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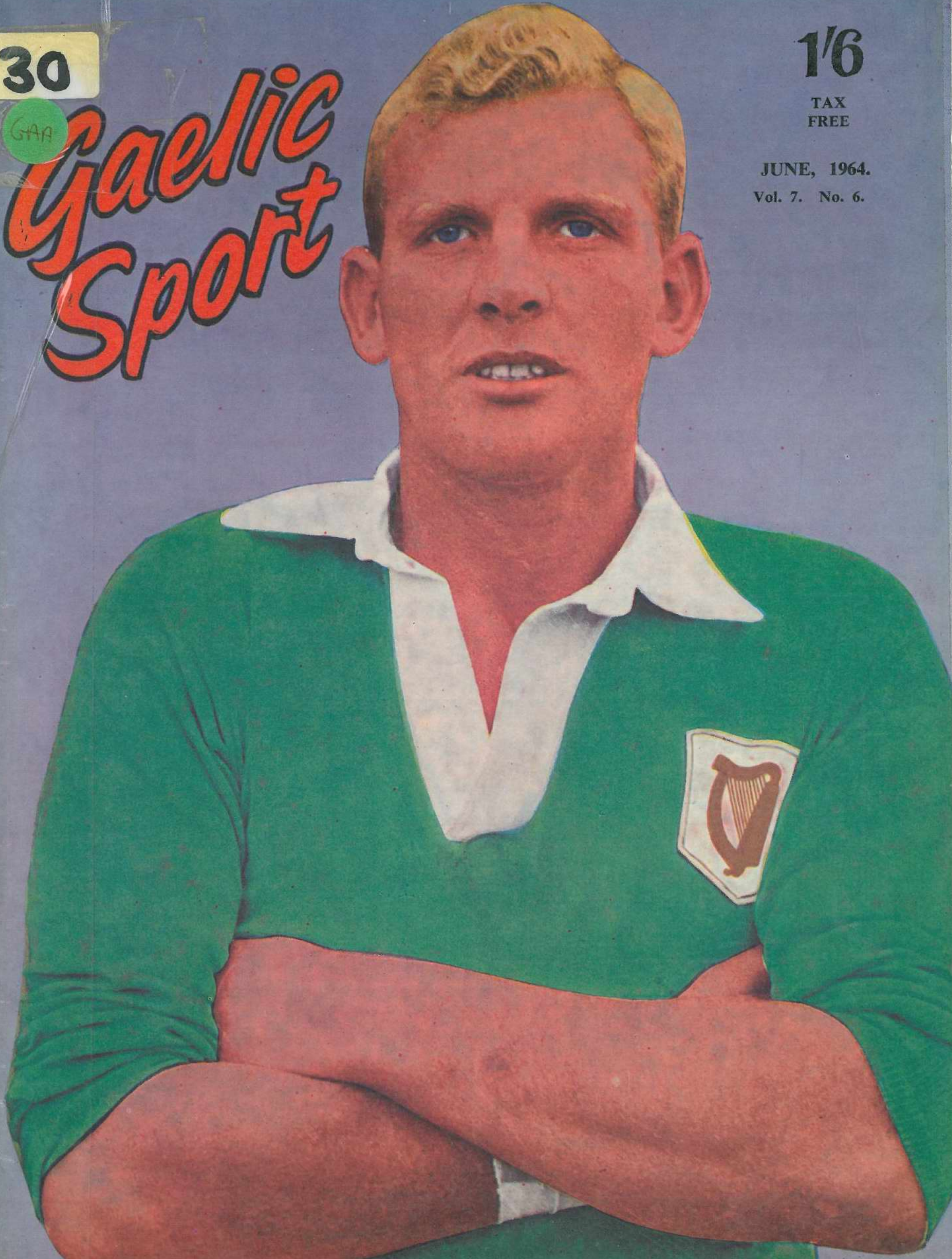
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