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Gaelic Sport

Vol. 6. No. 3.

June, 1963.

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Friend and Foe . . .
by Des. Ferguson

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Great New Feature

* Are Tipp.
Finished?

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at Sligo.

June 16th : Galway v. Mayo,
at Castlebar.

SEMI-FINAL

June 23rd : Roscommon v. Sligo or
Leitrim

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If Sligo, at Charlestown.

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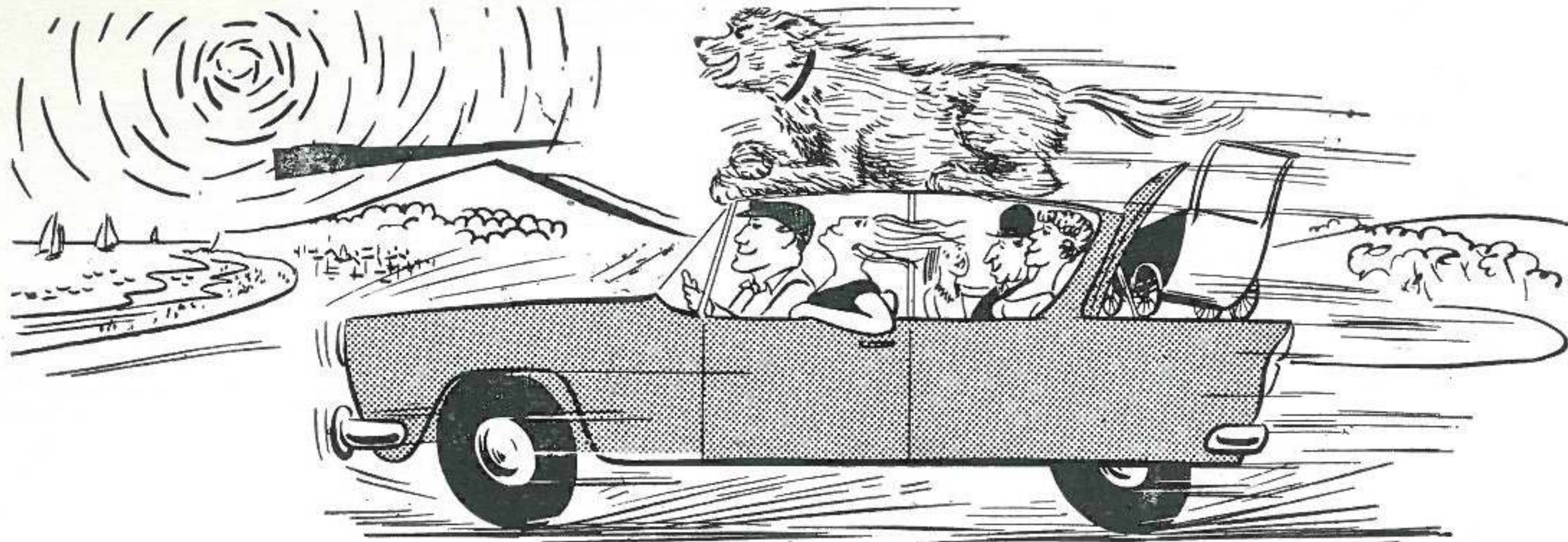


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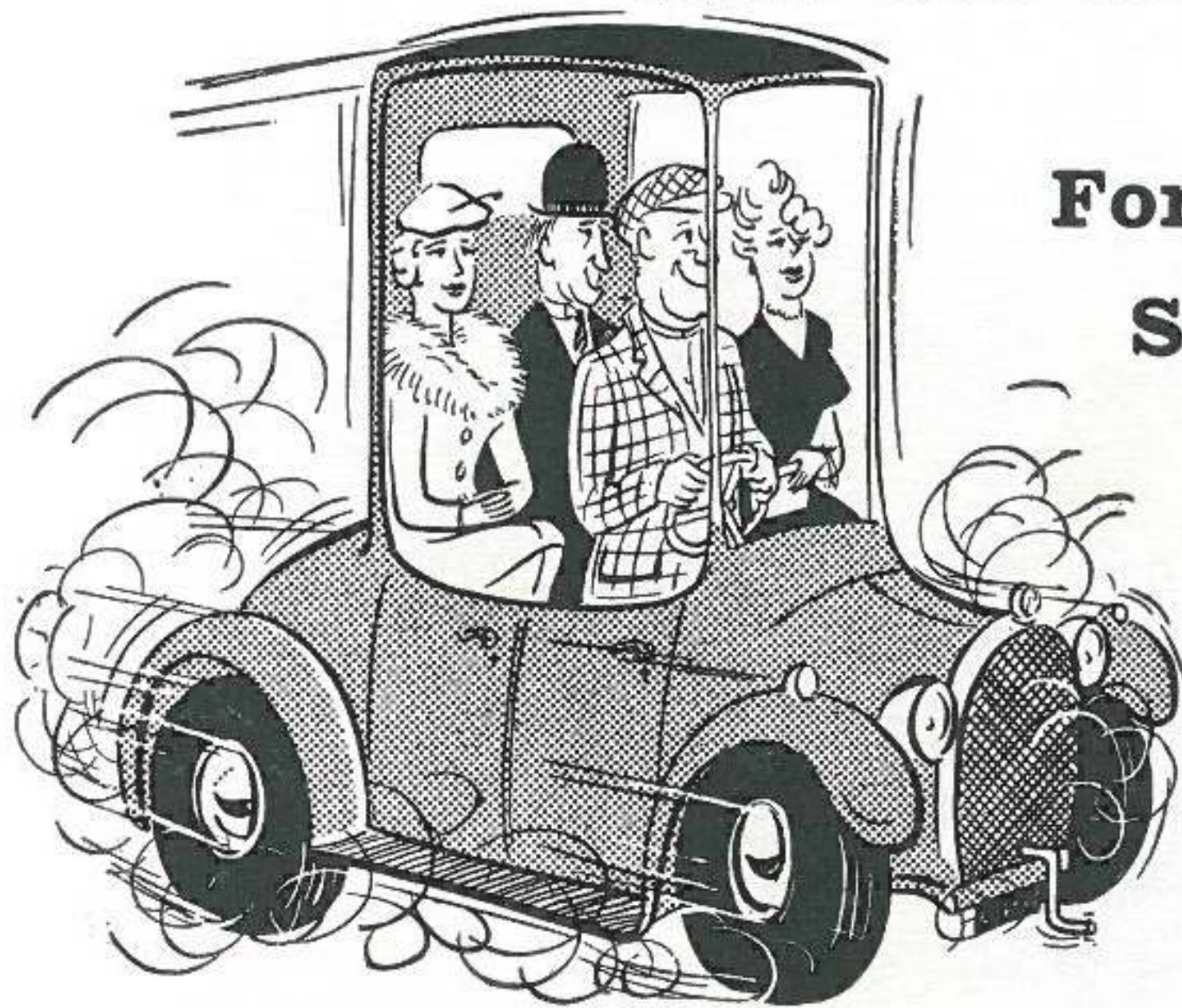
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Gaelic Sport

Vol. 6. No 3. JUNE, 1963.

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COMMENT

The wind of change

THERE is a tendency among many of us who are members of, or closely connected with, the G.A.A. to regard as hotbeds of West - Britishism, educational institutions which show a preference for foreign games. This attitude breeds a dangerous insularity of thought, for it precludes the probability that the people in these institutions play the prohibited games, not because of their English origin, but because of habits formed by environment, or because of social snobbery.

While the reasons which create this preference for games such as soccer, rugby, cricket and hockey are unfortunately deep-rooted, it does not follow that they are not susceptible to change. If the G.A.A. man genuinely believes in his association's ultimate objective of a completely Gaelic Ireland he will not ignore the advantages of mixing the diplomatist's cunning with the crusader's zeal. It is a well-known method of conquest—and on this question of games, we in Ireland should know—that quiet but steady infiltration is, in the long run, more effective than wild charges to batter down the barricades.

All this has nothing to do with the Ban. The foregoing thoughts are prompted by the recent admission of Dublin University to the Fitzgibbon and Sigerson Cup competitions, and by the award a few weeks ago of a Trinity "Pink" to the Kerry footballer, Kevin Coffey.

Trinity College has for long been looked upon by G.A.A. men as the

chief stronghold of foreign games in Ireland. And up to comparatively recent times it was regarded as a sign of sound nationalism to deplore this fact in militant terms, rather than do anything to change the situation. This attitude was reflected to some degree in the Sigerson Committee's initial refusal to admit Trinity to the universities' football championship.

Now that they have been accepted to compete in football and hurling with the Colleges of the National University and Queen's, it is, we believe, a matter for rejoicing in the G.A.A. Every effort should be made to consolidate their position for the future.

There is ample evidence that if this is done by the association, the sports authorities in Dublin University will reciprocate. Soon after the formation of the Trinity G.A.A. Club in the late 1940s, Kevin Heffernan and Colm Kennelly became the first G.A.A. men to receive Trinity "Pinks"—the highest honour that the University can bestow upon its athletes. The acceptance of Trinity's applications for participation in the universities' football and hurling championships was followed in early May by the award of a "Pink" to Kevin Coffey.

Coffey was selected for the award by the captains of the University's 26 sports clubs. Chosen along with him were two rugby players and a soccer player. It was a signal honour for the Kerry right half-back, but more important, perhaps, it was a significant victory for Gaelic games.

HEROIC CHALLENGE ON AN AUGUST AFTERNOON

Sean O'Neill

GLORY is not always synonymous with victory. Certainly the tale which I am going to tell is a glorious one—yet it ended in defeat. This is the story of all that is great and splendid in a county whose sideboard is somewhat bare of trophies but whose spirit and love of Gaelic games are second to none. The county is Carlow; the story is of their bid to capture the Sam Maguire Cup in 1944.

If an annual effort can be said to have a beginning then this one began on Sunday, April 31st at Dr. Cullen Park, Carlow, when the home fifteen beat Kildare in a challenge game.

A few weeks later these counties met again at Athy in the first round of the Leinster championship. Carlow led at half-time, 0-6 to 1-2, thanks to the great midfield play of Luke Kelly and Jim Morris. However, Kildare rallied in the second half and the game finished level.

The replay was fixed for Dr. Cullen Park and Carlow had newcomers in Sullivan and Joyce. Sullivan, an Army man, cycled from New Ross on the morning of the game and played a hero's part in helping the home side win 3-11 to 2-5.

The referee, Bill Delaney, must have journeyed home to Laois rather apprehensive as to his own county's chances against Carlow in the second round.

June 18, and from an early hour a continuous stream of horse-drawn vehicles and cyclists began to converge on Athy. Carlow supporters felt it in their blood and for once that feeling was right. Laois were outplayed and Carlow ended with five points to spare.

Three weeks later those same loyal supporters were at Kilkenny and once again their hopes were realised as Carlow outclassed Wexford, 5-7 to 3-6, in the Leinster semi-final. It was now or never

for Carlow's first Leinster title.

Athy once again was the venue and Dublin, the 1942 All-Ireland champions, provided the opposition. Morris and Kelly gave Carlow a pull at midfield, but the forwards were not moving too well. To add to it, four close-in frees were missed and so at half-time Dublin led 0-5 to 0-1.

Carlow's hopes had sunk . . . but only to rise again when early in the second half a long delivery by Morris was finished to the net by Jemma Rae.

From the kick-out Maher sent Dublin away and Coughlin went through to shake the net. Carlow were right back to where they were at half-time.

John Doyle pointed a free to leave it 1-5 to 1-2 and then exactly one minute later the ever-reliable Sullivan placed Doyle for a goal. Carlow were level. Fifteen minutes remained.

Carlow continued to press and the Dublin defence began to labour. A free was pointed by Doyle. Rae hit the upright and Doyle pointed another free.

Time ticked away. Maguire fastened on to a Peter O'Reilly clearance to leave but a point in it and for a while it looked as if Dublin were taking over; but the lion-hearted Carlow defence, anchored in Archbold, Whelan and O'Rourke, stood firm.

Jim Morris and Luke Kelly slowly regained their grip on midfield and when Jemma Rae went through to point, Carlow were home. Jim Doyle added another point from a free to clinch the issue. Football history was made. Carlow were in the All-Ireland semi-final against Kerry.

The Kingdom were well aware of the ability of the new Leinster champions, and so they set about preparing. Bill Dillon was recalled and placed at centre half-forward and to try to counter the great Carlow midfield pair, Sean

THEIR GREATEST HOUR :

NO. 1 CARLOW, 1944

Brosnan was brought to partner Paddy Kennedy.

In the attack, the Kerry mentors moved Dan Kavanagh to left half. Paddy Bawn Brosnan was sent to full-forward and Murt Kelly took over at left full.

The Roscommon-Cavan semi-final on August 22 drew a record crowd of 33,290—the largest attendance ever recorded outside of an All-Ireland final.

However, this record stood for only a week for when Carlow and Kerry took the stage 40,000 were there to greet them. Many a cow remained un milked in Carlow that day, for only the very old and the very ailing failed to make the journey. Travel facilities were at a minimum; yet they came, by every conceivable means. If Carlow were to fail to the might of Kerry it certainly was not for want of support.

But then, victory and not defeat was the order of the day; and all Carlow came to win. A local poet spoke for the county when he opened his ballad with:—

“It is coming, yes 'tis coming
once again the battle cry.
That has carried us to victory
from Kilkenny to Athy.
Now again it's ringing challenge
goes the way to Dublin town.
As the jerseyed boys of Carlow
march to steal the Kingdom's crown.”

It was on. Carlow had the breeze and went into the attack but the mighty Joe Keohane cleared. Paddy Kennedy sent Kerry away and Dillon dropped it into the square where Joyce grabbed it and to the encouragement of a tremendous cheer, shook off two Kerry men and sent the ball down the left wing. Farrell to Hosey, and now Carlow were back in the attack. Byrne had it thirty yards out but three

Kerry men blocked his way and Healy cleared. And so it continued—play swinging from one end of the field to the other.

In the eighth minute O'Donnell pointed for Kerry, but if he did Jemma Rae made it level two minutes later. David and Goliath how are you—this was an all-Goliath affair.

Twelve minutes gone and Bill Dillon had the ball. He went left but the ball went right—low and hard and the net shook. So did the heart of Carlow.

Jim Morris went high above the grasping Kerry men and the heart of Carlow beat once more. Gracefully he side-stepped one man and then another and Carlow were fighting back.

John Doyle pointed a free. Jemma Rae added another and with Kelly, O'Rourke, Moore and Byrne playing as never before it simply had to come . . . and it did in the twenty-first minute and from the unerring boot of John Doyle. Carlow were level.

It had taken a mighty effort and it seemed as if Carlow relaxed for a brief moment to draw breath. It was then that Kerry struck. Paddy Bawn was through and grounded. Murt Kelly belted home the penalty.

Carlow again fought back but it appeared as if their every score needed thrice the effort of the Kingdom. At half-time the scoreboard read—Kerry 2-1, Carlow 0-6.

Kerry now had the breeze and their march to yet another final looked little more than a formality. But wait. Stout Carlow hearts have yet to cry defeat.

Clifford put Kerry two points ahead but Doyle pegged back the lead. Carlow were coming again. O'Keeffe went full stretch to save the Kerry net, and still they came. Keohane cleared and the ball moved quickly. Kennedy to Dillon to Bawn. He shot. It was covered . . . no—it was a goal! A tragic goal, which should never have been and Carlow were four points down.

Some left the ground. But oh, how foolish they were, for Carlow's greatest moments had yet to come.

For the next ten minutes they outplayed Kerry as Kerry have never been outplayed before or since. They were everywhere, those stout-hearted Carlow men. Doyle pointed. Moore pointed and then Doyle again. Only one point remained.

Kerry were whipped. Outfield

ANOTHER SCOOP!

Paul Russell joins 'Gaelic Sport'



PAUL RUSSELL, one-time prince of players and now the most outspoken and

controversial of G.A.A. writers, joins *Gaelic Sport*. He does so by kind permission of the "Sunday Review."

Beginning with our July issue, Paul will write an exclusive monthly column for *Gaelic Sport*. For fearless comment and constructive criticism; for delightful reminiscences; for facts and forecasts—winning forecasts—Russell's column must not be missed.

Make sure of your copy of *Gaelic Sport* on the first of each month. Place a standing order with your newsagent now—or, should you prefer it, fill in the Subscription Form which is attached to this copy and send it to us immediately. In that way you will receive your copy by direct mail each month.

Remember — Ireland's top G.A.A. writers write for *Gaelic Sport*. *Sí Gaelic Sport Rogha na nGael*.

they lagged on weary legs as Carlow stormed on. Alone the mighty Joe Keohane blocked the way. Time and time again he turned back the tide.

Still, Carlow must surely do it. Kelly, Morris, Whelan, Moore, Sullivan, Rae, Byrne—to a man they tried for that single point. It never came. In the dying seconds

Healy cleared; Brosnan added and Murt Kelly pointed. It was over and done. The final score—Kerry 3-3, Carlow 0-10.

