

Paddy O'Donovan, who was still improving until he was to really find his feet as a great centre-

(Continued overleaf)

**BECKERS**

*Best* **TEA** *Drink*

(From previous page)

back, took over at right-half and Jim Young moved up to left wing where he had won the '41 medal. Mick Kenefick was out of action with a broken arm but into the full forward line came a strong boy from the 'Barrs' named Jim Morrison and a tall slim flier from Dillon's Cross, who won an Irish championship in the 300 metres and could hurl like an angel. He was Joe Kelly, now like Jim Morrison a priest. Fr. Joe serves in Christchurch, New Zealand.

It was a close call at Ennis where Galway scored 3-3 and the final whistle after a hard, dour encounter left Cork leading by a lonely point. There were a few sighs of relief. Dublin beat Antrim by 3 goals and 11 points and here we go again for the final which just had to be won.

But there was no stopping Cork and when the final whistle blew delighted crowds erupted on the field to cheer the men who had broken the records by their decisive 2-13 to 1-2 victory. It was a great day for the Lee and a personal triumph for a hardy lad from Ballinacollig who rejoiced in the name of Hitler Healy for that black-haired chunk of iron went on as sub for injured Con Murphy.

In the following year Hitler was to win a football medal again as sub and in '46 took his third as right-winger in the hurling game against Kilkenny.

"I don't care who he is," said Hitler to me once in that quiet way of his, "I'll have a go off him anyway."

John Quirke and Batt Thornhill two really great players, were drawing to the end of their long careers but there were young men coming.

Were we good for five in a row?

(Continued next month)

### ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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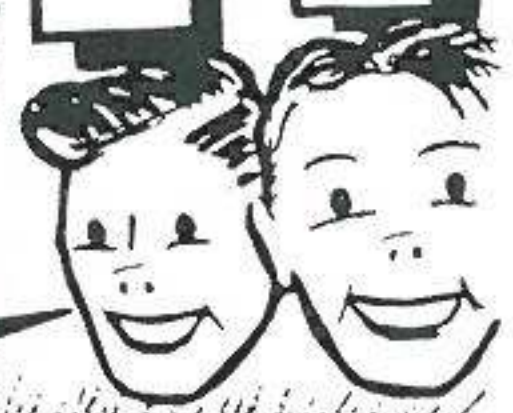


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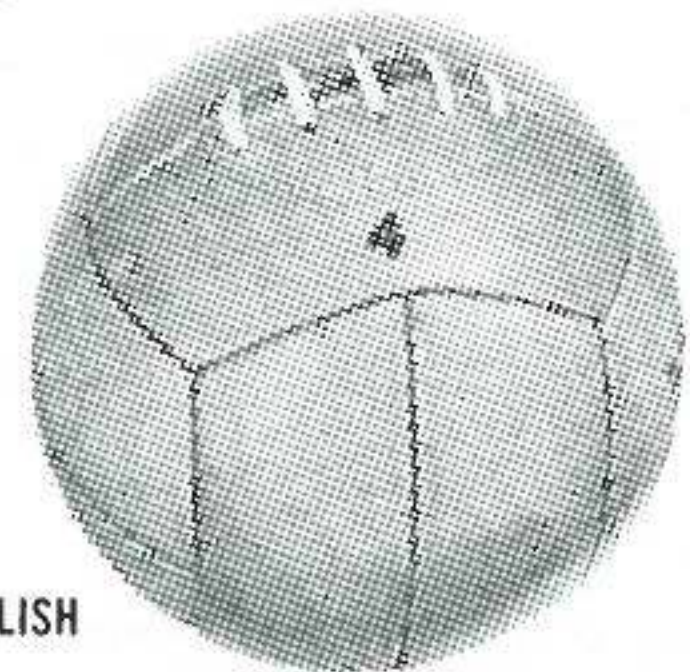
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# GEORGE LAVERY

## DOWN'S LEADER ON A ROUGH ROAD



### Frank Foley

AS the Down football team logged mile after mile on their successful trip across America last summer one of the players carried on an inner debate with himself on the question of retirement. But when officials discovered what he contemplated they successfully used all their persuasive powers to make him change his mind.

So George Lavery, one of the most consistent defenders in football, but one of the least spectacular, and one of the game's most sporting and likeable figures, continues in the service of his native county.

Having persuaded George to delay his retirement Down conferred on him the captaincy of the team when a new National League season opened with the first Lagan Cup tie last September. And no one who has had contact with this modest, great-hearted player will deny that there is no worthier recipient of the honour.

In January this year Lavery completed a decade in the red and black jersey of his county. Yet, it was not his native Down who introduced him to inter-county football. Ironically it was against Down that he made his debut in top-class football. That was in 1952 when he was chosen for

Antrim while living in Belfast.

However, he was soon sought by the Down selectors. The following January he threw in his lot with his native county and since then he has been a regular on the side playing at midfield, centre half-back and full-back before moving some years back to his present position.

At right full-back he played a big part, quietly but most effectively, in all Down's successes and after several years of unrewarding football he now has three Ulster, two All-Ireland and two National League medals in his possession.

One of the biggest disappointments of his career was in July, 1958, when Down appeared in the Ulster final for the first time. George missed that game, in which his side lost to Derry, because of a hitch in transport arrangements. Through a misunderstanding he was not picked up by the car scheduled to travel his way, so instead of playing at Clones he had to be content to listen to a radio commentary of the game.

There were, however, many hours of joy and triumph to compensate George Lavery for that disappointment and he himself contributed greatly to them all. But perhaps in none of his team's

victories did he perform more splendidly than in the 1961 All-Ireland semi-final against Kerry when the Kingdom, bent on revenge for the previous year's defeat threw everything into a determined second half barrage of the Down defence.

A barrage that just failed, let it be recorded. And one of the reasons for that failure was the persistent, unflinching resistance of corner back George Lavery, who was superbly defiant, unceasingly vigilant and always in perfect harmony and understanding with full-back Leo Murphy and goalkeeper Eddie McKay.

Since then George has continued to serve his county well. He is possessed of rare judgment, keen anticipation and an untiring doggedness that leaves him a most difficult back to outwit or shake off.

This year he leads his county for the first time in the Ulster championship and, though supporters of several counties in the north have their own ideas about the eventual destination of the championship, none of them would begrudge the popular George Lavery the honour of receiving the trophy should Down recapture the title.



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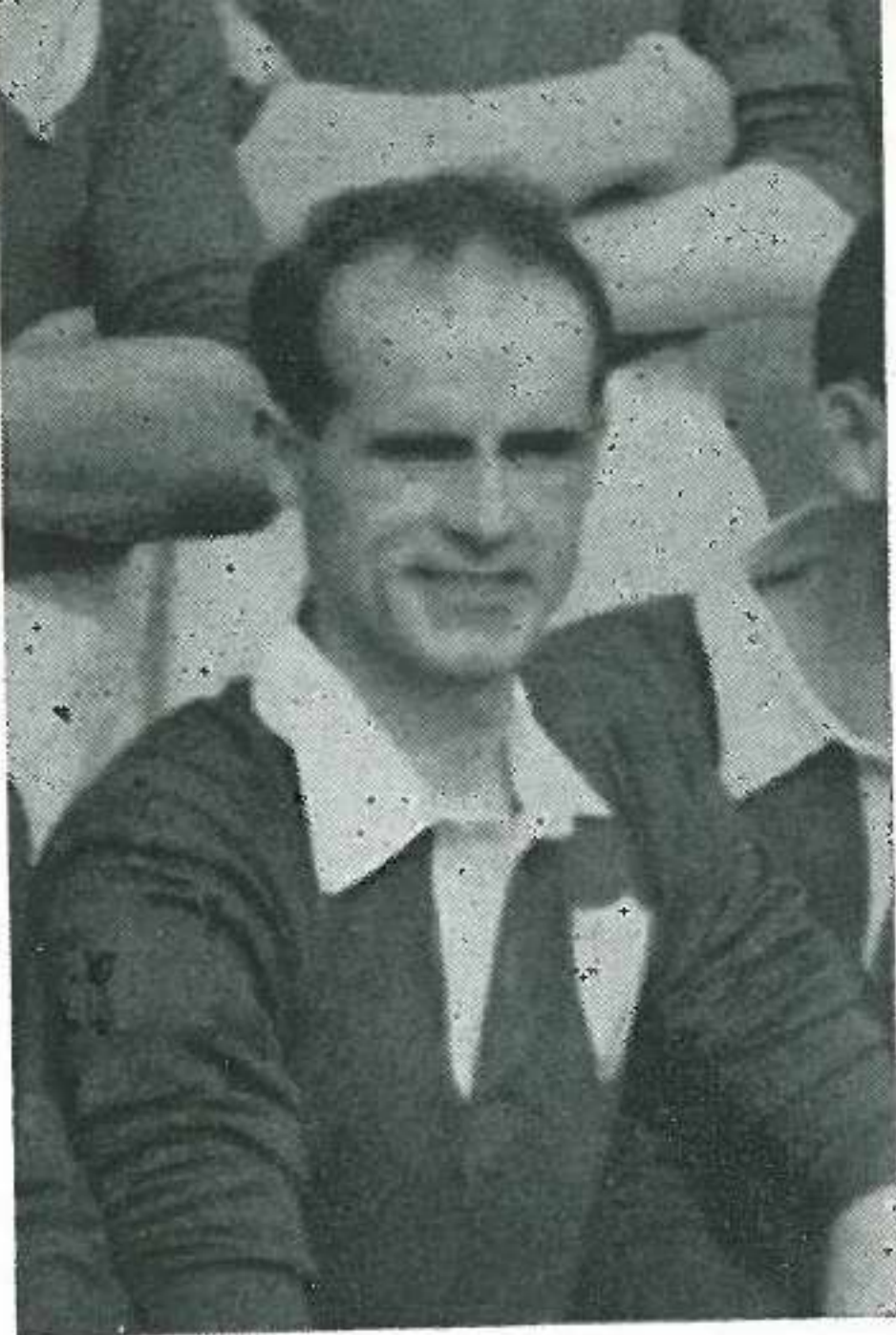
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Frankie Byrne recalls the mysterious 'dopers' at Bru na Mi

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## DARING ATTEMPT TO 'NOBBLE' MEATH

ON the Friday prior to the 1949 Meath-Cavan All-Ireland final a large car turned off the main road and moved slowly down the narrow by-road, through the woods that led to Bru na Mi Hostel, temporary home of the Meath team.

The car came to a stop when it reached a group of us who had just returned from an afternoon walk. Training had ceased the previous Tuesday and we welcomed any intrusion which might help to pass the time while we awaited the great day.

Like a group of curious children at a crossroads, we stood and stared at the car. On its front fender it sported two flags—one the Tricolour and the other the blue and white of Cavan. Four men emerged from the car, bid us the time of the day and then asked for Kevin Smith.

Kevin wasn't present but a few lusty shouts brought him on the scene and he spoke to the strangers who by their accents were obviously natives of Cavan. Christo' Hand, who meanwhile had appeared fascinated by the blue and white of Cavan, suddenly muttered something about "hard neck" and grabbed the flag and made off.

Two of the strangers went in hot pursuit while the other two explained to us that in fact they were neutrals who had come to wish us luck and that as the Tricolour corresponded to the Meath colours, they were therefore honouring both teams. Meanwhile Christo' had surrendered the Cavan flag and as if to celebrate the all-round good humour one of the strangers produced a brown box and proceeded to present each of us with a packet of chewing-gum.

He then gave the remaining packets to Kevin

Smith, and suggested that they be distributed among the absent members of the team. After a few more friendly remarks the visitors wished us luck on the following Sunday and departed in their large car.

No sooner had the car moved out of view then Kevin tossed his entire collection of chewing-gum into the near-by wood and he suggested that the rest of us do likewise. It transpired that Kevin hadn't known any of the visitors—although one of them claimed to be a close friend of a friend of his. All of the boys threw away the packets which they had received with the exception of yours truly. I decided to keep mine.