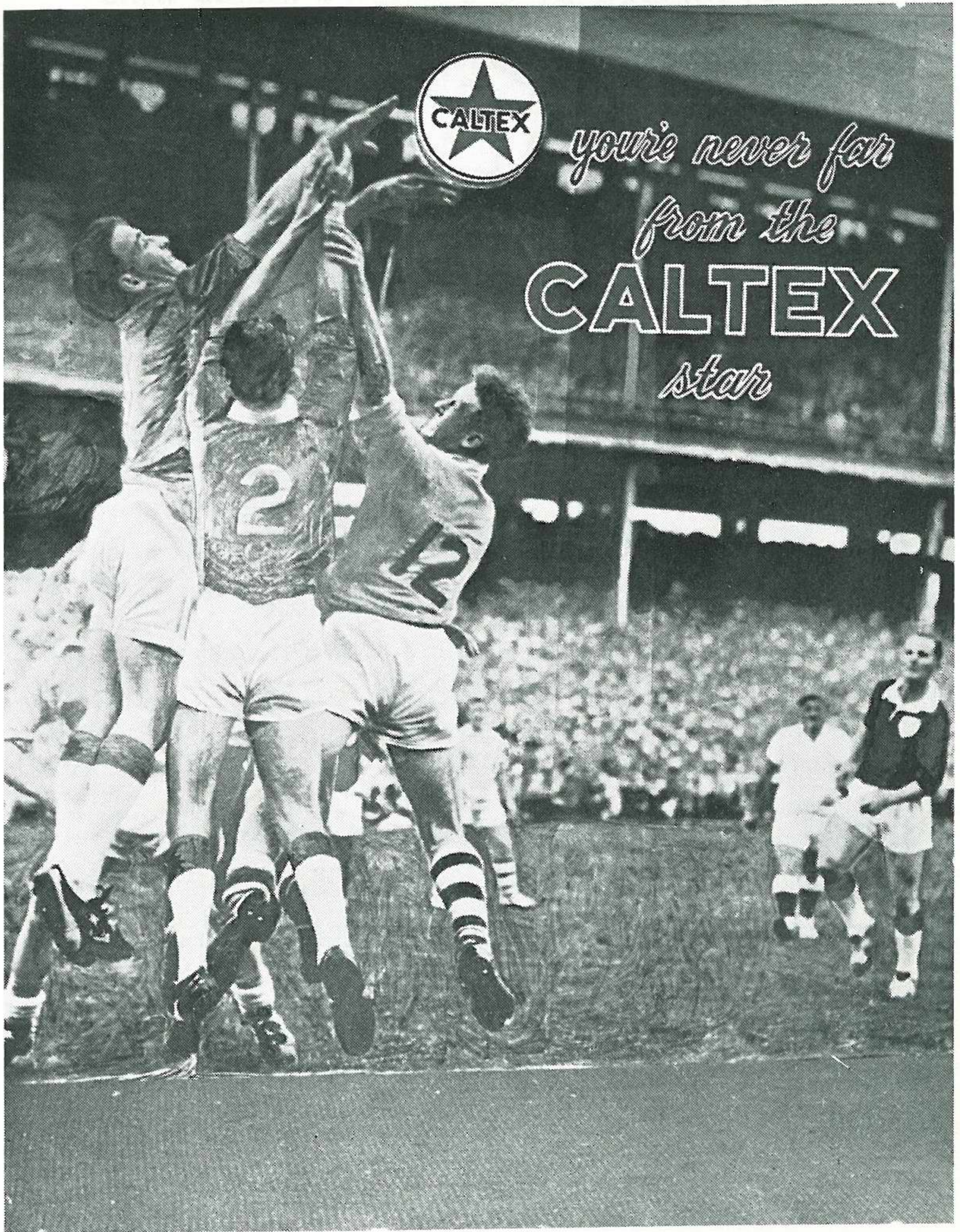
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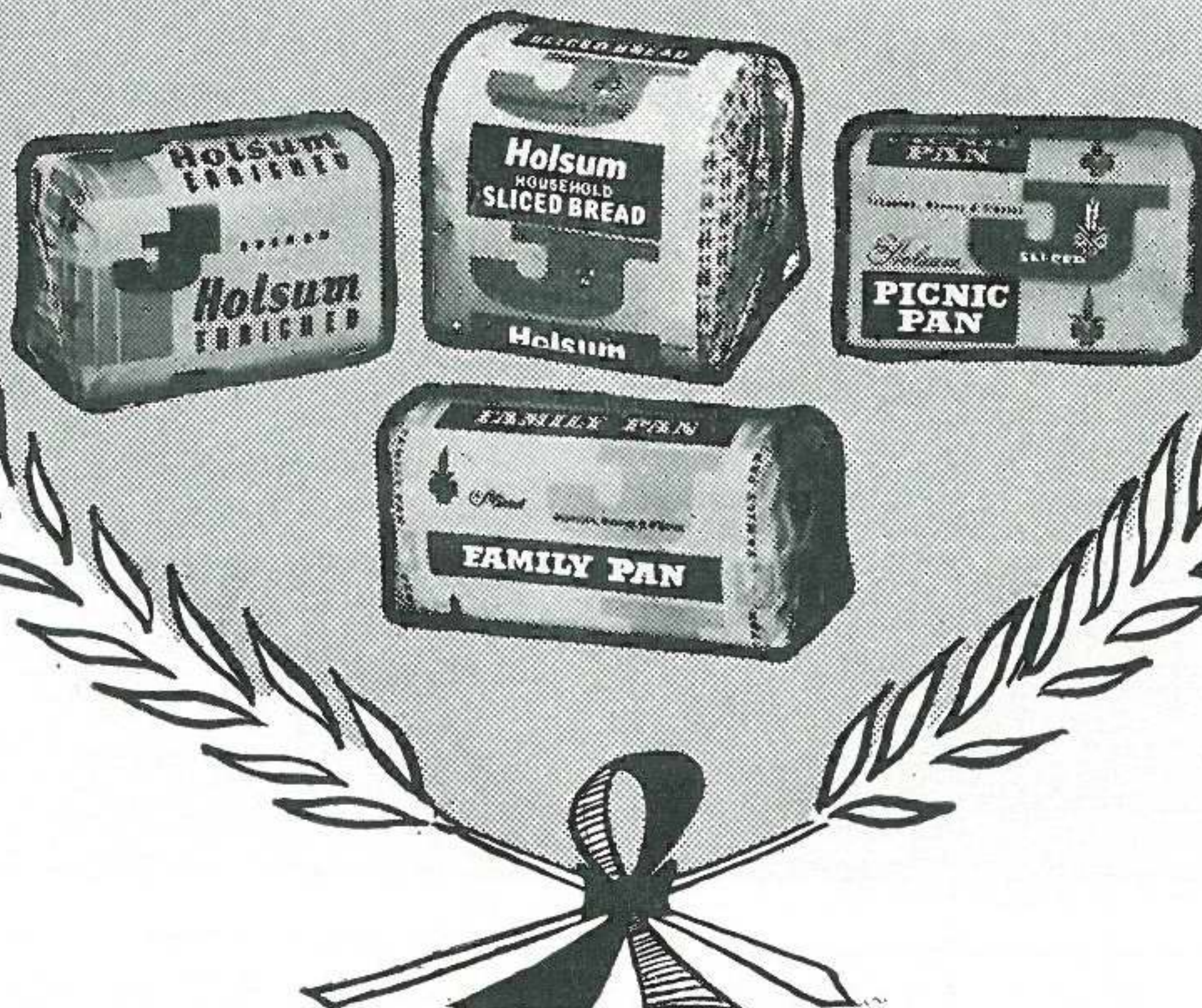


