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# Gaelic Sport

Vol. 7. No. 2.  
FEBRUARY, 1964

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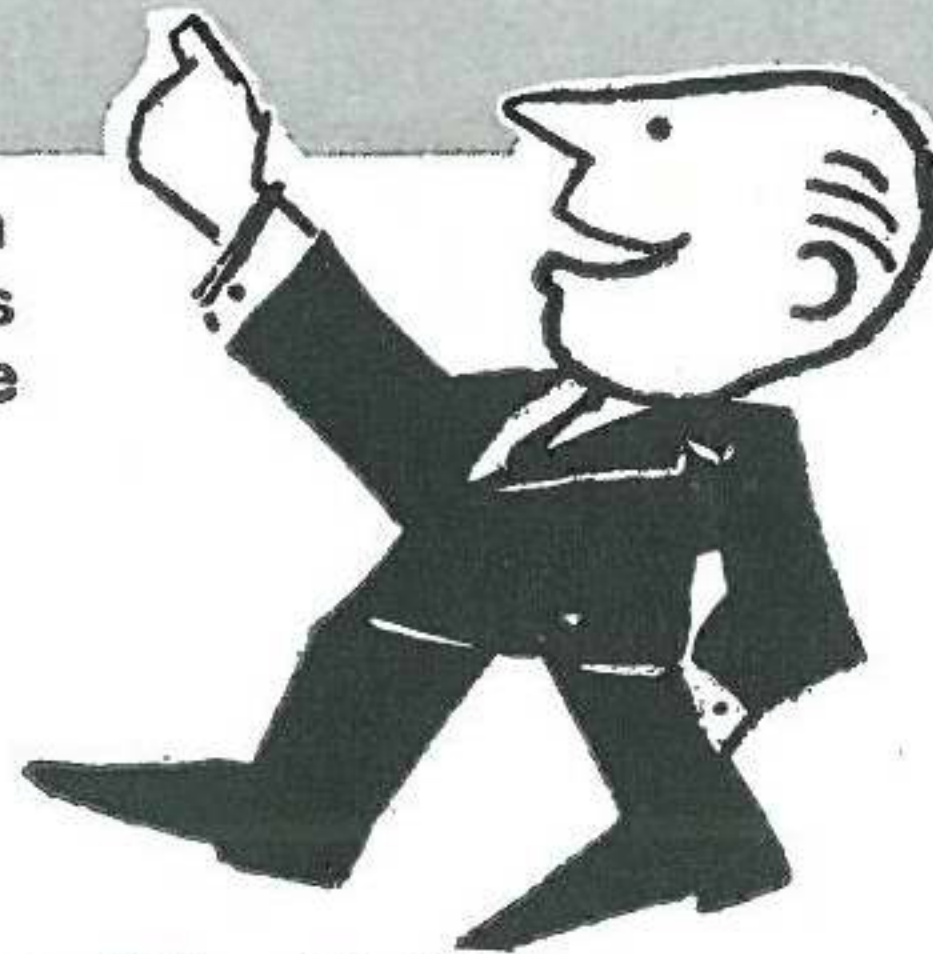
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# Gaelic Sport

Vol. 7. No. 2. February, 1964.

Offices:

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## COVER PICTURE

No need to tell you the names of the men on this month's cover—but for more details turn to page 21.

## Comment

### Army of able pens

THE numerical insufficiency of publications appertaining to Gaelic Games is a long existing problem, but it is by no means as pronounced as some commentators have recently suggested.

For example, immediately before Christmas a G.A.A. enthusiast could purchase no less than six publications catering for Gaelic Games: *Our Games Annual*, *Cuchulainn Annual*, *Carbery's Annual*, *Downman*, *Gaelic Weekly* and *Gaelic Sport* — all well produced publications and certainly forming no mean list.

However, we must readily admit that this satisfying situation does not exist all the year round. Three of these publications are annuals — while the *Downman* is a quarterly. Still the position shows a marked improvement and will we hope continue to do so.

Perhaps an even more heartening aspect of this question is that the commercial world has now come to appreciate G.A.A. literature as a worthy advertising medium. This was not always so—and let's face it, without advertising there would be few publications of any kind.

National and provincial newspapers too are devoting more and more space to G.A.A. activities, and with a new intensity.

It must also be recognised that the standard of G.A.A. writing and reporting at large is very much abreast with the times and at least comparable with what is written on any other subject of national interest.

There are now in the region of thirty full-time journalists who apply their talents almost solely to Gaelic Games. There are many more full-time journalists who divide their time between writing

and reporting on G.A.A. activities and other newspaper duties. Add to these the scores of columnists and part-time writers and it is obvious that our Games are backed by quite an army of able pens.

However, this is by no means to suggest that further publications are not necessary. They most certainly are. There is a very definite absence of books on Gaelic Games. This is why Joe Lennon's *Coaching Gaelic Football for Champions*, due for publication later this month, is very welcome. But it is only one of the type of books which are most needed.

The hard-covered book of this kind is, of course, expensive to produce and therefore most difficult to have published. This is very much emphasised by the fact that Joe Lennon had to be his own publisher. However, few are blessed with the *Downman's* determination and courage—and therein lies the explanation for the absence of G.A.A. books.

It should not, of course, be necessary for men like Joe Lennon to take unto themselves the dual task of author and publisher and while this position remains, so will the shortage of such books.

On whom rests the onus to right the situation? The Central Council has already shown that it recognises the part it must play. It provided a subsidy for the Lennon book.

However, the ordinary games enthusiast can do even more. He can see to it that when such books appear they are bought enthusiastically. The conversion of wishful desire for G.A.A. literature into a cash-in-hand demand is the only final answer.



# THE BAN

## *Drop the hoary cliches*

says PADRAIG DE BURCA

I AGREE with Sean Feeley that much of what has been written and said for and against the Ban has very little to do with the rights and wrongs of the Rule to-day. Unfortunately not all those who set out to defend the Ban support him in this and the fact of the matter is that so much false and perverted propaganda about the background of the Ban has been pumped into the minds of our members that to many any questioning of the Rule has seemed like treason.

Until the fog of misunderstanding and falsehood has been finally cleared away, no rational examination of the Ban in the context of to-day is possible.

Up to a few years ago the classic defence of the Ban was that it represented "the ideals of the founders." To-day that has been dropped. All the founders are clearly recorded as being against the Ban in any form and nobody with any respect for his reputation would to-day dare suggest otherwise.

But even the gallant Sean Feeley, while stopping short of denying the recorded views of Dr. Croke and the others, tells us that those who oppose the Ban do so because they do not really understand the national objectives of the G.A.A. Does he seriously mean to suggest that the very founders themselves did not understand the objectives? Does he mean that those other great figures in the Association down the years, who condemned the Ban, did not understand?

Apart from those in the Association who positively condemned the Ban, I mentioned very great Irishmen, some of whom gave their lives for Ireland and others who risked their lives against all odds, who were not even in the Association.

Sean's answer is that they had no choice because of the attitude of the schools to which they attended. I did not say they had a choice (though at least some of them had). My point is that, whatever may have been the reason, they did not believe in the Ban. They were not G.A.A. men despite that they gave or offered their lives for Ireland. "Greater love than this no man hath."

Is it not pathetic to hear tub-thumping "patriots" (I do not refer to Sean) canting about "true Gaels" and implying that they are better Irishmen. And even Sean Feeley, whose intelligence I respect and admire, leaves himself open to censure when he suggests that these men changed their minds when they developed into mature men.

He must know that Rule 27 has excluded from the G.A.A. Dr. Douglas Hyde, Eamonn de Valera, not to mention such "minor" figures as the heads of our government over the past forty years. Immature? Not true Irishmen? Whose coddling whom? Isn't it obvious that any organisation whose Rules exclude men like these from its ranks cannot measure up as representatives of a national body?

Arguments on the merits of the Ban in 1964 must await another day: all I have space for is one point. Sean Feeley should stop trotting out that hoary cliché that the Rules of our Association are no concern of non-members.

No doubt an ordinary sport's body is entitled to make any rule it likes as a condition of membership. But the G.A.A. is not an ordinary sports body. It is the custodian of an important part of our national heritage—our games.

For all practical purposes, exclusion from the G.A.A. means exclusion from that part of our heritage and anything that makes it difficult for an Irishman to share in what is his heritage, is the concern of all Irishmen who believe with Tone in an Ireland that includes all her sons and daughters.

There is no doubt whatsoever that the Ban makes it next to impossible in practice for many Irishmen to take part in Gaelic Games. I want the Ban removed—not to encourage G.A.A. men to play rugby or soccer, but to encourage and enable rugby and soccer playing Irishmen to play Irish games.

I believe in our Games; in our Association and in the part it can play in preserving our national culture. Because I do, I want the Association to drop the sterile and negative approach which is represented by the Ban and to go out and make converts. I do not doubt its ability to do so.



# THE FINAL ROUND

## More necessary than ever

says SEAN FEELEY

**M**AY I begin by reminding readers of Padraig de Burca's article last month. In it he did the type of sidestepping which would do credit to the most evasive of diplomats. I referred him to Rules 26 and 29—which are inseparable from the Ban (Rule 27). I asked him if he felt that the G.A.A. should be thrown open to British servicemen; or if he believed that members of the Association should be allowed compete in A.A.U. sports meetings.

It was a challenge to him to come out into the open and let us see his national view-point in full. He turned down that challenge and refused to answer either of my questions. His only comment was that they were not within the terms of reference of this debate. That was the first time that I heard of terms of reference in relation to this controversy.

Having studied Mr. de Burca's arguments very carefully over the past few months, it is clear that he has only one major point to prop-up his case against the Ban. He states that the founders of the Association — Croke, Cusack and Davin did not believe in bans. He could be right — and indeed he could be wrong. I am neither old enough nor familiar enough with what these men said to contest this point. But I do say that what viewpoints they had some sixty or seventy years ago have no bearing on whether we should or should not retain the Ban to-day—in the supersonic age of 1964.

We cannot be guided by what

was said at the turn of the century in this matter—or what was said many years later either. Times change. Who knows but had Cusack and his fellow founders lived into the present decade but that they might have changed with the times.

A well known example of a prominent Gael changing his mind on this question is Rt. Rev. Monsignor Hamilton who in 1923 believed the Ban had outlived its usefulness. He expressed this view at a Clare County Convention of those years—but he later changed his mind and is now one of the staunchest supporters of the Rule. He even wrote a very readable and eloquent little book putting clearly the case for the Ban.

Monsignor Hamilton is representative of many great men of his time. They saw and shared in the glory of the national resurgence years and when the State was set-up in 1922 they felt that all had been achieved. However, the passing of time proved that opinion wrong. Some like Monsignor Hamilton were wise enough, national enough and men enough to change their minds—and say so without fear.

Had Cusack, Davin and Croke lived through the years they too would in all probability stand shoulder to shoulder with Monsignor Hamilton in realising that the Ban is now more necessary than ever.

Man can never be entirely assessed and judged by his fellow man. So it is impossible to say

with certainty that one Irishman is better or more national than another. However, I will say this in reply to Mr. de Burca—a great Irishman would be even better if he grasped the ideals embodied in the Ban and its related rules and acted by them.

Last month too I referred Mr. de Burca to page 25 of the Official Guide where it is clearly stated that the purpose of the G.A.A. is not to organise sporting activities but to serve Ireland. Games are but a means chosen to this end.

That is the key point and the one most often overlooked by men like Padraig de Burca. The G.A.A. has an obligation to play its part in saving the soul of Ireland—its language, its games, its music and its culture—in fact all that is great in our heritage.

In the past there were many major organisations serving the same cause. To-day only the G.A.A. remains as a powerful body. This shifts an even greater load of responsibility on to the Association.

To-day too there are new alien forces. Mass communication and mass-publication literature feed our youth with all that is worthless, empty and pagan. It is a mighty flood of alien influence leaving behind it a trail of national havoc. The G.A.A. stands as the only worthwhile bulwark. But it will only continue to do so while it retains all of its national strength.

Take away the Ban—take away

(Continued page 7)



# SELECTORS DID A GOOD JOB

ULSTER is on the whole rather satisfied with the job done by its provincial football selectors. In Donegal there is much joy at the long overdue selection of Seamus Hoare, while down Tyrone way, they are mighty proud of the great-hearted Frankie Donnelly, who simply played his way on to the team in a most decisive manner. This team will make a bold bid to retain the title.

## LAGAN CUP

Next to the Railway Cup the main topic of conversation in Ulster football circles at present is the forthcoming Lagan Cup semi-finals between Derry and Down, on March 1, and Fermanagh versus Antrim the following Sunday. The clash of Down and Derry, at Casement Park seems to have aroused most interest as the men from the O'ahan County are always able to run Down close, especially in League competitions, and this even when Down were at their very best.

Yes, Derry are League specialists. They won the (confined) competition in 1947. In 1959, the year after their All-Ireland final debut, they were unlucky to be narrowly beaten by Kerry in the final. They reached the final again in 1962 but owing to injuries and other difficulties they were well beaten by a Kerry team with Mick O'Connell in top form.

Derry will mainly rely on Brian Devlin, Henry Diamond, W. Stra-thearn and Seamus Devlin in defence—Hugh Francis Gribben and Tom Scullion at mid-field and with forwards of the calibre of Sean O'Connell (who was their top scorer last year), Leo O'Neill, Dinny McKeever and Brian Mullan who all figured in Derry's All-

Ireland final bid of 1958, I feel that they will turn the tables on Down.

## NEW STAR

The Derry selectors should take note of the display of Liam McEldowney, of Kilrea, for U.C.D. in the Sigerson Cup and in the Dublin county championship. The experience which he has gained in top class football in Dublin should make this clever youthful player a certainty on the Derry county team for their coming clash with Down.

## BRENDAN MURRAY

And from good news to bad—Brendan Murray the former star Derry left full back has retired (temporary I hope) from football and has opened a chemist shop in Bridge Street, Ballymena, Co. Antrim. Brendan is married to the sister of former Antrim player, Carol O'Neill, of Ballymena. And talking of Ballymena, a fine industrial town with a population of over 14,000. I found that at present it has no Gaelic football club. A club was in operation last year and if my memory is right a Ballymena man, Fr. Naughan, who is at present in Hannahstown, County Antrim, was a first class player on the Antrim side.

Another inter-county player, Jody O'Neill, of Tyrone and Ulster,

has also opened a new chemist shop in his native Coalisland. Jody is the backbone of the Coalisland Fianna team and if he had time for more practice he could be a greater force in county football. Former Antrim football star—Pat Duggan of Dunloy—who was full-back on the Antrim team of 1952 while he was a student at St. Malachy's College, has changed over to Derry where he has started a wrought iron business. We wish him and his colleagues the best of luck in their new venture.

## JOHN COBURN

John Coburn, who was captain of the Antrim team from 1908 to 1916, has passed to his eternal reward. He was born in Louth but he came to Belfast at an early age and joined the Sarsfield Club. He was on the Antrim All-Ireland teams beaten by Cork in 1911 and Louth in 1912, but the work of this great Gael was best seen in the building of Casement Park. He was treasurer of this committee from 1944 to 1953 and was also chairman of the Antrim County Board and a representative on the Ulster Council for a period. This great Louth Gael had served the cause well. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam.

## DOWNPATRICK

In the recent replay of the Down senior football final at Newcastle, between the famous Glen and Downpatrick brothers-in-law were in opposite camps. Felix McKnight was playing for Downpatrick while the McCartan brothers James and Dan were on the opposing side.

The advent of Downpatrick to the front rank is an encouraging (Continued cols. 2 & 3 next page)

## TOP TEN

AS there were no competitive games during January, our popular feature, "Top Ten" does not appear this month. It will be resumed in our March issue.



(Continued from page 5)

Rules 26, 29—yes, and while you are at it Mr. de Burca, take away Rules 6, 7, 8 and 9 too. Do this and the bulwark is gone and the flood sweeps on unimpeded carrying away with it what remains of the Ireland for which generations dreamed of.

Take away the Ban alone—leaving the other “national Rules” and the bulwark is still breached. In quick time it will be breached again and again. Either way the result is the same.

Mr. de Burca does not discuss the Ban to-day in 1964. He says he lacks the space. Yet, he had four articles to deal with it. Instead he relies on names dropping—basing his case on the few stray examples which there are. The past is gone. I am too young to argue the merits of the Ban in 1884 or 1924 but I can say that there should be a Ban in 1964.

The state of Ireland demands it. There can be no compromise while the true objectives of the Association are far from being realised. There can be no compromise while the people to whom you would compromise daily recognise Partition—as does 26 county

soccer; and be part of British touring teams and willing to accept the British flag and anthem as theirs in Belfast, as does the Rugby Association.

These, and the colleges who violently ban Gaelic Games (I quoted examples but Mr. de Burca did not reply) are the people to whom he would have us haul down

our flag. I say never, while the present situation remains.

That the present situation will not remain and that the day will come when Ireland—with its “four green fields”, is such that there will be no need for a Ban is the earnest wish of all of us.

However that day, I regret to say, appears a long way off.

## Northern Spotlight

(From previous page)

sign for football in Down, as this town was in the doldrums for a long spell. The De La Salle Schools have helped football considerably and there are no less than ten of the present team ex-products of these schools.