The following day, the eve of the big game, I had occasion to go into my hometown, An Uaimh. While there I slipped into a chemist shop. I showed the chemist the packet of gum and asked him what it was.

He took one look and turning from me reached up to a shelf high above him. He took down a small box, opened it and produced a packet identical to mine.

"What is it?" I asked again. Instead of answering he turned the other side of the small box towards me and there I saw a label which read: "Laxative Chewing-Gum for Constipation." It was only then the penny dropped, because until then I had never known such a commodity existed.

I'm quite sure that Meath's defeat of Cavan the following day, September 25, 1949, cost those four boyos more than the price of the gum.

It must surely be the only instance of "doping" or attempted "doping" in G.A.A. annals.

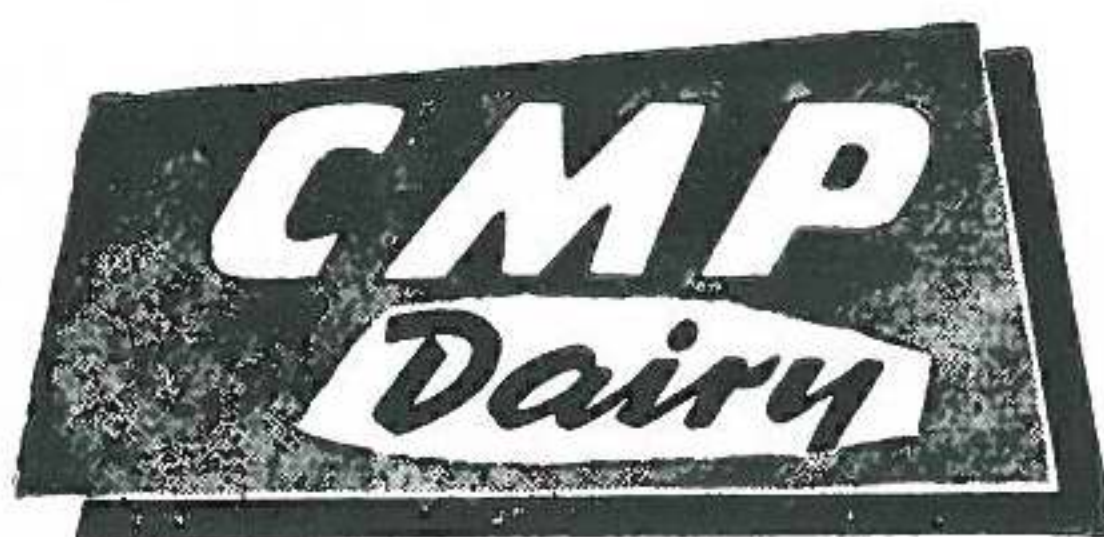
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# JUST FANCY

## A PROVINCIAL MISCELLANY

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**J**UST fancy . . . there was not a single free during the whole hour in the recent Mountrath-Pike of Rushall Laois juvenile hurling game.

● In the Tullogher-Mukalee, Kilkenny senior football championship game, the referee, Mr. Sean Higgins, blew his whistle 196 times—he was almost as busy as the man who kept count.

● Matt Nugent, who made a comeback for Clare against Cork in the Munster championship, won a National League medal as far back as 1946, when Clare beat Dublin on a replay, 2-10 to 2-5 to win their only league title.

● It was mentioned at a recent meeting of the Clare County Board that two members of that victorious 1946 team are still awaiting their medals.

● Mick Morrissey, who was born in Carlow and won All-Ireland medals with Wexford in 1955 and '56, now captains the Kilkenny team in New York. He is also one of the city's leading referees.

● The Limerick hurlers recently beat Waterford 7-14 to 2-8 in the New York league. Stars of the hour were the Kellehers, Brendan and Pete. Between them they scored 4-13.

● Star Westmeath minor hurler and footballer, Pat Bradley, is also an outstanding athlete. In the recent Patrician College, Ballyfin, sports he won the 100 yards, the 440 yards and the long jump, together with finishing second in the high jump and third in the pole vault.

● The Clifden, Co. Galway,

G.A.A. pitch is unique—the local club reclaimed the ground from the sea and it will be extended further in the near future.

● Former Kildare and Leinster footballer, Pat Cummins, is hitting the headlines in New York as a hurler. He plays with Kilkenny. Pat, of course, did win an All-Ireland junior hurling medal with Kildare last year.

● Keep an eye out for Sean O'Brien. He could well be the Tipperary goalkeeper in the not too distant future. Sean is a brother of Donal O'Brien who held the position until emigrating to America earlier this year.

● I'm told that after the National hurling League final Tipperary and Waterford took home £1,426-12-0 each . . . and they deserved every penny of it.

● When Slieverue and St. Johns recently took the field at Thomastown in the 1962 Kilkenny under-16 football final there was no referee and no substitute could be found. Furthermore the pitch was not marked and there were no umpires, linesmen or flags available. The game had to be called off and the disappointed boys travelled home . . . Not the best way of encouraging football down by the Nore.

● And Thomastown was not the only place. There was a crossbar missing when Caltra and Menlough fielded at Mountbellew in the Galway junior championship. This pitch was not marked either . . . and there was no referee. A search of the town resulted in a crossbar being found. Equal determina-

tion by the officials involved produced a substitute referee. The game went on and a lively one it was too with Menlough winning 2-5 to 2-4.

● From the point of accommodation, there are only nine stadiums in the World bigger than Croke Park.

● Club hurling is making a welcome comeback in Cavan.

● Beaten 6-12 to 0-3 by Louth in the Leinster championship the Wicklow minor footballers have still got something to look forward to. They will shortly be competing for a cup valued at £125. It has been presented to the Wicklow Board by the local Old I.R.A. for minor club competition.

● Sligo were beaten for the third consecutive year in the All-Ireland Vocation Schools football final . . . Still you got to hand it to these boys—it takes a great team to make three consecutive finals.

● When it comes to penalties Carlow simply are not in luck. Ned Hogan missed one against Laois in this year's Leinster Championship at Athy. He also missed one in the 1960 championship meeting with Offaly. In the 1961 championship it was Ned Doogue's turn to fail with a penalty kick.

● When Cavan and Down met at Castleblayney in the replay of the Wembley Tournament semi-final the band struck up the old British Army tune "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" at half-time . . . no doubt in honour of the forces who were but a few miles away on the other side of the Border.

# MOONDHARRIG'S DIARY

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WE are approaching the peak point of the Munster hurling championship, the Munster Circuit as we used to call it long ago. There are a few purists, myself included, who feel that the Munster hurling championship has never been quite the same since Galway joined in a few years ago, but I think the inclusion of Galway was only one sign of changing times.

And times have changed a lot since I saw my first Munster hurling championship game nearly forty years ago. That was in the old Sportsfield in Waterford and I cannot swear now to the teams concerned, but I think they were Cork and Limerick.

But the first venue to which I had the pleasure of really travelling to a Munster championship game was Dungarvan, and Dungarvan has claimed a special spot in my heart ever since.

Those were the days when motor-cars were pretty uncertain, and my father, God rest him, would be preparing for the thirty-miles each-way trip for days before hand. Saloon cars had not then come into vogue and ours was an open car with a kind of second windshield of plastic which you could erect in front of the back seat.

There was a hood which you could put up in case of rain, but I never remember it having to be used on the way to or from a hurling match in Dungarvan.

Dust would be thick on car and passengers alike when we got into the town itself but it was always pleasant on a warm summer Sun-

day to feel the cool breeze over the sea wall as we stepped up towards Dan Fraher's famed Shandon Park.

There was never a sports ground that impressed me in my earliest days of match-going as Fraher Field did. Less than a decade before it had been the leading G.A.A. ground in Ireland and the vestiges of its hey day were still plain to see.

But what lingers clearest of all in my mind is the memory of the hurling greatness that I saw there in my boyhood. There I watched the Boherlahan Leahys in their glory—captain Johnny and Paddy—aided and abetted by another great man from Boherlahan, Arthur O'Donnell, a superb full-back or goalman as the need arose. Also in the Tipperary colours at Dungarvan I saw Martin Kennedy, whom even Kilkennymen admitted was as good a full-forward as Jim Kelly, the old Mooncoin scoring machine.

As I never saw Kelly, who died in Chicago a couple of years ago, Martin Kennedy still lingers in my mind as the greatest full-forward I ever saw.

But the man who dominates Dungarvan in my mind's eye is Mick D'Arcy then the idol of Tipperary. Maybe I was lucky, or maybe Dungarvan was his lucky field, but any time I saw D'Arcy play in Dungarvan he seemed to tower over the remaining players.

To a schoolboy like myself he was the epitome of what a hurling hero should be, well over six feet tall, straight yet lithe and lissom, a stylist to his finger-tips,

the long black hair sleeked back. I carry the memory of the Mick D'Arcy of those days with me still. Yet I saw many other hurling stars play in Dungarvan, Mickey Fitzgibbon, John Joe Kinnane of Limerick, 'Major' Kennedy from Carrigtwohill, Brendan Considine and Mick Falvey of Clare, though they were then in the Waterford jersey.

The next town at which I watched the Munster Circuit in the old days was, of course, Thurles. Not the Thurles of to-day but the Thurles of long ago when almost every house could and would provide you with all the bread, ham and tea you could eat for, if I remember aright, one and ninepence. If you wanted a full dinner, (which in most cases meant as much potatoes and cabbage as you could eat, in addition to the ham), you got that for half-a-crown, with the bread and tea thrown in for good measure.

I don't know why it should be, but I have not the same happy memories of early games in Thurles as I have of Dungarvan.

I suppose it was because, since my father had to take up the collection very often at last Mass at home on Sundays, we never managed to get to Thurles before the side-line seats were full. The Thurles banks in those days were not the massive affairs they are now, and, as a late-comer, at ten or twelve years old, I rarely had a good view, and was usually squashed almost to a jelly.

But if the games I saw there in the early twenties have left few memories of greatness I always

enjoyed a match at Thurles if only for the crowds and the musicians and the air of excitement and general delight.

I never was taken as far afield as Cork or Limerick in those days, or maybe so many big matches weren't played there then. I know we were to go to Cork for the Munster final of 1926 but a family bereavement ended all plans for that particular Munster Circuit.

But I saw good hurling championship games, too, in Carrick-on-Suir and Clonmel. Carrick was a grand little pitch on which to watch a match, but my happiest memory of it was not of a hurling match, but of a football match, and what is still a very happy memory to me must be a very unhappy one for a lot of the Carrick people.

This was a bit later than the other games I have been recalling and carries us on to the early 'thirties. I was well on in my teens at the time—and as the saying is, I could eat my weight in whetstones.

The G.A.A. were opening a new pitch in Carrick, and had allotted the Munster football final between Kerry and Tipperary as the game to mark the opening ceremony.

A huge crowd was expected, but the trouble with Carrick as a venue for a Munster game is that it is at the farthest corner of the province from Kerry. The Kerry followers didn't travel, the day was not good, so not many Tipperary people turned out either.

Now the citizens of Carrick had anticipated an immense hosting and set out to outdo Thurles by providing a memorable feast for all-comers. But most of those who did turn up were locals and didn't have a meal there. So, in the heel of the reel the Carrick folk, if they were not to be at a total loss had to turn to themselves. They eat so much as they could of the provender which had been provided for the crowds that never

(Continued on page 47)



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## THE DAY SIMON DE

Few men have filled so many roles in Gaelic Games as capably as that genial Cavanman, Simon Deignan. He has been in turn player, referee, trainer, mentor and Central Council delegate. Almost single-handed he recently developed the magnificent Finglas pitch and I certainly can think of no man who devotes his valuable time to the cause of our native games with such enthusiasm.