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OIDHREACTH

CUMANN LUTHCHLEAS GAEL has sadly mourned its dead leader and now it surges on inspired by the memory of him who has gone.

He came to the Association when it most needed a man of his calibre and ability. He left it strong and resilient, confident and well equipped to carry on.

The greatest monument which can be raised to the memory of Pádraig O Caoimh is the completion of the plans which he had envisaged and so carefully documented.

His dream for the complete revival of hurling must be tackled with new-found fervour and foresight. His scheme for the development of our parks and stadia must go ahead with even greater determination. His ideas for the modernisation of the machinery of the Association must be restudied and implemented.

Ach níos tábhachtaí fós fágann Pádraig O Caoimh mar oidhreachta againn an dualgas brú ar aghaigh le príomh chuspóir na hEagraíochta a chur i gcrích.

Is mar eagraíocht náisiúnta ar mhaithe le gach gné den náisiúnachas a threoraigh sé an Cumann Lúthchleas. De thoradh a chuid oibre tá mórán déanta agus níos mó fós gur féidir a dhéanamh.

Cuirimís chuige.

The Jim Dermody Story

as told to Tomás O Faoláin



THE END OF THE ROAD

Last month I told of how Kilkenny went to America in the early Summer of 1934. We went as reigning All-Ireland champions of 1932 and '33 and we came home to shock defeat and disappointment. We were victims of the "American hoodoo"—something which was begun to be recognised then and which has remained ever since.

What causes this great loss of form by virtually every team that crosses the Atlantic? As I see it there are three reasons all of which combine.

The first one is purely psychological. Most teams over the years made the trip as reigning All-Ireland champions and the visit to New York then became the final culmination of all ambition. Everything has been achieved. It is therefore difficult to immediately apply one's mind to achieving it all a second time.

My other two reasons are physical. In our day—and indeed up to the late 'forties, U.S. visits were made by sea. This took quite some time. The change of climate, food and general mode of living naturally caused a loss of physical form.

This still applies today, but to somewhat less an extent for the journey is made by air. Furthermore young Irishmen today are more accustomed to travel than were those of rural Ireland say

thirty years ago. Nonetheless the physical effects of travel, food, climate and injections are still there.

The other physical aspect of this question is that America, with its hectic activity and tumultuous welcomes, can take the edge off form and even bring about general tiredness. Getting back to the grind of training and normal living immediately on return is not easy.

However, let me say that an American trip is still a prize to be sought—even if it does mean

Jim O'Connell, who replaced Jim Dermody in Kilkenny's goal after the first round of the 1935 Championships.



running the risk of an after loss of form. This loss of form though should by no means be accepted as inevitable. With the right mental approach and a strict discipline while in the U.S. it can be avoided—especially in this modern age of quick travel and absence of rural isolation.

But to get back to my own story. The inevitable was at hand and my intercounty career was virtually

over. It happens to all players. To some it comes unexpectedly through illness or injury, but for the most it is the heavy hand of time which presses on ageing limbs and slowing reflexes.

One tries to ignore it and put off the end but the day of reckoning cannot be escaped.

My fateful day came in May, 1935. We played Offaly in the opening round of the Leinster championship at Portlaoise. It was my last time between the Kilkenny posts.

To be quite honest I had no intention of retiring early that year. I knew that there was at least one other All-Ireland in the old Kilkenny machine. We were now virtually as good as we had been in '32 or '33.

However, before the Offaly game there was a rumour that I might be replaced. Quite a few members of the team, including our captain, Lory Meagher, Paddy Phelan and Eddie Doyle took strong exception to the idea and made their views known.

Personally I knew that I was by no means indispensable and I told the boys so but anyway when the team was selected to play Offaly I was still in goal and perhaps after all the whole thing had been but a rumour.

However, by then I had made up my own mind. I would retire
(Continued Col. 3 next page)

TOP TEN

DES FOLEY HEADS RANKINGS AGAIN

For the second time this year Dublin's great-hearted Des. Foley heads our football list. This is a tremendous feat with the season still so young and it leaves the blond mid-fielder particularly well placed in the contest for the honour of football star of the year.