To Joe Keohane I leave the final word. The sporting Kerry full-back once told me: "Carlow in 1944 were better than many a team that brought home the Sam Maguire Cup."

JUST FANCY THAT . . .

JUST fancy . . . During his stay in New York, Phil Grimes played with Tipperary.

There have been no less than ten senior All-Ireland finals played in the month of June. The last of these was the 1921 football final which was played on June 17, 1923 with Dublin (St. Mary's) beating Mayo (Ballina Stephenites) 1-9 to 0-2.

Down and Limerick share a unique football distinction—they have a hundred per cent. success

record in All-Ireland finals. They each qualified for two and won them both.

It is a long way from Down to Cork but they have a team in Ballincollig called Leo Murphy's.

The "gate" at the Laois-Wexford O'Byrne Cup game, played at Enniscorthy last April, amounted to a grand total of twenty nine shillings. Yet, Wexford gave their best football display for many a day.



Dunloe
WEATHERCOATS
at all events!

TOP TEN

Follow the feats of the stars

INDIVIDUAL performances are the highlights of all games and Gaelic Sport now begins a new feature, Top Ten, in which the outstanding players of the preceding month are listed in order of merit.

These lists are compiled by the editorial staff of "Gaelic Sport" and based entirely on games played during the period

specified. The current lists are decided on games played from and including Easter Sunday, April 14, to Sunday, May 12.

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.—**T. CHEASTY** (Waterford).
- 2.—**M. O'G MORRISSEY** (Waterford).
- 3.—**P. GRIMES** (Waterford).
- 4.—**L. DEVANEY** (Tipperary).
- 5.—**M. BURNS** (Tipperary).
- 6.—**E. KEHER** (Kilkenny).
- 7.—**TOMMY RING** (Westmeath).
- 8.—**JOHN DOYLE** (Tipperary).
- 9.—**W. HOGAN** (Carlow).
- 10.—**J. SMYTH** (Clare).

FOOTBALL

- 1.—**K. COFFEY** (Kerry).
- 2.—**S. MURPHY** (Kerry).
- 3.—**P. DOHERTY** (Down).
- 4.—**P. MCCORMACK** (Meath).
- 5.—**B. O'CALLAGHAN** (Kerry).
- 6.—**S. MURRAY** (Longford).
- 7.—**S. CLEARY** (Galway).
- 8.—**D. O'SULLIVAN** (Kerry).
- 9.—**P. O'HAGAN** (Down).
- 10.—**M. O'CONNELL** (Kerry).



Seamus Murphy, whose display at centre half back for Kerry in the League "home" final earned him a place among GAEILIC SPORT'S Top Ten footballers of the month.

GRIMES THE GREAT

WITH a total of 4-29 Waterford's veteran, Phil Grimes, was the top scorer of the National Hurling League. Phil entered the final eight points behind Wexford's Oliver McGrath, but his fabulous score of 1-9 against Tipperary saw him safely through.

Cavan's Jim McDonnell, although more at home in defence, proved his wonderful versatility by taking the scoring honours in the football competition. He led right through the competition and had built up such a lead that he never looked like losing it despite the fact that Cavan made their exit in early April.

Hurling — 1, P. Grimes, 4-29 (41); 2, O. McGrath, 9-10 (37); 3, C. Ring, 6-15 (33), J. Smyth, 8-9 (33); 5, W. Hogan, 7-8 (29).

Football—1, J. McDonnell, 3-25 (34); 2, M. Kearns, 0-32 (32); 3, P. Doherty, 1-28 (31); 4, C. Dunne, 2-20 (26); 5, B. Johnston, 6-6 (24).

RAILWAY CUP ROLL OF HONOUR

WHERE have the Railway Cup medals of the past 36 years gone? This list supplies the answer. Cork have won most with a grand total of 138. Next come Tipperary with a total of 106. The full list is:—

Hurling—Cork (117), Tipperary (101), Limerick (95), Waterford (69), Kilkenny (57), Dublin (41), Clare (38), Wexford (15), Galway (15), Westmeath (2).

Football — Kerry (61), Dublin (55), Mayo (49), Galway (42), Kildare (39), Meath (39), Cavan (37), Laois (36), Louth (30), Cork (21), Offaly (20), Armagh (16), Down (14), Wicklow (13), Antrim (11),

Wexford (9), Carlow (8), Derry (7), Donegal (7), Monaghan (7), Roscommon (6), Tyrone (5), Tipperary (5), Longford (4), Leitrim (4), Sligo (4), Clare (3), Westmeath (2), Fermanagh (1).

On a provincial basis, Munster have won 510 Railway Cup medals, Leinster 370, Connacht 120 and Ulster 105. Medals awarded to substitutes are not included in these lists.

Jimmy Doyle, with a total of 4-9, was the top scorer in this year's Railway Cup hurling competition. Paddy Doherty, with a 2-6 tally, was the top football scorer.

ARE TIPPERARY FINISHED ?

NOT in this century has Tipperary had a spell to compare with the past five years. Each of those years has brought them either the All-Ireland or the National League title and in 1960 and '61 they scored the double. However, all great eras must end and there are indications that Tipperary's mighty run is about to slow down to a more restful trot.

It is not entirely a question of age with the present Premier County fifteen. The average age is 27—a year younger than that of Waterford who have twice beaten Tipperary in major competition since last year's championship.

Waterford have no less than six players over thirty — one more than had Wexford in last year's All-Ireland final and certainly if Tipperary are to fall in the championship it will be to the Deisemen.

Tipperary's first championship outing will be at Limerick on June 30 when they meet the winners of Cork and Clare in the Munster semi-final. Waterford also have a bye into the semi-final where they meet the winners of Galway and Limerick on July 7 at either Limerick or Cork.

ANOTHER DAY

Westmeath has the distinction of being the first county to depart from the 1963 senior championships. By May 12 both the hurlers and the footballers had been beaten and so this gallant Midland county patiently awaits another year.

One of the few remaining counties who have yet to win a senior provincial title, Westmeath must surely one day have its turn. Judging by the performances of the county minors, that day may not be too far off.

ROSCOMMON DEFEND

Roscommon have the odd record of never having won three consecutive Connacht senior football titles. Since their great resurgence of the early 'forties they have won the provincial crown in 1943-'44; '46-'47; '52-'53 and '61-'62. It will be interesting to see if this year they can extend their run of doubles.

Roscommon meet the winners of Sligo and Leitrim at Charlestown on June 23 and should they survive this game, they will be in the provincial final against either Galway or Mayo.

It was Mayo who beat Roscommon in 1945 when they were firm favourites not alone to take the provincial crown but also to retain their All-Ireland title. Galway then beat Mayo in the provincial final.

FINAL REPEAT

Kerry won the National football League home title but as far as most football followers are concerned their superiority over a full strength Down side has yet to be proven. However, we could have the final answer on Sunday, September 22.

As I see it, Kerry will qualify for this year's All-Ireland final. Munster has nothing to halt them

and I do believe that they will overcome what Connacht has to offer in the All-Ireland semi-final . . . but whether Down ?

The Mournemen have their first championship outing on Sunday, June 9, when they meet Monaghan at Newry. A win here seems certain and will send them into the provincial semi-final against either Armagh, Tyrone or Antrim.

Should Down survive this hurdle, and here again they must be well fancied to do so, they will be faced by probably either Cavan or Donegal in the Ulster final on Sunday, July 28. This will be Down's moment of truth. It will not be easy but I take them to do it. The Mournemen have learned many lessons during the past twelve months and this will stand to them. I take them to come out of Ulster and beat whatever Leinster puts against them.

Yes, as I see it, it will be a Kerry-Down final . . . and there I leave you.

BUSY DAYS

As fixtures stand Sunday, July 14, will be quite a day. The Connacht, Munster and Leinster football finals all clash. Neither of them will of course be televised . . . otherwise portable sets would be in great demand.

On Sunday, July 28, the Ulster football final and the Munster hurling final are for decision—but then a few well placed draws in the championship and these dates would have to be changed. There are those who wish for such a happening.

LONDON TO VISIT NEW YORK?

“JEDA”

THERE is now a distinct possibility that the London County Footballers will travel to New York next year, as an invitation to join in the Centenary celebrations was recently given by John Kerry O'Donnell to the London officials. It is true that the sending of a team to the United States would involve the Board in heavy expense but as against this it is certain that the “gates” would recover some of the initial outlay. The invitation to the London team was no doubt influenced by the fine performance of the side against a New York selection at Wembley Stadium in 1962, when the home fifteen only failed by one point. Indeed many followers insisted that this game overshadowed the following fixture between Kerry and Offaly, and the fact that London went on to run Meath to two points in the Junior All-Ireland final is an indication of the strides made during the past few years.

It is a recognised fact that with the talent available at the present time the London selectors could field a team capable of holding their own against any county in Ireland as, listed among the stars now domiciled in London are Jim Halpin (Meath), Donie Mullins (Cork), Gene Driscoll (Kerry), Jimmy Farrell (Galway), Gerry Doran (Down), Sean Hendry (Monaghan), Des O'Connor (Kerry), Brendan Holohan (Dublin) and Peter McDonagh, who is a brother of Galway's Mattie McDonagh. The improved quality in the local competitions is very evident this year, and it is pleasing to see the resurgence of such old established sides as Round Towers, St. Patricks and Taras who have been in existence for over forty years.

While football has improved in London, the standard of hurling has declined somewhat over the past year or two, and there is now only half a dozen really top class clubs in the capital. The promotion of Sean Treacys and St.

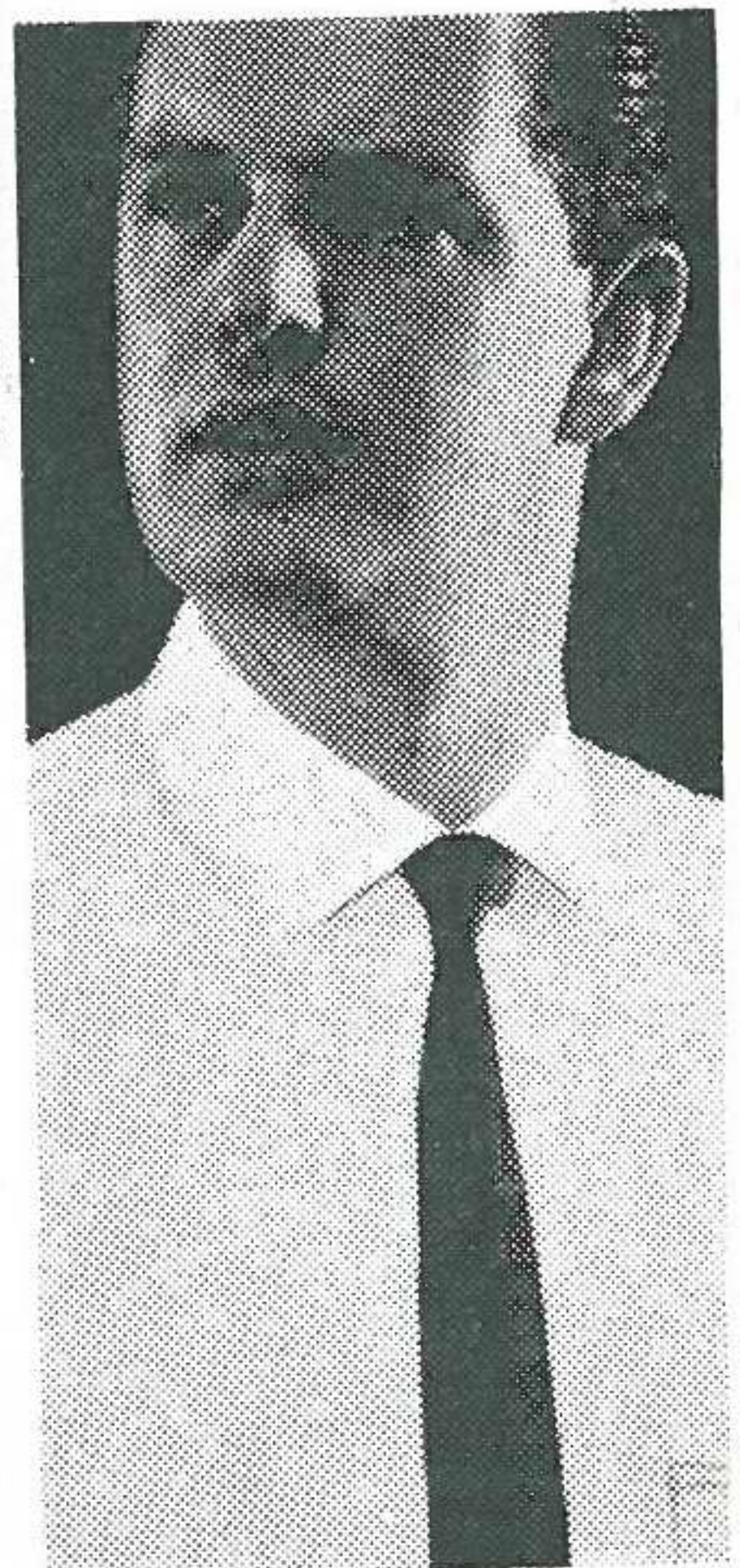
(Continued on Page 12.)



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MEMORIES OF GAELIC GAMES IN THE ARMY

Stories yet untold

SEAN DONEGAN

CATHAL BRUGHA Barracks 1940 . . . and I had just become a soldier. Like thousands of others I had answered the call of the Emergency—leaving behind me the sombre teaching profession for what the Army and the tense early years of the war had to offer.

My first major military assignment was that of a tailor's fitter—a bad tailor's fitter, who dressed his patrons with little regard for the prevailing fashions. My job simply entailed handing out uniforms to the newcomers.

All went well, for the majority of those who presented themselves on the first day were of average size and measurements. That was until evening. Then a young man of gigantic stature appeared. I searched frantically for the largest size in stock, but it was all in vain.

The big man seemed to enjoy my predicament, suggesting that I take his measurements and have them sent to a Dublin tailoring establishment of repute. I did not appreciate his wit at that moment, but it was to grow on me during the months which lay ahead and Kerry's mighty Joe Keohane and I became firm friends.

We were soldiers of fortune, he and I . . . only our fortune was small—thirteen shillings and two pence per week to be precise, and on top of it Joe was paying one-and-three per week back income-tax, a relict of his sojourn in the Civil Service.

Keohane often loudly, and somewhat proudly announced that he was the lowest-paid soldier in the world and with eleven shillings and eleven pence, he definitely was!

We both eventually became officers but looking back, we had some of our best laughs when we had to make do with the odd few shillings.

When I first met Keohane he was at the

zenith of his great career. Only twenty one, he had won three senior All-Ireland medals and was already hailed as one of the greatest full-backs of all time. However, he was only a week in the Army before he was playing junior football with the Eastern Command.

To those players who had made it and were members of county teams, Joe was jokingly sarcastic, but to a club man, striving to hold his place, he was always the benign counsellor and always preached encouragement. He tutored many a corner back who invariably rose to the heights in the knowledge that Joe would always be at hand to cover should the odd one be missed.

He could be both sarcastic and complimentary when discussing men who played against him, but of all those I heard him mention, he was loudest in his praise of the great Paddy Moclair of Mayo. In Keohane's book Moclair was the greatest and I doubt if he has changed his opinion since.

Speaking of Mayo reminds me of a visit to Ballina with the First Battalion team in the early 'forties. We were to play the local Stephenites and it must have been early in the year for I remember that the day was bitterly cold.

Mayo were then in the football doldrums and I was quite confident of being able to manage anything Ballina might produce at midfield. But I was to learn.

From the first ball I found myself outjumped and outsped. I tried desperately to get into the game. I wanted to warm myself anyhow and after a few further futile efforts to beat my tormentor, I decided to have a look at him.

He was big and broad-shouldered and he was unaware of my scrutiny. He was following the ball with his eyes; moving slowly into position; reading

(Continued on Page 13.)

Butterkrust

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Butterkrust



Sliced **BATCH LOAF**

(From Page 9.)