However, I will let you in on a secret which very few people know — Simon Deignan once captained a soccer team. But then I had better tell the story in full.

It was twenty years ago and Simon was then an Army officer stationed at Sarsfield Barracks, Limerick. At that particular time the unit soccer team was winning all before it in Army competition and those soldiers and officers who followed or played on the team became more and more vociferous in their pronouncements and self-praises.

The entire issue came suddenly to a head one evening in the officers' mess when a certain soccer exponent reiterated his favourite theory that Gaelic football was purely a physical game requiring little by way of skill. A number of those present agreed with him and encouraged by this he went on to decry the native game for its lack of ball control and science. It went on and on.

Simon Deignan sat there listening to it all—as he had done on many occasions in the past but this time our friend had gone too far.

"I'll tell you what," says Simon, "I haven't seen a soccer game so I cannot argue with you but there is one way to decide the issue. You get your all-conquering soccer team and I will get ten Gaelic players and we will test your theory."

The soccer men laughed but then it dawned on them that Simon Deignan was never more serious in his life. There was no backing down—they had to accept the challenge.

Three days later and the stage was set for this extraordinary game. The soccer team fielded at full strength and a few minutes later Simon Deignan led his eleven on to the pitch—among

them Joe Keohane and the battalion chaplain. All of them were Gaelic players of at least senior club standing.

The referee briefly explained the rules for the benefit of the G.A.A. men and then the game was on. When it ended the score read 12-0 and Simon Deignan walked off that pitch a proud man. In my book it was one of his finest services to Gaelic Games.

He and his men proved that evening in Limerick that a good Gaelic footballer is as skilful a ball player as any better than average soccer player. I can tell you there was no more clap-trap about the science of soccer in the officers' mess from then on. Simon and his boys had put an end to that.

Incidentally, Joe Keohane scored five of those twelve goals. He was playing at centre-forward. It should also be remembered that none of those G.A.A. men violated Rule 27 for it did not apply

## *Stories yet untold.*

to Army games. But even if they had, it certainly was one occasion when it was fully justified.

There was another day too when Joe Keohane played rugby. It was some years previous and he and I were on an officers' course at Cathal Brugha Barracks, Dublin. There were many rugby players from all over the country on the course and when St. Mary's College, Rathmines, challenged the Army men it was decided to hold a trial to help pick a team.

Keohane was part coerced, part enticed, into playing in the trial and with his usual daring, he agreed. They put him in the forwards. Before the game got under way, Joe enquired as to his duty and he was told to try and get the ball over his opponent's end line.

No sooner had the game begun than Joe gathered the ball and proceeded for the said end line. Three opponents clung to him for dear life, but, as if unaware of their frantic efforts, the mighty Keohane went on, dragging them with

# GNAN SILENCED THE SOCCER MEN

him. Beyond the line he set down the ball and turning around to face the field, he enquired in a loud voice—"Is that all that's in it." The "trial" became a farce from then on.

I remember a Railway Cup game at Croke Park in the early 'forties. It was Ulster versus Munster and two of the Western Command team were involved. Joe Keohane was full back for Munster and Sean Gallagher was at mid-field for Ulster.

On the Saturday prior to the game the two boys departed for Dublin and with them went Eddie Condon who had just declared for Kerry, and Cavan's John Joe Brady. On the Sunday the four of them arrived at Croke Park and natural enough Condon accompanied Keohane to the Munster dressing-room, while Brady decided to go along with Sean Gallagher to the Ulster dressing-room.

When the Munster men arrived they were

**by Sean Donegan**

greeted by very relieved selectors who had just discovered that they were short of a player. Eddie Condon was a gift from heaven and he was immediately persuaded to tog out.

Eddie had agreed to meet John Joe Brady as soon as the match had begun, and as he came out on to the pitch he was thinking how surprised John Joe would be looking down at him from Hill 16. However, the surprise was shared, for the first Ulster player Condon saw on the field was none other than John Joe Brady.

By an extraordinary coincidence Ulster too were short of a player and availed of Brady's visit to the dressing-room to solve the problem. But the coincidence did not just end there—believe it or not but Eddie Condon and John Joe Brady were playing on one another. They had decided to be together at the game, and they were.

When the boys returned to Galway that night Joe Keohane insisted that had I travelled

I would surely have finished up as the referee—being a neutral Leinsterman.

I cannot remember the year, but anyway it was the Kilkenny Junior football final. One of the competing clubs decided to import some players and as there was a connection with the Dublin Geraldines team the players came from there.

And so it was on that sunny autumn afternoon. The team in question took the field in the Kilkenny county Junior final with Joe Keohane as the full-back; the great Paddy Kennedy was at midfield and, unless I am mistaken, the full forward was another greatest-ever, Charlie Sullivan.

These were but three of the imported Geraldines players. There were, I think, six—every one of them inter-county footballers of repute. Oddly enough, it seems that they were not recognised. It could only happen in a hurling county.

Keohane swears it was the toughest match he ever played in. Not alone did the Geraldines players fail to win the match for their adopted club but they failed in their efforts to prevent them from being well beaten.

Don't Miss Next Month's Article.

*Joe Keohane, the great Kerry and Munster full-back whose sporting escapades in the Army of the war years Sean Donegan writes about in the accompanying article. Keohane and Deignan were fellow officers stationed in Limerick during part of the Emergency.*



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# TEENAGERS AT THE TOP

*Agnes Hourigan*

ONE of the most remarkable features of camogie is that it caters for players over a widely differing age-field, and it is yet, after swimming and lawn tennis, one of the very few games in which very young players can win distinction.

In the past few years a star of the Leinster inter-provincial sides has been school-girl Geraldine Callinan from Laois who plays for the Graiguecullen club.

When first she was chosen on the Leinster side she was only in her early teens yet she played a big part in helping her province to two Gael-Linn Cup medals in three seasons. Now that she is growing up, and remember Geraldine is a teenager still, she has become a very effective mid-fielder for her county team.

Another school-girl starring in senior camogie is Anne Carroll who has won two Stuart Cup medals with Mercy Convent, Callan. Anne was, I think, only

fourteen when she played for Kilkenny in the Leinster championship in the season before last. Then, as she is actually a native of County Tipperary (her father is the man often in the news nowadays for his wonderful pre-fabricated buildings), and lives at Ballintaggart, which is over the Tipperary border, Anne was transferred to Tipperary for inter-county competitions.

Last season owing to a delay in formalities she was unable to play in the Munster championship but this season she has already made a name for herself in the Tipperary colours by scoring six points against Limerick in the opening round of the championship.

Another youngster who gained the unique distinction of playing in two All-Ireland finals and an interprovincial final while still at school is Eileen Naughton, the Galway goal-keeper, who gave glorious exhibitions on each of her appearances at Croke Park. Eileen

is now in University College, Galway and is also playing very well for the Galway University Club. Not only is she a grand goal-minder but she is almost equally effective when she comes to play out-field.

The Colleges competitions are producing many of these young stars and one that we will, I feel, be hearing a lot more about is the winger on the very successful side from Holy Faith Convent, Clontarf, Orla Ni Shiochain. Orla is a fine striker right or left and is rapidly gaining the experience that will make her an inter-county star almost certainly in a few years time. She is still very young, but in another year or two she will make her presence felt in senior competition. She has a very keen supporter in her father Sean O Siochain of the G.A.A.

On the other hand, when watching the Dublin senior final at the end of May, it was heartening

(Continued overleaf)

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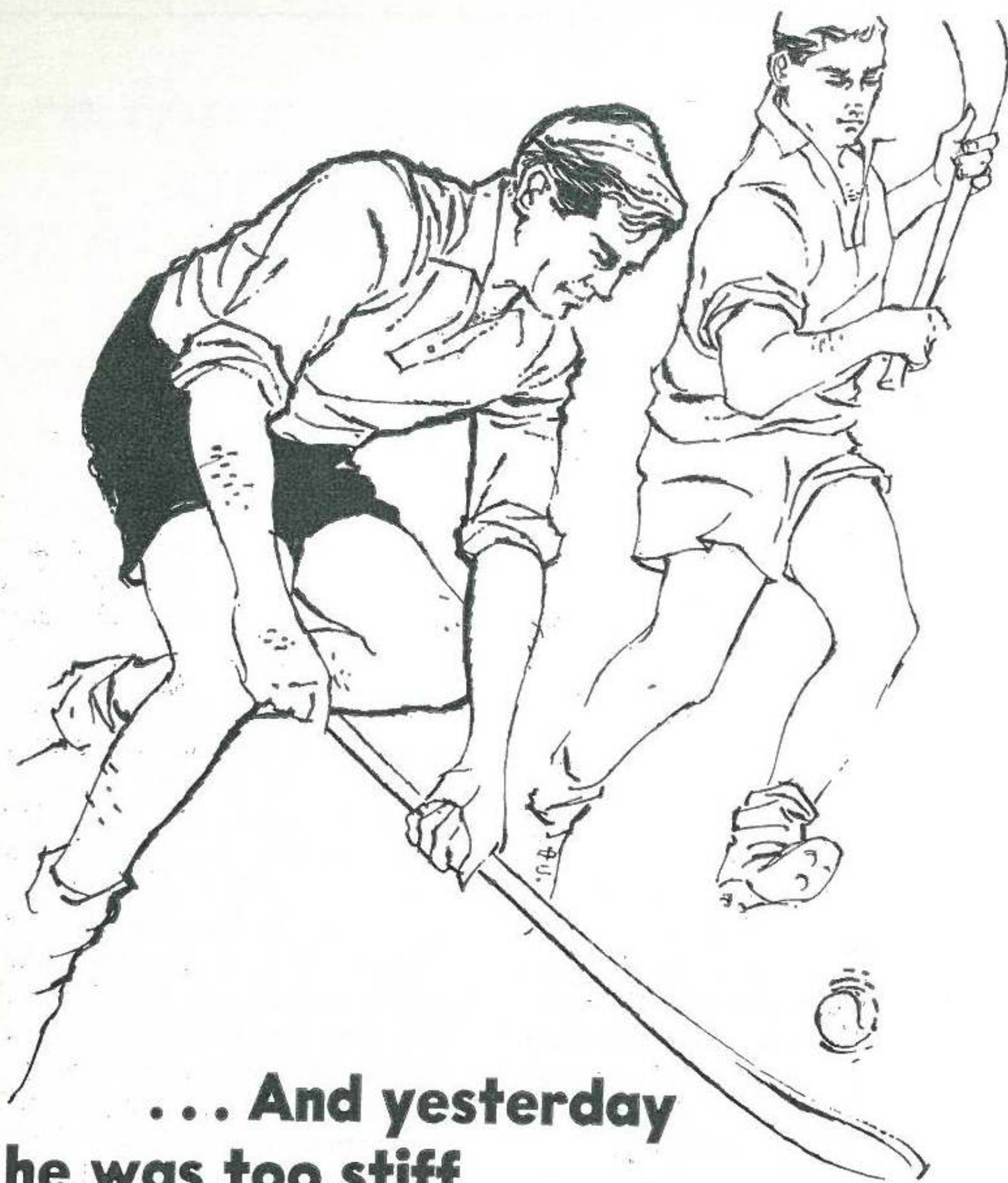
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(Continued from previous page)

to see players who had long retired from the inter-county scene still playing with dash, skill and determination for their clubs. Which shows that camogie can induce a great deal of loyalty from its players.

Antrim friends keep on telling me that their county is going to regain the All-Ireland title this season, and certainly their performances in the Maguire Cup are outstanding.

I thought the Antrim girls very unlucky to lose to Dublin at Parnell Park last season and certainly they gave an exhibition of camogie when they subsequently appeared at Croke Park in the 'curtain-raiser' to the All-Ireland final, even allowing for the fact that they were only opposed to a Wexford club side.

In Sue Ward, Margaret McAtamney, Marion Kearns, and Maeve Gilroy that day they obviously had some of the finest players in the game and their success in the All-Ireland series would be very popular.