Our hurling list is headed by Tipperary's Mick Roche, who in recent outings has established himself as one of the finest mid-fielders in the game. Not surprisingly each of the first five positions on the hurling list are filled by Tipperarymen.

These lists are based on games played from Sunday, April 19 to Sunday, May 10, inclusive.

FOOTBALL

1. Des. Foley (Dublin).
2. Fintan Costello (Westmeath).
3. Eamonn Breslin (Dublin).
4. Des Ferguson (Dublin).
5. Frankie Donnelly (Tyrone).
6. Lar Foley (Dublin).
7. N. "Cran" Hogan (Carlow).
8. John Donnellan (Galway).
9. Paddy Doherty (Down).
10. Brendan Hayden (Carlow)

HURLING

1. Mick Roche (Tipperary).
2. Larry Kiely (Tipperary).
3. Mick Burns (Tipperary).
4. Jimmy Doyle (Tipperary).
5. John Doyle (Tipperary).
6. Tommy Ring (Westmeath).
7. John McGrath (Westmeath).
8. Tom Neville (Wexford).
9. Gerry O'Sullivan (Cork).
10. Patsy Harte (Cork).

LEAGUE SCORERS

With "home" competition in

the National League now completed the top scorers are as follows:—

FOOTBALL

1. Charlie Gallagher (Cavan), 4-31.
2. Paddy Doherty (Down), 3-22.
3. Mick O'Dwyer (Kerry), 1-26.
Mickey Whelan (Dublin), 2-23.
5. Paddy Mulvaney (Meath), 7-7.

HURLING

1. Jimmy Doyle (Tipperary), 6-26.
2. Eddie Keher (Kilkenny), 3-25.
3. Sean McLoughlin (Tipperary), 7-3.
4. John McKenna (Tipperary), 6-5.
5. Paul Lynch (Wexford), 1-18.

Jimmy Doyle's total is three points greater than that of Phil. Grimes, who last year headed the 'home' competition with a total of 4-29. However, it is but two points greater than Donie Nealon's tally of 11-9 in the 1960-'61 competition.

For the second year in succession a Cavan player has topped the National Football League list—and this despite the fact that in neither year has the county reached the final, let alone win the competition.

Last year's League top marksman was Jim McDonnell with a total of 3-25.

END OF THE ROAD

(From previous page)

and so it was. At the final whistle at Portlaoise I walked somewhat sadly off the field knowing that it was over. At the sideline, I remember turning and looking back at the goal posts which I had just vacated.

In a flash the great years rolled by—the cheering crowds, the inrushing forwards, the aching limbs, the muttered curses as players heaved and struggled in the square and of course the elation of victory.

These and many other thoughts came and went during that brief nostalgic moment at Portlaoise and for the first time in my life I wished I was a little younger.

I remained a substitute on that 1935 team and my hunch was right—Kilkenny went on to regain the title. I got a medal but it was not hard-earned.

Sitting on the sideline I watched my replacement, Jim O'Connell, guard the old familiar net with competency and prove himself worthy of being where he was.

Of course, I was sorry not to have been part of that great and exciting final of 1935—particularly as Lory was, for the first time, captain of the men in Black and Amber. But it was not to be. I was 36 years old and had my day and it was time for younger limbs and more agile hands to take over.

However, I did return to Croke Park afterwards—but in a somewhat different capacity. It is a rather good story and I'll tell you about it next month.

SEAN O DUNAGAIN

TÁ Seán Ó Dúnagáin ar saoire is níor thug peann ná dúch leis. Dá thoradh tá a alt ar iarraidh—ach beidh sé ar ais linn an mhí seo chugainn.



EDDIE KEHER: MOST SUCCESSFUL FORWARD

A GREAT MINOR

SUIR water seems to have within its composition something of the nature of the philosopher's stone, turning all its touches into hurling gold. Tipperary, Waterford, Kilkenny, and Wexford in some degree all enjoy its alchemic influence, and they are the biggest names in hurling for a number of years now. We can recall with ease All-Ireland days when Suir-side teams have dominated the scene: and in this Kilkenny and Wexford folk must bear with my licence, and must rest assured that my geographical sense is not so blunted as to exclude cognisance of the Nore, Barrow and Slaney.

To return to my original diversion. There was last year a Kilkenny-Waterford senior final, and a Wexford-Limerick minor decider. The year before it was Tipperary-Wexford for the senior, and the almost traditional Tipperary-Kilkenny minor decider. In 1961 Tipperary won from Dublin, and the minor pattern repeated itself. It was Tipperary-Wexford for the senior final in 1960 while 1959, too, was an all-Suirside occasion, as Waterford and Kilkenny played for the senior honours and Tipperary and Kilkenny for the minor.

That year, 1959, was memorable for a couple of things. The senior final provided the unusual result of a draw; Kilkenny showed that Tipperary were not completely unbeatable in minor hurling, even if it took another couple of years to give the suggestion concrete and

incontrovertible proof. That year too two of those rare types, and all the more unusual because there is so little reason why they should be rare, who make the successful transition from first-rate minors to first-rate seniors, were on view—Tom Ryan for Tipperary and Eddie Keher for Kilkenny.