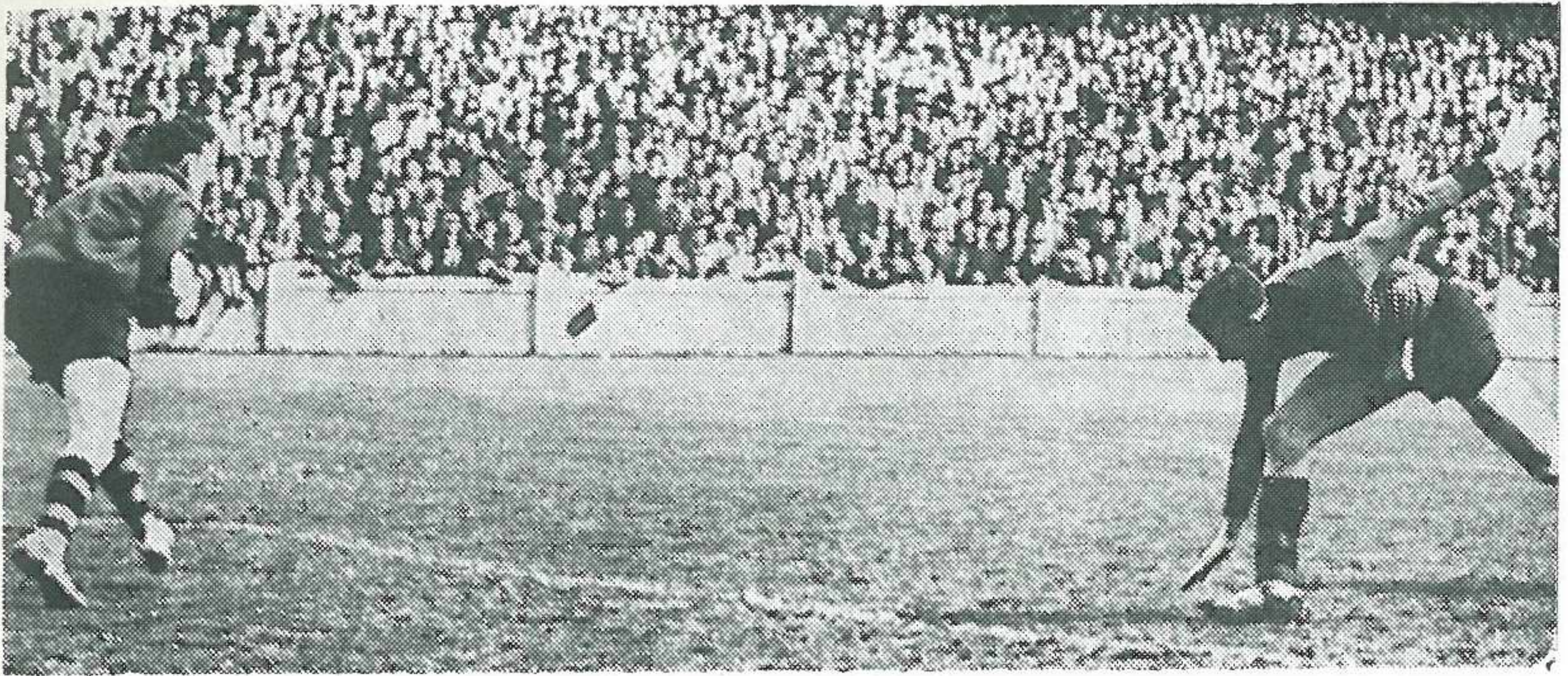
Gabriels has added fresh interest to the senior grade, as both these teams have already served a warning to the other established sides by defeating Brian Borus, Sean McDermotts and Father Murphys.

The former chairman of the London County Board—Rev. Fr. Tom McNamara of Newtownshandrum, Co. Cork—has played a big part in the upsurge of Geraldines, and the acquisition of the ex-Fermanagh player, Maurice McNamee has certainly boosted Geraldines' prospects. Incidentally Father McNamara is Chaplain of the Irish Centre in Camden Town, and deserves great credit for the interest he is taking in the spiritual and temporal needs of newly arrived immigrants.

Two other ex-chairmen of the London Board—Messrs. Jim Conway (Virginia, Co. Cavan) and Michael Walsh (Currow, Co. Kerry)—are prominent members of the Executive Committee while a former Secretary, Paddy O'Donoghue of Limerick is still an active worker within the Board, not withstanding the fact that he won a club medal with the Brian Borus as far back as forty years ago.

It is not often one hears of a London-born player taking an active part in Gaelic activities, but John Dowling of Hayes has proved an exception to the rule, and his brilliant form for the local St. Brendans club has brought him under the notice of the county selectors. This club owes much of its present high standing to the efforts of Secretary John Joe Monaghan of Mayo, who has been responsible for putting St. Brendans on the proud pinnacle on which they stand to-day.

Although only formed this year, Sean Treacys of Harlow, Essex, may well feel proud at the progress made so far. Faced with the problem of affiliating with the London or Hertfordshire Boards, the Chairman, Rev. Father Martin McCormack of Solohead, Co. Tipperary, decided to throw in their lot with the latter as he felt that the standard in that county would be more suitable for a new club. Sean Treacys are now in the happy position of having acquired a ground of their own on rental from the Harlow Urban Council, and with such capable officials as Fr. McCormack, Paddy Downing (Castletownbere, Co. Cork), Malachy McLoughlin (Derry), and Peter Maher (Tipperary) the affairs of the club can be expected to go ahead by leaps and bounds.



Patsy McAlinden, the Down goalkeeper (left) saving final at Croke Park on May 12th.

a Kerry shot in the National Football League "home" Pat Rice (Down) is on right.

(Continued from page 11.)

the game—a perfect model of concentration and cool alertness.

I decided to have an all-out try for the next one orbiting in our vicinity. It came. I was shoulder to shoulder with him and up we went. I was still clutching air as he descended with the ball clutched in one hand. It soared into the Army square.

Twenty minutes gone and I hadn't touched the ball. I could not figure it out. I was as fit as ever I was and here was a man of at least thirty playing with Ballina and beating me blind.

I looked in despair towards Joe Keohane at full back, who happened to be the captain of the team. He knew my predicament and beckoned me back to man his position whilst he went to midfield. As we passed I said, "Joe who's your man?" "That's Henry Kenny," was his reply. I was back in Keohane's position before the name sank in. I should have known.

Henry Kenny, hero of 1936—the man who, more than any other, brought Mayo its first All-Ireland title. Here he was seven years later showing us youngsters the touch of class which separates the men from the boys.

The All-Army finals of 1944 were played in Croke Park. I will always remember that day for the reason that it won me much fame. I performed feats that would do credit to three men . . . but then I **was** three men that day. Let me explain.

The hurling final was played first and broadcast by Micheal O hEithir. An Army officer, whose name I withhold, broadcast the football game. It was the Western Command versus the

Fifth Brigade.

On the Command side we had such men as Joe Keohane, Sean Gallagher, Bill Jackson, Sean Forde, John Burke, Jimmy Clifford, Connie O'Connor, Eddie Condon and Peter Molloy.

Molloy, believe it or not, was then an Irish international soccer star and probably the only such star to play in Croke Park at the height of his soccer career.

Years later he abandoned professional soccer in England to return and play Gaelic football for his native Westmeath.

But let me get back to the game. I was at centre-field with Sean Gallagher. Jimmy Molloy was in front of us with Eddie Condon right behind us at centre half-back.

I had an average game but Eddie Condon played brilliantly, as did Molloy. The teams finished level in failing light and during the extra time which followed, visibility was particularly poor.

On returning home I was hailed a hero. What a game I had played—those glorious points. I noticed little praise for Eddie Condon and this was strange for it was he who really had the great game.

It was years later that I learned the full story. Our friend in the broadcasting box (and he certainly was a friend to me) was not particularly familiar with the players. Every ball Eddie Condon caught the cleared was accredited to me, as was every point kicked by Jimmy Molloy. What little I did myself was added to it to give me probably the greatest game ever played in Croke Park.

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BEATEN—ALL ENDS UP!

Philip Roderick

EAMONN YOUNG is a great story-teller. You know, come to think of it, he is almost as good a story-teller as I am. Put a pint in front of him, sit him down with some good company, give him a few starts and he is off like Gubby Donovan's pig—and no one can catch him. Except possibly me. I like to talk too.

We have constant verbal battles and, invariably, I must confess rather sadly, he usually wins. Take for instance the night before he left for the Congo. We were in the best of company that night—the wine was plentiful and the cigar smoke was luxurious—and Young, God bless him, was in his element.

He told some remarkable stories, all in that magnificent, resonant Cork accent that he has. He ranged through a million subjects, never repeating himself, throwing in little splashes of philosophy here and there . . . and, Lord, love us, I never got a chance.

Finally, however, he had to go. We stood at the gate, lied manfully that we would not miss him, bade him at least twenty good-byes and then we left for home. Even the thought that for six months I could dominate the conversation in any company did not cheer me up.

We talked on the way home that morning . . . about Youngie and the great games that he had played . . . the grand songs he had sung . . . and the stories he had told.

“But there is one story I have never heard him tell”—said one of our friends, and, for the life of me, I cannot reveal his name or Young will have both our lives when he comes back—“and, the grand part of it, I was there to see it.”

And he told me the story. I am repeating it

THE DAY THAT EAMONN YOUNG STOOD ON HIS HEAD

now—in the grand safety of knowing that Eamonn is many, many miles away and in the hope that he may have forgotten all about it by the time he sets foot back in Patrick Street.

Eamonn was only a youngster when all this happened. In fact, it was the day he played in the final of under-14 School Shield competition for Dunmanway against St. Patrick's, Cork.

At that time Pat Daly was coaching the St. Patrick's boys and he had them as fit as an All-Ireland team. With home advantage in Cork City, it did not seem that Dunmanway would have a hope.

Then, out of the blue, Pat Daly wrote to Eamonn's father, Jack Young, then headmaster in Dunmanway. The year was drawing to a close, it might be difficult to arrange a venue in Cork City; why not play the game in Dunmanway?

A grand gesture. The Dunmanway boys were delighted; this, indeed, would be the rock on which the St. Patrick's boys would perish.

And so the great day came. Eamonn Young, resplendent in his clean togs and a foot taller in his pride marched out on to the Dunmanway pitch. Picked at centre half-forward, he would spearhead the attack that would tear the Cork boys asunder.

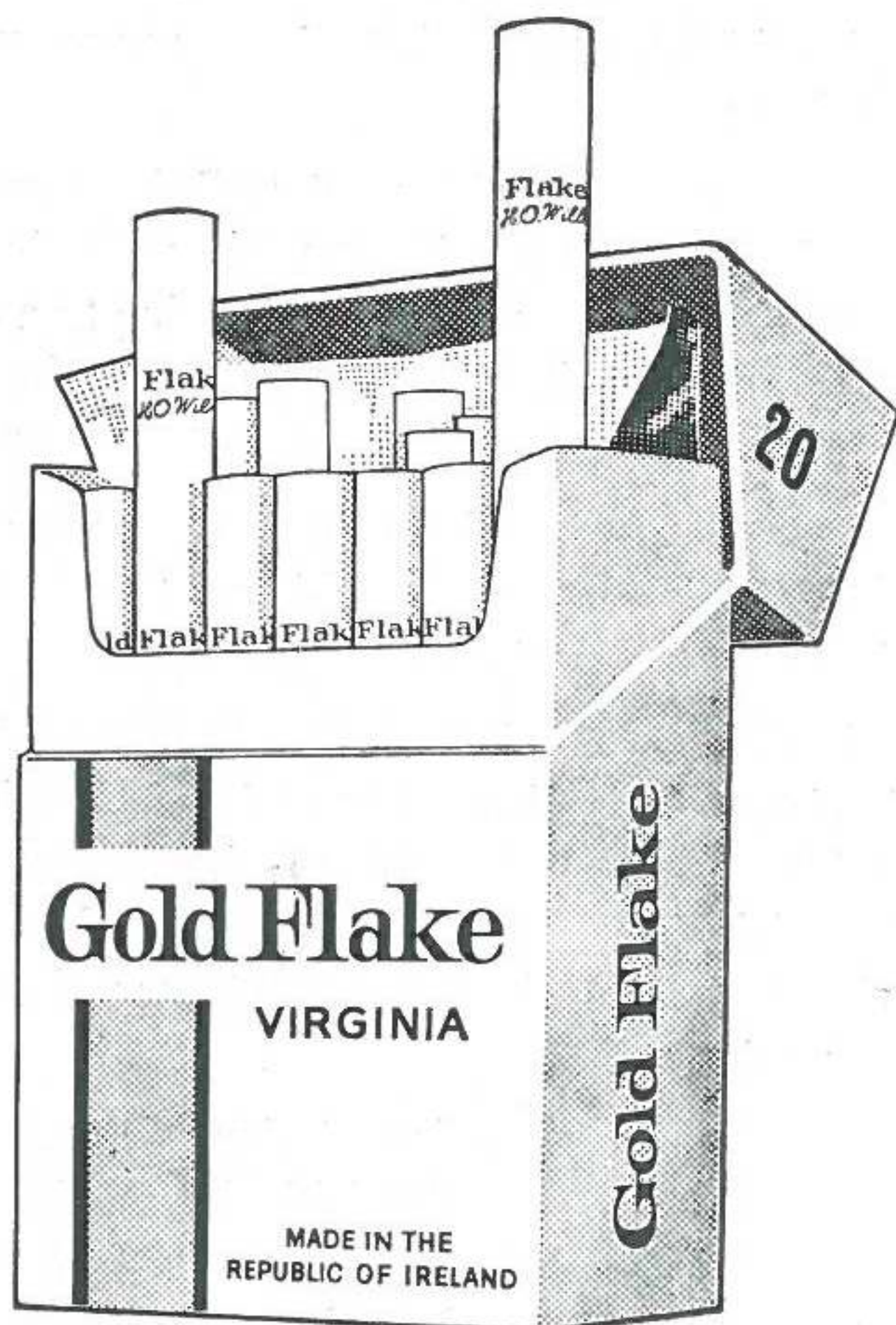
But alas, from his point of view, the game did not come his way. St. Patrick's did all the pressing and proceeded to knock up a few points. Play was all down at the other end of the field.

Eamonn got bored and to while away the time, he decided to have a few well-chosen words with the centre half back on the Cork team.

(Continued on Page 17.)

“So maybe I
 am stuck up.
 But when I think
 of the ten
 fine Virginia
 tobaccos that are
 blended to
 make me . . . and
 the satisfaction
 I’m going to give
 . . . I can’t help
 feeling a little
 glow. Is that
 so bad?”

“What makes you
 think you’re the
 only one?”



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(From Page 15.)

He chose a striking gambit to open the conversation. You see, even then, he knew how to capture an audience.

“Come here”—he said to the Cork boy—“Can you stand on your head?” Then, without waiting for an answer, he went on, “I can do it quite easily.”

And then—wonderful moment and how I wish I had been there to see it—he stood on his head.

It was great stuff. He waggled his feet to show how easy it all was. He held himself rigid for almost half a minute and then waggled his feet again.

Immediately a cheer went up. The success went to Youngie’s head, then planted firmly on the green turf of Dunmanway. For an encore, he waggled his feet again.

And then . . . then like an angry roll of thunder gathering sound and fury as it swept across the heavens, he heard his father’s voice echoing across the ground.

“In the name of all that’s holy, what do you think you are doing? GET UP ON YOUR FEET.”

The voice of demanding authority was enough for our Eamonn. Like a flash he whipped himself upright.

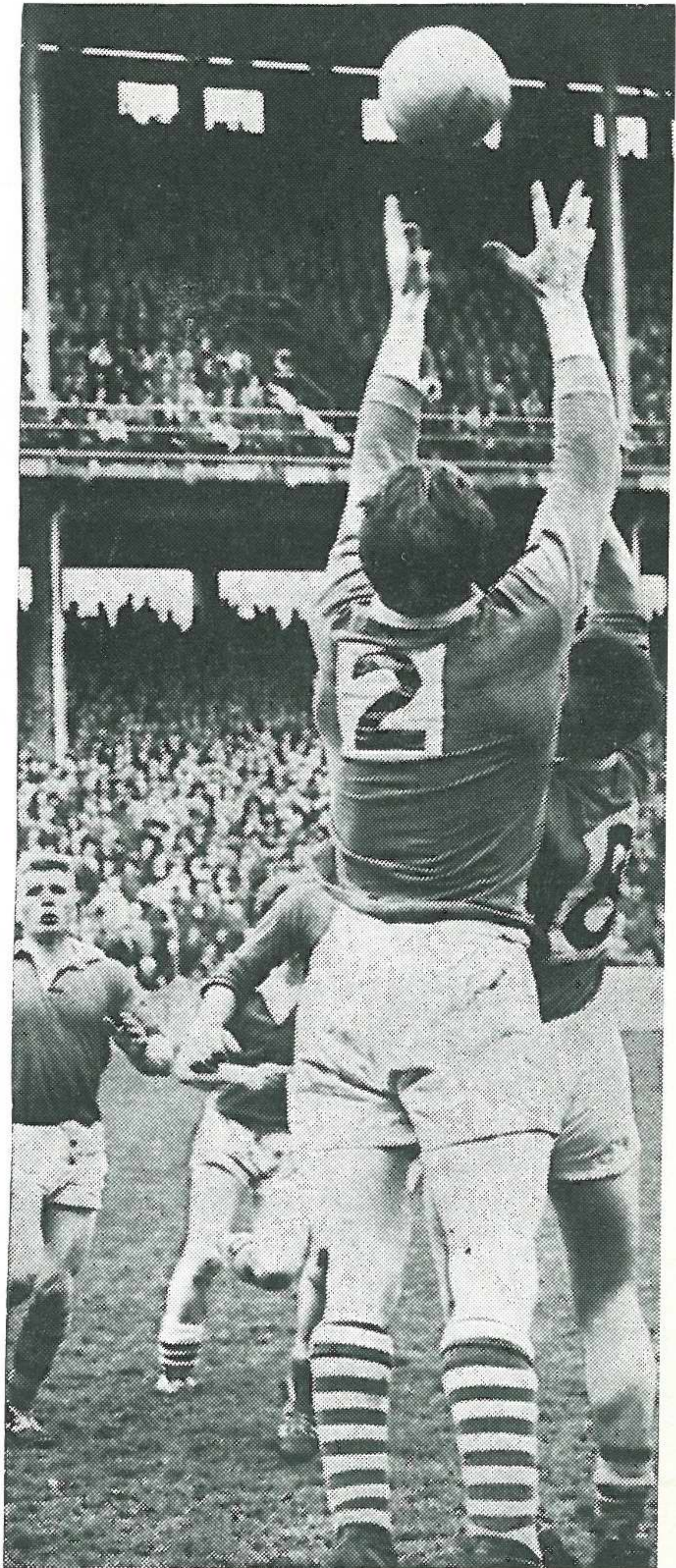
Then he realised what the cheer had been. It had been a show of appreciation for the centre half back who, without anyone to bother him, had gone galloping down the field to deliver a perfect pass . . . that had ended in a copy-book goal for St. Patrick’s.