Brother Antony started a school-boy football league in 1951, and Brother Eugene is now carrying on the good work and more will be heard of players like Fitzsimons, Teggart, Mullan, Oakes and McNamara.

Ronnie Moore who last played for Down in the Ulster final against Derry at Clones in 1958 togged out with Downpatrick and had a good game. It is evident that the rise to the top of the Down county team

has helped football considerably throughout the county.

### HARRY LAVERTY

Unluckiest player in Ulster last year was Donegal's Harry Laverty, who was on and off the county team during the year. He was Donegal's top scorer although he only took part in eight of fifteen competitive games played by the county. He was criticised by the spectators on several occasions and often he was beaten for possession, but even so, I feel that if he was playing in all fifteen games he would be well up among the leading scorers in the land. He had, however, one consolation when he won a senior championship medal with McCumhall's, Ballybofey.

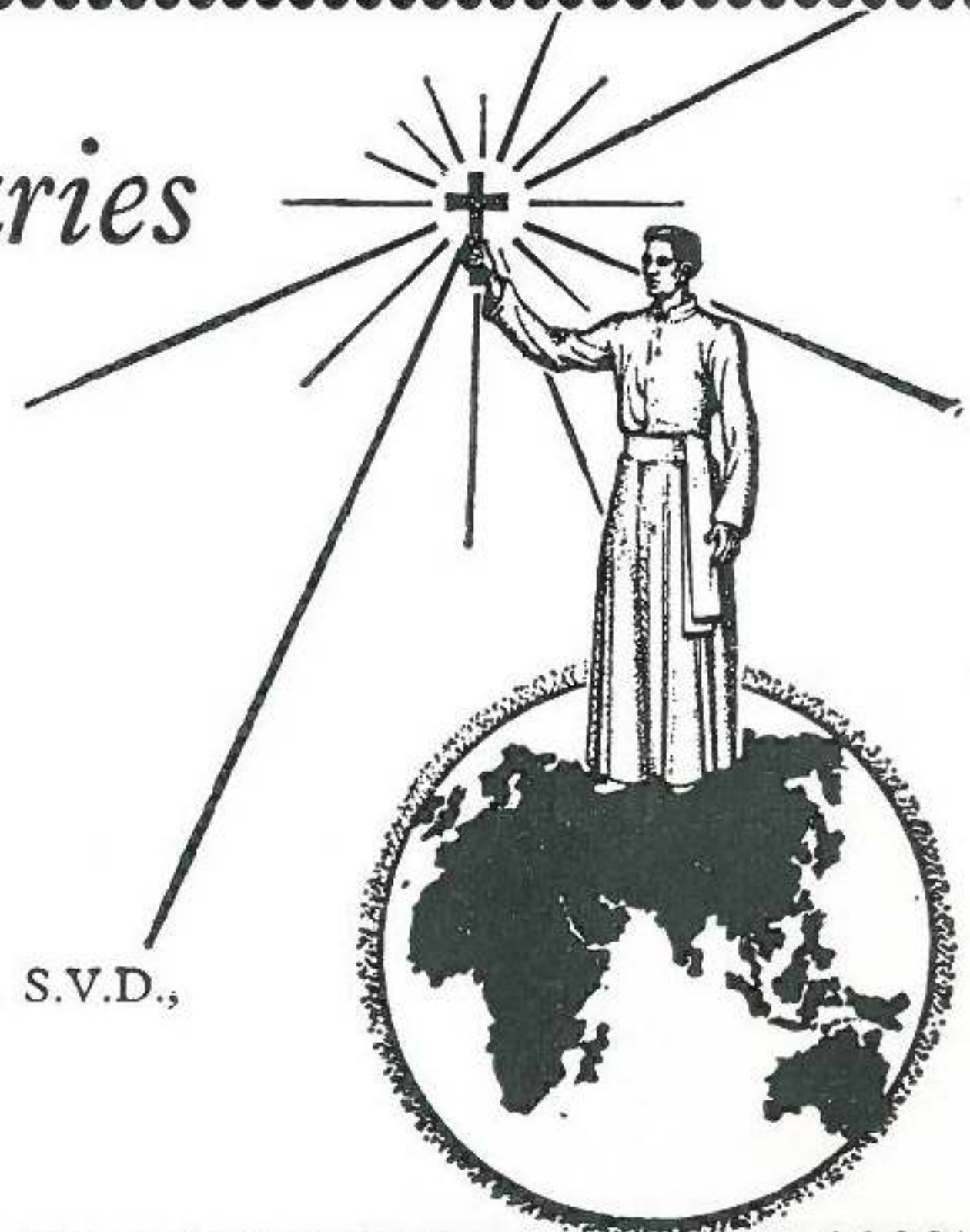
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## MEMORIES OF A GREAT GAEL

THE Tailteann Games were a long time ago. Only the likes of me and my contemporaries remember. We remember because for us and for the Ireland of those years they were great occasions. We remember too because there was a man named Johnny McGoldrick, who availed of the 1928 Games to give probably the finest display of defensive football ever seen in Croke Park. That great man has now passed on.

Johnny McGoldrick was born near Ballinamore, Co. Leitrim, when this century was very young. He went to America in early manhood as did the best of our youth in those years. There he became one of the finest footballers of all-time.

He was at his peak in 1928 when he came home with the New York side chosen to play the pick of Ireland. I had met him a few years previous and we were by then firm friends.

I remember just before the game some photographer insisted on having a shot of the Kerrymen on both sides and somewhat reluctantly Joe Barrett, Con Brosnan and I from the home team and Pluggy Moriarty and Bill Landers from the New York side, were paraded to the back of the old Hogan Stand.

Johnny happened to be passing and he saw what was being done. He laughed and summed up the situation with, "Well as they say, pickpockets must stay together."

He was at centre half-back that day and his long and wonderfully directed kicking and tremendous fielding held us enthralled. He was a magnificent figure of a man and

he could really move. He had a beautiful swerve and I certainly have seen no better.

Afterwards in the canteen at Fitzgibbon Street Garda station we had quite an evening. What a collection of stars. Jack Higgins was there and Paul Doyle, Bill Landers, Jack Phelan—all now gone to their eternal reward. Yes, Johnny McGoldrick is among friends. Fitzgibbon Street station was a real half-way house to Croke Park in those days but I doubt if it ever had a greater collection of football giants than on that evening.

I met Johnny McGoldrick again when Kerry went to New York in 1931. He was at the quay-side to greet us. He was particularly proud of that visit for it was countrymen of his own, the great-hearted McGovern brothers, who had sponsored our tour.

Johnny was with us at the hotel later that evening. He promised to buy a drink for every one of the visitors if we succeeded in beating New York. He did too, despite the Prohibition.

He was outstanding in each of the three games which we had with the New Yorkers. Himself, Martin Shanahan, Joe Stynes (Dublin), Jack Phelan, Big Eddie Roberts (Waterford), Jimmy Jermyn (Cavan) and Paddy Linehan (Offaly) stand out in my memory of those exciting encounters. Eddie Roberts was a great goalkeeper. He could belt out a ball sixty or seventy yards no bother.

I met Johnny again when I went back to New York with Meath in 1952. I was walking down to the sideline at the Polo Grounds when I heard the shout from high up

on the stands—it was Johnny. I later visited his saloon and enjoyed of his hospitality. We replayed many a game and revived many a memory.

A few days afterwards we got together again at Gaelic Park—that home from home that John "Kerry" O'Donnell has provided for the exiled Irish of New York. We got into a corner and soon to us came all the old Gaels who were there to share in our memories.

I was out again a few years later and, had hardly looked into the hotel when Johnny was on the 'phone. "Come out," says he. I explained that I had forgotten how to get to his place. "OK," was his reply and an hour later he was at my hotel and he brought me out. There was quite a surprise in store. I arrived to find a party all laid on and a host of old friends waiting. They even made me sing "The Old Bog Road" and I still have four beautiful ties which were later given me.

Johnny was away a long time but he loved Ireland, its bogs and its green fields, its people and its hopes. I saw a change in him during that visit of six years ago but then we were all changing and I dismissed it from my mind.

I would have liked to have been there for the Requiem Mass at the Inwood Good Shepherd Church and the burial which followed at Calvary Cemetery — to join with Paddy Grimes, Eddie Roberts, John O'Donnell, Mike Moloney, Joe Stynes and the rest. Perhaps they remembered to say an Ave on my behalf. I remembered at home—but it felt so inadequate far away.

Yes, New York is losing its great Gaels. "Wedge" Meagher is gone, so are the Ormsbys and Jack Phelan and now the princely Johnny McGoldrick.

To his widow, Elizabeth, sons and daughters I extend deepest sympathy. Their loss is great . . . but it is shared by many.



# ANDY FITZGERALD

## *and the one that got away*

By PATRICK CARVER

**M**ANY, many years ago—far too many now that they are galloping away from me so quickly—and back in the small Cork town where I was born, we had a grand old character and, for want of a better name, I will call him Danny Mannix, which, God love us, is as near to his real name as one could wish.

Danny was a great age—or so it seemed to me in my young days. He never changed as long as I knew him and even when I grew up into my twenties, he still looked as old and as venerable as he did when I was a child.

He was one of a fine breed of Irishmen, which, more is the pity, is dying fast. He was a storyteller . . . a glorious storyteller who could weave the most incredible images for our youthful minds.

There was no subject under the sun that he could not talk about. It was from him that I first heard the harrowing story of the sinking of the Titanic; from him I first heard the exciting tale of the famous long-count incident in the Jack Dempsey-Gene Tunney fight. It was from him I first heard many things.

His favourite topics were hurling and football—and particularly Cork hurling and football. With a few pints under his belt he could—and often did—take us back through the years, almost right back to the beginning of the Gaelic Athletic Association. Lord love us, one would think, listening to him, that the G.A.A. was purely a Cork invention and came into being purely for Cork sportsmen.

He always talked about Cork's great victories, but there were a

few occasions when he unbent enough to talk about a few times when Cork did not win. When he got on to those, he invariably told us the story of the day that Andy Fitzgerald made the greatest mistake of his life and so permitted Kilkenny to collect an All-Ireland title which, on the run of play, rightfully belonged to Cork.

Often he waxed eloquently and furiously about Andy's tragic mistake and how it lost Cork an All-Ireland title.

As he told the story, Cork were well on top at Croke Park and racing to inevitable victory. Mick Dorney, Billie Mackessy, Jim Kelleher, whom he always called Jamesy Kayleher, "Major" Kennedy, Paddy Mahony, "Bowler" Walsh, "Dooric" Buckley played like the Trojans of old and nothing could stop them.

There was never a word at all about the Kilkenny men, other than Sim Walton. To hear Danny tell the story, Sim Walton was Kilkenny and he alone was able to repel fifteen of the finest Corkmen that ever left the county.

Cork were ahead by two points and there were minutes to go. Then came the move that beat Cork.

According to Danny, Sim Walton got the ball in the middle of the field. Surrounded by Corkmen, he took a flying shot at the Cork goal and it fell yards short. The ball ran on in towards Andy Fitz. in the Cork goal.

With all the time in the world—Danny swore that there was not a Kilkenny man within fifty yards of Andy at the time—the Cork goalkeeper drew on the ball and—Danny's voice would tremble with

emotion when he said it—Andy missed it.

Danny claimed that the ball struck a loose sod of turf at Croke Park, and bounced just that little out of Andy's way.

Whatever happened, it wound up exactly an inch over the Cork goal line and the green flag went up. A few minutes later, the final whistle went and Kilkenny were All-Ireland champions.

To my eternal shame, I must confess here and now, that I never believed Danny Mannix's story. As I grew older, I put it down to some legend that he had heard and that, with the passing of the years, he had added to it, until it had become one of his best stories.

But, as someone once said, the past always catches up on one. And so it did with me only a few weeks ago.

A good friend of mine—again for want of a better name I will call him Gerry McCarthy—lent me a book—"A Story of Champions," by John P. Power.

I had never seen the book before and to be honest I had heard about it only vaguely. It has been out of print for many years and there is no point in writing to me to ask where it can be got. As far as I am concerned Gerry McCarthy has one of the only copies in existence and he has no intention of parting with it.

However, that is all beside the point. The main thing is that I started to read it . . . and suddenly came across the story of Andy Fitzgerald and the "goal." All I can hope is that Danny Mannix, in whatever part of Heaven he is telling his stories of G.A.A. games—will forgive me for ever disbelieving him.



For everything that Danny Mannix told me did happen. And, mind you, he had added very little to the truth.

The match was the All-Ireland hurling final of 1912 and it was played on Sunday, November 17, 1912, between Cork, represented by a Blackrock selection and Kilkenny, represented by a Tullaroan selection.

With Cork leading by two points, there was just ten minutes to go. Then as John P. Power describes it, came the most dramatic score ever seen in an All-Ireland final.

“Cork were going all out for another goal. Backs and half-backs were all upfield, banging in low balls to their forwards. But Kilkenny’s defenders were impregnable. Ball after ball they cleared, until at length, one of those clearances reached Matt Gargan out on the wing near the halfway mark. Matt tipped the ball in front of him. Out of the corner of his eye he saw three Corkmen coming at him. A magnificent sweep of his hurley sent the ball skimming along the ground goalwards.”

“There was none to intercept it only the goalie and by the time it reached him it had spent its force. Andy Fitzgerald had plenty of time to stop it. There was not a Kilkenny man within 40 yards of him. But as the leather rolled towards him, he calmly pulled on it. A loose sod diverted it a little to the right and Andy missed. Then he glanced fearfully around and there was the ball not two inches inside the goal-line. The umpire waved his green flag. The score now stood at 2-1 for Kilkenny and 1-3 for Cork.”

And that was how it ended. Kilkenny were champions . . . all because of Andy Fitzgerald—and the one that got away from him.

As for me . . . all I wish today is that I had listened a little more carefully to Danny Mannix and his stories.

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# FILLING THE IDLE HOURS

By SEAMUS O CEALLAIGH

**F**EBRUARY is usually the month when county and divisional G.A.A. boards plan their programmes for the new season. Club entries for the various championships and other tournaments are invited in all areas, and the following few weeks should see club games in full swing again all over the country.

When all are going again some 2,700 clubs will provide in the region of 6,500 teams, embracing 150,000 players between hurling and football. To keep this big number actively engaged throughout the season is a problem that demands more active consideration from county and divisional boards.

The charge has been levelled that large sections of our youth were deserting the playing fields and adopting more and more the role of spectator. And the serious thing is that position may have been forced on them in some areas through lack of competition.

We cannot blind ourselves to the fact that certain Boards are content to run championship competition, usually on the knock-out system, and seem satisfied they are doing their duty and propagating the games.

Nothing could be further from the truth, and such boards are only deluding themselves if they think they are serving the real purpose of the G.A.A., which is the establishment of an active branch in every parish of the country.

Under the system mentioned the only guarantee any team has in a particular grade is one match in

the season. If the team goes out in the opening round the players can be idle for the rest of the season, for all the Board cares.

It will be argued that there are plenty of tournament games in which they can participate. The tournaments are there alright, but very few of them want defeated championship teams.

In this lack of activity for the weaker teams lies one of the chief reasons why so many players are forced to adopt the role of spectator.

This position can only be remedied by the boards, and a way of doing it has to be found.

The League system has been tried in some instances but without any great success.

Necessity proved the mother of invention in at least one instance. Previously, when players complained of the lack of games the particular board in command organised a big number of secondary competitions but it was found difficult at times to finish these, mainly because the more successful players and teams were regularly engaged, and found it hard to meet all their commitments.

Meanwhile, the others irked at the inactivity, but had to make do with watching rather than playing the games. Some sought the play they craved for in other codes of football, more found their spectators appetite better satisfied at games that should be "outside the pale" to G.A.A. men.

In the instance which I refer to club mentors got together and

with board officials hammered out a scheme that might solve such a situation. The championships will continue to be played on the knock-out system but will commence earlier in the season than heretofore. The secondary competitions will follow the championships and be for trophies of enhanced value.

These competitions will run in four sections. The first will consist of teams beaten in the first round of the championships who will play off on the single league system. Section two will embrace teams knocked out in the second round of the championship, whilst the third section will be for teams beaten in the third and subsequent rounds, including the final. Both these sections will play off on the double league system. Section four will be a one team affair—the team winning out in the championship.

To illustrate the idea—from a sixteen team championship entry the eight teams beaten in the first round are guaranteed seven further games; the four teams beaten in the second round six; the three teams beaten in subsequent rounds four, with the section winners eventually playing off semi-finals and final, to decide the ownership of the trophies.

A system of the nature described may not suit all areas, but the main point is that it highlights the idea, and helps to stress the void that has to be filled—the provision of a sufficiency of games for all our clubs, and in every grade.





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# CONNACHT NOTEBOOK

By CHRIS MURRAY

CONNACHT footballers entertain Leinster in the Railway Cup semi-final at Dr. Duggan Park, Ballinasloe, on February 23. Followers in the province are growing impatient with the poor displays of their favourites in this competition and feel that it is high time the West was awake in Railway Cup football. Connacht's last Railway Cup semi-final success was achieved in February, 1958, at Ballinasloe, and against Leinster too. A good omen! This time we have not a 1958 vintage Packy McGarty to inspire us. Still this Galway-powered Connacht side should capitalise on ground advantage.