On the field that day, Ryan looked a slip of a lad only; Keher

—By—
Jay Drennan

looked sturdy and well-made and not too tall. One would have expected Keher to develop as far the bigger-built man of the two. Today Keher looks even slimmer than he looked to me in 1959, and taller; but Ryan is vastly bigger, brawnier and taller than four and a half years ago. Ryan has maintained the strong full-hearted dash he showed as a minor; but Keher is something different, more mature, less flamboyant, more quietly effective. That is all part of the fascinating pattern of how good minors become good seniors, and how some others do not.

Keher as a minor was over anxious to indulge the spectacular crowd-pleasing solo, too inclined to try too much, to try too hard to do it all himself. Natural tendencies in the eagerness of youth, and certainly not failings in

a young hurler—far easier to cure them than the failings of the youth whose inertia destroys his interest in anything outside his own limited beat.

Without doubt, in the case of Keher, early promotion to the senior team, which took place almost immediately after the All-Ireland, was an immense help to his development. Many youngsters have been ruined by too early selection in higher ranks; I venture to suggest that Keher might well have been ruined if he had not been selected so soon.

From a minor team where, as the outstanding member, he felt the obligation to try too much, his promotion to senior intercounty grade where he found himself the youngest and, therefore, the most suspect link in the team, helped him, I think, to develop the economy of technique which his game now shows. It immediately eliminated any tendency towards over-elaboration which might have overcome him, for he realised that in this type of hurling he had to get the ball quickly and get it away quickly and accurately and to the immediate best advantage. The quickness of half-backs to tackle would have shown him in a single game that too much individuality could only mean disaster.

The result has been, I think, to produce the most economical forward playing the game today. He has allied to the great natural

GROWS UP

ability of the Kilkenny hurler the innate sense of ball play, the control and dexterity of hands and wrists, the co-ordination of eye and muscle—the mature gift of appreciation. He can see where the open space will be and place himself there; he can latch like lightning on a pass or a breaking ball, and play it away with minimum fuss for a score. And his shooting justifies the methods.

The modern Keher is not a noticeable hurler on the field, except, of course, when he gains possession. Christy Ring used to tie knots of apprehension in the stomachs of the opposing supporters long before the ball ever reached him; Keher attaches no lead weight to the heart until he snatches the pass or the break, or until the ball is already on the way for the posts. Natural ability, skill in execution and economy of technique combine to make Keher the most successful forward of the moment. He is the kind of hurler no half-back would wish to mark.

In last September's All-Ireland, Larry Guinan was playing a storming game against Eddie, clearing balls no matter where they were aimed or where they fell between them; cutting off the supply-line further afield; tackling and challenging. Yet, every now and again Keher was moving loose to an open space where Guinan did not expect him, and was picking up his passes and nailing point after point into Waterford's coffin. He is a player most difficult to restrict.

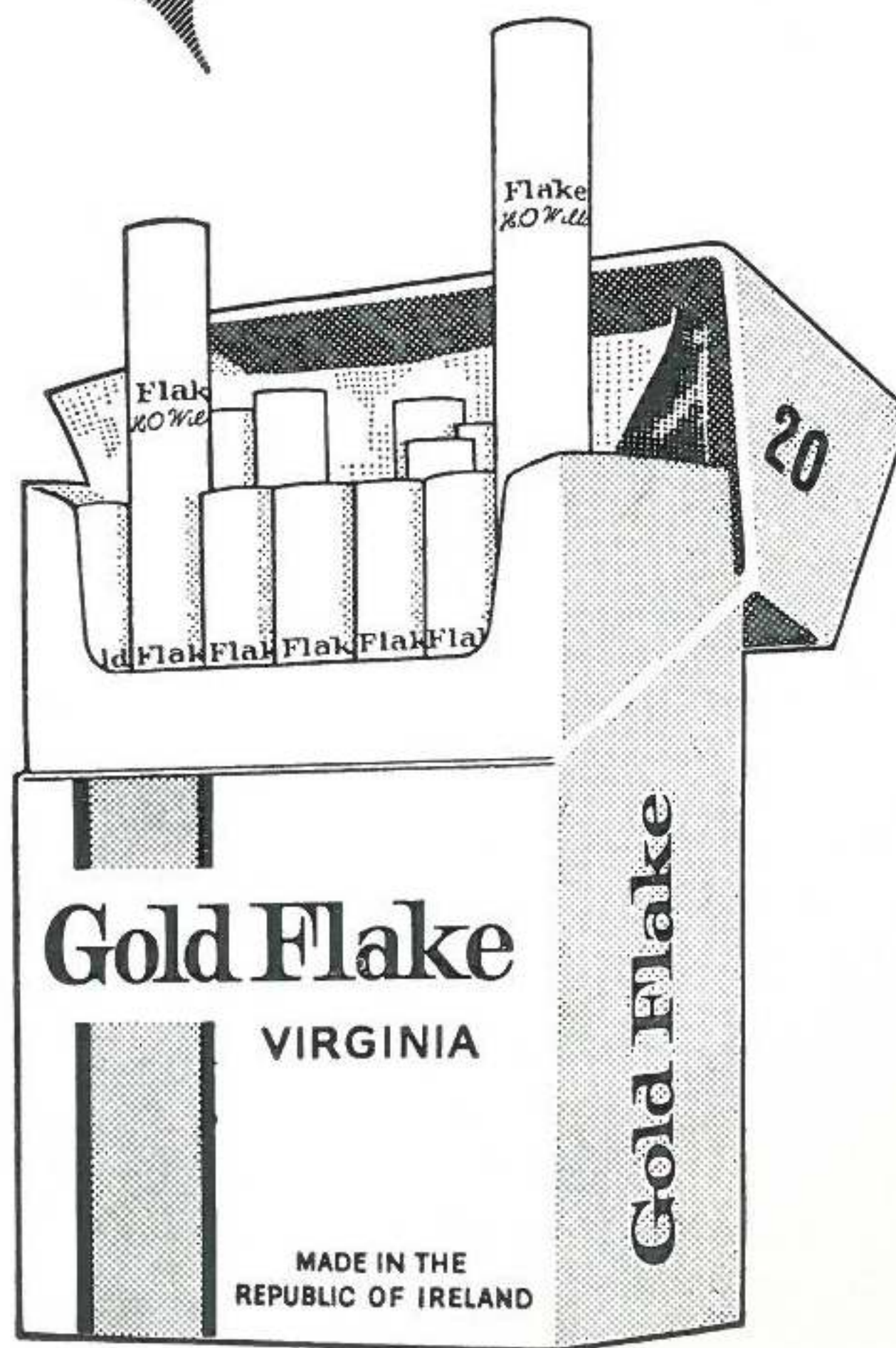
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JOHN DOYLE