Not that Youngie’s beautifully-timed acrobatic feat made any difference . . . for St. Patrick’s won handsomely in the finish by five goals.

What a day it must have been . . . the day that Eamonn Young stood on his head.

And what a tragic pity it was that I was not there to see it.

Dinny Donnelly, the Meath right full-back, outjumps Kerry’s Derry O’Shea for a high ball in the National Football League semi-final at Croke Park on Sunday, April 28. On left is Bernie O’Callaghan, who later was to play such a brilliant game for Kerry in the “home” final against Down on May 12.



EAMONN YOUNG REMEMBERS



THE man with easy gait and dark eyes set in a tanned quiet face passed me by that summer evening with a gentle greeting.

The small boy asked:

"Who is he Dad?"

"Lotty is his name son," I mused. "Played in seven All-Ireland finals before he was 27. He's part of our hurling history."

The light of glory that shone so well since '26 blazed to blinding brilliance in '31 when in three epic finals Cork at last subdued Kilkenny. Eudie Coughlan, the slim captain from Blackrock had been a substitute on the championship team of 1919 and after '31 he decided to call it a day. Yet we had many great hurlers like Jim Regan, a wonderful centre-back; Jim Hurley, who bestrode the half-way line; flying Dinny Barney Murphy, steady Fox Collins, Willie Clancy of Mallow and the seasoned Balty Aherne and many more. They might have been good enough to bring home another title but for the sudden resurgence of the Banner County and little did Corkmen realise as they watched the great Clare hurlers, John Joe Doyle, "Fowler" McInerney, Tull Consideine and the small goalie on springs, Tommy Daly, that not only would Cork not go anywhere in '32 but the red jersey would not be seen in a Croke Park championship game for seven long years.

Clare went under to Kilkenny in '32 but in Munster the story went from bad to worse for Cork when a team of mighty men arose this time from the south of the Shannon led by Micky Fitzgibbon, with

hawk-eyed Paddy Scanlan in the goal, Mickey Cross, steel-elbowed Paddy Clohessy, Jim Roche, Mick and Timmy Ryan as well as the two Mackeys, Mick and John, whose heads black and blonde were to be seen where hurling excitement was greatest for the next twenty years.

Kilkenny beat them in '33 but Garryowen came at Dublin's expense in the '34 final replay. Kilkenny were back in '35 but Limerick reversed the All-Ireland final decision in '36. Tipperary came with a good team in '37 and still Cork were down but not out and in '38 after a good win over the Premier County, we faced to Dungarvan to meet resurgent Waterford.

Though success had not smiled since '32, we had several first-class players. Among the younger school, stylish Georgie Garrett of Blackrock, was a fine player

in the Railway Cup of '35. He was joined by the strong man from Kinsale, Jack Barrett and the sizzling corner-forward from Glanmire, Micka Brennan.

It was some years after in Thurles that I sat near an English woman who viewed the team parade of Cork and Limerick. Last on the Cork line was Micka—black hair, swarthy skin, blue togs, cap in hand and very hairy legs.

"Oh Goodness," said she, "look at all the hair on his legs."

"What did you expect?" snapped her excited Cork husband. "Grass?"

On the '36 Railway Cup team there came on as a substitute one of our greatest and most versatile hurlers, John Quirke of Rockies, who had been coming steadily for four years and in '38 there appeared again as a substitute another whose record of six senior All-Ireland wins in a row stands

THE LEESIDE'S GOLDEN YEARS

out as a truly wonderful achievement. When we add that Jack Lynch was beaten by one point in two more senior finals, his record really opens the eyes.

So it was we felt in Dungarvan that day in '38 that we could beat Waterford and move on to the big time at last.

But what a disaster. Even the rain that fell in torrents couldn't quench the hurling fire showed by John Keane, Christy Moylan, Mick Hickey, Declan Goode and Locky Byrne. As a minor hurler in the curtain-raiser, where we had beaten Tipperary, I nearly went mad with disappointment.

It was no consolation either to have my new suit destroyed in the deluge.

As we came back in the train there were the usual acid comments on the senior team and one said that the minors would be better. In fact there were some good hurlers among the younger lads and we couldn't just then know that in the following year youngsters Ted Sullivan and Alan Lotty would pull on the senior jersey in the All-Ireland senior final. Neither could we know that the slim, hardy lad with the fair crew-cut, named Christy Ring, would dominate hurling for the next twenty-five years.

The continued lack of county prestige was reflected in the selection on the '39 Railway Cup team. Only old reliables Jack Barrett and Micka Brennan were chosen. No wonder we thought we'd never win an All-Ireland again.

But although the sky had not yet cleared there were sunny days just around the corner. In '39 the great comeback began—at last the red jerseys were out of Munster again. Kilkenny gave a nine-point beating to Galway raising no less than 16 white flags in the semi-final—a shadow perhaps of what was to come—and all Cork looked forward to the big day.

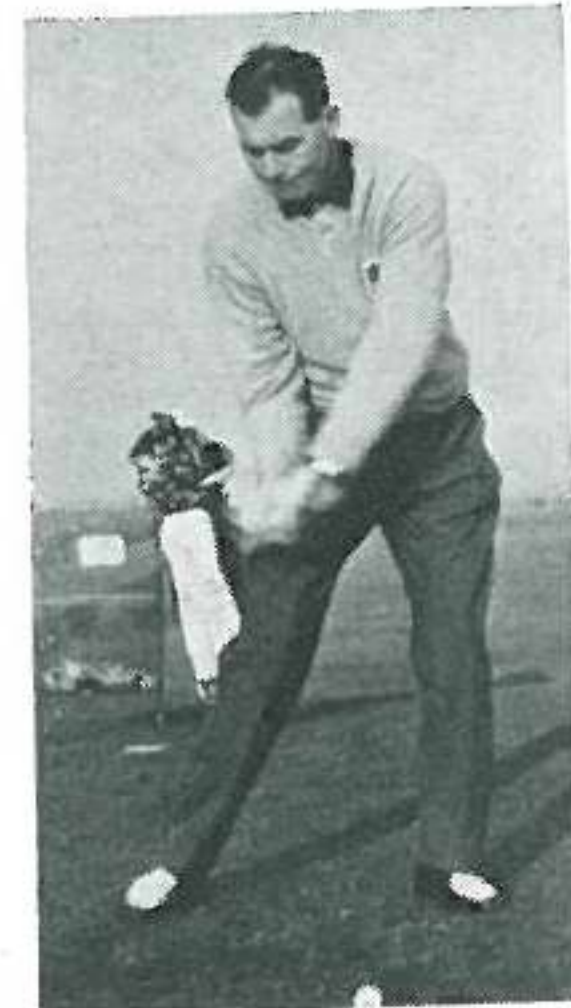
It was dry in Croke Park when

(Continued Page 21.)



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STYLE MATTERS



Says Christy O'Connor

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Christy O'Connor



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(From Page 19.)

we minors beat Kilkenny but surely nature must have cried at Chamberlain's words declaring war on Germany and the heavens raged in a mad convulsion of fire and sound that loosed a flood of rain which turned Croke Park to a quagmire. The hurleys flew dangerously from slippery hands and the colour from the referee's green jersey ran on to his togs. Young Lotty was at corner back and Ted Sullivan at full forward on that pocket Hercules, Paddy Larkin. It was neck and neck to the end and even though right winger, Jack Lynch, swept a sizzling free inches over the bar we were quite confident as it came into the final throbbing moments when the sides were level at 2-6 to 3-3.

Then a harmless-looking ball dropped near the Cusack side line and sturdy black and ambered centre-forward, Jimmy Kelly, grabbed it and swerved to get his puck in. He got in his stroke in the face of frenzied Cork backs but only barely, for he fell in doing so. High and true that ball lobbed towards the Railway goal. I can still see it and my poor heart

The second article in this fascinating series, "The Leesiders' Golden Years," will appear in our July issue. Written by Commandant Eamonn Young, who is now serving as O/C of "A" Company, 39th Battalion, in the Congo, this is the inside story of Cork's fantastic run of All-Ireland victories between 1941 and 1946. It is told, from far-off Elizabethville, by a man who helped to shape the glorious achievements of which he now writes.

sank when the white flag went up to be followed soon after by that dreadful final whistle.

Nineteen-forty opened well and hopes were high once more though I well remember Jim Young's

BAN DEBATE

Feeley and de Burca to battle it out in the pages of "Gaelic Sport."

THE past few issues of *Gaelic Sport* have featured a lively discussion on the Dublin "Ban" motion to Congress. The Dublin viewpoint has been ably put by Padraig de Burca with Sean Feeley opposing it with equal competence. The result has been a considerable flow of letters from our readers and typical of these is the following:—

"It looks as if the "Ban" is going to keep going the rounds despite what Congress may decree. Up to now the controversy has centred around the point as to whether the pros and cons of the rule should be gone into at all.

"We have had enough of these skirmishing tactics. It is about time the battle were joined and that we were given the case for and against the "Ban." Might I suggest that your correspondents, Mr. Feeley and Mr. de Burca, be asked to make the case for and against in your pages in the coming months.

"G.A.A. men are entitled to know the facts. What about it, *Gaelic Sport*?"

M. O'Connor.

Duinin,
Windsor Road,
Dublin.

Mr. de Burca has also written in

reply to Feeley's article in last month's issue. His letter concludes with the following challenge:—

"And now for the *piece de resistance* of Mr. Feeley's article — 'The Ban is more necessary now than ever. I doubt if I need elaborate why. Every true Gael who looks deep into his heart knows the reasons.' May I ask Mr. Feeley, with your permission, Mr. Editor, to let us have the reasons."

Here we have a first-class and ready-made debate — one which would highlight all of the many facets of this vexed question—for both de Burca and Feeley are as expert in expressing their viewpoints as they are adamantly opposed on the issues involved.

However, the fact that the championship season is now in full swing does not allow sufficient space to do justice to such a subject, so we have decided to postpone it to a more opportune time later in the year. Meanwhile, let Messrs. de Burca and Feeley sharpen their wits and collate their facts. Come November the case will be heard . . . and the vast readership of *Gaelic Sport* will sit in judgment.—THE EDITOR.

white-hot anger when Limerick beat Cork in the tournament game that opened the Park in Kenmare.

"They'll do the same in Thurles if we don't buck up," he said.

But no, the first day was a thrilling draw and those younger men—Billy Murphy of the sledgehammer puck-out, Batt Thornhill, a great wedge of a man at full back, were showing the class that really mattered.

In the replay we can't take it from Limerick—they won. No

use to say that the game finished with hundreds of frenzied spectators on the field; no use to cry that a spectator stopped a goal; no use to say anything except "Good luck, Limerick."

But this time there was no great despondency in Cork. Anyone with half an eye could see that Cork had a real team at last.

With a bit of luck—and Jim Barry training in his usual hard-working and amiable way—the long trek would surely end.

DES DILLON

THE MAN WHO QUIT HURLING FOR HANDBALL

ALLEYMAN

ON September 30th, 1962, an enthusiastic band of Dublin supporters had gathered on the gallery of the handball alley at Ceanannus Mor. For them it was an historic occasion; the day when one of their adopted handballing sons, Dr. Des Dillon, had come to do battle for his first All-Ireland title.

It still amazes me why Des had to wait so long for a tilt at the top prize of Irish Handball, for his name has been synonymous with the game for close on two decades. Perhaps the answer can be found in a study of his chequered athletic career, which embraced boxing, swimming, hurling, football, tennis and, of course, handball. Proficiency in so many sports, invariably does not lead to the zenith of stardom in any, and while Des undoubtedly reached the very top of the world in the hurling field, it was not until he left the caman aside that the true art of his handball ability blossomed forth. His interest in the box alley game now knows no bounds and the genial Doctor is ever-ready to discommode himself at any time to play the game he loves.

Let us flip back the pages of his sporting life, and we find him as a student at the Cistercian College, Roscrea, already displaying his prowess as a handballer, where he won the senior handball title from 1943-45. Thus, commenced a cycle

which saw him represent Offaly, Clare and Dublin in senior hurling and handball, while he also had the honour of captaining the Combined Universities versus Rest of Ireland in 1952. And just for good measure his hurling honours also include a Railway Cup medal in 1955; two Oireachtas trophies, one each with Dublin and Clare, and five Fitzgibbon Cup medals from his University days.

But back to his handballing life and we find him in 1954 hitting the headlines with Larry Roe, when the pair of them won the valuable Mineral Waters Company Cup. This tournament is run annually by the enthusiastic Bray Club, and it could be termed a little All-Ireland, for it attracts top players from every part of the country. Incidentally, Dillon also played a leading part in the success of this year's tournament, when in partnership with Paddy Munroe, he went to the final but had to admit second best to Louth's Joe Maher and Paddy Reilly.

The year 1955 is marked in the diary of Des Dillon as the one in which he really turned the corner to handballing fame. The elusive Gael-Linn Trophy found a home on his sideboard for the first time when he defeated no less a personality than Kilkenny's Christy Delaney. Add to this the fact that he dethroned Larry Roe in the final

of the Dublin soft singles championships, a title which Larry had held for the previous fourteen years. A specialist of the half-hour game, Des also won out the Gael-Linn Cup in 1957, when he triumphed over Kerry's Jimmy O'Brien.

And so it goes on and on, the handballing life of Des Dillon. Numerous County Dublin titles; weekly trips from Wigan to play handball in Ireland, which earned him the title of the "Flying Doctor," and a victory over Tom Ginty, the U.S.A. star, in an international series some years back; are all milestones in the Doctor's life.

His favourite alley is Croke Park, where his favourite toss, which hugs the left side-wall and falls dead into the left corner, can best be exploited.

Which brings us back to that remarkable day at Ceanannus Mor nearly twelve months ago.

Challenging the might of that doughty warrior of the alley, Paddy Downey, Des was intent on gaining that first handball title.

Perhaps too intent, for as the records show, the Kerryman won with an ease that bewildered all Dubliners.

In no way undaunted, however, Dillon is back again this year, training hard and fully confident that he is still capable of gaining his life's ambition.

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CHRIS MURRAY

Not so long ago one of the favourite rhetorical questions in G.A.A. circles was "where do all the good colleges' footballers vanish to?" The implication was fairly obvious in that a good colleges footballer never came to anything after doing his Leaving Certificate, the idea being that all the good football was gone out of his system by then. We don't hear this question being asked very much nowadays for the very simple reason that every football team in the country, at club and county level, is crying out for colleges' players. Here in Connacht, for the past few years, the minor championship is not started until after the Leaving Certificate examination is over, in order to give every county the opportunity of having all its available "colleges" men home for the games.

A glance at the present county teams in Connacht shows how these boys, who so recently were playing for their schools, have really made the grade in big-time football. Here in Galway, we have John and Pat Donnellan, Enda Colleran and Seamus Leydon from St. Jarlath's; Bosco McDermott and Brian Geraghty from St. Mary's, Galway; Mattie McDonagh, Sean Cleary and Joe Tormey from Summerhill College, Sligo; Cyril Dunne from St. Joseph's, Ballinasloe and Martin Newell from Gormanston College. And, of course, one of the greatest Colleges' footballers of all, the star of St. Jarlath's first Hogan Cup success in 1947, was Sean Purcell, who fulfilled all his early promise in senior football afterwards.

Roscommon have Aidan Bradv. Don and Des Feely, Eamonn Curley, John Kelly, John Joe Breslin and Tony Kenny from Summerhill; Gerry O'Malley from Marist Brothers, Athlone; John Oliver

Moran from St. Jarlath's; Cyril Mahon from Roscommon C.B.S.; Tony White and Ronan Creaven from St. Joseph's, Ballinasloe, and Bernie Kyne from both Ballinrobe C.B.S. and St. Mary's, Galway.