But they will meet very determined opposition when they come outside their own province. Whether Cork or Tipperary come out of Munster either side will take beating, and though I have heard Dubliners lamenting that their side will not be up to the standard of previous years we saw some fine games in the Dublin championships.

I believe that such as Alice Hussey, Mary Sherlock, Mary Ryan and Judy Doyle are only now reaching their peak and if they fulfil in the championship the promise they have been showing through the season, Dublin will not be easily deprived of the treasured O'Duffy Cup.

This month will see the All-Ireland semi-finals in which Munster play Leinster and Connacht meet Ulster.



## Tipperary beat Galway

for 1,000 guineas!

# HURLING FOR HIGH STAKES

Patrick Carver

I AM a confirmed coward when it comes to any matter pertaining to "The Ban" . . . and that comes from bitter experience. Perhaps I have been a little unfortunate but, all I know to my cost, is that anytime I have ever raised my voice for or against it, I have invariably found myself in trouble.

Sometimes I am for it, but on the occasions I have endeavoured, mostly in crowded public houses with a pint balanced precariously on an equally crowded bar counter, to put forward my arguments in support of "The Ban," I have always found myself in the company of men, usually bigger than myself, who are wholeheartedly against it.

Sometimes I am against it . . . but every time I have advocated Gaelic games for all, I have usually found myself encircled by a mass of huge men, all vehemently for it.

So I am a coward where the Ban is concerned. And that is why I am not going to write about it; I have no wish to get myself into more trouble.

Instead, come with me to a time several hundred years ago when there was another type of ban on Gaelic games. Even then there were people for and against it.

Irishmen played hurling and football despite the Statute of Kilkenny in 1367 and the Act passed by the Williamite Parliament of Ireland in 1695.

The Kilkenny Statute decreed that; "the commons of the said land of Ireland use not henceforth the games which men called hurling with great clubs at ball upon the ground." The Williamite Parliament stated that a fine be imposed on any person found playing hurling and football on the Lord's Day.

Despite the decrees, no one paid any serious attention to them and, indeed, throughout the 18th century, inter-county and inter-provincial matches were common occurrences and it is on record that even the "best people" made a point of being in attendance.

A hurling match played on the Curragh in October, 1763, "gave her Excellency the Countess of Northumberland the highest satisfaction, there being no such game in any other part of Europe which is the most noble and manly exercise in the world."

And in 1792 a hurling match was played at the Phoenix Park "which was honoured by the presence of her Excellency the Countess of Westmoreland and

several of the nobility and gentry besides a vast concourse of spectators. Much athletic agility and contention took place and great diversion was afforded until the spectators forced into the background and the game was unfinished."

In September, 1773, there was another famous match. "This day the grand Hurling Match between the counties of Galway and Tipperary for 1,000 guineas was finally decided in favour of the latter. There never, perhaps, was so great a company seen in the Kingdom as, at the lowest computation there could not be less than 10,000 persons present at Banagher."

Football, too, had its great followers, who openly defied the ban, but, sadly, it is on record that quite a few of the participants suffered. Around about 1750, the Lord Mayor of Dublin often sent his forces to swoop down on games and many of the participants were sent to Newgate Prison or to serve in King George's Navy.

Still, people kept on playing hurling and football until eventually the great association we know today as the G.A.A. came into being.

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ON the wall of the dressing room in the famed court, at Talbot's Inch, Co. Kilkenny, hangs an inscribed plaque, portraying in vivid lettering, the names of those doughty knights of the ballcourt, who have brought fame and glory, to the Marble City on the All-Ireland front since handball came under the jurisdiction of the G.A.A. in 1924.

The list is quite an impressive one, but is monopolised in the main by one John Joe Gilmartin. This present-day employee of the Caltex Oil Company has certainly left an imprint on the game that will not easily be erased.

## ALLEYMAN—PROFILE OF A HANDBALL GIANT

# THE GREAT GILMARTIN

Normally referred to as the Great Gilmartin, he dominated the handball scene between 1935 and 1950, winning every honour in the game and collecting in the process the impressive total of twenty five All-Ireland titles. An ambidextrous player, he was equally agile with his footwork and could play handball and softball with the same skill.

In 1935 the young Gilmartin set off on the winning trail when he took his first All-Ireland junior hard singles title back to Kilkenny. At that time most experts of the game did not see in him a world-beater, but the one man who really recognised his potential was the present Leinster G.A.A. Secretary, Martin O'Neill, who then

occupied a similar position on the Handball Council. In his annual report that year he described him as "a stylist who should go far in the future," and just one year later his words were borne out when Gilmartin went on to win the senior hard singles title and qualified for the final of the soft singles as well. A serious injury then deprived him of playing this vital game, and his place was taken in the final by Tommy Cherry, who was defeated by Paddy Perry from Roscommon.

It is interesting to note here that around this time Perry was the top softball player in the country and

won the senior title eight times in a row, between 1930 and 1937, and in recognition of this feat he was given possession of the original Purcell Cup.

Naturally, speculation was rife as to when the two maestros would clash, an event which materialised in 1937 when they met in the All-Ireland semi-final and after a titanic struggle, Perry won narrowly. But just one year later the handball wheel of fortune had completed its full cycle when Gilmartin turned the tables on Perry at the very same stage of the championships and went on to account for J. Clarke (Roscommon) in the final. In the meantime the Directors of Messrs. Purcell had presented a trophy in substitution

for the one now held permanently by Perry. So John Joe became the first holder.

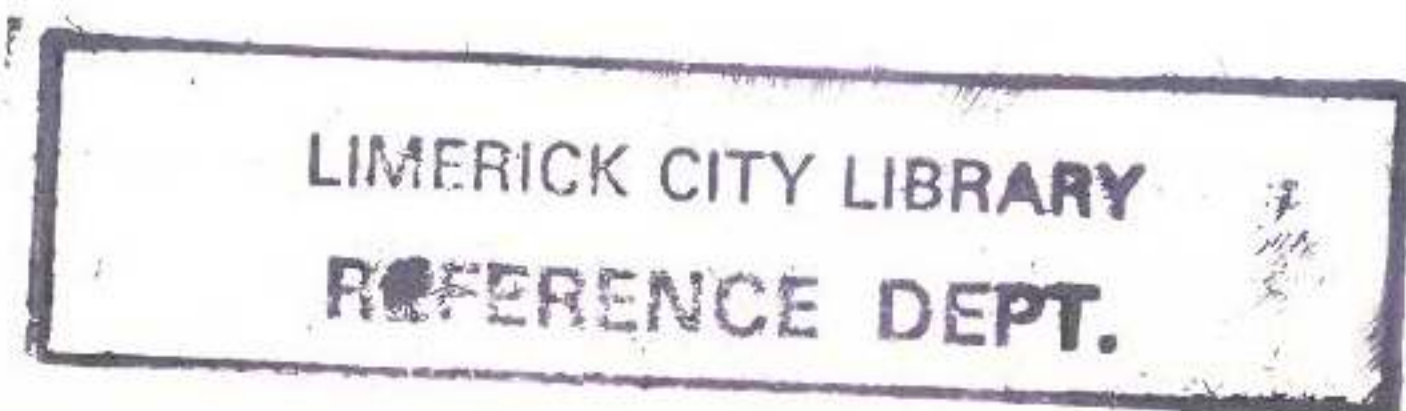
But the year 1939 must surely be the most memorable one of his career, for he annexed all four senior titles, a feat achieved by only one other player, Wexford's John Ryan in 1957. As a result of this record-breaking run he invariably was referred to as the Great Gilmartin, and generally hailed in all quarters as the most accomplished player ever to grace the Irish courts.

Between 1940 and 1942 he won numerous titles in the black and amber singlet, but then handball suffered a severe blow when his employment took him abroad. Not for long, however, for the call of the homeland and the ballcourt proved too much for John Joe, and in 1945 he returned home to take up where he had left off. The inherent handballing tradition in his veins was still there and two further All-Ireland titles, senior hard singles and doubles, found a home on the now loaded sideboard of the Gilmartin family.

Thus in the height of his reign Gilmartin decided to call it a day, and while he made an effort to come back in 1950, the ballcourt had lost its attractiveness for one of its greatest exponents.

And so Gilmartin the Great takes a well-deserved seat in the back ground to admire and criticise the play of his present-day successors, and there is no more competent man to do so. But the memories of his feats in the alley still live on and his record undoubtedly stands as a monument to the Talbot's Inch Club, to Kilkenny and to handball in general.

And what more appropriate honour could be bestowed on him than that his employers the Caltex Company would this year bestow on him, the Hall of Fame Award.





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INTRODUCING . . .

## THE PAUL RUSSELL COLUMN

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I HAVE long admired GAELIC SPORT for the fine magazine it is and I was particularly satisfied to learn some time ago that it had become a monthly publication. Little did I think then that it would become my lot to contribute to its pages.

The written word has certainly played a great part in the growth and development of Gaelic Games. We in Kerry were always well catered for by such excellent publications as "The Kerryman," "The Champion" and "The Killarney Echo" but in the old days space for the national games was hard to come by in the daily newspapers. What a change from to-day when every move, particularly at intercounty level, is reported and analysed and the games thrive on it.

However, I often wonder what would have been my own case had I grown up in the age of publicity which we enjoy to-day.

My first contact with intercounty football was in the summer of 1924. Kerry and Dublin had yet to meet in the 1923 All-Ireland final. I was then seventeen and at school at St. Brendan's, Killarney.

A week or two before the final, Kerry held a trial game at Castleisland. I played in a curtain-raiser prior to the big game and when it was over I was walking from the grounds with a few friends when suddenly my arm was grasped and my name demanded.

I turned and to my surprise I recognised my questioner as none other than the great Dick Fitzgerald. I gave him my name and he then asked where I was from. I told him this too. He said no more but turned on his heel.

I forgot all about the incident and was I surprised a few days later when informed that I

was at right half-back on the team to meet Dublin. I well remember going to the station for the long journey. I knew no one and no one knew me. I was seventeen, very tall and thin and somewhat taken back by it all.

Now give this scene of forty years ago a modern setting and what have you got? Huge newspaper headings—"Kerry Pick Unknown Schoolboy." I would be analysed, weighed and measured and no doubt by the time I reached Croke Park probably a nervous wreck. Perhaps as a result I might never have made the grade.

However, such instances are exceptions and on the whole Gaelic Games prosper on publicity and there is a vital role which can be played in that publicity by a serious well produced magazine like GAELIC SPORT.

Recalling the beginning of my intercounty days has sent my memory gliding back over the years and what comes most vividly to mind are not the great games I played in but the great friends I made.

I will therefore begin my contribution to GAELIC SPORT by recalling a few of those loyal friends—many of whom have now gone before us to a Heavenly reward.

The first to take me under his wing was Senator Dr. W. O'Sullivan of Killarney. He set my feet on the right road and I will always remember him for it. His son, Dr. Billie O'Sullivan, is still in Killarney and has found his sporting outlet in golf.

My job brought me to many counties and I will always hold a warm spot for Monaghan. Things are not too bright for this loyal G.A.A. county at present but the sun will come back out

(Continued on page 37.)

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Loch Garman v. Laois no Iar mhí.  
1.30 p.m. M.H. C. Foley.

Loch Garman v. Cill Choinnigh.  
3 p.m. S.H. J. Hatton.

Cill Choinnigh v. Áth Cliath no  
Ceatharloch.

4.15 p.m. M.H. C. Foley or  
J. Hatton.

14/7/63—Páirch an Chrochaigh—

Minor and Senior Football Finals.  
2.15 and 3.30 p.m.

**Ros Mhic Treóin—**

Int. Hurling Final if Kildare or  
Kilkenny v. Wexford.

3 p.m. E. Long, Carlow (Unless  
Kildare in Senior Football Final).