By TOM RYAN

THE ball is in the Tipperary goal-mouth! Backs and forwards are tussling for possession. Then just when it seems a score is inevitable a tall, strong figure, hair down over his eyes, emerges from the melee and with a long relieving clearance turns defence into attack. John Doyle the "Holycross Hercules" has once more come to the rescue.

Since he first donned the blue-and-gold jersey of the Tipperary senior side in 1948, John, big in physique and ever bigger in heart, has given invaluable service to his native county. Within the space of fifteen years he has won six All-Ireland medals, a record for a Tipperaryman, and surpassed only by the "Maestro" himself—Christy Ring.

When I asked him who was the greatest player he had met in a life-time of hurling, he had no hesitation in naming Corkonian, Jack Lynch, as his number one choice. As a youngster he idolised the famed Ahane men—the Mackey brothers, but he considers Paddy Barry of Cork to have been the most dangerous forward a backline could ever meet. In present-day hurling he has the greatest respect and admiration for the men of Wexford, who gave him his greatest thrill in the All-Ireland final of 1962.

John feels that Tipperary will always be a force to be reckoned with because "the tradition is there." But he also holds that if the youngsters today are to maintain the prestige which Tipperary

have merited down through the years, there must be "plenty of the field" and even more important "the will to win."

He bemoans the fact that hurling in the rural areas is heading for a decline. "You can't expect men working from morning to night to keep up with the townsmen, who have regular hours for working and training," he states. John had often to rush home to attend to his farm duties, while his team-mates celebrated a win.

Most players would like to see some changes in the organisation. John, in that quiet unassuming manner of his, said he would like to see the highly-controversial Rule 27 abolished. He believes the Railway Cup trials serve no purpose, and that players should be selected as a result of competency over an extended period rather than on the basis of a single game.

On All-Ireland day John seems cool, calm and unperturbed by the magnificence of the occasion. Yet, despite the number of times he has appeared in Croke Park on that day of days, he always asks himself the same burning question as he marches with his team-mates behind the boys from Artane: "Will I play well; will I let the side down." But tumultous applause which greets his every effort always provides the answer.

When I asked John, who is 34, when he planned to retire, he replied: "In the not-too-distant future." He maintains a player ought to retire "when he feels he's

only hanging on." "It is better", he said, "to get off then rather than be thrown off."

However, players and spectators alike cannot but feel the game would be all the poorer if John departed from the hurling scene. Let us hope that the greathearted veteran, who has become a legend in his own time and whose farm is as much a landmark of Holycross as its beautiful Abbey, will remain with us somewhat longer than "the not-too-distant future."

The Doyle record is truly a fabulous one. He won senior All-Ireland medals in 1949, '50, '51, '58, '61 and '62, and National League medals in 1949, '50, '52, '54, '55, '57, '59, '60 and '61. Shortly now he will probably make it a grand total of ten National League medals—for on their performance against Wexford in the "home" final Tipperary will surely prove too strong for New York.

Ten National League (or even the record of nine which he already holds) is likely to remain unsurpassed every bit as long as that of Christy Ring's eight senior All-Ireland medals.

And what of Doyle's chance of equalising Ring's feat? Certainly Tipperary must start favourites for the 1964 title. On current form the man from Holycross has years of intercounty hurling ahead of him—provided he does not decide to retire.

However, irrespective of when he does decide to call it a day, his name and fame are assured immortality.



Joe Lennon.

SECRET OF SUCCESS

By JOE LENNON

IT is rather difficult to explain why we expect results without really working for them. When we work for an examination, we have a much more practical and realistic approach. In a sense, a football match is an examination in football with a (roughly) 50% failure rate. This only refers to competition games where there is an emphasis on victory — as in championship matches.