## CASTLEGAR

Castlegar senior hurlers are back in business again. Last year the team was disbanded in protest against a ruling of the County Board. The decision to return is a welcome one for it was surely a shame to deny such grand hurlers as "John John" McGrath, Paddy, Tommy and John Joe Egan, Eddie Abberton, Kevin Shaughnessy, John Corcoran and Tom Broderick, the opportunity of playing the game they loved. To keep themselves occupied, the Castlegar lads played football with limited success but quickly realised their forte was iománaíocht. It is good to see differences settled amicably.

## SIOBHAN McKENNA

More than once I have read of Siobhan McKenna playing for Galway in an All-Ireland camogie final. Now I ask the question—"Did she really play in an All-Ireland final? A former Galway county camogie star insists that Siobhan never played in a final. According to my informant Siobhan was an excellent player with Galway City selections and with U.C.G., but she is adamant

concerning the aforementioned statement. Perhaps some reader may help us or perhaps that fine correspondent Agnes Hourigan will set things right.

## U.C.G. TRIUMPH

U.C.G.'s great Sigerson Cup triumph at the Mardyke, Cork, is still being talked about here in Connacht, especially after U.C.D.'s convincing Dublin championship victory over St. Vincent's. This was U.C.G.'s first Sigerson victory in Cork since 1938 and their third victory in Cork altogether. Every man of the winning side made a great impression and no one impressed more than right corner forward Christy Tyrrell from Kilkerrin, whose fine scores in the final clinched the issue. Christy won a minor All-Ireland medal with Galway in 1961 in the company of Enda Colleran, Seamus Leydon, Noel Tierney and Sean Cleary and do not be at all surprised if he joins them again on the Galway senior team.

## DERMOT GANNON

When St. Mel's College, Longford, defeated St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, in the All-Ireland Colleges' S.F. final of 1962 at Ballinasloe, I was impressed with the great display of their captain Dermot Gannon from Ballinamore and felt we would hear more about him. Now Dermot is the most promising footballer in Leitrim and seems set to fulfil the great promise of his college days. A man to fill the great McGarty's shoes surely.

## G.A.A. DINNER

The Galway football Board entertained the county's senior team to a dinner in Lydon's Hotel, Tuam, recently and this is a practice that should obtain in other counties too. But why confine it to the county's senior team only. No one expects a G.A.A.

board to invite all its teams along as guests. Invitations should, I feel, be extended to championship winning sides only. But such a G.A.A. dinner could establish itself as the county's premier sporting social occasion and just think of the number of people who would like to be present at such a function annually. Some counties hold annual presentation ceildhthe when medals to winning teams are presented. Why not extend this to the annual dinner cum ceili?

## PADDY "STAFF" STEPHENS

New president of the Galway football Board is Paddy Stephens of Corofin. Popularly known as "Staff," Paddy is a wonderful Gael, full of enthusiasm and a great inspiration in his playing days and as an official ever since. He replaces Johnny Cotter, R.I.P., and it is indeed fitting that a Corofin man should preside at Galway football Board meetings. For away back in the early thirties it was a Corofinman, who proposed the establishment of a football Board and Paddy Stephens was present at the inaugural meeting. The man who proposed the idea—none other than Right Rev. Monsignor Gerard Mitchell, President of Maynooth College, whose brothers Dermot and Paddy both played senior football for Galway. The Galway football Board is a fine Board. "Staff's" presence will make it finer still.

## "BOSCO" WRITES

In the December issue of the "The Mantle," a Galway Diocesan magazine, edited by Rev. L. Morahan of St. Mary's College, Galway, Bosco McDermott, the Galway halfback, wrote a grand article on "Sport." His is a very original approach and this contribution is but one fine feature of an excellent magazine. Beannacht libh.



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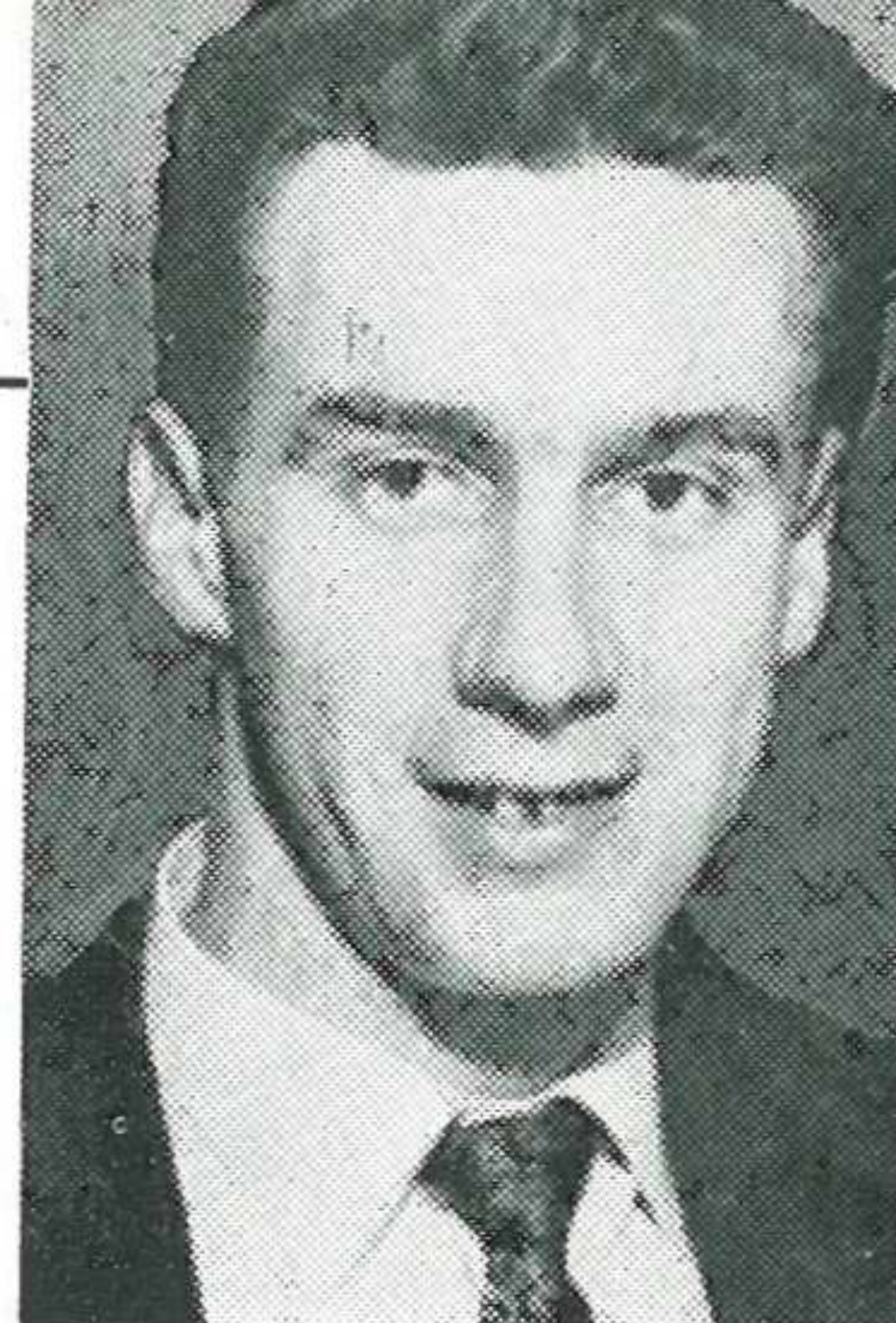
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Tommy Ring

**R**ING — there is magic in the name, but Tommy Ring of Westmeath is also a top class hurler in his own right and would surely have won much greater recognition playing with a more prominent county.

Despite the fact that he is only twenty-five, this forward-cum-goalkeeper can claim almost ten years inter-county service. He was chosen on the Westmeath minor team in 1954 and joined the seniors as a goalkeeper two years later.

I recently spoke to this very versatile and capable player:

*O'Donnell—Which position do you prefer Tommy — in goal or among the forwards?*

Ring—Most definitely among the forwards—despite the fact that I have played most of my inter-county hurling in goal.

*O'D.—Since moving out field you have played some great games and done a lot of scoring—which opponent gave you your most difficult hour?*

Ring—I would say Willie Hogan of Carlow. It was my first outfield game with Westmeath and I particularly remember it. However I can recall much more difficult hours in goal trying to keep an eye on men like Sean Clohosey and Hopper McGrath. It always meant trouble when they gained possession.

*O'D.—You are now playing club hurling in Dublin?*

Ring—Yes—I have been with New Irelands since January 1962 and playing as a forward.

*O'D.—Do you think that Westmeath and Offaly should continue to play in the Leinster senior championship?*

Ring—Most certainly, I think we stand as good a chance as the next. There are plenty of young promising players in Westmeath. For example Pat Bradley and Ray Niland—just to name two who are

## TOMMY RING

well known. There are others too. Remember both our junior and minor hurlers did reasonably well this year.

*O'D.—Have you any suggestions on how the county senior team could be improved?*

Ring—I believe our biggest problem is lack of match-practice. Without it you can never hope that a good team will just develop. We lack the unity of a side which has regular competition. In 1963 we had only eight games — and that was almost a hundred per cent improvement on previous years. We need challenge games as often as possible.

*O'D.—How is club hurling in the county?*

Ring—It could be better. Enthusiasm is not all one might wish for.

*O'D.—Any ideas as to how the game in general could be improved?*

Ring—Yes—I would like to see teams reduced to 13 aside—no full back or full forward. I believe that this would result in much more spectacular hurling and a general raising of standard.

*O'D.—What game do you most treasure the memory of?*

Ring—The 1961 Westmeath final. I was captain of Castlepollard and we won. There was also another game that year—the Leinster semi-final against Dublin. Had our forwards hit any kind of form we could have won.

*O'D.—Was there any goalkeeper whom you would have liked to emulate?*

Ring — There are two, Tony Reddan and Ollie Walsh. I would not choose between them.

*O'D.—What do you aspire for?*

Ring—Well like all players who have not got one, I would like to win an All-Ireland medal with Westmeath. To make the Leinster team too has always been a dream with me and I am delighted at my recent selection as a substitute for the game against Ulster.

*O'D.—As a final question Tommy, I suppose you are a fan of your more famous namesake's?*

Ring—I am indeed and always have been. There is always something to be learned from watching him. He never repeats himself and is without doubt the greatest of them all.



# FOOTBALL IN THE 'SIXTIES

By JOE LENNON

THE marginal difference between victory and defeat in one match (and between the success and failure of a county team over a season) is often no more than a point or two. Yet the losers fade out after that one defeat and bob about in the backwaters of county football for the rest of the year. The sometimes lucky winners often go on from this meagre start to finish up with all the honours for the season.

One kick of a ball can change the fortunes of a whole county for a whole season — in present day Gaelic football.

It is all very well to talk glibly of five year plans, talent spotting panels and intensive training schedules when you have been successful and have won the Sam Maguire Cup and National League. When you've lost, if there are no recriminations at least there is a brooding silence.

As the championship and the

National League now stand, they are geared to allow only a handful of teams to show anything for their year's play. Two or three defeats and you are finished for the year. Yet the successful team plays as often as twenty five times. The present system is grand for the top teams in each province but it plays havoc with the other counties. Until we have an open draw and a proper National League—something every county should be pressing for if they are sincere in their desire to promote the game—we must learn to win every game because defeat generally means more than just loosing, it often puts paid to the season's hopes.

This is something which not one county can achieve on its own. What it can achieve however, is a place in the top bracket. It can, if it will, be the best in the land.

This may appear to be rather facetious but I believe that every

county in Ireland has enough talent to win the Sam Maguire Cup and the National League next year if they start now (I only wish I could manage the weakest football county for two years and I'd have them trotting off Croke Park with the laurels.) The plan is basically simple and that's part of the problem.

Before beginning to plan success for a county team most of the clubs in the county must grasp and accept the concept that Gaelic football begins at county level and works down to club level. The clubs must work for the county team and their best players must be made available to the county every time they are needed for training or playing. Once the clubs start working together for the county then success is at hand.

Clubs should regard themselves as nurseries and should count it an honour to be represented on the county team. As they loose their best player to the county—temporarily—they search for new talent to fill his place. Here you have the much needed expansion and competition. You know, it is a poor state of affairs when a club cannot (and will not) field two separate teams in football and hurling because a few players can claim a place on both teams — or perhaps more commonly, when a player or two of theirs are engaged with the county team on the same day.

This policy should be abandoned forthwith. For an overall improvement in our games we must have more players and create more opportunities for more players to represent club and county rather than allow a few players to monopolise.

Having got the clubs on your side you must now get the bank on

## JOE LENNON ON COACHING

Due for publication later this month is Joe Lennon's eagerly awaited book **Coaching Gaelic Football for Champions**. It covers the entire question of coaching and training and is surely a 'must' for both serious players and those in charge of teams.

The author is an authority on his subject—both as one of football's greatest exponents and as a professionally qualified expert on physical education.

Croke Park has already welcomed the publication. Of it Padraig O Caoimh writes: "When Joe Lennon told me some months ago of his intention to write the book, I assured him of our support. It

is one of the many books needed if our National games are to share a place in the literature of our country. I recommend the publication to every Gaelic footballer."

We understand that only a limited number of copies are being printed—those who may wish to order a copy in advance may do so by writing to the author—Joe Lennon, 74 Central Road, Hugglescote, Coalville, Leicester, England. The book will have a stiff cover with a dust jacket. It contains approximately 50,000 words, 30 art diagrams and 28 photographs. The price is 10/- plus 1/- postage.

We heartily recommend it.



your side—you need money. It is a relatively simple matter to raise £2,000 a year which will see a county team through most of its expenses. Twenty clubs can easily raise £100 each by organising one or more social functions, raffles etc. If you were to say to a club "We've won the championship and the National League; your share of the expenses is £100 — they would be only too happy to pay up (not that you would need to if you won the National League.)

Thirdly, the county must choose the following officials. A team manager who does everything from selecting the team to selecting challenge matches for them. The idea of having more than one selector is so absurd as to almost be funny.

Fourthly, there must be a coach and trainer but first of all a coach. Part of the trouble with our games is that the officials have only so much spare time to devote to the job and they often plan the whole programme depending on how much they can afford and how often they can be there. This is wrong. Plan what you honestly think is necessary and only attempt what you can do well—let others help. Apart from these few officials the County Board needs have little or nothing to do with the running of the team. Too many cooks spoil the broth. When there's only one man in charge you know who is responsible for success or otherwise. He can have advisers if he so wishes but there can be no "passing the buck" for culpable mistakes. There must be a man in every county able and willing to do this job.

Next thing is get all the players of county potential together for training and coaching. The minimum size of the panel should be around thirty-six. This will allow for three goalkeepers, seven full-backs, seven half-backs, four mid-backs, seven half-forwards and seven full-forwards plus anybody else who is prepared to turn up for training — enough for a practice

game each time the opportunity presents itself. The knowledge that there's two others waiting to take your place if you fail is a great challenge and incentive to the right sort of player.

From here on it's the club spirit of the "county club" which has to be built up. The trainer will ensure that the players are fit enough, the coach will ensure that

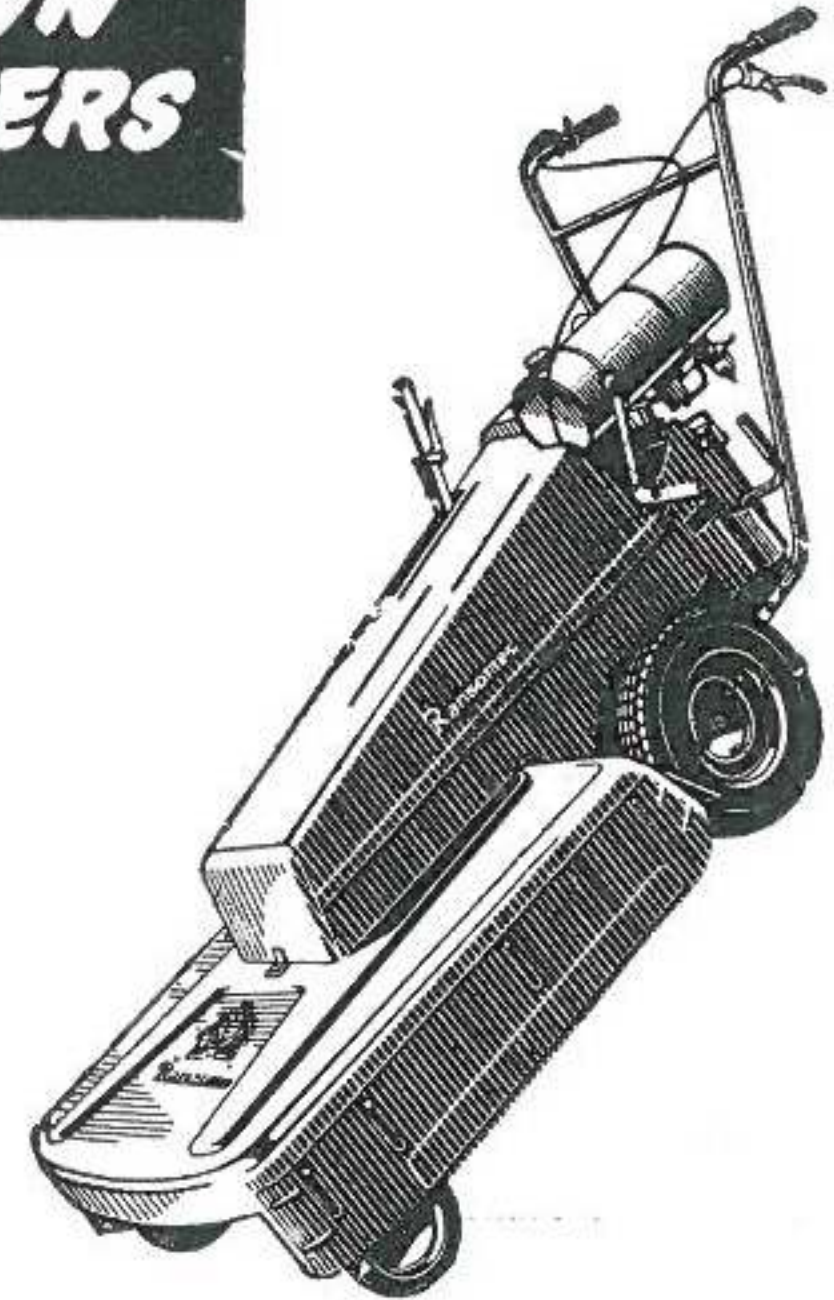
they are skilful enough, the manager will ensure that they get the right blend of training, coaching, practice games and challenge games in the building up process. The players will ensure that when it comes to a match they will put everything they have got into the game in the knowledge that "we can win if we will."