21/7/63—Páirc an Chrócaigh no  
Cill Choinnigh—

Senior and Minor Hurling Finals:  
Senior 3.30. Minor 2 p.m. (if  
Carlow v. Wexford—Senior). Note:  
Minor follows Senior.

28/7/63—Páirc an Chrócaigh—  
Junior Finals.

N.B.—Cluichí eile sochruighthe ar  
an t-Uachtarán agus Rún an  
Comhairle—

(1) Iar-mhí v. Cill Dara No Loch  
Garman.

(2) Cill Dara v. Loch Garman—  
Ceatharloch.

Junior Football. E. Doogue.

Iar-mhí v. Ceatharloch no Cill  
Manntain.

Junior Hurling.

**Corn Uí Broin—28/7/63—**

An Mhí v. Lugháí—An Uaimh

Loch Garman v. Cill Dara—

Cill Manntain v. Longphort.  
(Senior Football)

**Corn Breathnach—11/8/63—**

Loch Garman v. Ceatharloch

Cill Choinnigh v. Ath Cliath.  
(Senior Hurling)

(From page 35)

from behind those clouds. God be with the days of Dr. Ward—a big, generous and commanding figure in the chair.

I wonder too if Charlie Fisher, Billie Mason of Castleblayney, Peter Lambe, Paddy Kilroy and Paddy Heeran of Carrickmacross, the Toals of Smitsboro' and all the others are still to the good.

Of course, I remember the 1931 final. Kerry and Monaghan had their grievances, but how far in the past it all seems now. I well remember playing with Killevan Sarsfields—hard and manly games with Inniskeen, Castleblayney, Donaghmore, Monaghan town and Clones. I remember the unfinished games too.

Then there were happy days in Dungarvan and loyal friendships—that great Gael, Vin Donohoe, Declan Goode, Charlie Ware, John Keane, Christy Moylan, Pax Whelan, Mony Fraher (son of the great Dan himself) and, of course, the golden voiced, Frank Ryan.

There were good years too in Galway—with friends like John Dunne, Billy Goode (God rest him), Ted Hession, Jackie Whelan, Brendan Glynn, Mick Donnellan of the fine footballing sons and not forgetting Stephen Jordan, the prince of referees. Then there were the great hurlers no longer with us—Mick King and Ignatius Harney.

Naas has its memories. Great club games against the Curragh, Newbridge, etc., and, of course, the friends—Jack Higgins, Frank Malone, Gus Fitzpatrick, Joe Laughlin, Tom Keogh, Matt Goff—they have gone. However, Joe McDonald and Ned Timmons are still with us.

I well remember the Sunday that Ned brought our Naas team to play a game at Baltinglass, which happened to be his home town. When we arrived we found two teams there before us, and unless I am mistaken the present G.A.A. president, Aodh O Broin, was on one of them. Three teams for the one game. We stood down and went on to enjoy the day.

No fault Ned—you were always a pillar of Gaeldom and may you long remain so.

Yes, friends—I wonder how many players realise it when they are in the heat of the fray that in the long run friends are the finest trophies that can be won. They outweigh a ton of All-Ireland medals.

I won six of the latter and you know, I don't even know where they are.

## POSTS FOR G.A.A. MEN

During an intensive recruitment campaign which has just been undertaken by Comhlucht Siuicre Eireann Teo. in conjunction with the rapid development in its newly-established Erin Foods Division, many prominent G.A.A. personalities have joined the Company's staff. Among the best known of these are Dubliner, Jimmy Gray and Kerry's Paud Sheehy.

Gray, who starred with Dublin in the 1961 hurling final against Tipperary, heads the newly formed Shipping Departments, while Sheehy joins the Company in the capacity of a senior accountant.



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# CHRIS MURRAY REPORTS

**C**ASTLEBAR Mitchel's, Mayo S.F. champions of 1962, set out on their tour of England on the 20th of this month, leaving Dublin Airport on the Saturday night and returning on Monday, July 29th, after having played two games in London and one each in Luton, Coventry, Birmingham and possibly Manchester. Quite a schedule! Twenty-five players will make the trip and the return fare is £12 with all hotel and travelling expenses as well as subsistence allowance paid by the club. Certainly the Castlebar club is an ambitious one, when one remembers that they pioneered a club trip to the U.S. in 1960. We applaud this fine club on their initiative and wish them God speed.

\* \* \*

**I**N May we heard with regret of the death of Mikey Kelly of Ballygar. Another great Gael has gone to his reward. A loyal Galway supporter, he was to be seen wherever Galway was playing and his was always the word of encouragement. A former county footballer, Mikey was a very pleasant and likeable companion. May he rest in peace.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Gaels of Ballinrobe paid a lasting tribute to the late Mick Flanagan, the speedy Mayo corner forward of the early 'fifties, in naming their new pitch after him. The pitch, now officially known as the Flanagan Memorial Park, was opened on May 26th by the President of the G.A.A., Mr. Hugh Byrne, and blessed by the President of the Ballinrobe club, Very Rev. T. Gunnigan, P.P., V.G. Present were the parents of the late Mick Flanagan, Mr. and

Mrs. T. P. Flanagan. There was a fine attendance—a just reward for the staunch work of Brothers Farrell and O'Shea, Peter Browne, Owen Roe O'Neill, Monsignor Gunning and, last but not least, the capable secretary of the club, Tony Jennings.

\* \* \*

**S**T. JARLATH'S COLLEGE, Tuam, known far and wide for their football prowess down the years, came to the forefront in another sporting sphere recently. Gradually improving at athletics over the past number of years, they finally overcame St. Joseph's, Ballinasloe, this year and won the Connacht senior Shield for the first time ever. They also won the junior Shield and were narrowly pipped by St. Joseph's in the intermediate event. For this success much credit is due to the Tuam College coaches, namely Fathers Brendan Kavanagh, Patk. Williams and Colm Canavan. All three have attended courses in athletics more than once. Time well spent.

\* \* \*

**C**ASTLEGAR hurlers are still disbanded. But now they have turned to the football field and have shown distinct promise in their new sport. Capably led by the Egan brothers, Paddy, Tommy and John Joe, they are making their presence felt in Galway junior football. But whisper—Castlegar may be back in hurling again next year. Then football and hurling will flourish in Castlegar. The name of the Castlegar football team—Corrib Gaels.

\* \* \*

**A**T the Galway S.F. final drawn game between Dunmore and Tuam at Salthill last August,

Galway Gaeldom suffered a severe loss with the sudden death during the closing stages of that game of Ballinasloe's Billy Goode, a member of a great Galway sporting family. But Ballinasloe is not slow to honour its illustrious sons, and at their own Dr. Duggan Park recently a plaque to his memory was unveiled and Galway played Roscommon in the first annual Billy Goode Memorial Cup game. Fittingly, Galway won the first set of gold medals presented.

\* \* \*

**T**HE club game all Galway is waiting for—the Galway first round championship meeting between Tuam Stars and Dunmore McHales—will take place on July 21. Last year these old rivals had to meet twice, before Tuam with a typical Purcell goal won by two points. Will Dunmore reverse the decision or will Tuam, who have acquired Galway's opportunist forward Brian Geraghty in the interim, remain on top. Come and see!

\* \* \*

**D**ES FEELY, the Roscommon footballer, was awarded a Council of Europe scholarship tenable at London University recently, and will avail of it shortly. Another Roscommon football scientist is Tony Kenny, currently employed by Comhlucht Siuicre Eireann Teoranta at Tuam, who took his M.Sc. degree last autumn. Other Connacht footballers prominent in the scientific fields are Martin Newell, M.Sc., and the current Mayo goalkeeper, Adrian Kilbane, M.Sc. The former holds a science scholarship in Frankfurt, while Adrian lectures at U.C.G. Quite a crop of footballer scientists.



# Comment on the Rules

Chris Murray

It is amazing how little some loyal and regular followers of our games know of the rules which govern them. This was brought home to me very forcibly recently and it has prompted me to begin this series of articles.

The recommendations which I am reproducing are those issued by a special committee set-up by the Central Council in 1960-'61. I have added my own comment to each recommendation.

These rules do, of course, primarily concern referees but how much better and more pleasant for everybody it would be if all the referees on the ditch were also properly informed.

## Rule 131—Commencing Play

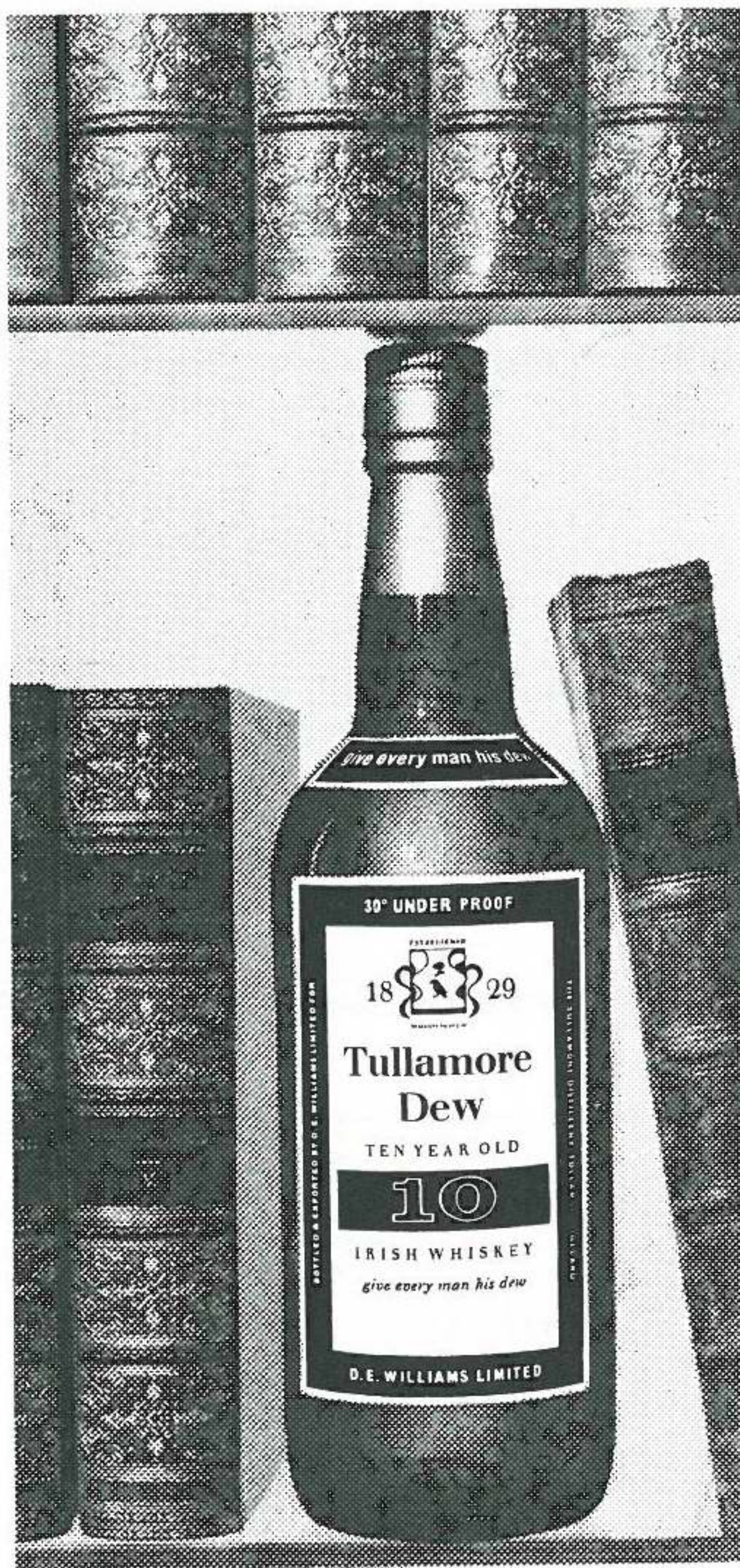
“The Captains of teams shall toss for choice of sides before commencing play. The goalkeeper and six others must be behind the 50 yards’ lines (football) and 70 yards’ lines (hurling). The remaining players shall stand in two lines at the centre of the field. The Referee shall throw in the ball over the heads of the players (football) and along the ground between the players (hurling).