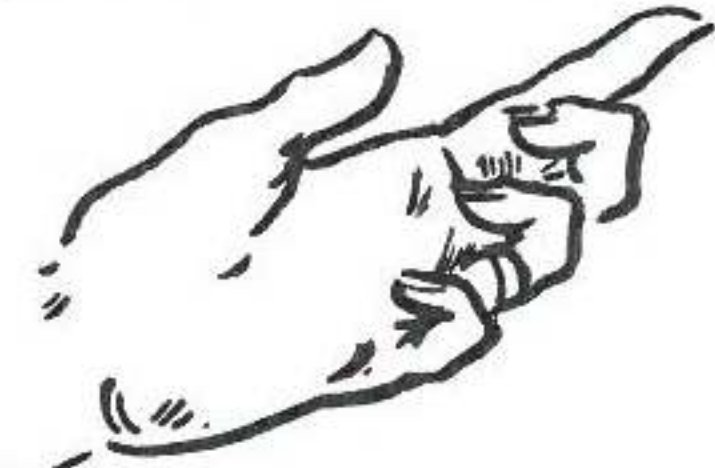
The stars of to-day, James

McCartan, Mick O'Connell, Sean O'Neill, Leo Murphy, Tom Long, the Sheehys, the Foleys, Fintan Walsh, Paul Kelly, T. P. Treacey, Frank McFeely, Jim McKeever and a host of others—they are all the college stars of yesterday.



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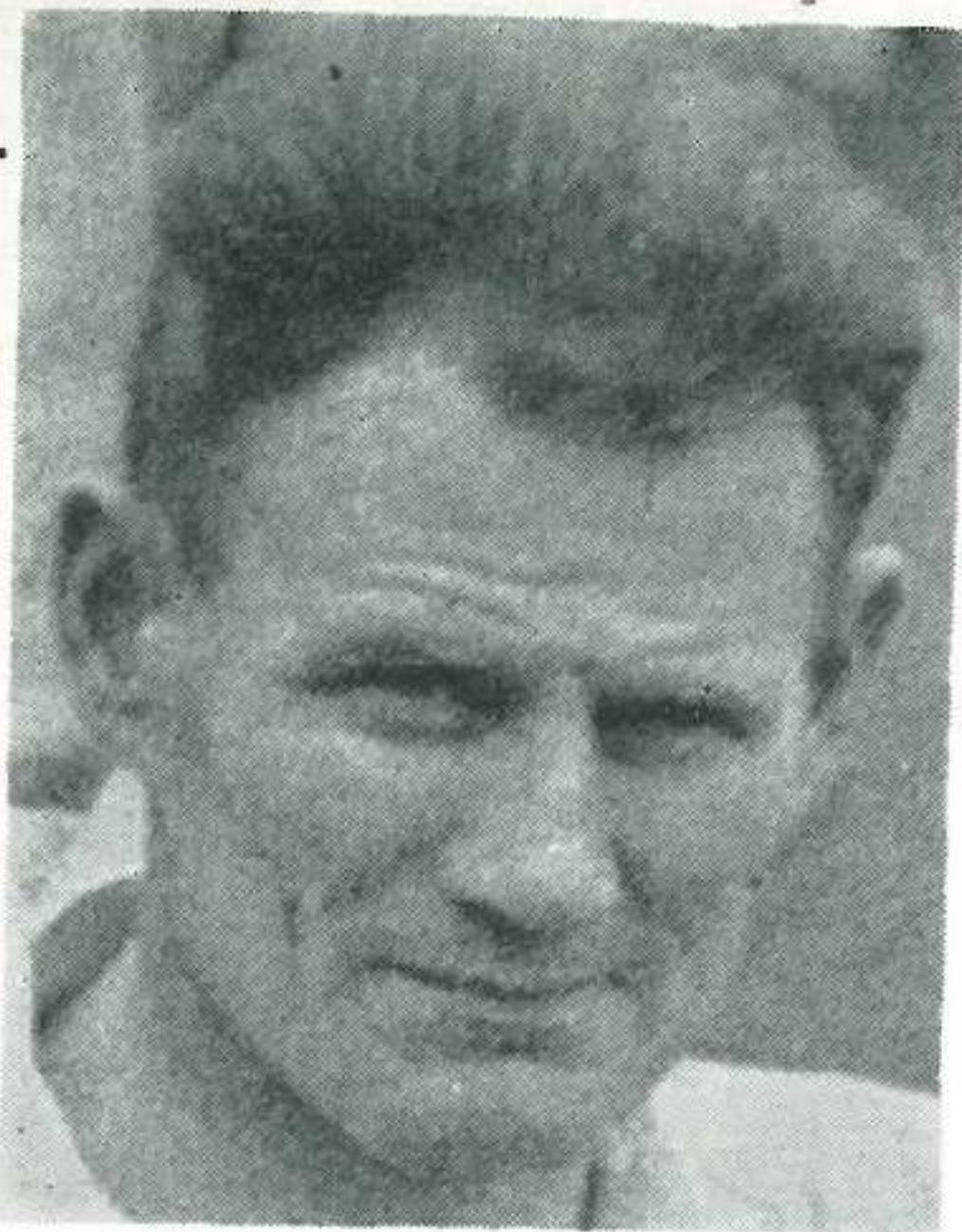
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CHRISTY RING

friend and foe

SEPTEMBER 6, 1942, was a big day in my life. It was the day I saw my first All-Ireland hurling final—it also happened to be the day on which Christy Ring won his second senior All-Ireland medal.

Christy was at right half-forward and being marked by the Dublin captain, Frank White. For all of the second half I had a good view of the duel. I particularly remember one sideline cut of Ring's. It sailed all of fifty yards and landed right in the square.

Naturally, I was rooting for Dublin and they put up quite a good show before losing 2-14 to 3-4; but I could not but admire the speed and skill of the lightly-built young Cork forward. I was then eleven years old and little did I think that ten years and one day later it would be my turn to mark Ring in an All-Ireland final.

September 7, 1952, and he was there again. A little heavier, a trifle thinner on top and this time playing on the left wing. He was by now the acclaimed star and it was my task to mark him.

Naturally I was tense. It was my first All-Ireland final. We were complete outsiders and I had to try to curb a hurling genius. I tried hard. My only gambit was to stay with him and pull.

The fact that I was young and very fit helped somewhat — but how I learned that day! He rarely did the same thing twice. You might think that you had him figured every now and then; but the illusion lasted only until the next ball arrived.

He was like an eel. Even when you were right there with him, he could somehow glide out of reach to send the ball soaring.

We were well beaten. Oddly enough, the Cork score was 2-14—just as it was ten years before. This time Dublin scored only 0-7.

That was my first meeting with Christy Ring. There have been many more during the eleven years which have followed. I have learned from each of them; learned of the man and of his craft, but if we were both to keep playing for another fifty years I would still have much to learn.

He is a man who has devoted the best years of his life entirely to hurling. But this alone does in no way fully explain his greatness. There is much more to it than total dedication. He is truly a gifted man who, in my opinion, could have mastered almost anything to which he might have applied himself with the same zeal.

If there were ever a thorough IQ test on leading Irishmen, chosen

from all fields, I have no doubt that Ring would figure very high on the list. He has often been referred to as a genius—and that he really is, only in a much wider context than many writers imagine.

Hurling has been his life and I am convinced that he is still adding to his craft. He did not tell me this himself, but I understand that it was not until 1950 or so that he really got down to studying the game. He was then 30 years old—an age when most players have retired. Ring was then really only beginning.

When the natural vitality of youth began to ebb he replaced it with fantastic skill; to the extent that he has done far more scoring during the past decade than he did in the previous one.

The most striking thing about him during a game is his concentration. Even when the ball is at the other end of the field his steel blue eyes are with it and you feel that that nimble brain knows exactly what is going to happen. He can analyse a situation in a flash. His ability to assess players is even more uncanny.

I remember once marking him in a league game. A certain newcomer on the Dublin team was then very much in the news and being hailed as a future star. That

● By DES FERGUSON

afternoon he was having a great game. Ring asked me if that was so and so. I said it was. I will remember his remark. "He will never make it," he said. And he was right. A few months later that young player was dropped from the Dublin team and he has never returned.

Is Ring a clean player? It is a subject often mentioned but rarely if ever discussed in print and to the question I say emphatically, yes. There was an incident in the 1952 final, for example, for which Ring was booed. I have heard it brought up on many occasions since. But I was the victim that day and therefore I should know. I said it then and I say it now in print—it was an accident pure and simple.

No player who has marked Ring during the past twenty-two years in an inter-county game has gone off injured. Does this not answer the question once and for all.

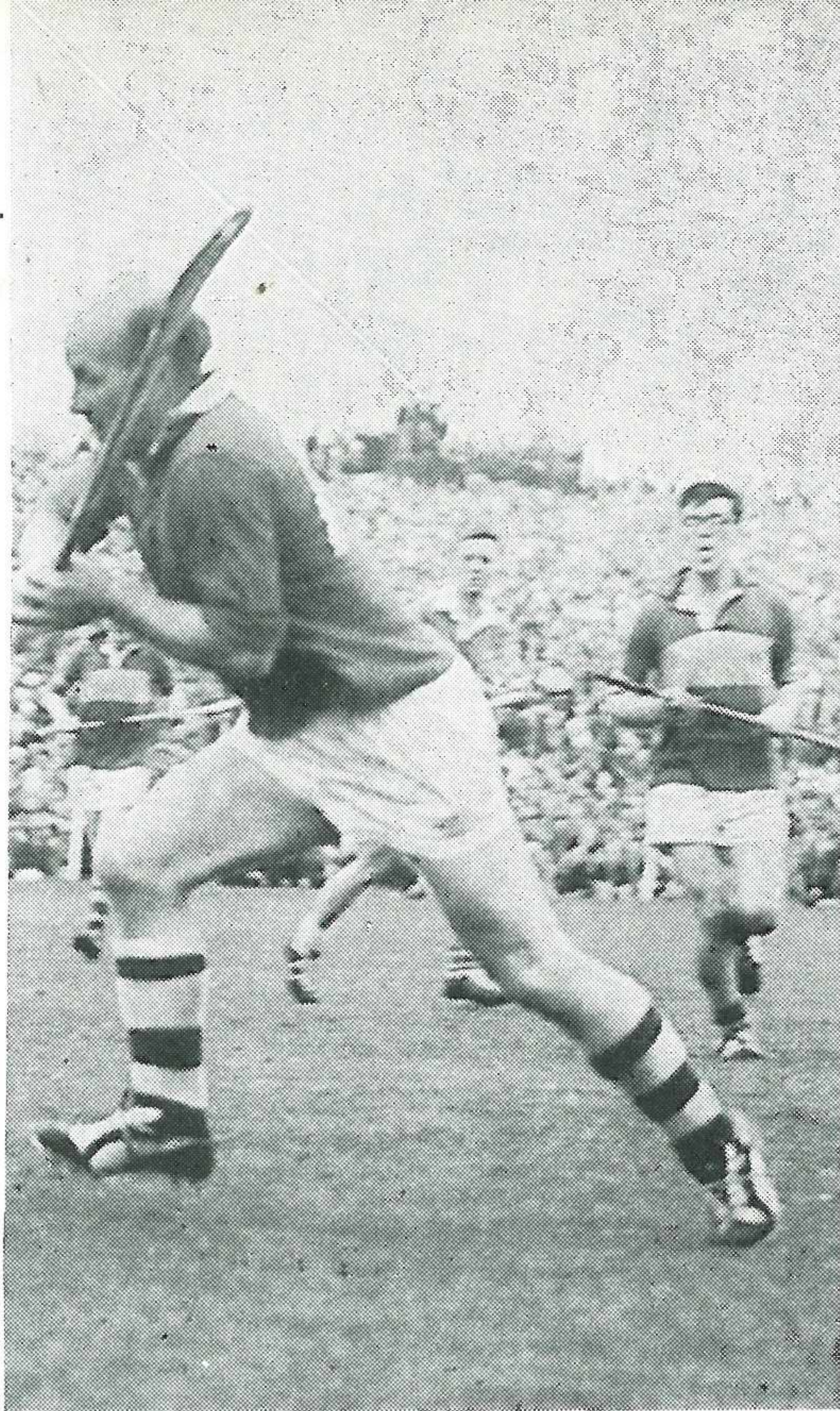
I have played on many a player and on Ring many a time and I will sum it up like this. If you don't mind getting a lesson in hurling, he is an ideal player to play on. He is clean, friendly and helpful. When Dublin and Cork were in the same division of the National League, I used to look forward to marking him. It was

always an exhilarating experience.

He has won eight senior All-Ireland medals but were it not for the fact that Cork has been having the leanest period in its hurling history, he would have won many more. He has dominated the game for nearly a quarter of a century. He was 34 when he won his last All-Ireland medal in 1954; yet no other member of that Cork team is still wearing an inter-county jersey.

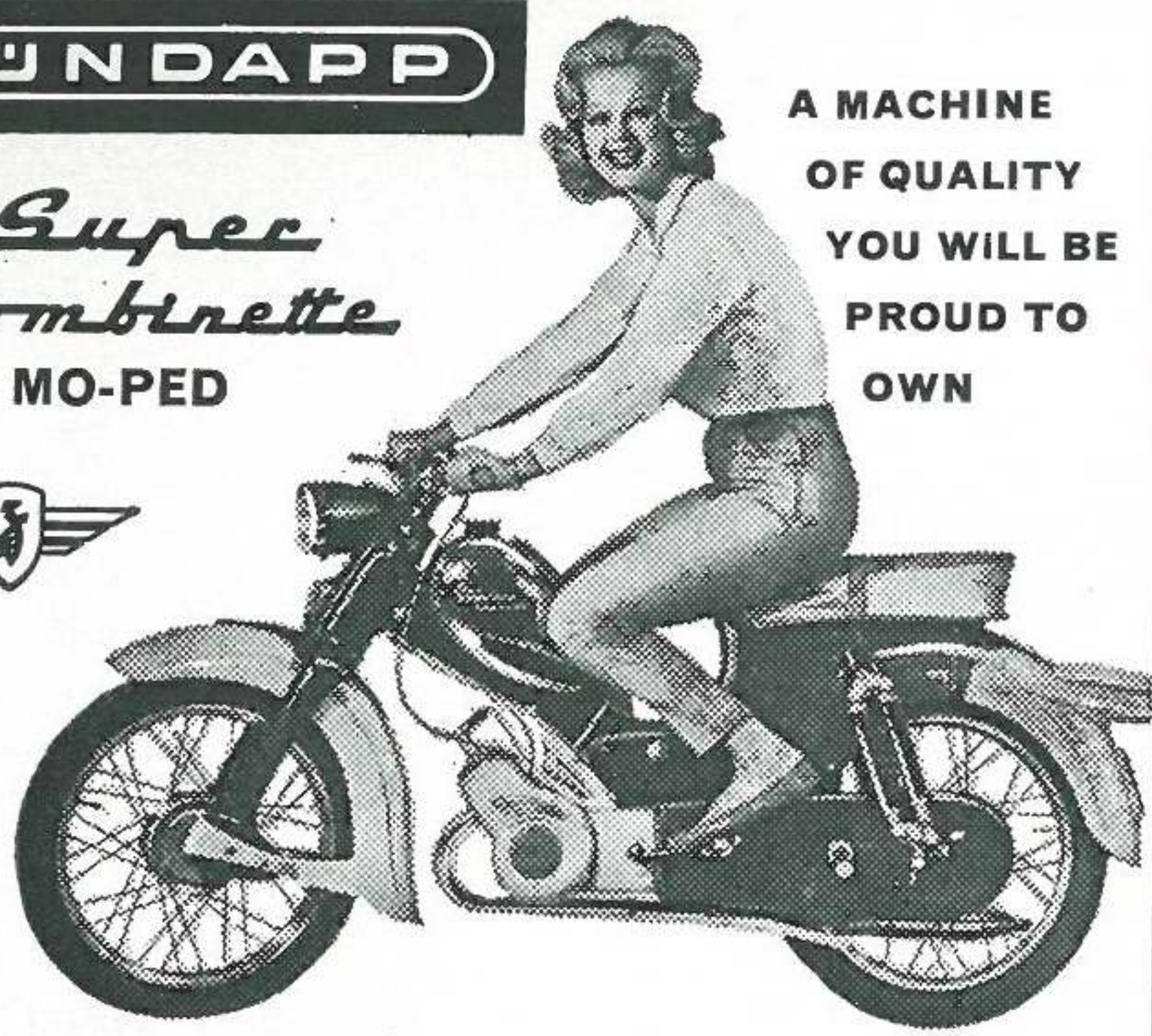
There has never been anyone like him and there never will be. It is a gross understatement to say that he is the greatest of them all . . . he had proven that ten years ago.

More than anything else I have always hoped to win an All-Ireland hurling medal, but if I have to leave the game without it, I will at least retire with the next best thing — the honour of having played on Christy Ring.



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RIVALS OLD AND NEW

RIVALRY is one of the major factors which has made the G.A.A. what it is. It is this rivalry between players, between clubs or parishes and particularly between counties which excites the imagination and packs in the crowds. Down through the long years our games are particularly fortunate in having teams and players whose clashes have always been looked forward to in eager anticipation and looked back on with heart-warming remembrance.