*Continued next month.*

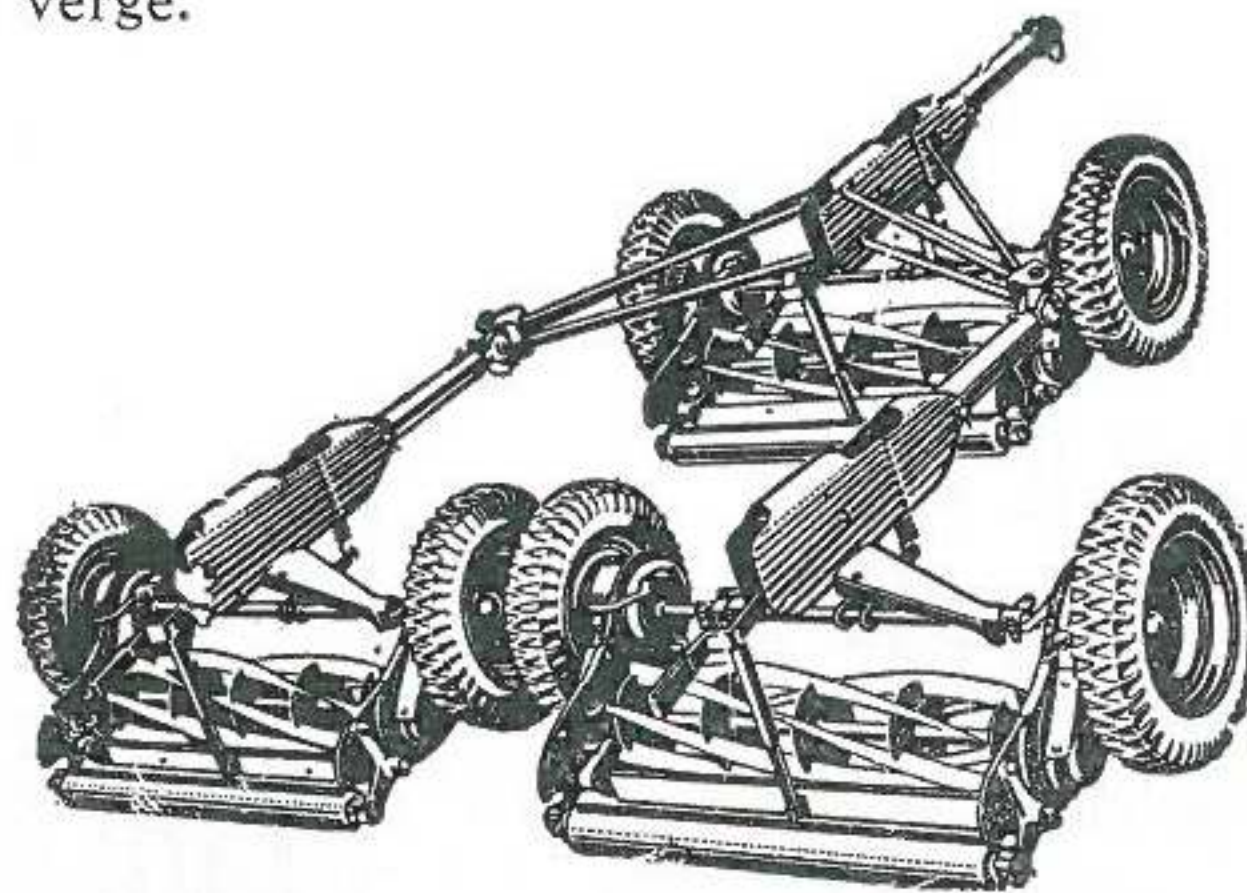
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# THE

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## CALTEX STARS

**I**N one way the selection of Lar Foley and Seamus Cleere for the 1963 Caltex Awards did not create any surprise, for the established trend of choosing from the All-Ireland winning teams was maintained.

Only in 1958, when the Sports Editors chose Jim McKeever for the football award and in 1959 when they honoured Christy Ring, has this pattern been upset. It was therefore odds on that the 1963 recipients would be picked from Dublin and Kilkenny.

Speculators — and there were many, narrowed the list of possibles down to four. From Kilkenny it was going to be Cleere or Eddie Keher and the former was favourite.

From Dublin Lar Foley and Mickey Whelan were the two most obvious but at the end of the championship series Whelan appeared clearly ahead with Foley having only an outside chance.

Then came the Grounds Tournament semi-final and Foley's great-hearted performance. He won that game for Dublin and the manner in which he did it will not be forgotten for many a day.

That game had appeared over and lost at half-time. The mighty Kingdom had proven their superiority over the Metropolitans

once again—or at least so it appeared. Then came the amazing Dublin fight back. In the 42nd minute Foley was moved to centre half-forward.

He had a point—he placed Noel Fox for another and then with only half a minute remaining and Kerry still leading by a point, he was there to send home the deciding goal.

It was a tremendous performance by Dublin. Not alone had they overcome an eleven point lead but they had done it against their old bogey team, Kerry. It was a victory which completely erased any doubts which there may have been as to Dublin's right to be regarded the number one football force. They were now champions without dispute—and the man who had made them so was Lar Foley.

Overnight he was right up there with the stylish Whelan in the race for the Caltex Award. His great-hearted performance against Kerry sent memories back to the early championship game with Meath.

It was recalled that it was the never-say-die Foley who had come down into the attack to win that one too, when he hustled and hustled a hitherto unshakeable

Meath defence and scored two deciding points.

There was added to this his all-the-year-round consistency at full back and then he was ahead. I still doubt if there was much in it between himself and Whelan at the final count but Lar of the mighty heart had that margin and he was home.

The football connoisseur may have preferred the more football-perfect Whelan but Foley personified even greater qualities—grit and determination.

In the hurling selection the opposite prevailed. For grit and determination there was none to compare with Phil Grimes, but the Sports Editors preferred the copy-book hurling of the Kilkenny captain.

Throughout the year Cleere had continued to display how the game can best be played. He was of the true Kilkenny mould—lithe, fast and hard and he led his men from obscurity right back into the hall of fame.

And so the Caltex Awards for 1963 have found a home. No doubt not everybody agreed—but then they never will. Still there is no getting away from it but that they were worthy men—the stylist from the Nore and the man of the mighty heart from Liffeside.



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# KICK HIM AGAIN!

By EAMONN YOUNG

"KICK him again; he's still breathing."

That's what the man said. However it wasn't Croke Park or Ballyjamesduff but far away Katanga. And I'll say again (no one to challenge me anyhow!) that the speaker, overflowing with the milk of human kindness was not a member of our gentle Association.

The occasion which drew the aforementioned laudable instruction was a battalion championship game in which the cream (and an odd drop o' sour milk) of our warriors were loosed upon one another in deadly combat calculated to inspire terror in the hearts of a potentially turbulent populace.

The boot is mightier than the sword. Athletics of any kind take on new demands in Africa.

There may have been a time when exercise in the mid-day sun was reserved for mad dogs and Englishmen, but with the advent of Erin's fighting sons, the club has grown.

However it was found (through experiment) that the morning is a lovely time to play, especially as the post-competition Simba beer goes down even more delightfully when the sun is laughing high in the sky.

But there's an important matter for attention at half-time which has nothing to do with oranges or Simba. That's why you take off your boots and stockings. Three tablespoonfuls of sand in the cap of the boot can be hard on the toe-nail.

Some active types, ball-players, runners, swimmers, etc. found

themselves short of breath and blamed the 5,000 feet altitude (higher than Carrantuohill, Imagine anything bigger than what they have in Kerry) but I always suspected there were other good reasons.

The coloured sons of Africa are lovely footballers. When these long ebony limbs go streaking after a ball and the slim supple body shivers past an opponent it's a cure for sore eyes.

They kick well but seem to lack the aggressive sense that sends a bullet shot to the back of the net.

I watched a beautifully built man of six feet four make that ball talk, but he wouldn't score in a fit. It opens the eyes to see a fifteen-year-old kick a hard ground ball fifty yards, but though we encouraged them to play our football there was little success. Those hands didn't seem to be designed for catching anything over the head.

But to return to the battalion championship, we first ran a competition in each of the four companies to pick the company teams.

Sand and studs were flying and our MacCarthy belted in a hard one from the right corner but this distinguished soldier (who once had a horse fall asleep under him on a guard of honour) was always a little inclined to the left and the ball was going wide—until it hit Corporal Jack Lacey on the head and sped over for the winning point.

Concealing his surprise if not his delight, Jack trotted proudly out-field.

In the final, against a crowd of Leinstermen, who thought they were better (they were right) we gave the folks great value for their money (admission free).

The other fellows should have been well ahead in the last quarter but even in Katanga, the posts are only seven yards apart.

Eventually, we slowed them down to our pace, but, there being some foreign types come to see the Irish at play, we kept 'em guessing, until the last five minutes.

Playing at centre-forward, I was giving a performance that could be described only in Mick Dunne's superlatives.

All went well until some claw-hammer, who didn't like me, left me defenceless with the ball in my hands ten yards out and going fast (two speeds: dead slow and stop).

I let fly.

It probably wasn't wide. Perhaps a point. But they signalled a goal and who was I (suffering from middle-age, hallucinations and bad eye-sight) to argue.

I don't forget when Jack "Eye" Regan of Clonakilty signalled a wide for what I thought was a fifty and I called him a nasty, nasty name. Tadgo Crowley, God rest his good soul, nearly put me off the field.

Which proves that our games teach discipline though it may take years.

So anyway we won; and we came home; and we told lies about it ever after.

Kick him again; he's still breathing.





# THE JIM DERMODY STORY

## HOW CLARE WERE VANQUISHED

LAST month I was talking about the 1931 final — ranked by many as the greatest of them all but let me tell you this, the 1932 final was not far, if anything, behind.

As the records show it was Kilkenny versus Clare. The men from the Banner County had not contested a hurling final since 1914 but in '32 they stormed out of Munster, beating All-Ireland champions, Cork, on the way and in the semi-final they scored an extraordinary win over Galway. The Westerners had been sixteen points ahead in the second half but Clare suddenly came to life and really cut lose. In the end they won 9-7 to 4-14.

So when we took the field for the final we certainly knew that we were up against it. I went back and took my place between the posts intent on keeping a special eye on Tull Considine and Jim Houlihan—these two could really make my task a difficult one. Considine had scored five goals in the second half of the game against Galway and I could not help but wonder if I were in for a like nightmare.

Anyway it was on and as soon as the teams settled down it became obvious that they were very evenly matched. Both sides began to give a grand display of hard, but clean, hurling. The Clare forwards could certainly manoeuvre

that ball and there were many anxious moments. I was being kept busy—but no damage done as yet.

At mid-field Mick Falvey and Jack Gleeson were giving Lory Meagher and Eddie Byrne something to think about and it took Paddy Phelan, Podge Byrne and Paddy Larkin all their might to keep us from being swamped.



P. O'REILLY...  
full-back on the  
Kilkenny team  
of 1932.

It was even pulling all the way to half-time. Not a goal had been scored at either end. Clare were leading 0-3 to 0-2 and they just about deserved that margin.

Paddy Phelan and myself had a bit of a chat going off the field and we both agreed that Tull Considine needed but an inch to cause havoc. Paddy was rather worried and he expressed the view that unless we could pull something out of the bag we were going to be beaten.

We did produce that something extra alright as soon as the game

resumed. Lory Meagher began to get more of his own way at mid-field and up front Matty Power and Martin White found their mark. Still Clare were always there.

However, we appeared home and dry when Lory had the score of the game. I remember it well. It was a sideline puck about thirty yards out. He walked over, steadied himself and as only Meagher could, he sent it all the way to the net. Dublin rang with Kilkenny cheers.

But there were stout hearts under those saffron and blue Clare jerseys and that goal, which should have been a death-knell, proved a mighty spur. Back they came and I was picking the ball out of the net.

And they were coming again and we held on desperately. The excitement was now terrific and so it remained right through the second half. With only minutes remaining the score was Kilkenny 3-2, Clare 2-3. Then came the most memorable incident of the game. There are many versions as to what happened and most, if not all, that I have seen and heard are incorrect.

The incident in question concerned Tull Considine and the chance at goal which he missed. Had he scored Clare would either have won—or at the very least got a draw. Standing there in goal



# N THE '32 FINAL



P. McINERNEY  
(Clare)



J. HOULIHAN  
(Clare)

with the action directly in front of me I had a perfect view and so to get the record straight I will describe what happened in full.

Mick Falvey sent in a high ball. It dropped about thirty yards out and slightly to the left of the goal. In a flash Tull was on it. He kicked the ball forward, thereby getting room to pick it. Then he had it up and we were in real trouble.

I knew that he would strike low and hard making the ball hop about five or six yards in front of the goal. This was his gambit. I rarely saw him to hit directly at a goalkeeper. He picked a spot and ricocheted the ball off it. You could well imagine how difficult it was for a goalman to cover such a ball. It could come at you anyway—and usually came the way you didn't expect. Yes, Tull was a master at it.

Well to get back to the story. Tull had the ball and I knew what he would do. I was moving out to narrow the angle; Tull was steady-ing himself to strike and Podge Byrne was closing in. Tull swung and just before the stick connected, Byrne hooked from behind. That split second of delay allowed Paddy Phelan and Paddy Larkin to come between the great Clareman and the goal and that was enough. The door was shut.

But even had Tull not been hooked, he was still thirty yards

out and Phelan and Larkin were quickly closing in on his direct line to goal. Had he been let hit the ball it would still have been a great goal had it reached the net.

The point I am trying to make is this. Tull Considine did not lose that All-Ireland for Clare. The popular version of the story is that he had only me to beat and was all on his own on the verge of the square when he missed the ball. This, of course, is only fantasy. Tull got the type of chance that presents itself thirty times in the average hurling game. Because he was a great player he could have scored from it with a little luck, but on no account was it a case of an easy goal being thrown away.

And so it was that Kilkenny were still ahead against the gallant men from Clare. The last score of that game was another I will always remember. Only myself and Matty Power touched the ball.

I got a puck-out following yet another desperate Clare attack

●  
*P. PHELAN...  
one of the  
really great  
backs in a dis-  
tinguished era  
of Kilkenny  
hurling.*



and I spotted Matty out on the wing. I hit high and hard and it dropped towards him. John Joe Doyle, the Clare captain, came up behind Power but instead of attempting to stop or catch the ball, the Kilkennyman flicked it over his head. Then like a flash he rounded John Joe, grabbed it and sent it straight over the bar. That was the last score of the memorable 1932 final.

After the game Matty told me that just before I pucked out he had glanced at the scoreboard and, not knowing how long was to go, decided that a desperate effort would have to be made to get three safe points ahead. A Clare goal at that stage would have sent us home as empty-handed as we had gone a year previous but one more point would make all the difference.

"You must have been reading my mind," says Matty to me later. "When that ball came out my way I knew that this was my chance to make it safe." And the great Matty Power certainly made it safe and Kilkenny were All-Ireland champions at last. I had won my first All-Ireland medal.

However, there was honour too for Clare. It was that kind of a game. Their sportsmanship, like their hurling, was of the highest order. Man for man they played every bit as well as Kilkenny—

(Continued overleaf)



# THE JIM DERMODY STORY

(Continued from page 25)

Lady Luck simply happened to be on our side for once.

We knew the disappointment of narrow defeat from the previous year and clearly understood how the Claremen felt—but their hands were out and with smiling faces they congratulated us like the true Gaels they were.

I cannot close this article without paying a special tribute to some of those Claremen of 1932. Their goalkeeper, Dr. Tommy Daly, was without peer. Time and time again he saved that day. He was small of stature but he was a giant of hurling, God be good to him. It was the end of a great era for him. He had won a junior medal with Clare in 1914, and added senior ones with Dublin in 1917, '20, '24 and '27.