RECOMMENDATION — At the throw in, both at the start of the game and after the interval, ensure that the backs on each side are behind the appropriate lines.

COMMENT ON ABOVE — The above abuse referred to in the recommendation is quite common, especially in football. When the backs go back to their positions the half-backs usually halt on the 50 yards’ line in football and, if the National Anthem is played, usually stand to attention on this

(Continued on page 41.)

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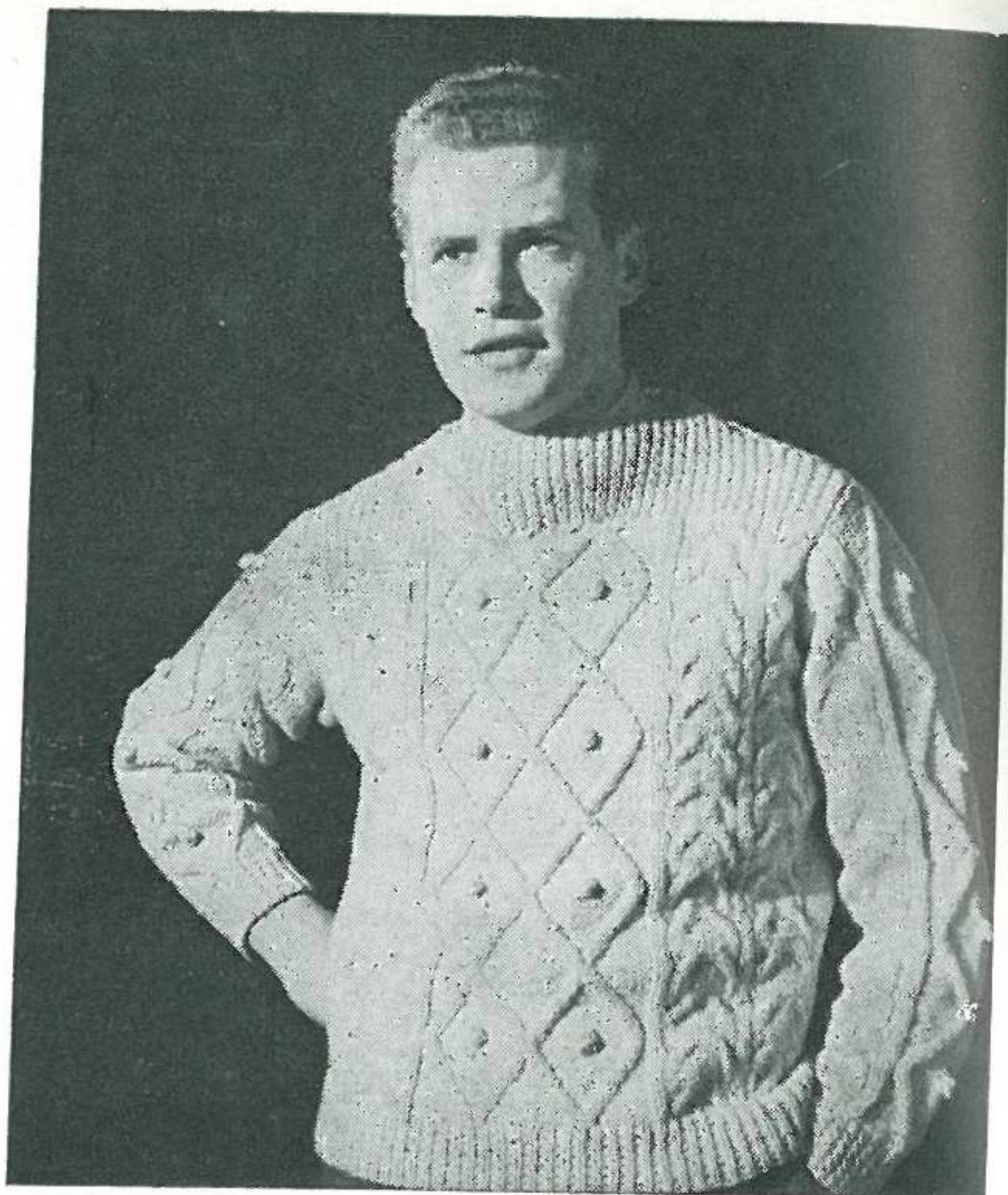
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# AVOID THESE CLASHES

COLLEAGUE Jim O'Brien set me thinking and muttering when he wrote in last month's issue about July 14 being such a busy day with the Leinster, Munster and Connacht football finals clashing and July 28 having the Munster hurling final and the Ulster football final.

My thinking went along these lines: now which game will I chose on these days? My muttering went: why the heck should I be confronted with such a choice at all?

The problem, of course, is that there are six senior provincial finals to be played in July and not enough Sundays available.

Nevertheless, I believe, that with better management and more co-operation the various G.A.A. bodies could avoid so much clashing. It takes planning and must be done early in the year.

This was first done in the presidency of Dr. Joe Stuart when he asked the provincial councils to meet the Central Council officials in order to draw up a programme for the provincial finals. But this in itself is not enough.

First thing to be done is to remember that the Leinster and Munster hurling finals are now also All-Ireland semi-finals, in effect if not in name, since Galway joined Munster. Thus rule 79 which states that "provincial championships must be concluded by the end of July, otherwise counties and provinces must send forward teams to compete in the All-Ireland Championships when required by the governing body," no longer need be applied to the senior hurling championship.

It was sensible and necessary only in the days when the governing body — the Central Council—had to stage an All-

Ireland hurling semi-final or two. But nowadays with senior provincial champions in only two provinces the Central Council does not require these provincial winners until the first Sunday of September.

So why not put either the Leinster or Munster hurling finals—or both—back beyond the end of July. There's no real reason now why they should be played in July. Putting them back would cut down the long interval that now exists between the provincial final and the All-Ireland final and it would cut out some of those fixture clashes.

In addition, the Connacht and Munster Councils have only four

games in their football championships and could surely run them off so as to be completed early in July. Connacht in fact formerly held its final on the first Sunday of July, but not this year.

It is too late now to change the 1963 programme, but how about this schedule for next year when there will be five Sundays in August.

July 5—Connacht S.F. final; July 12—Munster S.F. final; July 19—Leinster S.F. final; July 26—Ulster S.F. final; August 2—Leinster S.H. final; August 9—All-Ireland S.F. semi-final; August 16—Munster S.H. final; August 23—All-Ireland S.F. semi-final; August 30—Junior and intermediate championships.

## COMMENT ON THE RULES

—Continued from page 39.

*line. In the precious seconds before the throw-in, however, when the referee is checking his watch finally, a half-back may unconsciously find himself well outside the 50 yards' line in his excitement to get into the game. The bigger the occasion, the greater is the tendency to infringe this Rule. Most referees ignore this abuse. They refrain from introducing a greater delay at this stage. Still, a look in either direction immediately prior to the throw-in should ensure the rule is observed. If not, then insistence on observance is required. Once the rule is enforced at all levels a few times, the correct habit grows and the abuse dies.*

### Rule 132—Duration of Play

"The time for actual play is one hour—sides to be changed at half-time. An interval not exceeding 10 minutes may be allowed at half time."

RECOMMENDATION—Referees generally overlook enforc-

ing the 10-minute interval. Breaches of this Rule must be reported in all cases.

COMMENT ON ABOVE — *The operative words in the above rule regarding the half-time interval are "not exceeding 10 minutes." The maximum respite allowed is 10 minutes. In this regard, I often wonder why most, if not all teams have to return to their dressing rooms at half-time. It takes five minutes to go in and another five to come out, and you can count on at least another five minutes of pep talks. We often applaud a referee for calling at the dressing rooms and insisting on the teams reappearing. Is this necessary? The game in most cases, I feel, could and should be resumed after five minutes especially in certain circumstances, when for example, weather conditions are unfavourable or at such times as to avoid further delay in an already delayed programme.*

(Continued Next Month)

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# THE DOOR IS OPEN

Philip Roderick

**I**N a colourful, moving and memorable ceremony at the Olympic Stadium this afternoon, Ireland, represented by Cork in hurling and Kerry in football were crowned the first Olympic champions in Gaelic games.

Sounds a bit mad, doesn't it . . . and I must ask readers to forgive me for picking Cork and Kerry but, after all, I was born right on the border between the two and I have always been partial to both counties.

But, you know, it is not as mad as all that. There is no reason in the wide world why the G.A.A. should not participate in the Olympic Games.

It measures up in every way to the requirements of the International Olympic Council. Hurling and football are now played on several continents and are, therefore, fully entitled to be termed international. Furthermore, the ruling body of those two sports, has complete jurisdiction over the 32 counties of Ireland and must, therefore, be entitled to recognition by the Irish Olympic Council.

Even more important is the fact that the rules of the Gaelic Athletic Association have been accepted by the International Olympic Council since as far back as 1908.

That was the year of the Olympic Games in London and athletes under the banner of the G.A.A. were permitted to compete. However, before they could do so, the rules of their association had to be accepted by the International Olympic Committee of that time.

The rules were duly forwarded to London by the G.A.A. and, as I am writing this, I have a copy of the Olympic Report of 1908 in

front of me, and there in black and white are the rules of the G.A.A. as formally passed by the International Committee.

I have been reading through these rules and the one that intrigued me most was the definition of an amateur as ruled by the G.A.A. in 1908. I think this will be of interest to our readers, particularly to those with an interest in "the Ban."

## DEFINITION OF AN AMATEUR

"An amateur is one who has never competed for a money prize or for a monetary consideration or for any declared wager or bet; who has never engaged in, assisted in or taught any athletic exercise as a means of pecuniary gain and who

has never taken part in any competition with anyone who is not an amateur."

## EXCEPTIONS

"Amateur athletes shall not lose their amateur status by competing with or against professionals in cricket matches or by ordinary football club matches for which no prizes are given or Cup competitions permitted by the National Football Associations or National Rugby Unions of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, providing such competitions form no part of, nor have any connection with, any athletic meeting."

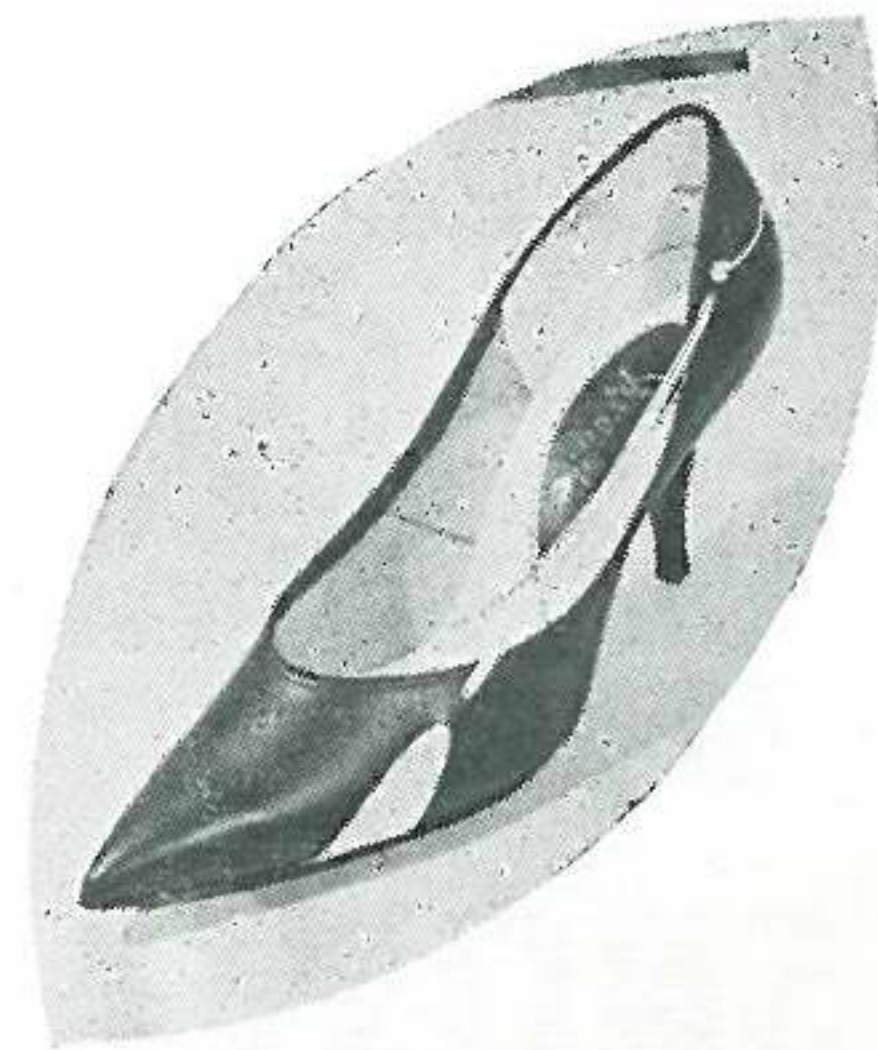
I think that last paragraph should cause a little comment.