At the beginning of this century, for example, there were the three famous clashes between Kerry and Kildare in the 1903 home final. These three games rendered the G.A.A. solvent for the first time since 1887 but more important they established the young association as Ireland's premier sports body.

Then there were the two famous clashes between Louth and Kerry in 1913 in the Dr. Croke competition. The rivalry between these counties was born three years previously, when Kerry refused to avail of the poor travel facilities offered by the Great Southern Railway Company to journey to Dublin for the 1910 final.

The Central Council awarded the title to Louth and the "Wee County" accepted it. This galled the Kingdom, who felt that they themselves had set a precedent for such happenings, when they refused to take a walk-over against Kildare in the 1905 final. They challenged Louth to play the game but nothing came of it. Long

and at times bitter correspondence followed in the Louth, Kerry and national newspapers.

This rivalry grew further in 1912 when Kerry were surprisingly beaten by Antrim in the All-Ireland semi-final and Louth then came along to outplay Antrim in the final.

Kerry and Louth met twice in the Dr. Croke competition. The first game was played on May 4, 1913, and ended with the score: Kerry, 0-4; Louth 1-1. It was estimated that 25,000 saw that game and when the replay took place a few months later the crowd was even larger. This time Kerry won with five points to spare.

This competition was organised to help provide funds for a memorial to Dr. Croke at Thurles but as things turned out it provided funds for much more than that.

Receipts from the final reached almost £2,000 and this, plus a bank overdraft for the same amount, provided the funds for the purchase of the pitch at Jones's Road. It was renamed Croke Park. . . . Such was the great Kerry-Louth rivalry of fifty years ago.

The next decade saw the mighty battles between Kildare and Kerry renewed, with Kerry winning the 1926 championship and Kildare taking the title in '27 and '28. Then came Kerry's four-in-a-row.

The 'forties saw Antrim coming on in Ulster to challenge Cavan; while in Leinster the Meath-Louth-Dublin rivalry was on many occasions intense. Whenever neighbours Cavan and Meath

clashed you could feel the strife in your bones.

Dublin and Kerry had a few memorable meetings in the 'fifties; and though the present decade is but in its infancy, a Down-Kerry meeting is anticipated with extraordinary relish.

I have deliberately omitted the 'thirties from this recital because, for me at least, it produced the greatest rivals of all—Galway and Mayo, whose championship tussles in Connacht surpassed even the Munster hurling final for fire, dedication and sheer competitive spirit. Just look at the record.

In the ten years, 1931 to 1940, Mayo won the provincial title six times while Galway won it on the other four occasions. But though Galway got out of Connacht only four times, they won two All-Ireland titles to Mayo's one.

Incidentally, during the same period Mayo won six National League titles in a row—1934-'39 inclusive, and when they dropped out in 1940, Galway won that one. Mention must also be made of the fact that when these two counties combined together in the Railway Cup competition, they won three titles in a row.

With three All-Ireland, seven National League and three Railway Cup titles in one decade, it is obvious that football was of a high order when Galway and Mayo met during the 'thirties.

But an abundance of good football was not the only thing which adorned these games. The teams always played with wholehearted

(Continued overleaf.)

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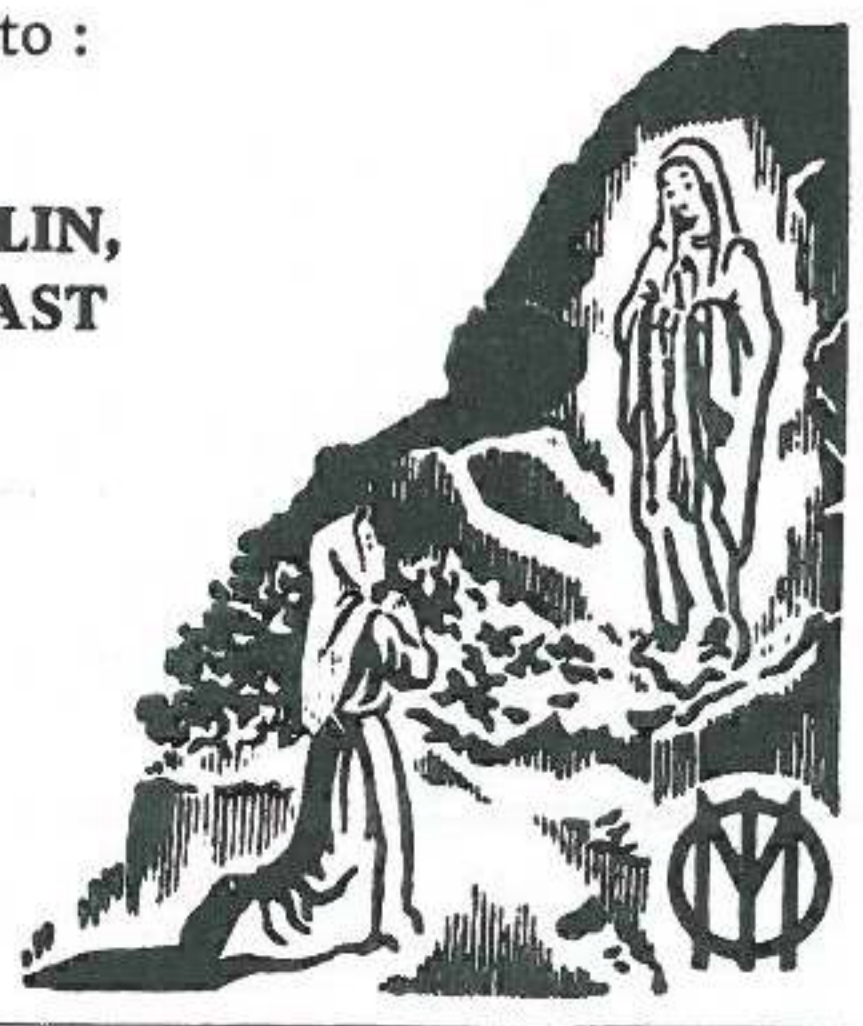
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(From previous page.)

abandon and determination—to such an extent that a Galway-Mayo clash was no place at all for weak hearts.

Who will ever forget those great individual battles between Mick Conaire and Paddy Moclair; between the classic midfielders, Henry Kenny and John Dunne; between the clever Brendan Nestor and the oft-times cleverer, "Tot" McGowan, and so on. No wonder the crowds loved it and no wonder we made the regular pilgrimage to Roscommon, the neutral venue where those giants usually met.

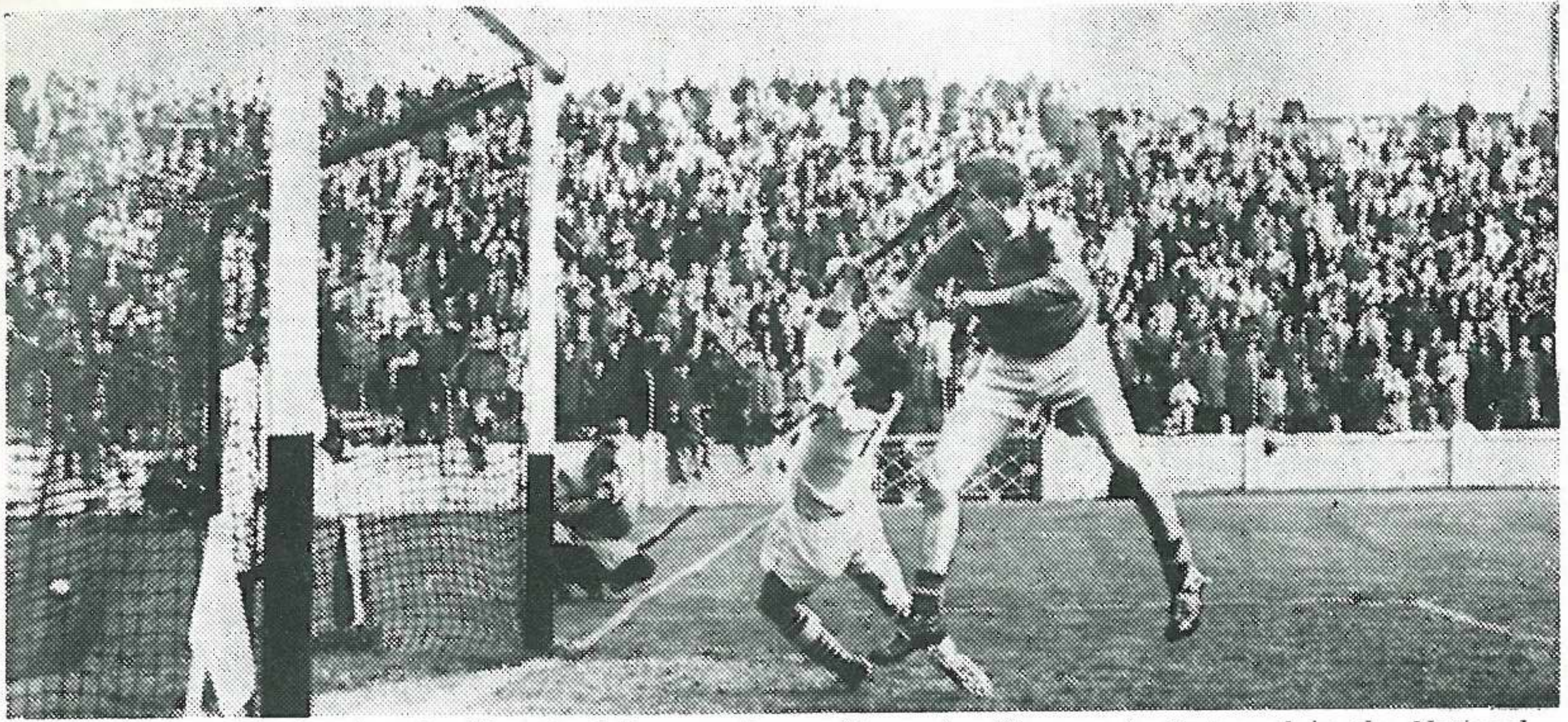
I was reared on those Mayo-Galway clashes and if I have a particular recollection of the famous 1936 championship, when Mayo first drew with and later beat Galway, it is probably because that was the year Mayo went on to win their first all-Ireland title.

Of course, this rivalry spilled over into the 'forties and certainly the toughest victory that I ever participated in was the 1948 Connacht final when it took us two games, plus extra time, to beat the Tribesmen.

Again while Mayo dominated the early part of the 'fifties, winning two All-Ireland titles, Galway were back to win five Connacht titles in a row from 1956 to 1960, plus an All-Ireland title into the bargain.

We are now in the 'sixties and these old rivals are still at it. On the 16th of this month they meet again in Castlebar in the first round of the Connacht championship. The players, of course, change but the same spirit of keen sporting rivalry remains.

It is still there—that age-old competitiveness and the crowds will feel it in their blood and flock to the scene. Galway will start favourites this year but the home venue has often turned the course of a game in the past and it could do it again. Who will win? What matter—it is one game I would not miss for a ten-year Croke Park ticket.



Sean McLoughlin beating the Waterford 'keeper, Percy Flynn, for Tipperary's first goal in the National Hurling League (home) final at Croke Park on May 5th. Waterford won a magnificent game by 2-15 to 4-7.

WHILE I THINK OF IT

MOONDHARRIG

A FEW days before the National Hurling League final I happened to be down in Shannon Airport and there got into a hurling discussion with a few Mooncoin men, members of a family that has won every honour in the game.

I began, jokingly to sympathise with them on Kilkenny's loss of the hurling league title, but they turned the joke back on me by pointing out that South Kilkenny in general and the Mooncoin area in particular would still be well represented in Croke Park on league final day.

Before I knew where I was I had become involved in a long session of tracing relationships, which used to be a favourite pastime with the old people in my youth, and at the end of it all I had to admit that, on the evidence presented, South Kilkenny had every reason to be keenly interested in the fortunes of the Waterford team.

I had known beforehand that Tom Cheasty's mother hails from the village of Grange which used to be the station for Mooncoin (and might well still be if it hasn't gone the way of so many

other small railway stations), but I was not aware that Seamus Power's grandfather came from the same district.

Larry Guinan's father, these Mooncoin men told me, hailed from under the shadow of Granny Castle, that great landmark on the turn of the Suir, while Martin Og Morrissey's parents come from Tullogher and John Barron is sprung from a well-known family in the Thomastown area.

In fact they told me that John played in Kilkenny championships in his younger days, and pointed out that a well-known South Kilkenny man in Dublin, Joe Barron, T.D. for Dublin South West, is an uncle of John's.

There was a very hot argument as to whether Jim Irish could be counted as of South Kilkenny extraction or not, but it wasn't proven, to my satisfaction at least.

Anyway having listened to that list I felt it necessary to point out that two men with Waterford connections, Loughlin Byrne and Matt

(Continued Page 31.)



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(From Page 29.)

Gargan, had done a lot for Kilkenny hurling in old times.

They granted that, but pointed out that though Matt Gargan had worn his first inter-county jersey for Waterford some sixty years ago, he was a Kilkennyman, and only happened to be in Waterford at that stage because he was serving his time to the stone-cutting business.

As a matter of fact it was pointed out to me in Kilkenny that same evening that Matt, God rest him, was a member of a family that were hereditary freemen of the city of Kilkenny.

Anyway I said, to turn the conversation, that I did not believe they could find any Kilkenny links with the Tipperary team, but they were quick to point out that Donie Nealon's father, Rody Nealon, taught in South Kilkenny in his early days and was still well remembered by the older generation.

Someone else said, "Wait now, I have a few more links to line up between Kilkenny and the present Tipperary team," but then the plane we were waiting for came in and the session ended.

With the excitement of the league finals, the championships have begun almost unbeknownst and already several counties have had their ambitions extinguished for this year. However, the counties which always earn my admiration are those which, year in year out, send out teams in every grade in both hurling and football. Rarely if ever do they record a success and yet they are there again staunch as ever in the following season. I have particularly in mind such counties as Laois, Westmeath, Carlow, Clare and Antrim.

They are rarely in the limelight, yet they give faithful service in defeat, more faithful indeed than some counties do in victory. They win no trips abroad, gain none of the plums of the game, yet they are always in the forefront of the G.A.A. and in few counties are the games more completely alive.

I was sorry to see in the papers last month the death of Jim Bolger, for many years 'Recorder' of the *Irish Independent*. Jim had a memory that covered all the important games back to the start of the century and always was

a factual and unbiased reporter of what he saw on the Gaelic fields, and he had seen a great deal.

When I was first reporting matches myself, himself and Pady Mehigan were the soul of kindness to me and helped me in every way they could.

Jim Bolger was a Wexfordman and remembered particularly well the days of Wexford's football greatness, though he was well worth listening to also when he recalled the great Wexford hurlers of another era.

In a few words he could conjure up again stirring moments like the All-Ireland final of 1910 in which Wexford narrowly defeated Limerick in a sensational hurling decider, or the day in Dungarvan, around the same period, when rivalry between Wexford and Kilkenny ran so high that the Leinster Council would not fix the game for any venue within the province and sent the two teams off to Dan Fraher's Shandon Park to settle their differences.

God rest Jim Bolger, he was a Gael of the old stock, and in his passing many of us lost a dear personal friend.

The new under twenty-one championship is not due to start until next year but I am surprised that more counties have not started under-twenty competitions this season so as to be ready for next year.

One county however that should be in on the ground floor in the new competition is Down who have already fielded an under-21 side in the Ulster junior football championship and of course Munster already has a under-21 football competition.

In the colleges 'All-Ireland I wonder how many of the crowd recognised one of the most enthusiastic of the Farranferris mentors. You are right, it was none other than Christy Ring who was appearing in Croke Park in an entirely new capacity. And I would not be at all surprised if many of the switches which brought St. Finnbarrs from behind to achieve merited victory were inspired by the hurling genius from Cloyne. Indeed "Farna's" Sean Barry could well be another Ringey in the Cork colours in years to come.

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CAMOGIE

By Agnes Hourigan

THE 1963 camogie year, already in full swing, is bright with promise and I feel that it can well prove one of the most memorable in the history of the Association.

I have already reports of renewed interest in the North where Tyrone began the year very well with victories over Monaghan and Armagh in the Dr. Maguire Cup competitions. Tyrone will yet be a force in camogie, but while the side had a good win over Armagh, they had nothing at all to spare over Monaghan, a county which will, I feel sure, make a name for itself in this year's Ulster championships.

Best team I have seen so far this year is the Cork Colleges side that played Dublin Colleges at the start of last month. The Dublin side, largely powered by the great players from Holy Faith Convent, Clontarf, was confidently expected to win on home ground at the Phoenix Park, but they were never in the game against a Cork side that gave an exhibition of fast and stylish camogie despite a pitch made slippery by a heavy shower.

On this display Cork's county side must soon return to former greatness and I noticed some of the Dublin senior mentors looking very thoughtful indeed as they watched the game.

In Tipperary I find that many camogie followers are wondering if the end of Roscrea's long reign as county champions will mark the end of an era in the county. Roscrea have, for many years past, supplied the bulk of the county side, but several of their greatest players are said to be retiring and there may be a new look about the Tipperary side this year. However, there is plenty of enthusiasm and plenty of camogie ability in the new champions from Elmville (Clonmel) and we shall see what we shall see in the championship games.