Pat "Fowler" McInerney was another great veteran. He had been

on the victorious Clare senior team in 1914 and was as good as ever eighteen years later. At mid-field Mick Falvey and Jack Gleeson played particularly well while in the defence Larry Blake (God rest his soul) and John Joe Doyle were tremendous.

Poor Larry played like two men that day. He was one of the youngest of his side. Actually it was an old Clare team—I would say one of the oldest, if not the oldest, ever to contest an All-Ireland final. That probably explains why they did not come again. The average age of the side must have been well into the thirties—with a few of the players around the forty mark.

John Joe Doyle—one of the truly great hurlers of that era, always wore spectacles. He was a regular on all Munster teams of those years.

And, of course, there was Tull—the last of the great Considine clan. He had two brothers on the Clare side which won the 1914 title and one of these, Brendan, went on to play with Dublin and ranks with the all-time greats. Tull himself was on the Clare football team narrowly beaten by Wexford in the 1917 final—so he too was a good age in 1932 but he was still a master hurler.

A few months later we went to Ennis to play Clare in the National League. After the game we were guests of honour at a dinner given by the Clare County Board. Appropriately enough the Munster championship medals were presented after the meal and Paddy Phelan, Mick Falvey and I were standing having a chat when Tull came over to us.

Naturally we began to talk about the final of a month or two previous and suddenly during the conversation Tull stuck out his hand, opened it, and in the palm rested the Munster medal which he had just received. "Well Jim," says he "there it is, the only token I have ever won over the long years of championship hurling."

I couldn't help feeling a little sad at the thought of such a great hurler, who had given so much to the game and performed such fabulous feats, having so little to show for it. But I knew that deep down Tull was not really disappointed. And come to think of it he certainly need not have been.

Many many years have since come and gone and scores of All-Ireland medal holders have slipped back into dim memory. But the names and the fame of the great men, irrespective of whether they won medals or not, live on. They will continue to live on and be recalled and their feats retold. The passing of time will not dim their glory nor tarnish their reputations. Tull Considine is one of these.

Next month I will tell you of some stirring events in 1933.



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# THE CHAMPIONS WHO NEVER WERE

By Philip Roderick

COME with me, back over the years, to July 16, 1895 . . . to a special celebration by the Cork Gaelic Athletic Board at a restaurant in Cork.

Everyone who was anyone in Cork G.A.A. was there that night. In the chair was the famous Michael Deering and, in front of him, relaxing over a few post-prandial drinks were some of Cork's most notable civic officials . . . and a fine collection of the greatest sportsmen in Cork at the time.

Michael Deering gave a magnificent speech that evening, one that was to be quoted from Beara to Kanturk for many a year after. Paying tribute to the fine men who had played for Cork in the previous year's All-Ireland series, he finished his speech by stating that it was now his great honour and pride to make presentations to every member of that fine team.

Before doing so, however, he showed the medals to the assembly. As it would be impossible for those at the tables to read the inscription on the back of each medal, he read it out.

"G.A.A. All-Ireland football championship, won by Nils, 1894."

Then he called Jack O'Leary to the front and after congratulating him on the exemplary way he had led the Cork team, Michael Deering presented him with a medal.

Jack O'Leary was followed by Billie Riordan, then came Dick and Dan Coughlan, Mickie Downey, Paddy Lawless, Tom Irwin, Dan O'Connell, Paddy Walsh and Dave Kelleher, Billie Burgess, "Hoppy" Houlihan, Frankie Joyce . . . and all the others.

To each member of the team, too, went a copy of the fine picture which had earlier appeared in the

"Cork Weekly Examiner," over every picture was the heading "The Football Champions of All-Ireland, 1894."

It was a grand evening . . . and one that was thoroughly enjoyed by all Corkmen present.

For there had been little mention of the long and controversial argument that Cork had had with the Central Council of the G.A.A. over the matter of that same 1894 All-Ireland football final.

Little reference had been made to Cork's refusal to replay the final against Dublin . . . after the two games which, to this day, Corkmen swear were won honourably on the field of play.

Nor had there been much talk about the fact that at a meeting of the Central Council at Thurles on

April 28, Michael Deering, on hearing the decision of the Council to re-fix the All-Ireland football final of 1894, had left the meeting, saying that he had been instructed by Cork to withdraw from membership of the G.A.A.

All in all, it had been a wonderful evening and the Cork County Board had shown its pride in the great team that had done so well in 1894.

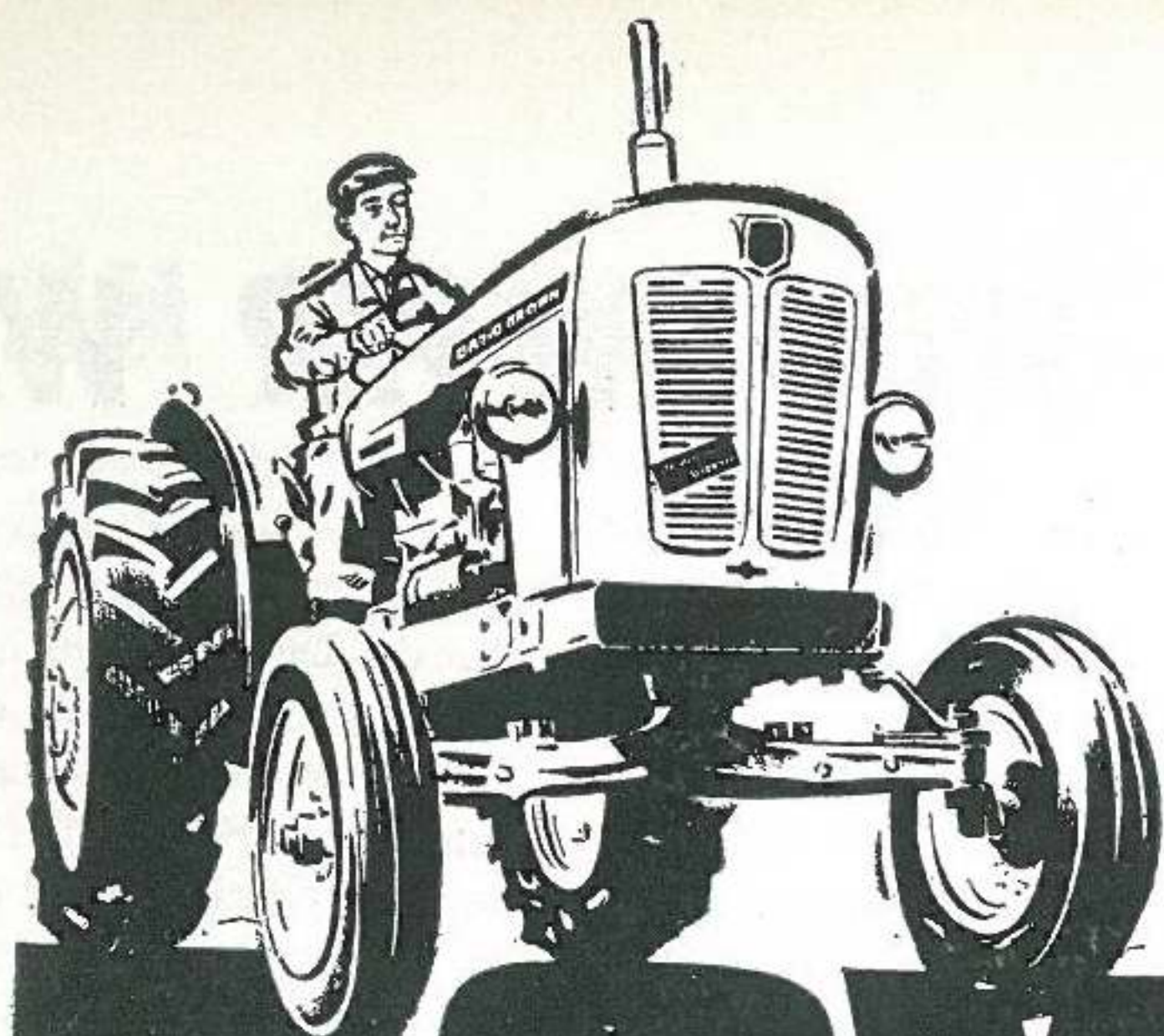
Yet, if you care to check the G.A.A. records, you will find no mention that Cork were All-Ireland football champions of 1894.

Those same records show that the All-Ireland champions of 1894 were . . . Dublin, represented by Young Irelands.



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## ***Wicklow Youth is Champion***

**A**T a function attended by An Taoiseach, Mr. Lemass paid particular tribute to the sponsors of the award Messrs. David Brown (Ireland) Ltd. and said: "I hope that they will secure in good will the reward to which they are richly entitled." Mr. Lemass also congratulated Macra na Tuaithe whom he said have been in existence for only 11 years, but it already has 245 branches and over 8,000 members and that the part played by Macra na Tuaithe and its members, Vocational School teachers and Club Leaders in getting these young men representing their provinces to this final was an outstanding example of selfless effort. The worth of the project would be felt in the future development of our rural economy.

Winner of the award was 17-year-old **JAMES MULHALL**, Tinahely, Co. Wicklow, whose projects were beet growing, pig and calf rearing. He is Chairman of Tinahely Young Farmers' Club.

Runners-up were: Donal Counihan (17), Listry, Killarney (pig and cattle rearing and beet growing); Hubert Killoran (16), Ballymote, Co. Sligo (milk recording and calf rearing); and Michael McMahon (15), Castleblayney, Co. Monaghan, the youngest competitor to take part in the national final (strawberry growing). The four represented their respective provinces.

Mr. Vinnie Bell, former Dublin hurler and general Manager of David Brown Tractors (Ireland) Ltd., who sponsored the competition, said that they must accept that agriculture was the cornerstone of their economy. "We must surely realise that life on the land is healthy, close to nature, and favourable for the preservation of those moral principals and traditions which constitute the honour of a people, a nation and a cause," he said.



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## MAN OF DEDICATION AND DEEP LOYALTY

**Y**OU may go in to the main Post Office on the Quay, in Waterford, any day, and have your needs served by a firmly built man of average height. You will probably notice his strong hands as he hands you your stamps; certainly you will be struck by the square shoulders beneath the tweed sports-jacket. But, if you are at all observant, you will notice most of all the face of Seamus Power, one of the best known and most unmistakable in Irish sport.

Chiselled from brow to chin in hard determined lines, with a long, strong jaw-line, and a wide mouth without weakness: a face of character, of determination, and of unyielding allegiance. The face of a man one would like to have on one's side by conviction, because there is little chance of winning him to one's side by flattery, specious argument or consideration. The man behind the face shows it to be true, and a not a mask. It would be hard to find one more dedicated to his ideals, or more loyal to his interests.

Seamus Power is a member of the G.A.A. That covers the whole story of his life after work. But, for him, membership of a body means something more than taking out as much as the organisation can give, while putting back little more than the statistical value of his membership. Power, a man

dedication and deep loyalty, runs the full gamut.

There is, first of all his club, Mount Sion, parent of the school-boys from the famous Monastery, with whom he has played everything for which he was eligible and for which he was able to fit himself by training and learning.

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### By Jay Drennan

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Hurling alone would have satisfied most men of his hurling ability: he has footballed with a keenness that has developed his football skill to the stage when he was the backbone of that team, too. Enough? Not, for Power. In committee room and on selection committee he has played a full part in his club's functioning. In all club activities he is among the foremost workers.

Then there is the county level, where for hurling and football he has been in constant demand, and scarcely ever absent. I have seen him answer the call when even he has had doubts about an injury: he was selected, needed, and would do as much as his mind could command his body to do before he would give in. There is little cause to elaborate on his inter-county activities.

For even longer than his inter-county games, his inter-provincial representation with Munster brought him fame. Munster was calling on him when people around the country had no idea that Waterford had a class hurler within her boundaries.

Is that all? Surely double action with the most consistently successful club in the country, and with the busiest hurling county in recent years, and with Munster, cannot leave more time or energy to a man? But, Power represents his club's interests at the county board, where he is one of the most vocal and active members. And, further, he represents his county at the Munster Council. And, if that is not enough, he will referee games on any Sunday he has free. And, even if he is not wanted as referee, he will stand as umpire at one of the goals—and travel any distance to do so. Or collect at the gate, tear tickets, peel oranges, write letters, air the jerseys . . . anything you want done, Seamus Power will do it. It is a measure of his complete dedication to his ideal.

I feel that his ideal and his dedication have been influenced by two major influences—Mount Sion school and the Brothers there, whose depth of loyalty to Gaelic Games cannot be surpassed, and whose influence for good, in all



it's forms, on their pupils is enormous; and also, by the only Waterford man who surpasses even Seamus Power in dedication and energy-consuming activity on behalf of the games—Pat Fanning. Fanning has communicated some of his own infection and fever to everyone who has had any contact with him, even if you only read what he writes, or listen to what he says.

In the playing fields Seamus Power has often been coupled in the mind with Phil Grimes: they have played so often together at centre-field for Mount Sion and Waterford, and now they have transferred to the spearheading of the attack. But, Power has not had the great physical advantage that Grimes has had. When he first came to prominence in the Dark Age of Waterford hurling he was a forward, and played at corner forward on Munster teams. He was, undeniably overweight.

Determination to achieve his

full potential by training and diet, he fined himself down to a magnificently fit specimen of bone and muscle during the years 1957-'60. He was not made for sprinting: slightly flat-footed and stiff in his rolling sailor's gait. The years have begun to catch up a little on him now, and with the years come extra weight, again. He is a man who has always had a struggle with weight problems, and this is another indication of his great heart, that he has fought the fight with such determination that even now he must have many years ahead of him: years of devastation for defences, now that he has returned to the forward line after gaining the experience of campaigns further afield. No county has anything like the power of Waterford at corner-forward.

The display of power-play by these corners—Power and Grimes—with little or no support, was just as outstanding a feature of last year's All-Ireland final as

Eddie Keher's fourteen points. Power is not a man to accept defeat, nor is he one to take it lightly: like a good hurling man, he hates being beaten with a deep and heartfelt revulsion. No one worthy of his salt does otherwise; but Seamus can congratulate his man and manage a smile all the same, though his heart may be heavy. He will burn the last ounce of vital energy to seek the glory of victory for Waterford and for Mount Sion. A regular "Matt the Thresher" of a man, "for the honour of the little village."

"You gotta have heart" to conquer weight problems and a long-troublesome ankle injury and yet maintain the immensely high standard Power has maintained. And any man who strives to the whistle for victory even when things look bad, has to have heart. My favourite picture of Power, and I think the most typical of his whole career, putting it all in a nutshell, is the goal he crashed through in the last minute of the 1959 All-Ireland Final. Waterford were landsliding to defeat on a rush of Kilkenny points, when Power, out of the depths of his hatred for defeat and loss of glory "for the little village," found the reserve of strength to raise a final attack and finish it himself.

## FINE WORDS!

**M**ANY boards are annually plagued by trivial objections which serve little purpose but to create friction and hold up the entire season's programme. There is an answer and it was spelled out loud and clear by Sean Slevin, the newly elected chairman of the South Donegal Board.

On taking office Mr. Slevin made his views known, stating that it was the spirit of the rules which mattered. "If protests (objections) based on fine and narrow technicalities come before me, then I will do my best to find fine and narrow technicalities to prove them out of order," he concluded.

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# MECCA FOR LIMERICK GAELS

THE Brazenhead in Limerick, which was recently reopened under new management, is one of the most up-to-date grill-rooms and lounge bars in the country.

The Brazenhead has very old and historic associations, going right back to the Siege of Limerick. A story is told of a red-haired girl who worked in an inn in John Street: one day in 1691, during the Siege of Limerick, she was looking out of one of the upstairs windows in the building when a cannon ball from one of Cromwell's guns removed her head. A restaurant, which was opened on the same premises in 1794 was called "The Sign of the Brazen Head" in memory of the event.

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MUNSTER MEDLEY

By SEAMUS O CEALLAIGH

## A PRIZED TROPHY

ONE of the most glamorous of the early season competitions in Munster is always the concluding stages of the colourful Dr. Harty Cup—the symbol of College hurling supremacy.

In recent years this annual struggle for schools hurling renown has gained even added interest because of the emergence of new contenders and new winners—and now the wish of the distinguished donor—Most Rev. Dr. Harty—that the trophy would some day grace every school sideboard in Munster—looks nearer fruition.

We have another new name in the last four this time—Colaiste Criost Ri—new to the Harty semi-final but not new to Munster college honours.

Criost Ri's semi-final opponents—Limerick C.B.S. have not won the Cup since 1932, whilst another of the semi-finalists—St. Colman's of Fermoy have been out of winning lists since 1949. The remaining contender for the 1964 crown—St. Flannan's of Ennis is the most recent winner.

To date eleven schools have put their name on the prized trophy, the most coveted in College play. The famed Cork educational establishment—North Monastery have won it a total of fourteen times to head the list of holders, their nearest rivals being St. Flannan's of Ennis with eight successes. Then follow Thurles C.B.S., with six triumphs; Rockwell College and Limerick C.B.S., have five each, to complete the list of big timers as far as the competition is concerned.

St. Colman's, Fermoy, with two

successes; St. Munchin's, Limerick; Mount Sion, Waterford; Tipperary C.B.S.; Ennis C.B.S., and St. Finbarr's, Farranferris, with one win each, are the ones that broke in on the select group to show the way to all the other Munster schools towards realising the wish of the true Gael and donor who set the competition on its way forty-six years ago.