What do you think?

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# PENPOINTS

## LET 'EM AT IT

A Chara,—Let's face it, we are sick of all this harping on misconduct at games. Sure there are flare-ups now and then but I never saw anybody being injured or even hurt in any of them. We are a Celtic race—let us not try and change. What of it if there is the odd "incident." The first to forget about it are the players involved. It is the newspapers and the scribes who harp on and enlarge these happenings and in doing so they are doing a poor service to Gaelic Games. What do they want—a "gentleman's game" like cricket?

Frank McHugh.

Terenure,  
Dublin.

\* \* \*

## NATIONAL ANTHEM

A Chara.—Can you tell me why the National Anthem is not played at the Whit G.A.A. games at Wembley?

"London-Irishman."

*The reason is understood to be because the Wembley authorities will not allow the Irish National Anthem without the British National Anthem being played as well.—EDITOR*

\* \* \*

## A WORD OF PRAISE

A Chara, — Congratulations to Des Ferguson and *Gaelic Sport* on the wonderful article on Christy Ring which appeared in your June issue. It was by far the finest article on the Cloyne Maestro that I have ever read and what a fine tribute it was from "an old foe."

Sean O Duinn.

Corcaigh.

\* \* \*

## T.E. UNDER FIRE

A Chara,—As I write this there is a cricket game being shown on Telefis Eireann and I doubt if there are five thousand regular cricket followers in Ireland. A few weeks ago it was the English soccer Cup Final from Wembley. Yes, it certainly appears as if T.E. is about to become another anti-national organ. We are indeed lucky that the Irish soccer authorities are holding out for big money before they allow their games to be televised, otherwise the situation would be even worse. Telefis Eireann got away lightly at Congress last Easter but mark you it will be different next year. The

G.A.A. has an answer to this carry-on and that answer is now called for.

"Mullingar Gael."

\* \* \*

## ANOTHER VIEW

A Chara,—Your correspondent Jim O'Brien has great cheek to suggest that Tipperary are finished. If he only knew. We will be back again this year to make it three in a row.

"Come on the Greyhounds."

Thurles.

\* \* \*

## NEW READER

Sir,—I was given a copy of your June issue only yesterday and I am moved to write congratulating you on a very fine publication. I was not aware Gaelic Games could boast of a magazine of such fine quality. It compares with anything published in this country.

I enclose a cheque for £1 to cover an annual subscription. Please let me have my copy on the first of every month.

George P. McManus.

Headford Place,  
London S.W.1.

\* \* \*

## QUERY

Sir,—Could you please tell me if Joe English of Wexford is a brother of Jim English and also if he ever played at Croke Park?

"The Clash of the Ash."

*Yes, they are brothers and Joe has played at Croke Park on a number of occasions. He captained Wexford against Kilkenny in last year's Walsh Cup final which was played at Croke Park.—EDITOR*

\* \* \*

## TEAMS

Sir,—Please let me know the Galway and Dublin teams who met in the 1942 All-Ireland final, also who was the captain of the successful 1939 Roscommon minor team.

Andrew Kelly,

175 Cliften Street,  
Old Trafford,  
Manchester 16.

Dublin.—C. Kelly, B. Beggs, P. Kennedy, C. Crone, P. Henry, P. O'Reilly, B. Quinn, M. Falvey, J. Fitzgerald, J. Joy, P. Bermingham, G. Fitzgerald, M. Fletcher, P. O'Connor, T. Banks.

Galway. — J. McGauran, E. Cunniffe, M. Connaire, P. McDonagh, J. Duggan, J. Casey, T. O'Sullivan, D. Kavanagh, C. Connolly, J. Clifford, M. Fallon, J.

(Continued overleaf)



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"Pa" Connolly (Kildare), ball grasped in powerful hands, about to side-step the challenge of Louth's Seamus Jordan in the Leinster championship match at Croke Park on June 9. Mick Loughlan (Kildare) is on right. Kildare triumphed by 2-11 to 1-12.

## LETTERS

(Continued from previous page)

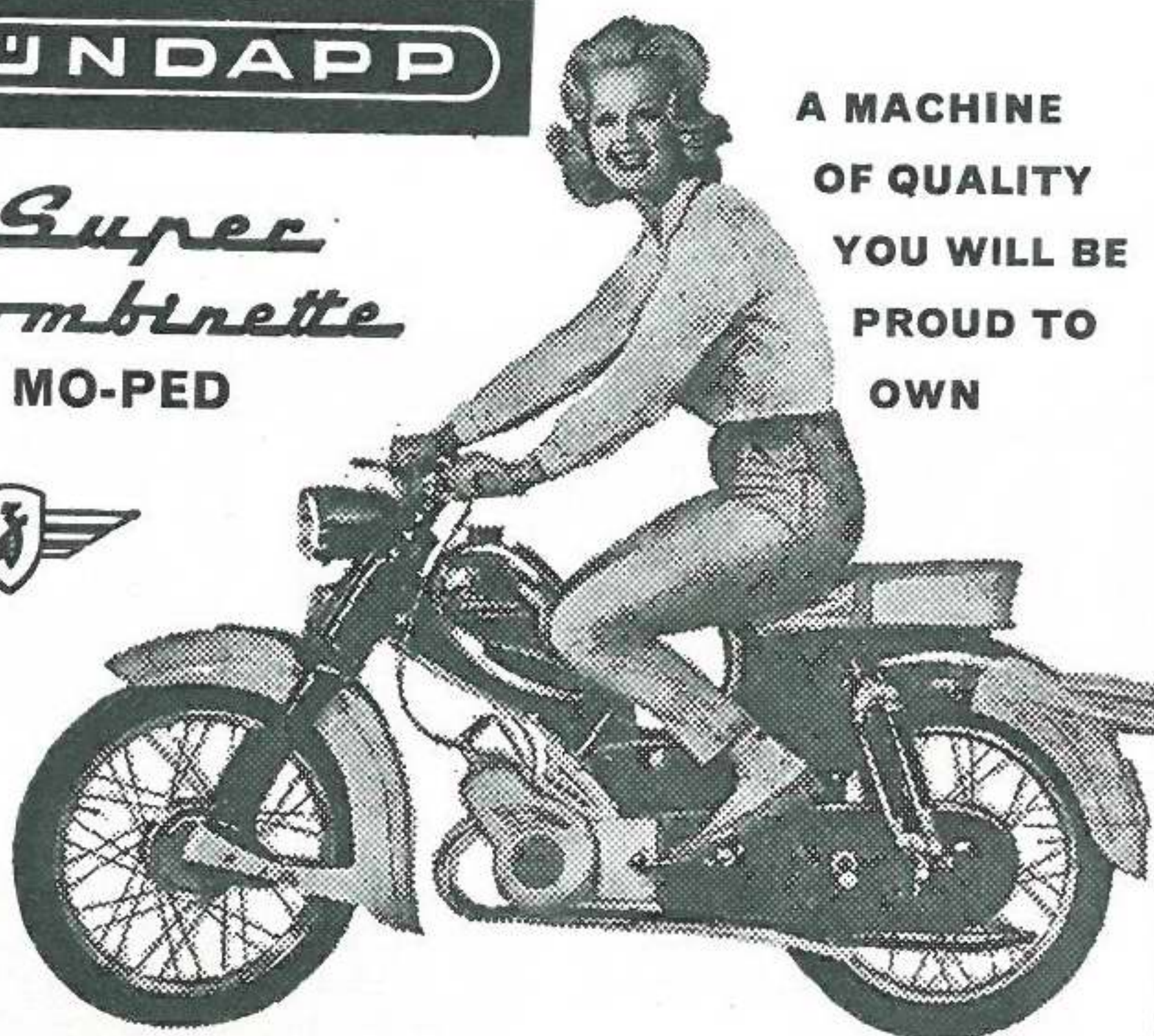
Canavan, J. Flavin, P. Thornton, S. Thornton.

**Roscommon.**—S. Naughton, L. Cummins, W. Carlos, D. Boyd, T. Cox, L. Gilmartin, P. Murray, S. Lavin, M. Lynch, C. Beirne, J. Tiernan, J. McDermott, J. Bambrick, G. Kilduff, H. Winston.

It is interesting to note that Roscommon were seven points down with only ten minutes to go in the final against Monaghan. Yet, they won 1-9 to 1-7. As far as we can check Joe Tiernan was captain but we are open to correction. Perhaps some of our readers might help.—EDITOR.

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(Continued from page 25)

turned up. And for many a year thereafter the day the Davin Park was opened was wryly remembered in the annals of Carrick-on-Suir as 'ham Sunday'.

And here's where my happy memories came in. My father, a friend from way back of Pat Davin and Tom Kiely, stayed on so long talking to these and to other old-timers that he decided we'd have our tea before we'd go home.

So in we went to the first hotel we met. As I have said I was a voracious teen-ager at the time, and I was particularly partial to ham, especially ham that was over-done. Those Carrick hams were practically falling off the bone, and I must have eaten more meat for my tea that evening than I could manage now in a month.

So I can boast to this day that there was at least one who went to Carrick and came away with the happiest of memories of 'ham Sunday.'