We must beware of treating every match as a game which must be won. It is essential, I feel, even for regular county players to have occasional challenge games where winning is not as important as enjoying the game and playing relaxed football. However, when we select a competition which we want to win — be it the Sam

Maguire series or a local seven-a-side competition — let us not obscure the issue by trying to reconcile two apparently opposed views—success and relaxation.

If winning is the most important thing (and very often it is), then make no excuse for this attitude but press on with plans and preparation with this aim in mind. If you are a good enough psychologist as well as coach, you will one day learn “how to succeed without really trying!”

To go back to the examination analogy, I think we should notice three things from the example and try and apply the logic contained in them to our games situation. Survey the opposition, plan a programme of preparation and then carry it out faithfully, practising as

often as an opportunity presents itself.

This general plan of approach for a team or player can be applied just as successfully to an individual skill as well as to the game as a whole. Very often, the players who reach the top follow this plan unconsciously as they spend hour after hour, week in week out, on perfecting each skill. But, very often, we tend to spend too much of our practice on the skill we know best. It is very satisfying to do what you know you can do well, but it is a salutary corrective to practise those skills we are weak on for the major part of our time, and merely do a few quick rehearsals of our strong points.

It is only by searching out our own weaknesses and eliminating them that we build up the confidence which seems to emanate from the accomplished performer—the master ball player.

If a team or player is weak on one or more major points, it is essential that some form of corrective treatment be applied and applied regularly. For example, if a team is weak on ground kicking, or the fisted pass, then whole sessions should be devoted to these features and where necessary, individuals should do some pressure training (repeating a skill as often and as quickly as possible for a set period under competitive conditions).

Let us say the forwards are rather awkward and slow in picking up a ball and that the backs have the same fault (even though they should be playing the ball first time on the ground more often), here is a case where the coach will take the forwards aside and give them as much practice in lifting the ball properly in as many match situations as possible. He should point out the benefit of being able to perform the chip

lift at speed and point out the correct positioning of the supporting foot (alongside the ball) in the traditional lift. The forward should practice these two methods as often as possible and in as many circumstances as possible—still ball, ball rolling towards player, ball rolling away, dry ground, wet grass, muddy conditions, etc. At the same time the coach should point out cases where it is better not to lift the ball at all but to play it on the ground.

A back who has the misfortune to fumble a lift and concedes a score, when he should have played on the ground, always seems worse than the forward who fumbles a lift and misses a score when he could have scored a point or goal with a first time shot. It is no worse to concede a score in such circumstances than it is to miss a score, yet erring backs don't get as much sympathy as careless forwards.