In Limerick hopes are high that their lively team may bring the Munster title to the county for the first time. Certainly if the energy and enthusiasm of Miss Chris O'Connell, President

of the Association and of Central Council representative and county player, Miss Eithne Neville, can inspire the side to greatness, Limerick will take a beating.

Waterford, a power in Munster a couple of years ago has lost much of their enthusiasm, but I hope that the victory of the hurlers in the recent National hurling league final will inspire the girls to set the banner of the Decies waving again on the camogie fields.

In Leinster the championships will be well under way before this issue of *Gaelic Sport* appears but it is timely to welcome Westmeath who have recently set up a county board and who hope to do well in the junior provincial series, which starts this month.

Also in junior ranks in Leinster are Meath,

(Continued on Page 35.)

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ULSTER SETS LEAD FOR ALL

CONALLACH

BEGINNING on July 22, lovely Ros Guill, in the heart of the Donegal Gaeltacht, will once again play host to the Ulster Council's annual summer course. In charge will be the Council's able president, Padraig McFlynn, and Alf Murray.

This is a course with a difference. It aims at raising the general standard of administration at club, divisional and county board levels . . . but entirely through the medium of Irish.

For many years now Irish has been the only language spoken at Ulster Council meetings. It is hoped that this proficiency will, within a few years, be found at all levels of the Association in Ulster and it was to bring this about that the summer course was first begun in 1959.

The Comhaltas Uladh Gaelic College at Ros Guill offered a natural venue for the course and it began four years ago in a blaze of enthusiasm with forty representatives from all over the province attending.

Lectures were given on all aspects of the Association's work and on the indivisible tie between our national games and our national language. Debates were held. Instructions were given in the use of the language in the every-day aspects of administration. In short it was an

intense two weeks' work and what was done was done well. It has been repeated annually since.

In the operation of the course, the Ulster Council provides a grant of one hundred pounds, with each county board contributing twenty pounds. Candidates for the course are chosen by the county boards.

Recently I discussed the scheme with Padraig McFlynn. He is convinced that it will eventually bring about the desired effect of having the entire Association, from club to Council, working through the medium of the national league.

Last year's course, conducted by Frank O'Neill and Malachy Mahon, was the most successful yet. It is hoped that this year will be even better.

The great example which has been set by the Ulster Council is not going unheeded in the rest of Ireland. It is extremely encouraging to the Gaels of Uladh to note that the Tipperary County Board has just decided to grant Gaeltacht scholarships to a number of members annually. The idea again being to bring about the position whereby most of the Association's work can be done through Irish.

What Ulster began all Ireland must follow if we are to achieve the complete ideal for which our Association was founded.

Camogie—Contd. from Page 33.

Offaly and Longford. Offaly, with only two teams in the county, won this title last season and have high hopes of retaining it again. I hear they may have the assistance this season of a former Tipperary All-Ireland star who is resident in the county and who is declaring for Offaly this year.

Meath, where the recent resurgence is almost entirely due to the enthusiasm of former Dublin All-Ireland player, Annette Corrigan, who is teaching in Athboy, may also have a couple of 'declared' players on their line-out.

But dark horses of this Leinster junior competition could be Longford who have potentially

the best side in their corner of Leinster, but who did not compete in last year's championship. They could win the title if they set themselves down to it this year.

From the West I have little news. Some time ago the Castlegar Club, who were Galway champions, announced that they were withdrawing from the Association in sympathy with their hurling team, but whether that decision still holds or not I do not know. Without the Castlegar girls Galway would be far short of being the force they have proved themselves in recent years and Mayo would be odds on to recapture the Western crown this season.

FLOODLIT FUTURE?

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That, I imagine, must be your first reaction. But switch those mental arc lamps on this H. G. Wells-style peek into the future and you'll realise that it is not only a possibility we must consider, but it could actually prove a boon to Gaelic games.

In fact, looking again at the crystal ball I think the day is not too distant when we may see floodlights as part of the equipment not only in Croke Park, but also at many of our major provincial centres.

The cost, admittedly, looks prohibitive. But 30 years ago the same was probably said of plans to build new stadia throughout the country. Yet, to-day we have not only excellent pitches in every county, but also pitches or plans

for new ones in most of our towns.

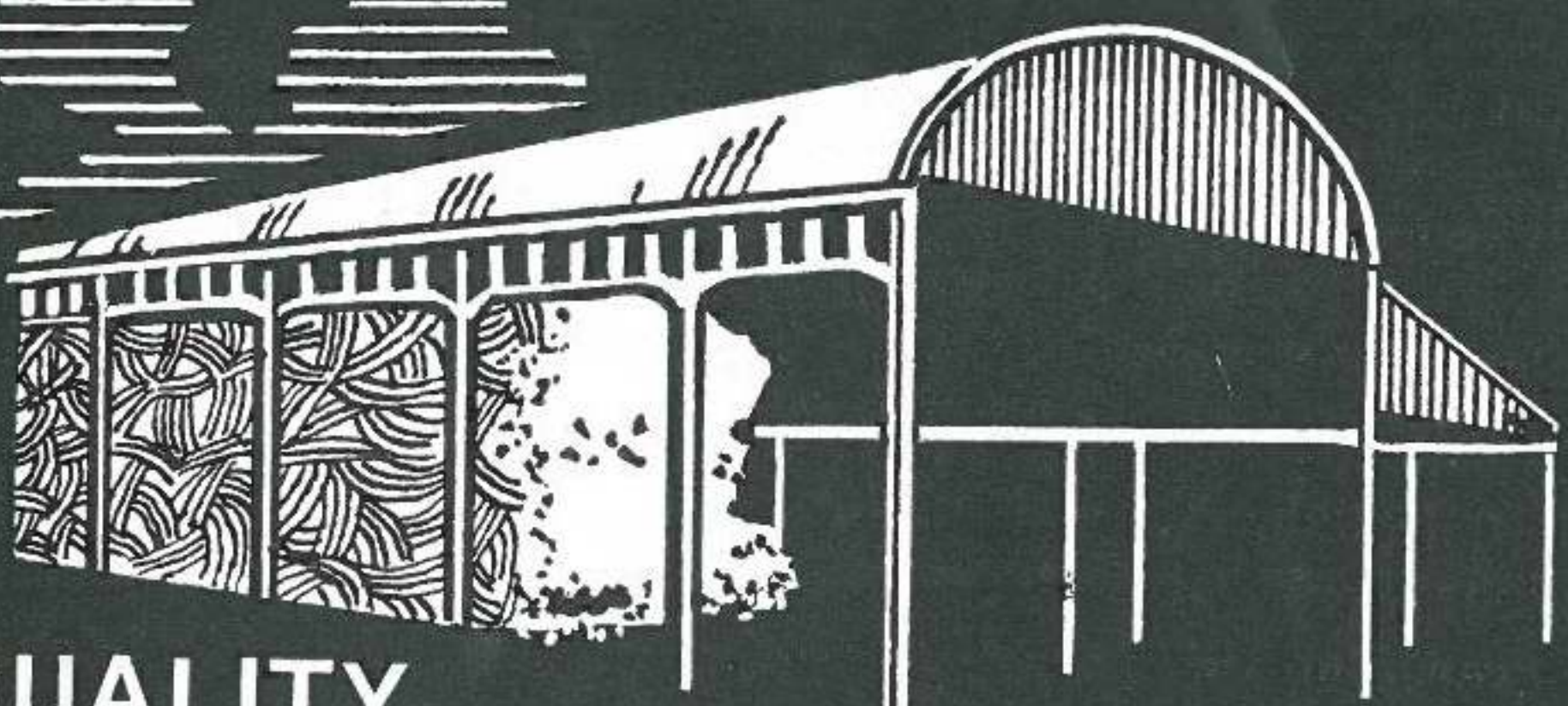
Against floodlighting plans are three main objections in addition to that of cost. These can be summarised as follows: (1) Floodlights smack too much of the foreign games approach; (2) it would not be possible to play hurling under lights; and (3) it would be better to concentrate on completing the pitch-building programme before thinking of new ventures.

Well, firstly, floodlights are not the property of any one body, and the money for electricity would go to our own State-backed E.S.B., not the F.A.I. The soccer moguls have not got a monopoly or copyright on floodlighting. And in any event I see nothing wrong in copying something good.

Secondly, since baseball is played under lights in other countries—and particularly by the U.S.A.A.F. in Germany—I see no reason why hurling cannot also be played under lights in Ireland. Both balls are roughly of the same size and the ball in flight travels at approximately the same speed. And both games are played with sticks

Thirdly, the building of pitches has reached an advanced stage, and at the present rate of progress the nationwide programme should be completed by the end of the 'Sixties. This should leave room for equipment innovations in the early 'Seventies—and, in view of the amount of time and expense involved in floodlighting, the time to think about it is NOW.

And the advantages? No one I imagine, would like to see any attempt being made to change the present system of Sunday after-



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noon fixtures where major games are concerned.

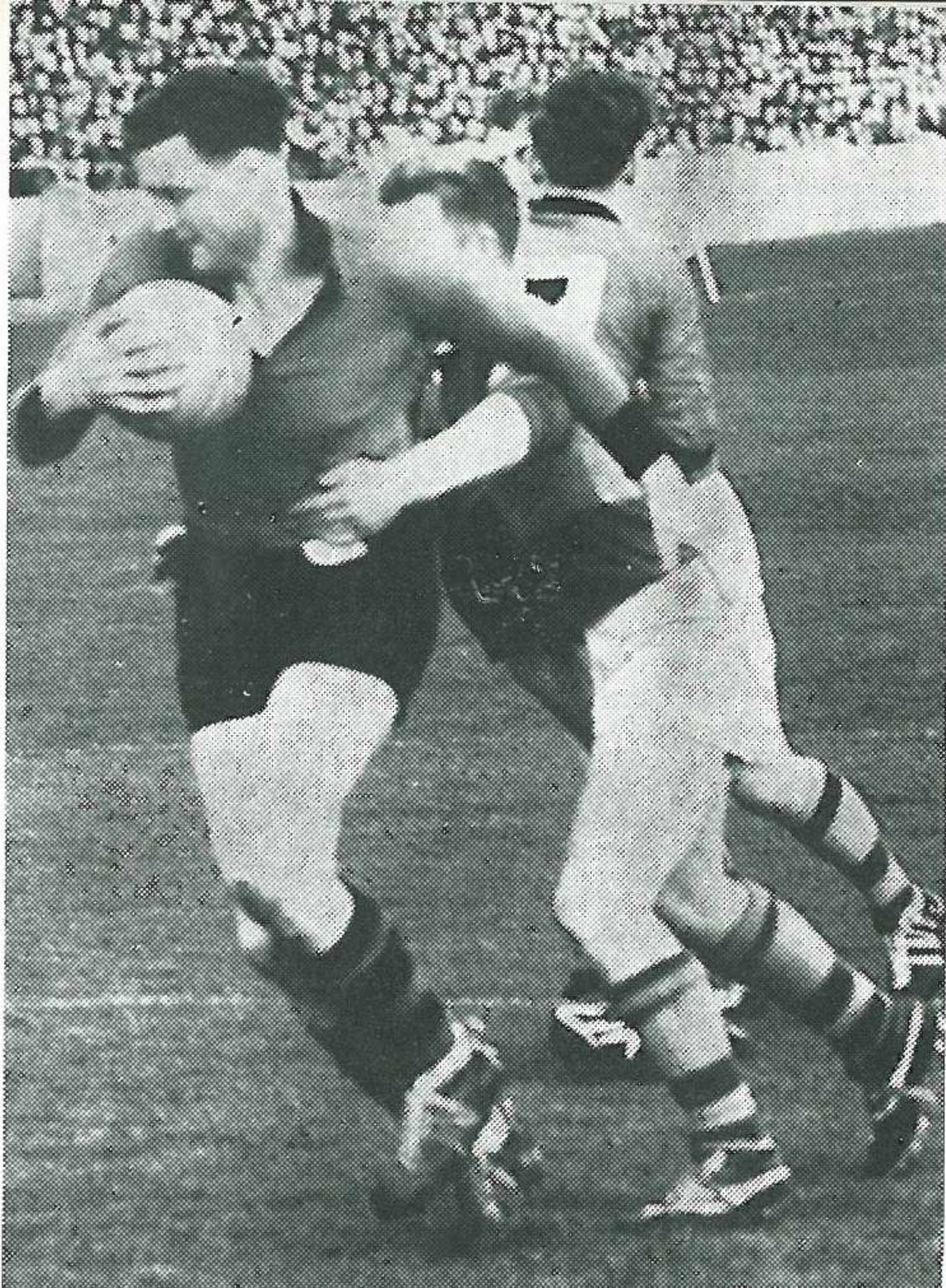
But in rural areas, summer attendance records could get a boost by the introduction of night games.

Take a wet summer—and we seem to get more of them than the dry variety! — and farmers with hay or grain crops ready for harvesting. Provide a fine Sunday afternoon—and any man who can afford to ignore his crops in preference to a football or hurling game can hardly expect to qualify for a Farmer of the Year award.

Mid-week evening fixtures would also benefit, for nothing can be quite as annoying as “evening” games played in the “twilight zone” known as dusk. Play the same fixtures under lights at a time which makes it possible for spectators to reach venues without rushing their evening meals and without contravening the new speed limits, and the “gates” should show the spectators’ appreciation.

Take a winter such as the one we have just experienced, with snow and ice playing havoc with the fixtures list. How easy it would have been if, instead of creating further chaos by rearranging fixtures, they could have been played in mid-week under lights.

Admittedly this would put a strain on players. But many of our leading players also take part in gruelling mid-week basketball games at present, and they seem to show little ill-effects the following Sunday.



Pat Rice, Down's left full-back, bursting past Kerry's Bernie O'Callaghan in the National Football League “home” final at Croke Park.

The final point and in my opinion the most important, is that floodlights could be the answer to the lure of the one-eyed monster in the sittingroom corner known as television.

Two All-Ireland finals have been televised “live.” Club “gates” on the same dates have suffered. And the complaints have rolled in.

But wouldn't clubs and specta-

tors alike have benefited if the games had been played at night, with G.A.A. followers who had spent the afternoon gazing at the goggle-box plumping for an exciting game in preference to the call of that other local attraction, the very run-of-the-mill Sunday film?

Anyway, floodlighting is certainly a thought for to-morrow . . . or the day after.

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DON'T be surprised if Sean Reilly, the former Donegal, Mayo, Ulster and Connacht footballer, takes the field with Mayo in their championship meeting with Galway at Castlebar on June 16. Sean has come out of retirement and seems assured of a U.S. trip with Mayo later this year . . . And whisper, don't be surprised either if blond defender cum forward, Willie Casey, is not alongside him.

* * *

ILL-LUCK has dogged John Keenan, Galway's star forward, so far this year. A period in hospital caused him to miss Galway's vital league games with Offaly and Dublin. Then came an appendix operation which put him out of action for the Down game. However, John tells me that he hopes to be there or thereabouts for the first round of the championship.

* * *

ANOTHER Galwayman on the comeback trail is Tony Ryan, minor star of 1960. He has recaptured all of his old form and watch out for him one of these days.

* * *

SLIGO retained their Connacht Vocational Schools football title recently, trouncing Galway, 3-8 to 0-4, in the final. The continued success of these boys is largely due to their trainer, Colm Mullarkey, the former Sligo player and a brother of London Board Chairman, Jim Mullarkey. Another able mentor behind this team is Sligo's promising half-back, Padraic Keane. Mullarkey teaches in Tubbercurry, while Keane teaches at the Sligo Technical School. It was in the latter establishment that the county's star forward, Joe Hannon, learned the rudiments of the game.

* * *

FEW men serve the dual role of player and official as capably

as Jimmy Duggan. With club and county for over a decade, Jimmy is chairman of the West Galway Board and a truly impartial and industrious official. Here is a man who serves Gaelic Games with all his great energy and ability. He is surely a credit to his county.

* * *

SPEAKING of Western officials reminds me not to let the occasion pass without a word of praise for Leitrim's popular County Secretary, Tommy O'Riordan. A Limerickman, Tommy has certainly served his adopted county well. Not alone does he fill his office with great efficiency but he is also a regular on the county junior hurling side. Only recently, I noticed that he came on as a substitute when Leitrim played Longford in a senior football tournament game. Other than the waters of the Shannon, Leitrim and Limerick have had little in common . . . now they have got a great Gael in Tommy O'Riordan.

* * *

THE McGowans are Leitrim's answer to the Delaneys of

Laois. Five of this great family, Brendan, Kevin, Colm, Martin and Aidan, are active in both playing field and council chamber and in all seven of these brothers have played for the home club, Melvin Gaels. Their father, the late Martin Bernard McGowan, N.T., who died in 1958, was a pillar in Leitrim Gaeldom and a lover of all things Irish. This Leitrim club must rank as one of the finest in Connacht. They won the county senior championship in 1959, '60 and '61 plus winning the four-county league for the Gold Flake Cup for the past two years.