---

●  
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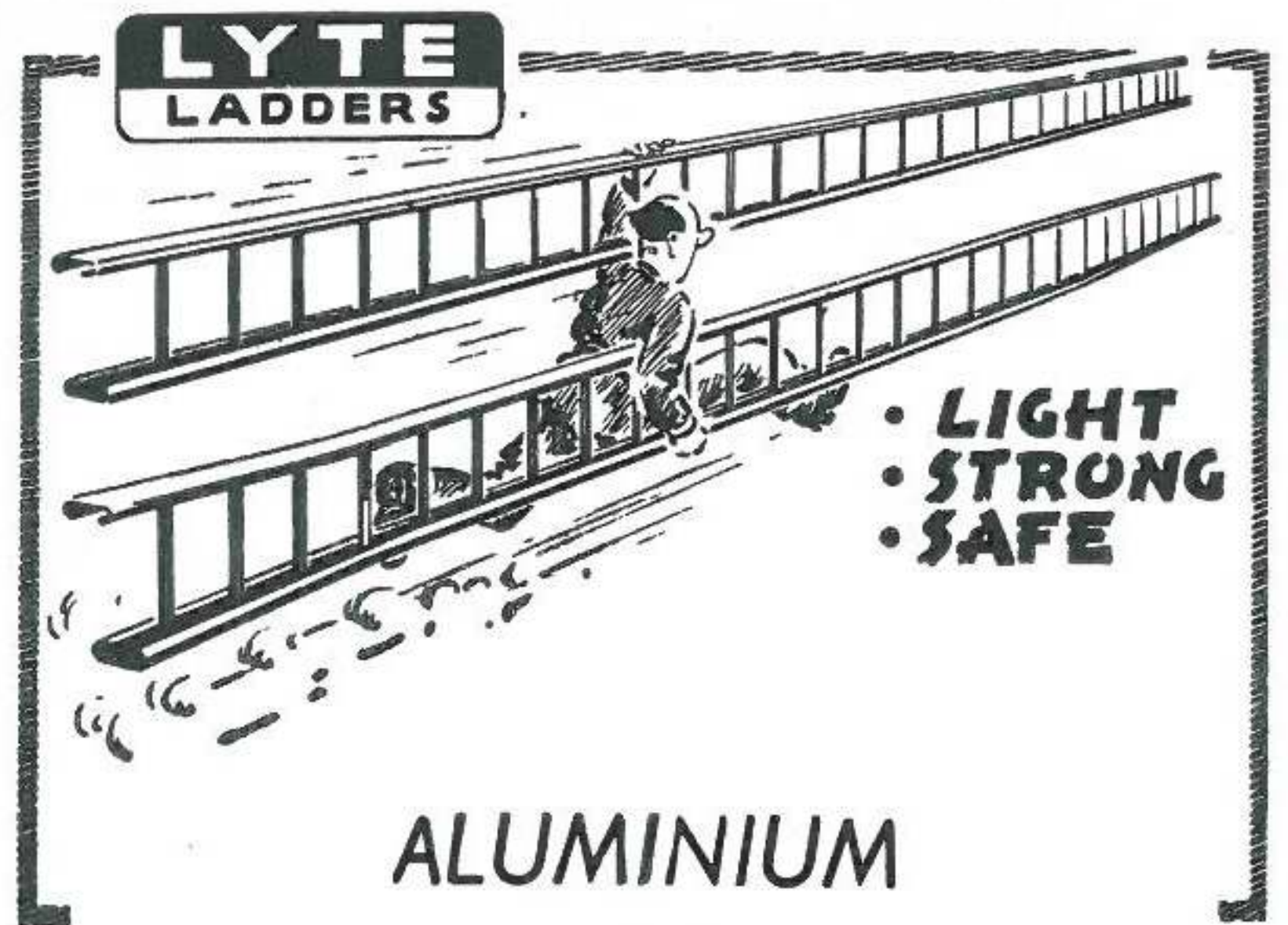
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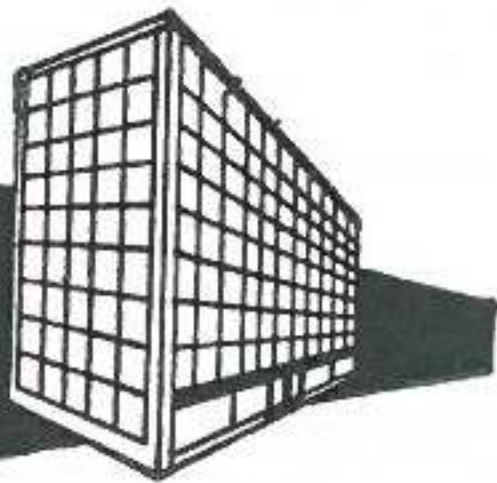
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# WHEN CAVAN SMASHED

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## A KERRY DREAM

*Jack Mulholland*

THE annals of Gaelic Games are full of surprise results and I have lived long enough to see a fair few of them. However, one in particular I remember more clearly than all of the others, and that was the day Cavan ended Kerry's dream of five All-Ireland titles in a row.

I doubt if as confident a bunch of boys ever lent their presence to an Irish train as the Kerry team which travelled to Cavan town on Saturday evening, August 26, 1933. And why wouldn't they be confident. Were they not the reigning All-Ireland champions. Not only that but they had not lost a championship game in four years.

Yes, Kerry appeared set for a record-breaking five in a row on that Autumn evening of thirty years ago and the fact that Cavan would be playing on their own front lawn in the All-Ireland semi-final did not worry the Kingdom one iota.

They were a great team for not alone had they collected four consecutive All-Ireland titles, but they had also won three National League titles during the same period. Between them they shared in the region of fifty All-Ireland medals.

Cavan on the other hand had never won an All-Ireland title. The year previous Mayo had beaten them in the semi-final and Kerry then accounted for Mayo in the final. Of course, Kerry would march on again and a new record to befit the Kingdom would surely be set up.

The fact that Kerry were without their captain and mighty full-back, Joe Barrett, did not worry the visitors unduly and when the

train pulled into the station a great throng greeted them and led by a pipe band the Kingdom were paraded to their hotel.

Later they were presented with an official address of welcome by the Cavan County Board and the local branch of the Gaelic League. Listening carefully, I well remember a reference to Myles the Slasher of Bridge of Finea fame and the fact that Kerry were now "on the historic and hallowed ground of the O'Reilly's."

'Tis a word of warning says I to myself, remembering that the O'Reilly clan was well represented on the Cavan team in the persons of Hughie and Tom, who formed the midfield partnership.

However, I dismissed the thought. In my book Kerry were invincible and invincible they would remain.

It rained on the Sunday morning and continued to do so throughout the minor hurling game which saw Galway score an easy win over Antrim.

The pitch was still sodden and slippery when the senior teams took the field and Micko Doyle won the toss and decided to play with the incline. I remember watching referee, Tom Shevlin of Roscommon, and I remarked to myself that there was one of the greatest men ever to field a ball.

But then there was little time for day-dreaming for the game was suddenly on and Jack Smallhorn of Cavan was in possession. The Breffnimen attacked but Paddy Whitty, an able replacement for Joe Barrett, cleared the Kerry lines.

Bill Landers had the ball and he rounded big Jim Smith to send

to the square. The whistle sounded and it was a 14 yards free. Jackie Ryan tapped it over and Kerry were away.

Micko Doyle and Johnny Walsh seemed to have matters under control at midfield and Kerry attacked again. Con Geaney to "Bracker" Regan and Jackie Ryan was through but Young in the Cavan goal dived full length, held it and cleared to the resounding cheers of his countymen.

But still it was all Kerry. A long Paul Russell clearance found Purty Landers and from him it went to Jackie Ryan and Kerry were two points up. Yes, the Kingdom were well on the road to five in a row.

A 45 yards free to Kerry and the great Paul Russell moved up to take it. Still a young man this gracefully built Killarney idol held six All-Ireland medals and as he moved towards the ball I said to myself that he would soon have seven.

Instead of going for a point, Russell sent a low fast one out to the unmarked Micko Doyle, who stood twenty yards to the right of the square. Doyle moved for it—but so did Tom Reilly who beat him to it and sent away down the field. Donal Morgan had it for Cavan and from him it went to full-forward Louis Blessing, who rounded Whitty and with only Dan O'Keeffe to beat, sent low and hard—but inches wide.

Still that was a close one and I could detect a certain alertness creeping into the Kerry men. They immediately turned on the pressure and lay siege to the Cavan square. But try as they did there

(Continued on page 51)

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*Form*

(From page 49)

was no surrender from this Cavan defence.

At centre half-back, Jim Smith was unbeatable and on either side of him Terry Coyle and Patsy Phair gave not an inch. Behind them Willie Connolly, Patsy Lynch and Mick Dinnehy were as unyielding as their forefathers at Finea.

But greatest of all Breffnimen on that day was the fearless Willie Young in goal. From Ryan, the three Landers, from Regan and Geaney—he stopped them all.

At half-time the score stood: Kerry 0-2, Cavan 0-1.

Early in the second half a youthful Charlie Sullivan came on for Kerry. Micko Doyle pointed a "50" and from a Sullivan pass, Jackie Ryan hit the upright with a pile-driver.

Dan Spring was on for Kerry and the Kingdom continued to press. Roundy Landers hit the upright and then came a glorious Paul Russell point, travelling at least fifty yards to go straight over. Kerry were now well in front but they had spent an amount of energy and there was a long way to go.

Sonny Magee narrowed the gap with a good Cavan point but Jackie Ryan balanced for Kerry from a Tim O'Donnell delivery.

Now it was Cavan's turn. They came like unleashed greyhounds. First a Morgan bullet which had to be deflected over the bar by Dan O'Keeffe. Smallhorn added another and with all of Cavan gone mad, Sonny Magee equalised from a free.

Five minutes remained and they were level. The pace had been colossal and I had a feeling that Cavan were standing up best to it. From O'Reilly to Devlin and on to Blessing, who raced through and dropped it in the square. Like a flash Vincent McGovern had it in the net.

Around me Cavan supporters were drunk with joy. Three



*Sean McCormack . . . the Kildare right full-back, in action against Louth in the Leinster championship.*

minutes — but Kerry are not finished yet. Russell went very high to grasp the kickout, side-stepping his man he sent to Joe Sullivan who dropped it at Purty Landers' feet. From Purty to Roundy and from Roundy to Bill—this was the great Landers machine. Bill had it twenty-five yards out. Twenty-five yards between Kerry and a draw. He kept coming. Twenty yards — fifteen — he shot. . . . It was wide, inches wide.

Well that was it. The game was over and Kerry's dream of five in a row had vanished. A new football force was born. Cavan went on to take the title and add a few more in the years which followed.

It was the end of the road for that great Kerry team. They were the greatest side ever to take the field but like everything else there is the inevitable end. To have been there that day to see it happen was to share in history.

# WATERFORD'S GREATEST HOUR

(Continued from page 5.)

First blood and more to come as the crescendo of Waterford support rose in surging waves to urge on its men. First time pulling and Kevin O'Connor made it two up.

Twelve minutes gone and Christy Moylan sank to the ground and with him sank much of Waterford's hopes. The brief close-knit group around the fallen hero, cutting him off from vision and then stepping back. A split second

of agony—yes, he was all right and the crowd roared its applause of the Dungarvanman's recovery.

John Keane in possession—to Bill Galvin and it was a goal.

At midfield Johnny O'Connor and Ned Carew were running riot. A lone Dublin point by the slim Tipperaryman, Jimmy Kennedy, before John Keane shot to the net and one minute later he added a point.

It was many the Waterford sup-

porter who could not believe what his eyes and reason told him . . . but it was true—the Deise were seven points clear.

Bastion pointed a seventy and Kennedy replied for Dublin. Christy Moylan again sent over and it was half-time. The score—Waterford 2-5, Dublin 0-2.

A Dublin fight-back was inevitable . . . and it came, but Waterford were ready. Cummins goaled for the Metropolitans, but if he did Daly did likewise for Waterford. Then Ned Carew pointed. It looked safe—and it certainly was when John Keane, no doubt remembering '38, crashed home yet another goal.

Jimmy Kennedy, a stylist true, had a Dublin goal, leaving it 4-6 to 2-2. Time was moving on. Jim Prior desperately fought and beat two Waterfordmen to leave the Dublin tally 3-2. But it was all in vain. This was Waterford's day. Bill Galvin goaled and Keane pointed.

Dublin fought on. Sean og O Ceallachain had a goal but time was now just almost out and for good measure, and perhaps to wipe clean that last remaining dim memory of '38, John Keane goaled for the third time.

And that was it. The final scoreboard read—Waterford 6-7, Dublin 4-2.

Just about twenty-nine hours later historic Waterford City bulged with its greatest-ever throng. From the Station to the City Hall came the mighty and all-conquering sons of the Comeraghs. Drunk with joy the crowd surged and pushed. It was unruly; it was unorderly . . . but it was great.

And then came the crowning moment—a moment which fifty long years and more has sought in vain—the moment when Jim Ware stood proud and raised high above his head the Cup—and thirty thousand Deise voices spoke as one and welcomed it home.

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