### WATERFORD

Waterford hurling enthusiasts are deeply disappointed at the decision of the Wembley tournament organisers not to go on with the proposed elimination series in order to decide the counties to participate in the annual Whit Saturday hurling game.

It was originally planned that Waterford should play Tipperary and Wexford meet Kilkenny in a kind of semi-final series, but something went wrong, and now it has been announced that Kilkenny and Tipperary are the teams for Wembley—the Noresiders apparently as All-Ireland champions, and the boys from the Premier County as holders of the trophy.

Waterford have a grouse and good grounds for it. They beat Tipperary in both championship and league in 1963, and were All-Ireland finalists—so they feel they should have been the choice for Wembley. They were quite prepared to play the elimination test, but feel when a decision had to be made otherwise, theirs was the greatest claim.

The reply from the other side of the Suir will be that as holders they were entitled to defend their

(Continued overleaf.)



(From page 33.)

trophy, but all will not be found to agree with this definition, and so the argument goes on!

The hurlers on the ditch—those not parties to the present dispute are agreed however that some set plan should be adopted for these annual Wembley outings—coveted assignments in many counties.

The obvious solution would appear to be the championship versus the League winners, but this plan would go astray in a season when the same county won both—in which case the championship runner-up should be entitled to the nomination.

Success in the Wembley game has no real status at the moment—it is just another tournament, plus the glamour of an appearance at the famous stadium. As such, it must eventually lose its attraction and the standard of play and the pulling power of the contestants will fade.

For their own sake—and taking the long view, the Wembley organisers must set some recognised standard for their contestants—and put some value into the winning—otherwise the competitions cannot survive—and that would be a real pity!

#### AMERICA CALLING

Under fire once more are the regulations governing the visit of G.A.A. teams to America—and a Kerry club team lucky to get an invitation to cross the Atlantic feel very sore that they may not be permitted avail of it. Congress will probably be approached on the matter.

#### UNUSUAL CASE

A peculiar situation has arisen in East Limerick. In the course of the divisional minor hurling semi-final, the referee reported that he sent two players to the line ten minutes from time but he brought them back again just before the conclusion of play.

One of the players involved belonged to Caherline Club, who played him the following Sunday, and he helped win the title. Their

opponents objected and the East Limerick Board held the referee's authority finished when he put the players to the line and so they were suspended. They awarded the match to South Liberties.

Caherline did not appeal, but

the matter was raised at the County Board and some members felt there should be a replay, in view of the doubt raised by the referee's action. Anyway, the divisional board were asked to reconsider the matter.

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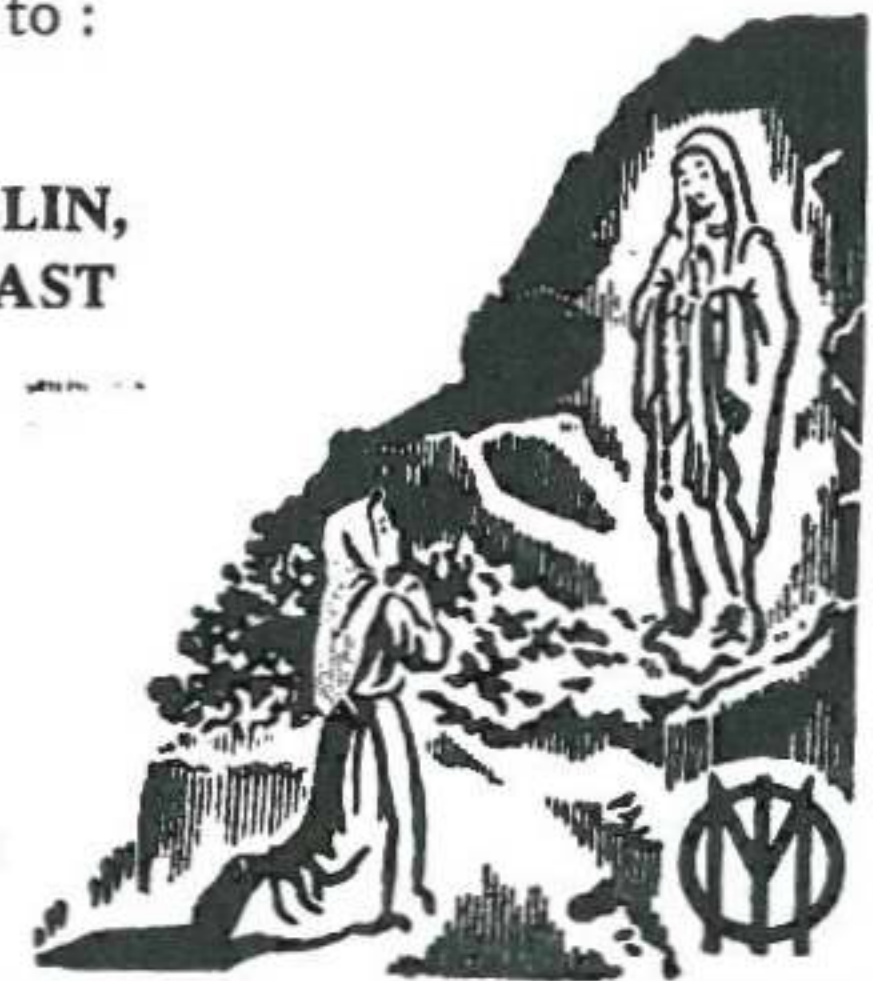
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# An Coimisiún Athbheochana agus C.L.G.

## Le SEÁN Ó DÚNAGÁIN

**D**O réir tuarascála an Choimisiúin Um Athbheochan na Gaeilge (an ceann as Béarla a chonaic mé —comhartha éigin?) tá moltaí ann do chumainn spóirt is gleacaíochta. Deir an tuarascáil gur féidir leis na cumainn úd cabhrú leis an ngluaiseacht athbheochana ar mhórán bealaigh ach cé is moite den Cumann Lúchleas Gael agus an N.A.C.A. ní dóigh liom go dtabharfar mórán áird ar na moltaí.

Tá moltaí ar leith ag an gCoiste don Chuman Lúchleas Gael. Cinnte sé an taon eagrais é a dhéanfaidh dian-iarracht leis na moltaí a chur i gcrích. Tá roinnt mhaith de na moltaí i réim cheana féin. Thagair an scríbhneoir seo don mhéid a bhí á dhéanamh agus don mhéid a d'fhéadfaí a dhéanamh ar son na teangan, san iris seo, cheana féin. Mhol mé iarrachtaí mhuintir Árd Macha agus Coiste Uladh. Sarar bunaíodh an teilifís mhol mé d'udarásaí an Chumainn gan an Ghaeilge a thréigint nuair a bhí socraithe á ndéanamh fé scannánú na gluichí agus go deimhin dheineadar cion fir sa chás sin.

Rud aisteach fén Chumann Lúchleas Gael—gan liathróid láimhe d'áireamh, is fíor-bheagán club atá sa Ghaeltacht. Tá cúpla fáth le seo, ganntanas páirc imeartha agus daonra scaipithe. Níor chuala mé arimh, i gluichí eadar-chontae ach go háirithe, fé imreoir ón nGaeltacht nach raibh aon Bhéarla aige.

Nuair a luaitear seomraí agus hallaí club sa chomhthéacs seo

sna moltaí is léir nach den ghnáthshaol furmhóir an Choiste Athbheochan nó ar aon chuma dé gnáthshaol an Chumann Lúchleas Gael.

Cé is moite de bheagán bailte móra níl fiú seomra éadaigh ag gabháil leis na páirceanna imeartha. Cúl an chlaí an áit is oiriúnaí agus buíochas le Dia go bhfuil claí ann. I bhfurmhór na bparóistí níl halla d'aon tsórt agus, má tá is ar cíos a mbíonn sé ag an gclub cúpla uair sa bhliain. Tar éis Aifreann an Domhnaigh an uair is mó gnótha sa ghnáith-club is muintir na bhfoireann ag seasamh cúl le balla. An chaint ag an gCoimisiún faoi fógraí 'sna hallaí agus na "club-rooms" níl ciall leis.

Cheana féin cláraítear ainmneacha na n-imreoirí (agus oifigigh na gclub) as Gaeilge. Baintear feidhm as páipéar Éireannach agus comh fada agus is féidir 'siad comhluchtaí Éireannacha a gheibheann órdaithe an Ch.L.G. Cuirtear cláracha ar fáil ar a mbíonn roinnt Gaeilge i gcónaí—cinnte bíonn ainmneacha na nimreoirí as Gaeilge, agus is as Gaeilge a cantar Amhrán na bhFian i bPáirc an Crócaigh. Cuireann an C.L.G. páistí ag an nGaeltacht chuile bliain.

Tríd is tríd is dóigh liom gur ag seanmóireacht cosúil le muintir an chreidimh atá an Coiste.

I dtosach báire bíodh an Ghaeilge beagán beag ar a bonaibh 'sna scoileanna agus ina na coláistí—ansan leanfaidh an C.L.G. leis an dea-obair ar scála níos mó agus mar a bhéadh cúrsa leanúnach don aosóg.

Nuair a chuirfeas an Coiste (mar dhaoine agus mar fhostaitheoirí) an béim ar dhéantuisí sa Ghaeltacht a oirfeas don Ch.L.G. cabhróidh an Cumann lena leitheid. Geansaithe, sliotair, peileanna, stocaí, brógaí, clódóireacht, camáin—agus dála an scéil níor dúradh tada fé chrainn fuinseoige a chur sa Ghaeltacht—sin iad roinnt de na rudaí a d'fhéadfaí a chur ar fáil sa Ghaeltacht don Chumann. Ceapaim, fiú, go gcabhródh an C.L.G. leis na tionnscail sin a bhunú.

Nuair a chinntear ar scéimeanna leis an daonradh a choinneál sa Ghaeltacht, nó fiú é mhéadú, tig le mo léithéid-se an Cumann a ghriosadh chun páirceanna imeartha a chur ar fáil sna dúthaigh.

Smaoinítear i gcónaí gurbé an Cumann Lúchleas Gael a chéad chuir an spiorad, agus an meanma sna daoine seachtó bliain ó shin. Chuireadar an béim ar an Náisiúntacht agus ar chultúr na nGael. Is dá thoradh a d'fhás eagrais mar Chonradh na Gaeilge agus Sinn Féin. Is dá thoradh a tháinig an Éirí Amach i 1916.

Thiocfadh leis an gCumann dothain eile a dhéanamh sa lá atá inniu ann ach tá dualgaisí ar mhuintir eile seachas iad chun an d'athbheochaint. Má tá cúnamh de dhith ar luch na hathbheochana tá's acu cé bhfaighidís é ach ná cuirtear an milleán ar an gCumann Lúchleas Gael má thugann sé áiseanna do na daoine sean-chluichí na nGael a chleachtadh gan ach Béarla á labhairt acu.



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# TRIALS ARE A WASTE OF TIME

By Jim O'Brien

I THINK it is about time that Leinster joined the other provinces by scrapping this Railway Cup trial business. As I see it, they serve little purpose.

The football semi-final against Connacht does not take place until February 23, but the team has been chosen on the basis of a trial on January 19.

Now I ask you—how are players to be expected to give their best in the middle of January, and furthermore what is the relationship between form in mid-January and that of late February or mid-March?

The teams chosen have already been widely criticised so I will not labour the point—but I do believe that it is time that the province woke up and choose its players on performances in League and championship games as has been done in other provinces.

Can it be that the Leinster selectors are not familiar with the players and must have them paraded in front of them? If so it is the selectors who should be put on trial in mid-January and let the players have a hand at picking a handful of sensible men.

## STEPHEN WHITE

The country had its say some time ago on the merits of proportional representation voting and by National referendum it decided to retain the system. Still it can produce some weird results.

Take the recent case of the election of the Louth senior football selection committee for 1964. There were thirteen candidates and after the first count nobody was surprised to find the great Stephen White firmly at the head

of the poll. There were five positions to be filled—yet believe it or not but the former Leinster and Ireland star never made it.

While still on Louth—Nicky Roe, the sharp-shooter of a decade



*Stephen White . . . a victim of P.R. ?*

and more ago, has been appointed team manager.

## COUNTY HISTORY

The Westmeath Convention passed a motion which all counties should take note of and seriously consider. It asked that a history of the G.A.A. within the county be compiled. This is something which unless undertaken within the next few years can never be done properly at a later date.

There is surely a man to be had in every county who would undertake the task of collecting the necessary material. If this were done a professional scribe could be called in, if needs be, to put the

finishing touches and shape it into book form.

Let's hope Westmeath get down to the job and thereby set a lead for the other counties of Ireland.

## JIMMY HATTON

They don't have too many occasions for celebrating down Wicklow way but the Gaels of Kilcoole had something to shout about last year when Jimmy Hatton took charge of the All-Ireland senior hurling final and made a fine job of it too.

The event was remembered at a recent social at which Jimmy was presented with a plaque by the local club and a gold watch from the North Wicklow Board.

Jimmy, who is also a prominent hurler and footballer having represented the county in both codes, is proof of the orthodox method of producing referees. It was a referees' course conducted by Simon Deignan which set him on the road to becoming a leading knight of the whistle.

## DEBATE ?

First speaker—"Why pick on soccer? Why for instance is there no objection to G.A.A. supporters attending race meetings and various other sports?"

Second speaker—"I suggest that at one time or another every person at this meeting broke the rules by attending the so called foreign dances."

Believe it or not but the above is taken from a report of the annual general meeting of the Mattock Rangers Club, County Louth.

Just as a quick mental exercise see how many errors you can find in these two statements. There are at least three.



# SEAMUS HOARE

A PROFILE BY CONALLACH



Seamus Hoare.

THE Ulster Railway Cup team has been chosen and at long last Seamus Hoare, the consistent Donegal goalkeeper and son of a Kerryman, has gained inter-provincial recognition—ten years after he first donned an Ulster colleges jersey in 1954.

He was selected for Railway Cup trials on at least four occasions, but only one of them was played and owing to the brilliance of Tyrone's long serving Thady Turbett and the fact that Donegal were not in the limelight for many years, he was denied the opportunity of representing his province.

However, his service to Donegal for the past ten years could not be overlooked and that plus his outstanding displays in this year's championship earned him the honours. In Donegal's last match with Down, at Irvinestown, he saved two penalties and there is no doubt but that he is the most consistent goalkeeper the county ever had.

When I met Seamus recently in his native Letterkenny we had a very pleasant conversation about some great games of the past. He and I were team-mates on the St. Eunan's College, MacRory Cup team of 1951—the first year that Hoare was capped for the college team and he was in goal when we beat St. Malachy's College, Belfast for the first time ever after a gruelling hour. He felt that this game really broke the ice for St.

Eunan's and spurred them on to greater achievements in the years that were to follow.

Of that 1951 team we recalled such players as Colm Toland, who played a few years ago for U.C.D. and was on the Ulster colleges' team with Hoare in 1954, and my old friends Tom McGinley, Paul Carr, Tommy Breslin, Cormac Breslin (who is on the present county team), Joe Logue, Fr. Willie McMenaman and many others.

Seamus Hoare started his playing career with the Presentation Brothers, Letterkenny, and later graduated through St. Eunan's Club team with whom he played senior football while he was only a juvenile. He has won two county championship medals; five league medals and several tournament trophies—especially the Omagh tournament which his club won three times. He played in goal for the county minors for three years '52, '53, '54, and since then he has faithfully guarded the net for the seniors with the exception of a period when he was off with an injured knee. In fact at that time the injury was serious and it was felt that he would never play again, but with proper treatment and his own desire and determination to get back to the game which he loved, he was soon in action again and I believe that he will be Donegal's custodian for many years to come.

As regards the county team, he

rates the present defence as the best which he has played behind, although he recalled the great understanding he had with fellow St. Eunan's man Michael Ronaghan (who is now in the United States) when he was at full back in the late 'fifties. Ronaghan at his peak was a great footballer and he played on the Ulster team which was beaten by Munster in Killarney in 1959. Hoare has high hopes of Donegal coming to the top but an improvement must be shown in the forward line.

And talking of forward play he has great admiration for Sean O'Connell of Derry whom he considers to be the most dangerous forward in Ulster.

I left Seamus Hoare at his neat bungalow near O'Donnell Park, Letterkenny wished him well and drove up through the town. I have indeed some great memories of the Cathedral town of Letterkenny; of my student days at St. Eunan's College, and foremost amongst my thoughts were those hectic college games under the expert guidance of Dr. Cunnea, who is the present President of the College, the many thrilling county matches at O'Donnell Park, and afterwards my visits with Dungloe to play St. Eunan's in the senior county championship. Seamus Hoare in all these games proved a reliable custodian who was always fit and above all a great sportsman.



# SCRAPBOOK

By EAMONN YOUNG

CONVERSATION heard at a match before Christmas as the two looked at the National Flag.

"Who wrote the words of the National Anthem?"

"Peadar Kearney of course."

"Right. Well who wrote the music?"

"The music . . .? The music? Was it Kearney?"

Well it wasn't and I didn't know either so I found out.

Why don't I give the name here? Why should I. Sure everyone knows who it was. Don't you?