* * *

ONE of the most improved footballers in the country is Cathal Cawley, the versatile Sligo star. Cathal plays club football in Mayo with Crossmolina, who won the 1962 junior title. It will be remembered how an injury hampered Cathal during the vital closing minutes of last year's thrilling championship game with Roscommon. But this young Sligo team will come again . . . and so will Cathal Cawley.

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Seán O Dunagáin

Fearamíd fáilte roimh an socrú a deineadh, ag Comhdháil C.L.G. i mbliana, go mbeidh comórtas ar leith ann do dhaoine fé bhun bliain is fiche d'aois. Anuiridh sa tréimhseachán seo *Gaelic Sport*, pléadh an cheist seo agus moladh do údaraisí Chumainn Lúithchleas Gael comórtas ar leith a bhúnú do no hógánaigh. Ar an ábhar sin táimid an-shásta gur glacadh leis an rún a bhí molta ag an Ard-Rúnaí féin.

Tá deis anois ag gach Coiste Chontae dul i mbun gnótha do 1964 agus greim fháil ar gach mionúr (pé acu peileadóirí nó iománaithe) a d'imir ó 1961 amach chun na fóirne a roghnú. Mar sin is cinnte go mbeidh comórtaisí do na hógánaigh fé lán-tseoil ins na contaethe go luath 'san Earrach seo chugainn. Más leasc le coiste ar bith é seo a dhéanamh ní bhainfidh siad an tairfe is mó as na comórtaisí eadar-chontae. Tá caoi íontach ann anois leis na hath-mionúir a chothú go dtí go bhfuilid in aois fir agus ní caillfear iad de dheasca bheith i ngleic go lua leis na "sean-fhir" sna comórtaisí sóisearacha.

Ceapaim go mbeidh ar na húdaraisí an comórtas sóisir peile a chealú. Ar an gcéad dul síos bhéadh an iomarca comórtas ann dá bhfágfaí ann é. Ar an láimh eile dhe is in ionad an chomórtais sóisir atá an comórtas nua seo ann. Ar aon bhealach bhí caighdeán na sóisear an-íseal agus ní haon ionadh é sin mar ba mheascán ceart é foireann soisearach—ógánaigh 19 bliana d'aois, ath-shinsir i ndeireadh a réime agus d'aoine láidre, scafanta, d'aois ar bith ná raibh maith go leor do na comórtaisí sinsireacha. Níor ghlach an lucht leanúna leis na comórtaisí sóisir agus ba chuma ann nó as iad—comórtaisí nirt gan gliocas imeartha a bhí iontu ar fad. D'imríos féin i gcomórtaisí sóisir i dtrí gcontaete (tá marcanna na mbuillí agam len é chruthú-) agus ní raibh meas ariamh agam orthu.

Mar sin féin cuirfidh an socrú nua isteach go mór ar na Gaeil i Sasana ach go háirithe. Is comórtaisí sóisir is mó atá á reachtáil thall aca agus má scriostar an craobh-chomórtas sóisir is beag deis a bhéas acu teacht go Páirc an Chrócaigh. Beidh sé rí-dheacair orthu fóirne fé bhun 21 bliana fháil i Sasana agus ní fhágfaidh sin ach fóirne Idirmheánacha agus Sinsireacha dóibh. Mar sin caithfear an cheist seo d'iniúchadh go doimhin ionas nach bhfágfar na Gaeil i Sasana "ar an dtaobh-líne." An bhfuil breall orm nuair adeirim nach bhfuil go leor Eireannaigh fé bhun 21 bliain sna cathracha thall chun fóirne don chomórtas nua a chur san iomaíocht?

Lasmuigh de sin deirim gur maith an rud é an comórtas nua do na contaethe "laga." Is minic a bhíonn iománaithe is peileadóirí ó na contaethe laga go mór chun cinn 'sna comórtaisí eadar-choláistí ach nuair a théann siad abhaile cailltear iad don Chumann Luithchleas mar nach mbíonn fonn orthu dul in iomaíocht sna comórtaisí sóisir agus ar ndóigh ní bhíonn comórtaisí sinsir ann, áit a mbeadh caoi níos fearr acu.

Táim den tuairim go mbeidh an lá leis na hógánaigh seo sa deireadh. Is minic a bhíonn caighdeán na gcomórtas mionúr i bhfad níos spéisiúla ná na comórtaisí sinsir. Cé déarfadh liom nach mbeidh an comórtas fé 21 níos fearr ná na comórtaisí mionúir? I láthair na huaire tárlaíonn gurbé méanaois churaí peile ná 24. An fada uainn an lá go mbuafidh foireann fé bhun 21 craobh sinsear na hEireann? Ní dóigh liom é agus beidh sé spéisiúil bheith ag faire amach do sin. Ach 'siad na contaethe a chuirfidh chuige go díograsach ón dtosach a bheidh chun cinn sa chomórtas. Tá súil agam go nglacfaidh gach coiste sa tír go fonnmhar leis go háirithe leis an iománaíocht.

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Seamus Murphy (Kerry) evades a tackle by Dan McCartan (Down) in the Football League "home" final at Croke Park. Players in background are: Pat Hamill (D.), Brian Johnstone (D.), and Jer D. O'Connor (K.).

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THE Barretts, born a few miles outside the town of Listowel, were one of the Kingdom's greatest all-round sporting families immediately after the turn of the century. Every one of them, and by all accounts, they were a large family, could turn his hand to any branch of sport. All gifted athletes, they could run, jump and toss weights with the best in Kerry, were renowned fighters and wrestlers, magnificent hurlers and

taking the Irish and British 16-pound shot events in 1911 and again in 1923.

Of his first victory in London in 1911, there is a fine story told by his contemporaries.

At that time James was a policeman stationed in Listowel and the question of leave to travel to London for the British A.A.A. championships came up. This necessitated a visit to the local inspector, who, upon hearing what

percolate through to Kerry. With no Sunday papers, it meant that unless someone sent a telegram, there was little hope of news reaching Listowel before Monday morning.

But James Barrett, with his rich vein of humour, did not forget to send a telegram. It arrived in Listowel on the Saturday evening and it carried a message that was to be remembered for many years in Kerry.

It read simply: "Add the name of Barrett to O'Connell and Kitchener."

Great, however, though James was, he had to play second fiddle in many sports to Edmond, or Big Ned Barrett, as he was widely known. He was a man of over 15 stone and, in his bare feet stood well over the 6' mark.

Ned left Listowel when he was a youngster of 19, to join the City Police in London. And there, far from his native Kerry he took up . . . hurling

Ned was never what one might call a classical hurler. One of his contemporaries writing about him some years later said of him: "There were many his better in the arts and skill of hurling, but none his equal in strength and enthusiasm. His was always the direct approach. He lifted and struck like a giant, hurling the ball upwards of 100 yards at a time; his glorious power often sent him thundering through the broken ranks of his opponents."

But Ned was good enough to become a member of the famous London-Irish team of 1901; good enough to be ranked with Dan Horgan of Aghabullogue, Mick McMahon of Thurles, Jack O'Brien of Blackrock, Jerry Kelleher and Jack Coughlan.

And he was good enough to win an All-Ireland hurling medal with that same London-Irish team that beat Cork by 1-5 to 0-4.

In the years that followed, Ned moved on to other sports and went on to win even greater fame.

(Continued Page 48.)

THE BARRETT OF LISTOWEL

Patrick Carver

footballers and it is on record that they also achieved great success as oarsmen and swimmers.

In this family, two of the brothers, James and Edmond, were particularly outstanding and, in time, went on to establish themselves as great men in the sphere of international sport.

James is still recalled in Kerry as a strong, colourful character, a man of tremendous strength and a magnificent sense of humour.

Coming into his prime in an era when the great Denis Horgan of Banteer was universally recognised as the greatest weight-thrower in Europe, James, little bothered by the fact that he was labouring in the shadows cast by the burly Corkman, eventually carved out his own niche in weight - throwing circles and climaxed a wonderful career by

he considered was a trivial request, promptly turned it down.

James, however, pleaded hard. A victory in London, he pointed out, would be another great addition to the many honours Kerry had won in the sporting field. It would elevate Barrett to the status already achieved by Kerry men, not only in sport, but in military and political affairs.

James had the persuasive tongue. Eventually he overcame the inspector's doubts and he was given a reluctant permission to take three days off.

"But"—warned the inspector—"if you do not win, don't bother to return to Kerry. There will be no job for you."

James duly went to London and won the British title with, for that time, the excellent putt of 43' 5".

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REV. PRESIDENT

IMAGINATIVE DOWN!

There was an unusual coincidence in both National Football League semi-finals this year. All four teams, Down, Galway, Kerry and Meath had to wear their provincial colours due to the similarity in their usual jerseys.

Which team came out the best in the change? Meath, of course, whose Leinster green was rather similar to their usual colours. However, this did not help them win.

Which team used imagination in the forced situation? Yes, Down, who were not going to deny their identity to their black and red flag-waving supporters.

The Mournemen donned black knicks. Apart from retaining part of their regular colours this must have also helped as an extra guide to players in finding their team-mates.

GOOD LUCK, PETER

The art of the poet and the footballer may be removed but certainly former Cavan star, Peter Donohoe, has gone as close as possible to blending them in his new Dublin premises, Thomas Moore House.

It is good to find big Peter back in the news—not that we were ever likely to forget him, for he was surely the full forward of his era.

He had many great games during his long stay in the Cavan and Ulster jerseys, but one game alone would have been sufficient to win him a special place in the annals of Gaeldom. That game was, of course, the 1947 All-Ireland final, played at the Polo Grounds, New York.

That was Peter's day of days as he unerringly kicked point after point to lead Cavan to its greatest ever victory.

POST FOR WESTMEATH GAEL

Gaelic Sport congratulates Mr. M. N. Conlon on his appointment as General Manager of the Pigs and Bacon Commission. Mr. Conlon has a long association with Gaelic Games and gave loyal service in the Westmeath colours.

A POINT TO REMEMBER

The Kilkenny hurlers have scored many a great and unusual victory but none compare with that brought off by the St. Brigid's, Callan, camogie side in the 1961 Leinster colleges final.

Opposing the Kilkenny girls were Maryfield College, Dublin, and a rain swept Croke Park was the venue. The first half ended scoreless and well into the second half Callan scored a point . . . It brought them the Leinster title for that was the only score of the game.

Callan were back to retain their provincial colleges' title in 1962, but it is doubtful if there ever will be a victory as cherished as that of the lone point in 1961.

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PENPOINTS

THE HARD WORD

A Chara,—The Meath selectors should be ashamed of themselves. They threw away a place in the National League final due to their inability to size up a situation which was as plain as themselves. They cost the County Board over £2,000. —“Up Ballivor.”

Why not put your name to the letter “Up Ballivor.” Are you afraid of being elected on to the selection committee next year? —EDITOR.

UNDERRATED CLAREMAN

Dear Sir,—I wonder if any *Gaelic Sport* writer was at Askeaton when Clare played Kerry in the National League some weeks ago. Clare's Tom Mangan must surely be the most underrated footballer in Ireland. He played Mick O'Connell out of it. What a pity this grand player is not with a better county, where he could win the fame and the medals he deserves.

—“Old Limerick Footballer.”

Mangan went near winning an All-Ireland medal in 1953, when Clare qualified for the minor final.—EDITOR.

(From Page 45.)

As a wrestler he was good enough to win a British title and of class enough to be invited to take part in an exhibition with the fabulous Hackenschmidt. In addition he also took a silver medal at the Olympic Games of 1908.

His greatest feat, however, was the winning of an Olympic gold medal at those same Olympic Games. With the City Police tug-of-war team he helped to defeat America, the United Kingdom team III and then, in the final, the United Kingdom team II.

Thus Ned Barrett of Listowel achieved a distinction that is unique in this country of ours.

Though many years have passed, he still remains the only Irishman to win an All-Ireland medal and an Olympic gold medal.

Listowel should be proud of him . . . and of his family.

CHRISTY RING

Sir,—I am delighted with the new monthly *Gaelic Sport* and particularly look forward to the June issue with Des Ferguson's article on Christy Ring. It is about time somebody got down to writing a book on Christy's great career. It would certainly be a best seller.

—John Davern.

Birmingham

“WONDERFUL IDEA”

A Chara—I agree with Eamonn Mongey when he calls for the picking of an “All-Ireland” team each year. The Gaelic Sports Journalists would be an ideal group to pick the team, for they would be free from the usual prejudices and pressures. I hope there is no

time wasted in getting on with this job. It would prove a great fillip to our games and the credit for having come up with such a wonderful idea must go to Eamonn Mongey and *Gaelic Sport*.

—Paul Keane.

Whiterock Road,
Belfast.

BEST FIFTEEN

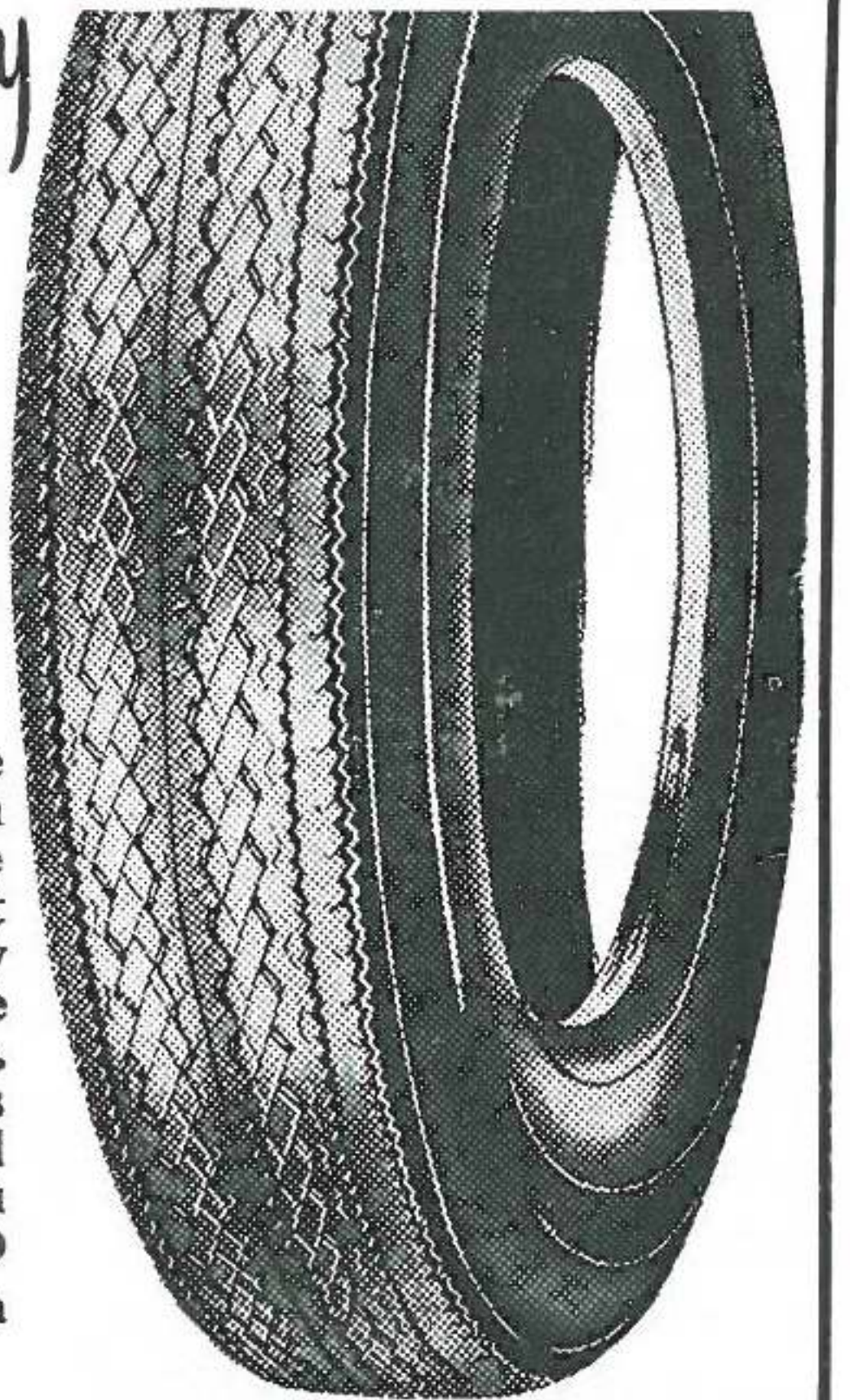
A Chara,—I must disagree with Frankie Byrne's team of the 'forties as published in last month's issue. My team would read:—

D. O'Keeffe, E. Boyle, P. O'Brien, P. B. Brosnan, P. J. Duke, J. J. O'Reilly, P. Murray, T. Murphy, P. Kennedy, T. Tighe, A. Murray, E. Young, K. Armstrong, P. Donohoe, F. Byrne.
Terenure, —Brendan Donnellan.
Dublin.

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