\* \* \*

I heard some vigorous complaints about a referee's inability to control a game, to make up his own mind, etc., etc., because he had consulted with the linesman. Somehow many of our followers do not seem to know this, the referee is quite entitled to consult both umpires and linesmen.

\* \* \*

Once upon a time there was a mighty full back who played for the Kingdom (and won a couple of All-Irelands with them). His name was Ned Roche. When the days of glory had departed he took up team management and his initial joust went very near winning the game from the sideline. The centre forward was having a bad day and a winger (who naturally thought he was having a whale of a game) shouted to the kingpin on the line and nodded with his head to indicate willingness to move into the centre forward's place and pull the game out of the fire. For a moment Ned paused while lessons of the glorious years flashed on the screen of the mind. With a wave he called the winger over and enthusiastically our man com-

plied to be met with the salty remark.

"You'd better come off—now."

The winger departed from the scene of action and Ned's team won—well very nearly.

\* \* \*

Once many years ago, Collins, a very good army team down our way, were playing Canovee in Coachford. It was the semi-final of the county championship but we were worried, for Canovee were improving and John Cronin of Milltown and Kerry was on the line with an injury. Bernie O'Donovan came on at right full back as a result and the slim hardy young lad was having a very good game. Niall Fitzgerald was at centrefield taking them out of the sky and I was on the forty scraping them off the ground (and getting caught an odd time). Really I was bad and late in the second half Canovee began to put in a terrific effort. Our lads on the line, with Jock Caseley from Monaghan in charge, were sweating bricks and we all hoped Cronin could come on and make an effort. Winded after another vain effort to justify a great name I fell on the ground. Someone said Cronin was coming on and I saw Jock Caseley running on the field.

"Who's going off," says I trying to draw breath while prone on the ground.

Fitzgerald looks at me and says flatly: "I think you are."

All the fire of my mighty ancestors came to me in a flood as I jackknifed from the sod and landed running—away from Jock.

They put Bernie Donovan off and sure the child has never for-

given us. I can see him on television in about sixty years time telling what he has against the G.A.A.

\* \* \*

It was a windy day and his team was ahead by two points. Time was nearly up and being an intelligent lad who could read, he decided to take a chance. The ball had gone wide and as he prepared to kick it out into the teeth of the wind for the umpteenth time, it was hard to blame him for using his imagination. When the referee's whistle went for the kick out, he trotted out purposefully to the ball. All opponents were outside the twenty-one. But instead of kicking it he stabbed his toe into the ground and the ball leaped up into his arms. Then off he went like the hammers of hell on the solo.

The opponents were dumbfounded until a cry of rage rose from one of the more quick-witted and this worthy charged on the man with the ball who with all the aplomb in the world wriggled past him and flew down the field, drove a long low intelligent pass to a winger, who handpassed to the centre-forward and that kind gentleman slipped through for a neat point. By this time the referee too had been jerked into wakefulness and he nearly burst a blood vessel blowing the whistle. Back came the ball and the referee placed it for a fourteen yard free against the first player. But that was nothing to the groans and curses that were wafted on the winter air when it was found the referee had awarded a penalty—as the first player had fouled on

(Continued on page 41.)





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# WHAT A TEAM!

CLOVER MEATS LTD., Waterford, must surely have an almost irrefutable claim to being the leading employers of prominent hurlers.

To begin, almost a third of the Waterford team can be found there on any working day. John Barron is there—as are Martin Og Morrissey, Mickey Walsh and Percy Flynn. With them is Kilkenny's Willie Murphy.

Willie might have appeared somewhat of an odd man out prior to last year's Waterford-Kilkenny final, but in fact he was by no means on his own on "enemy territory." There was plenty of support from a host of former Kilkenny stars.

There is Martin White, a hero of the Black and Amber, in the never-to-be-forgotten finals of 1931, '32, '33, '35, '36 and '37. Dick Morrissey, another member of the 1931 team is the Company's Chief Engineer. Dick was seriously injured in the first game against Cork in the '31 decider and spent two years in hospital as a result. He never hurled again.

Representing the next era of Kilkenny greatness there is Jack Gargan. He played in the 1939, '40, '45 and '46 finals. There is also Bobby Hicks who was with Jack in the great battles of 1939 and '40.

Jimmy Heffernan played in his first final with Kilkenny in 1945. He was also there for the deciders of 1946, '47 and '50. Jimmy's brother Michael also works in Clover Meats. Michael has quite a hurling record too. He won four Waterford senior hurling medals with Mount Sion, four Kilkenny senior football medals with Glenmore and two Wexford senior medals with New Ross—ten county



championship medals in all and in three counties.

John Sutton the stylish Kilkenny and Leinster mid-fielder of the 'fifties is yet another former Kilkenny star with the Company. John, of course, won an All-Ireland medal in 1957, while there is also Joe Dunphy, who captained the Kilkenny minors in their All-Ireland victories of 1961 and '62.

It is therefore obvious that Willie Murphy was in no way

lacking in moral support during the exciting weeks prior to last year's final. With him he had seven former Kilkenny All-Ireland players who could claim to have played in no less than twenty deciders.

Then, of course, there was Mickey Walsh who had played with Kilkenny in the 1957 and '59 finals but who was in the Waterford colours for last year's final.

All this, in fact, means that the home-county is somewhat in the minority in the Company. Other than John Barron, Martin Og Morrissey and Percy Flynn there are only two other Deise hurlers—Josie Murphy, a nephew of Charlie and Jim Ware. Josie was a substitute on the victorious 1948 Waterford team. The other player is last year's minor full forward, Frank Moran, who many believe will one day graduate to senior ranks.

However, be they Waterford or Kilkennymen they collectively form a great gathering of hurling stars and Clover Meats Ltd. has every reason to feel proud of them all.

## SCRAPBOOK

(Continued from page 39.)

the five yards mark where the ball had been placed for the kick-out.

Anyway why prolong the agony? Up came a strong butt of a lad and he nearly kicked the ball right through the back of the net giving his team a lead of two points—and the whistle blew. The crowd rushed the field. They beat up the referee and the intelligent chap who started it all was last seen running home through the fields about two jumps ahead of the posse. The referee resigned from refereeing and the player emigrated to Dagenham. The venue got no

more matches from the County Board. Did all this happen?

Not at all. I made it up as I went along but you know very well it could. By the way would you have given a free against the first player mentioned? You would, of course. Well then we must change the rules for number one hundred and forty one says (among other things):

"The player taking the kick-out may play the ball more than once before any other player touches it."

Good luck, now.



## SONGS OF THE GAEL

"OH, the Summer-time is coming," if we are to believe those much travelled men the Clancy Brothers, from Carrick-on-Suir, not forgetting Tommy Makem from the town of Keady, and I have been long meaning to write to Tom Clancy, if he would ever stay long enough in the one place for a letter to get to him, to ask him to give us a hurling song or even a football song from the Gaelic fields an odd time.

There are surely a few old songs on the native games that they could pick up in their own country—why do they never give us the 'Carrick Boatman', or even

the 'Lament for Johnno' two famous songs from that sector of the Suir, though those two admittedly have nothing to do much with sport—but there are plenty of old songs down there about the old footballers of Grangemockler and the Slatequarries—back to the time when Tom Kiely's men raised the skies above Slievenamon with their cheering in the 'Hollow Field.'

When I was a lad down that country, the cry used to be "Carrick for a man or a dog," and there used to be a breed of fighting dogs in the old town a hundred years ago or more that matched

in fame even such matchless men as the Davins.

'Tis a strange thing that I never remembered a ballad or a verse of a song about the athletic prowess of the Deerpark Davins, though I do remember 'Cock-up', that character who used play the tin whistle on the streets of Waterford long ago, having a verse or two about Tom Kiely, "the peerless champion from Sweet Ballyneale."

But when I was first going to matches with my father and uncles, more years ago than I care to recall, the ballad-singers and the musicians used to muster in force for every big game. Those were more leisurely times, of course, and the motor car was still the prerogative of the rich so that the crowds for a match used gather in the town earlier in the day than now and stay later, too, for that matter.

And what a world of ballads they had, although I admit that most of them came from an older day. There was a great favourite dealing with Wedger Meagher and the Toomevara Greyhounds, and the time they routed supposedly invincible Kilkenny in the Croke Memorial Final at Dan Fraher's Shandon Park, on a sun-sweet day below in Dungarvan beside the sea, and most pleasant setting ever known for a Gaelic field.

I can hear a tinker man and tinker woman singing together yet on a day of a Munster final in Dungarvan, in the 'twenties.

"Then here's to Toomevara, may your banner never fall,

You conquered Clare and Galway and you shattered Cork's stone wall,

But I never can forget the day Kilkenny's pride went down Before the skill of Wedger's men in old Dungarvan town."

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The Kilkenny ballad-singers had an answer to that, for later in 1913, Kilkenny beat the Greyhounds in the All-Ireland final at Jones's Road, and a new song went the rounds.

"To Jones's Road in red and gold, one mellow Autumn day,  
From hill and glen came Wedger's men, all eager from the fray.

From Nenagh Street, from Galtees sweet, from Suir and Shannon side

To snatch that crown of bright renown that was Kilkenny's pride.

But the Toomevara Greyhounds saw their hopes of glory fall,  
For their bravest broke like windswept smoke against Mooncoin's stone-wall."

That song, though, was not nearly as popular in Kilkenny as another which appertained to the All-Ireland final of 1912 in which the Noremen had rather luckily beaten Cork. Someone composed a long song about that game which was sung outside hurling matches in Kilkenny for thirty years and snatches of it I'm sure can still be heard when the old-timers gather to-day.

"'Twas in November, I well remember,  
To Dublin City, we went by train,

The morn was calm and the sun was shining

As the sky cleared off from a shower of rain.

Half-past two was the hour appointed

In the Gaelic Field at the Jones's Road,

Where the Leinster champions in black and amber

Faced the pride of Munster in green and gold.

The coin is tossed and Kilkenny wins it,

Droog Walsh the captain calls out the roll,

And the backs are moving to take their places

With John Power from Pilltown on the Railway goal."

And so it went on for twenty or thirty verses, recounting every high-light of that game in picturesque detail. But as I have said, even in my youth these were old songs, and not very many new songs came in once the motor cars and the wireless age began to take over.

Phil O'Neill, God rest him, wrote a few, about Kerry, about Cork, about Boherlahan, about the Men of Mooncoin, but they never achieved the publicity or the popularity they deserved, and I wonder how many except myself remember them now?

The old ballad bloomed briefly after some big games, but only briefly, and I wonder is it significant that the only songs connected with the G.A.A. to attain

prominence in recent years, or to attain any popularity have all been laments—"The Lament for Tommy Daly"; "The Lament for P. J. Duke"; "The Lament for John Joe O'Reilly."

So that, if the Clancys are going to add on any hurling or football songs to their list, they will need to move fast, for there cannot be many left now who remember the songs of the old days.

And while they are at it they might remember there is a great football song to be found in Dublin too, the song of the 'Parish' from around Seville Place and that quarter, telling of the days of St. Mary's and O'Tooles, the song that has the refrain:

"When the Boys from the Parish won three in a row."

Though where it could be collected now, except from Johnny or Paddy McDonnell or the Synnott's I don't know, for the author died a couple of years ago.

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# THE ASHBOURNE CUP

**B**IGGEST event on the camogie fields in February will as usual be the inter-varsity competition for the Ashbourne Cup, which by long-standing tradition is played on the week-end immediately preceding Ash Wednesday.

Now by a peculiar trick of the Clerk of the Weather this is also on average one of the worst week-ends of the winter, but it is the proud boast of the University camogie players that never yet has the weather got the better of this competition although it went perilously near to doing so at Belfield in 1962 when six or eight inches of snow made it impossible to play the Saturday semi-finals. Yet the U.C.D. hurlers and footballers turned out the following morning and shifted ton after ton of snow off that pitch so that the semi-finals were played after all, the only games decided in Dublin that week-end.

True, the final had to be put back for a couple of weeks, but the Ashbourne Cup had again defied the weather.

The Cup was presented more than fifty years ago by Lord Ashbourne, Mac Giolla Brighde, who, when possible, liked to present the trophy himself, and continued to do so for nearly forty years. The competition was at first restricted to the Constituent Colleges of the National University, but Queen's University joined in, in the early 'thirties.

Strangely enough, Queen's, though going very close to victory on several occasions have never yet succeeded in winning the trophy, but it cannot be long until they succeed in doing so. To revert to the weather at Ashbourne time, I remember when the competition used to take several days and each team played all the others (the champions being

decided on the league system), that snow and sleet fell right through the competition in Cork, and yet the event was finished though no other sporting event was held in any part of Ireland that week-end.

Then, I think it was a year or two after the end of World War II, there came a Sunday so wet that again almost all games for the day had to be abandoned, for the rain really came down by the bucket, and it had rained for several days beforehand as well.

But the Ashbourne Cup final was due to be played at Belfield and the Ashbourne Cup final went on, even though the usual G.A.A. pitches at the U.C.D. Grounds were completely waterlogged and unplayable. However, the goal-posts were moved down to the athletic field, then absolutely sacrosanct, for no other games were ever allowed on it at that time. But the girls got round the powers that be, and the Ashbourne final was played there in rain so heavy that you could hardly see from one goal to the other.

Were the girls daunted? Not a bit of it, for a more exciting game I have rarely watched and the issue was not decided until the last whistle blew. Indeed, shortly before that last whistle with Dublin leading by, I think, two points, the brilliant Cork forward, Peggy Hobbs, the most popular Ashbourne player of her time, broke through only to have her shot for the winning goal magnificently saved by the Dublin goalie, Peggy Lemass, a daughter of An Taoiseach.

The most amazing Ashbourne final of all, however, was played in Belfast just before the War. The finalists were Dublin and Cork and the venue was the old Corrigan Park. Again days of previous rain had left the ground a quagmire and the conditions were all but

impossible when the teams took the field, for most of the playing area was three or four inches deep in liquid mud. Cork had an early point, and as the ground steadily got worse and worse, as the surface cut up completely, it looked likely that this would be the only score.

By the interval there was only one patch of solid earth on the whole field, about fifteen yards out from the goal which Cork were defending in the second half and somewhat to the left of the posts. A shrewd Dublin mentor instructed the most accurate U.C.D. forward to take her position on this island and on peril of her life not to leave it for the entire second half. "We'll keep playing the ball out that direction all the time," she said—"It will come to you sooner or later and you'd better not miss the chance, for you won't get another."

For fifteen minutes of the second half that maiden all forlorn stood on her island and the ball never came near her and even the Cork defence forgot about her, until, finally someone drove up a long ball that landed right at the forward's toes. As the defenders laboured back through the morass, she teed up that ball and then drove an unsaveable shot past the goal-keeper for the winning score, the only goal of the game.

There were ten minutes still to go but the rain kept coming down in torrents, play never again moved past centre-field, and in fact just before the end the ball got lost in the mud, could not be found and a new one had to be thrown in.

And the finale to that game is more unbelievable still. There was a Belfast girl playing on that Dublin team and when the last whistle blew her mother

(Continued on page 47)



# MARCUS HENRY OF SLIGO

By Alleyman

THE 1963 championships have now passed into history. Yet many of the highlights and the entertaining moments they provided us with still live on. As might be expected, there was the usual quota of surprises, with some of the more fancied players falling by the wayside and on the other-hand there was the upsurge of new talent, to spice the championships with the flavour of surprise, to bring much-wanted success to their native counties and to leave indelible imprints on the game which will be to the advantage of all in the years ahead.

This month's story is based on one of these lion-hearted champions, but more gratifying still is the fact that for the first time a minor stands under the spotlight.

Literally speaking my last statement is incorrect for the personage under review is in fact well used to spotlights, and appeared on the stage of Dublin's now silent Theatre Royal at the age of fourteen. Hailing from Sligo and a pupil of Colaiste Mhuire, Ballymote, he is Marcus Henry, the present All-Ireland minor Soft Singles champion, who made history last season when he returned to the Yeats' County with the elusive trophy, a

victory which signalled the initial success of Sligo in this grade.

He is by nature a born athlete and his feats in the ballcourt in recent years had already earmarked him as a prospective champion. Although only eighteen years old his athletic career has been so diversified as to fit the frame of one twice his years.

Henry was only twelve years old when he first set out on the winning trail, and collected both league and championship medals in the Sligo schools competitions. At fourteen he had the unique distinction of winning a Sligo minor football championship medal and another particularly interesting feature of that final was that Marcus partnered his brother Justin in the forward line and between them they succeeded in getting all the scores. Incidentally, Justin later played on the county senior team and was a prolific scorer until emigration called him from these shores.

On the handball court both Marcus and Justin combined very effectively, won various trophies and were showing signs that one day they would explode on the handball front as a partnership who would do the Yeats' County

proud. But besides athletics the Henry family was also interested in other spheres of life, particularly theatrical. And is that any wonder when they had as their father Val Henry, a stage magician known throughout the halls of Ireland. Indeed, the calculated coolness of Marcus is very often attributed to the stage experience he gained with his father.

My own particular outstanding memory of Henry the handballer goes back to the last Sunday in September, 1962, and to the alley at Ceanannus Mor. The occasion was the All-Ireland minor Soft Doubles final with Sligo represented by Henry and Noel Clarke fighting it out with the Kirby brothers, Dan and John, from Clare. For sheer honest endeavour, the refusal to give in when defeat stared Sligo in the face, and a recovery that very nearly yielded victory, the palm went that day to Marcus Henry from Ballymote.

He had now surely proved himself and was it any wonder that when the minor championships commenced last season he was immediately tipped to take a title. Neither did he disappoint, for after taking all Connaught titles (Continued cols. 2 & 3 next page.)

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## READERS WRITE

A Chara, — Heartiest congratulations on being the only group to honour Phil Grimes as the Hurler of 1963. Yours was indeed the correct choice and I know that I speak for the vast majority of fair-minded hurling followers throughout the country.

**Seamus Mac Craith,**  
Sráid an Chapail Bhúí,  
Corcaigh.

### MORE PRAISE

Sir,—I have just finished reading Jay Drennan's profile of Phil Grimes and feel I just must write and tell you how much I've enjoyed it.

I am a Waterford woman getting on in years and I love everyone of the Waterford hurlers as I have known them all since they were children. It is a big disappointment that Phil Grimes hasn't been awarded the Caltex Trophy for 1963 and it seems now that the county will never be honoured with this award.

**Decies.**

### CRITICISM

A Chara,—As a constant reader of Gaelic Sport, I wish to congratulate you on the excellent stories. However, I have some constructive criticism too. How about more space for the great men of to-day and a little less on the men of the past.

**A Young Reader,**  
Ath Cliath.

### THIRTEEN MEN

A Chara,—I think the time has come to reduce teams to 13 aside. Drop the full back and full forward and we will have cleaner and better games.

**J. Doyle,**  
Cloughdur.

## CAMOGIE

(Continued from page 45)

hurried down off the stand to congratulate her. But as each of the twelve Dublin players was covered in mud from head to toe she was unable to identify her own daughter, and had to wait until they wiped the mud off their faces to find out which player to congratulate.

## Handball

(Continued from page 46)

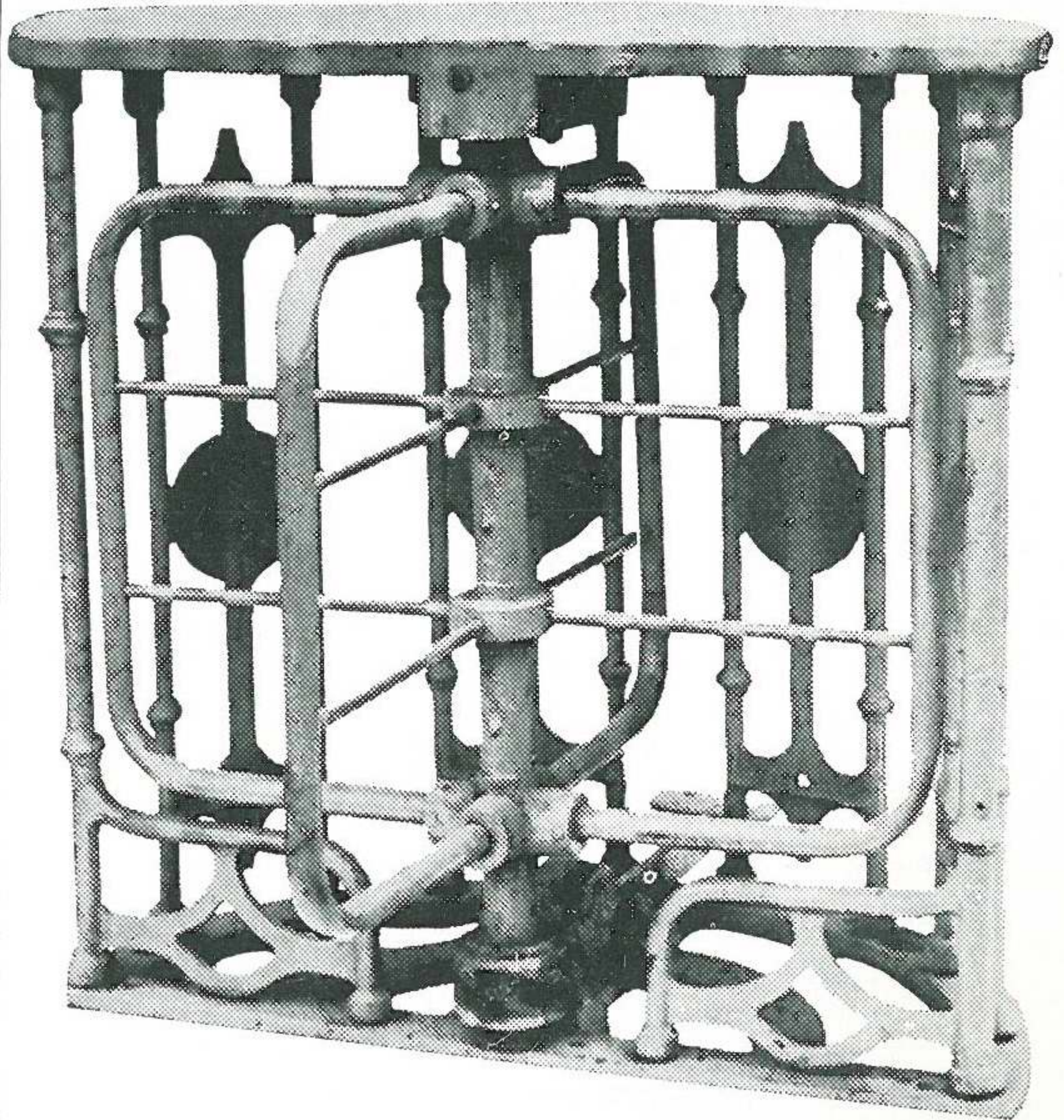
with the aid of Frank Canley he went on to record that historic singles win.

And so Ballymote has produced a champion, of whom Sligo is justifiably proud.

It would be improper, however to let the occasion slip without mentioning the tremendous assistance and encouragement rendered to young Henry by Michael

Hannon, secretary of the club, and by Des. Walsh, himself a junior All-Ireland champion, and his partner Jimmy Finn.

Together they work with the encouragement of all Sligo sportsmen to nurture the undoubted ability of a genial and modest champion, who is a credit to himself, Ballymote, Sligo and, indeed, handball.



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Mr. G. M. R. Lord, Joint Managing Director of AMF Limited, the company which installed the lanes and pinspotters, presented a dedicatory plaque to Mr. John F. Murphy—Chairman of the Tenpin Bowling Company of Ireland, the operating company of Stillorgan Bowl.

Replying to Mr. Lord, Mr. Murphy said: "When I first looked into tenpin bowling one of the things that impressed me most was the fact that the whole family could take part. As a family man and a true Irishman I felt certain that bowling would greatly appeal to my fellow countrymen." He continued, "Irishmen are also renowned for accepting a 'challenge' and I am sure we will soon have Irish bowlers competing in international tournaments amongst the best bowlers in the world. We have plans for a vigorous instructional programme which will guarantee a high standard of play."



Cork's Christy Ring who has been omitted from Munster's 1964 Railway Cup Team after 22 years of consecutive service to his province.

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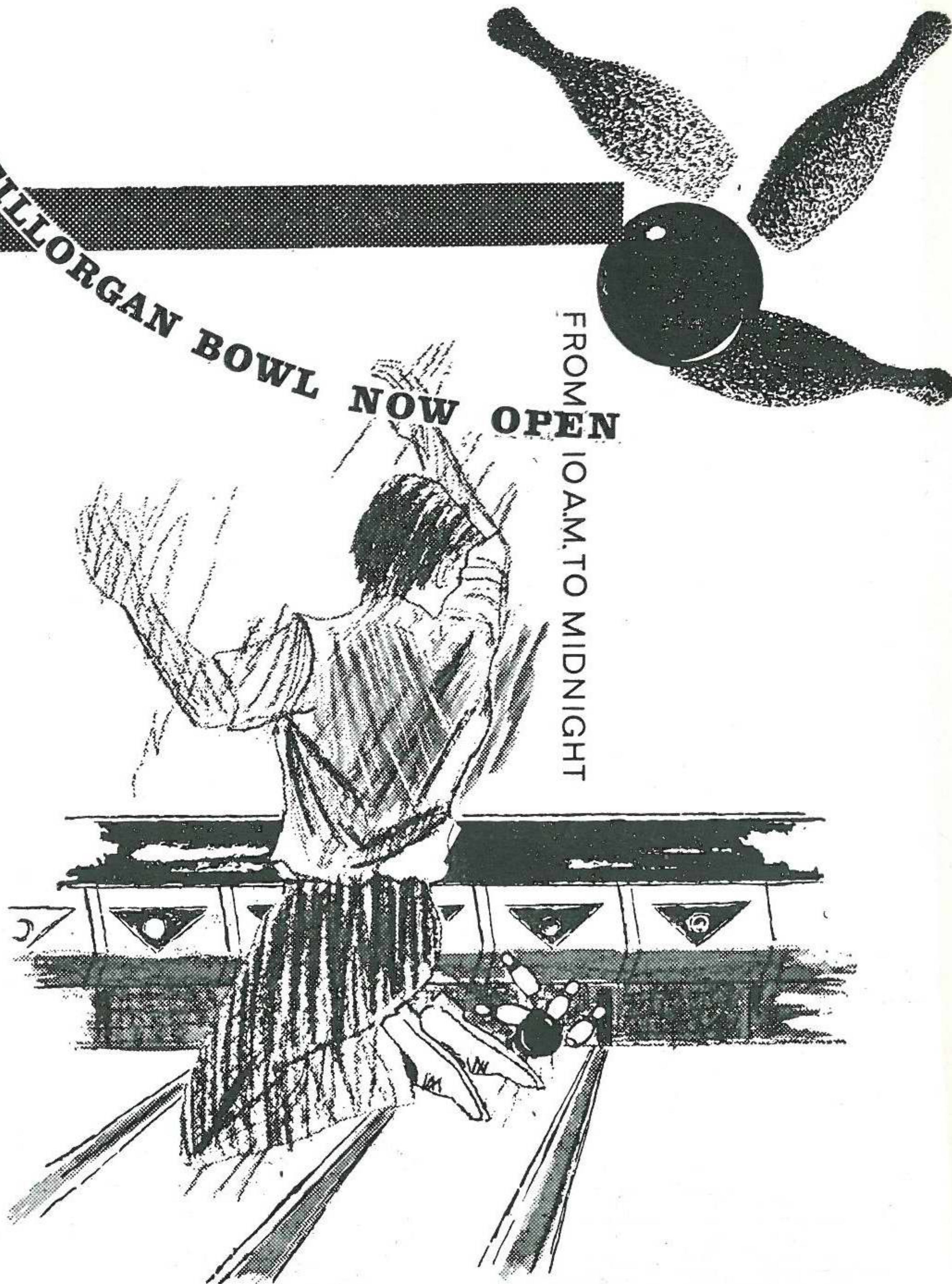
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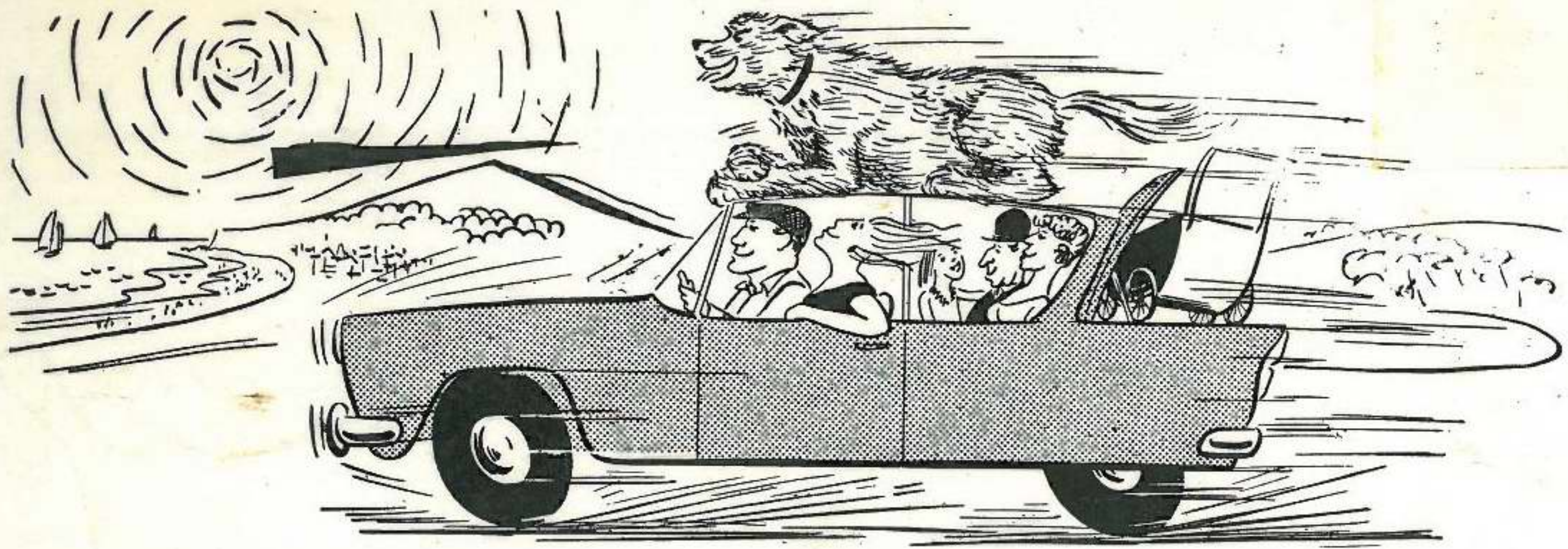


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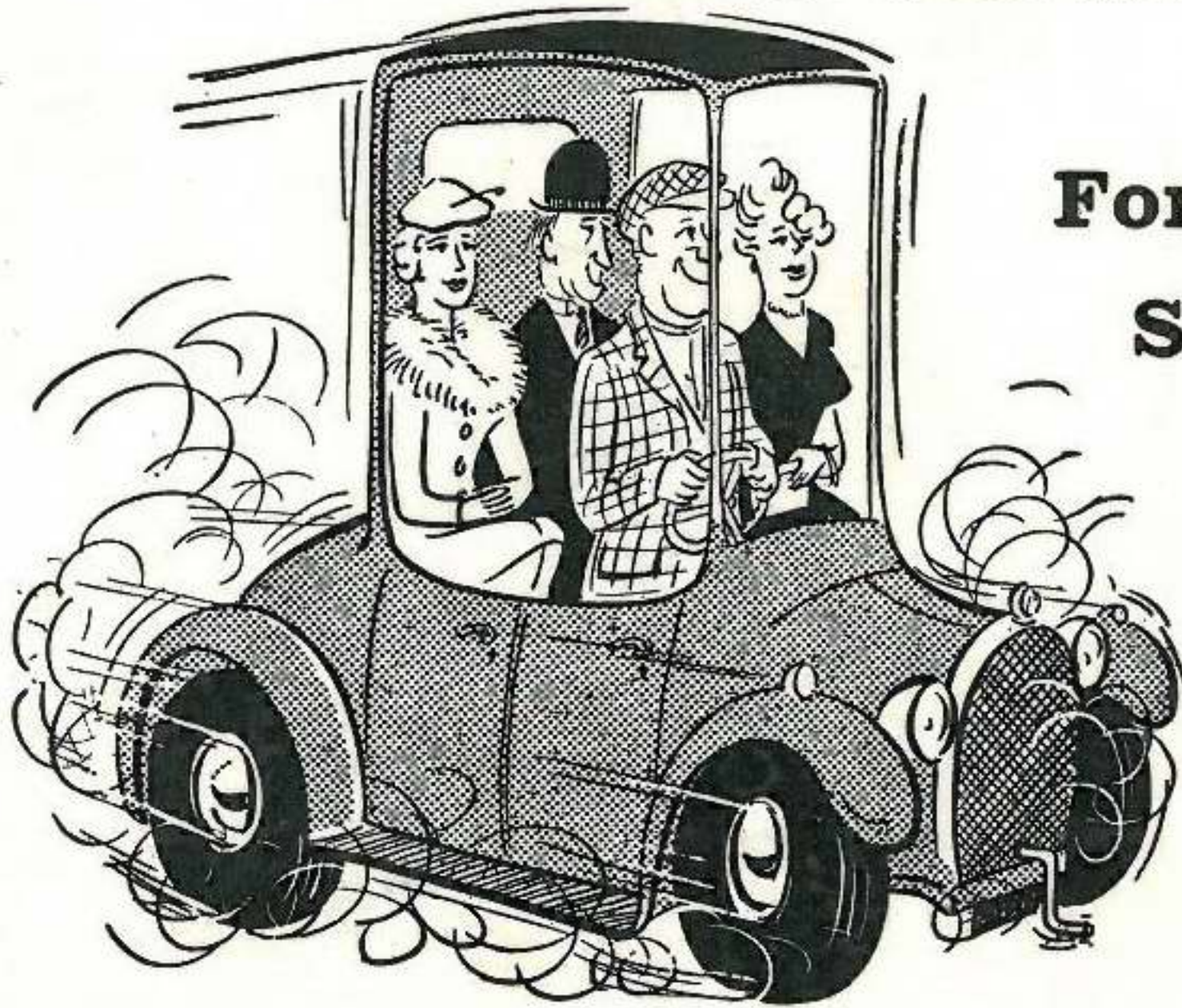
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