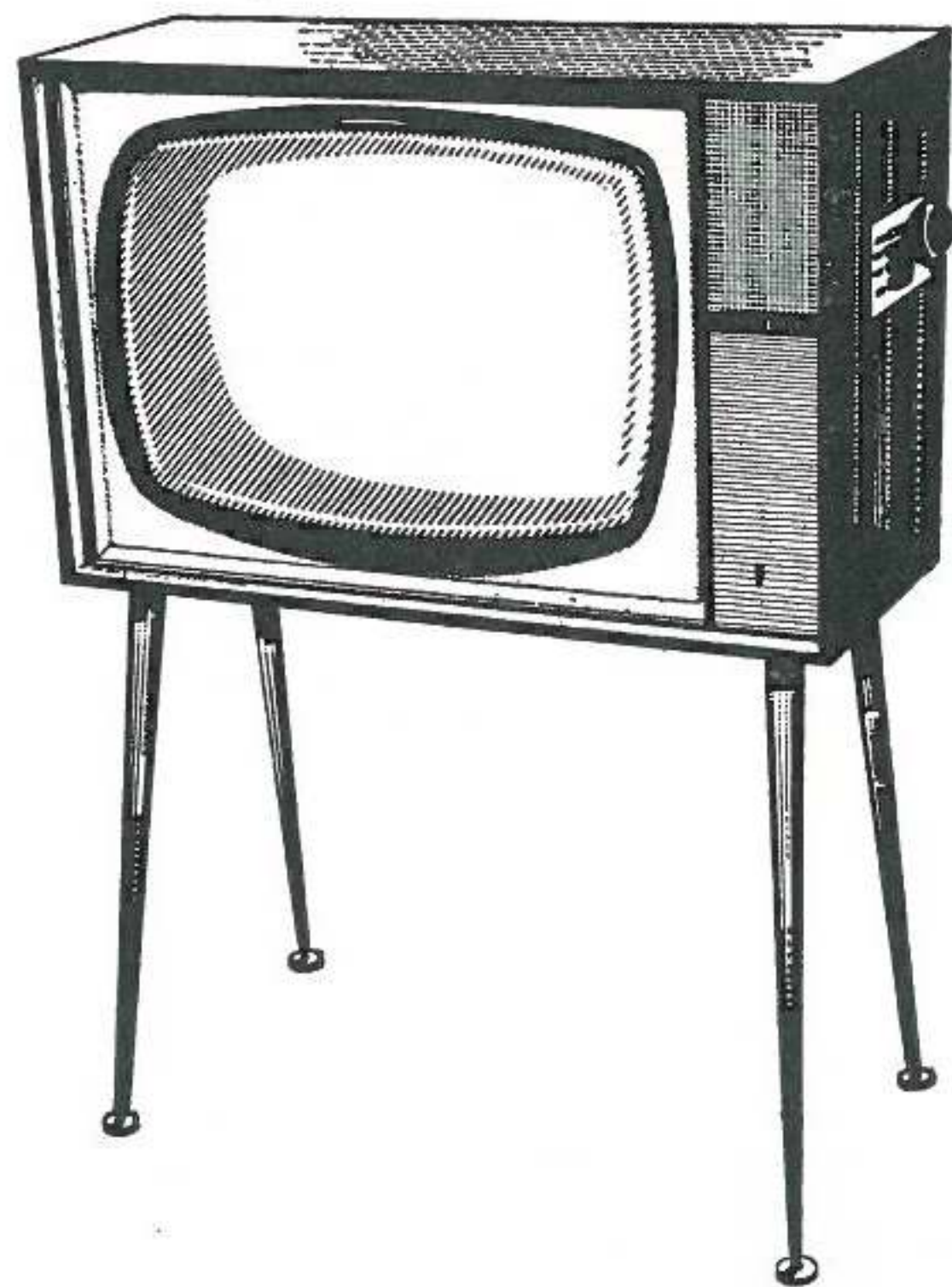
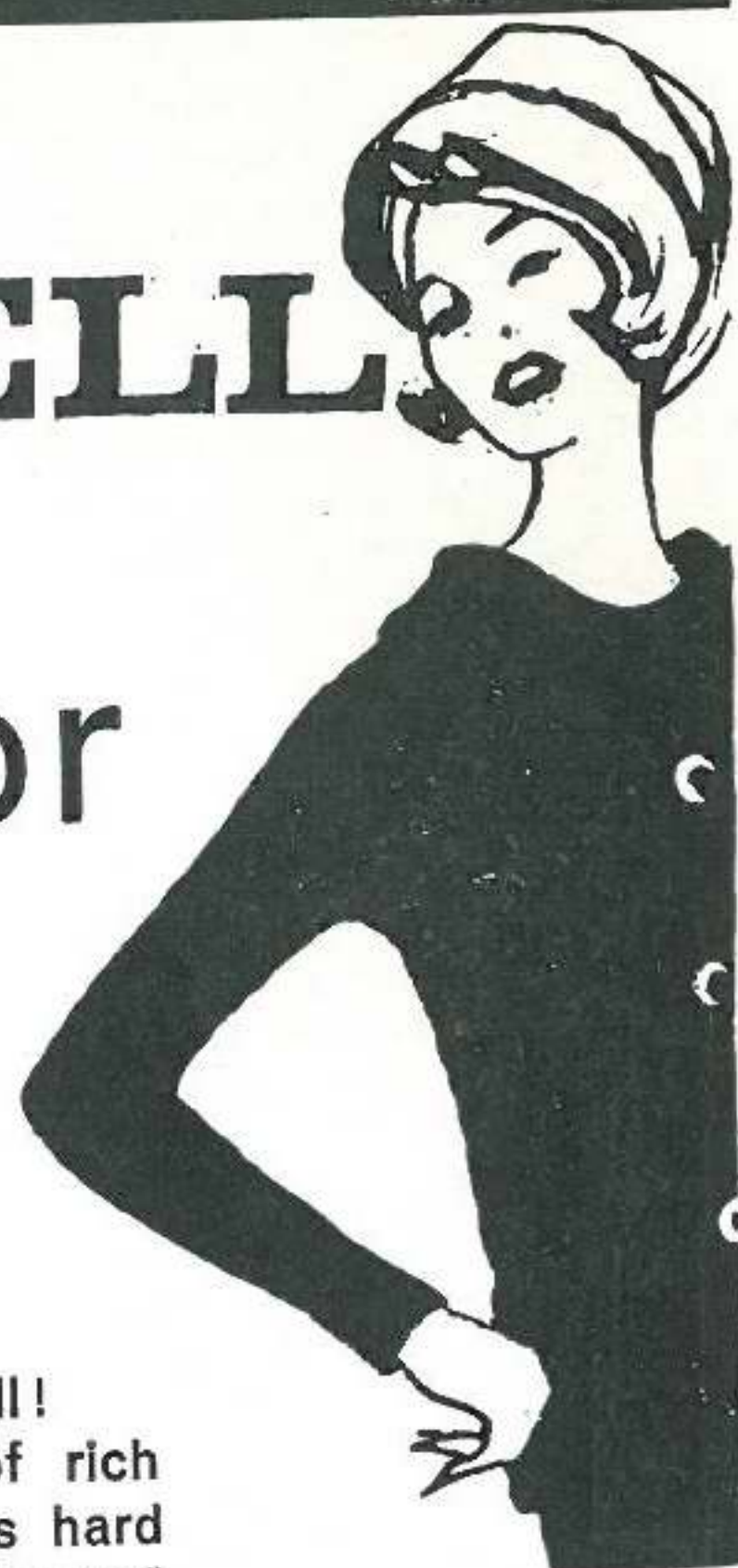
When a back line tends to make this type of mistake, the coach should get them together and outline general principles for defence, safety and launching attacks. He should point out the virtue of being able to play the ball first time on the ground with either foot to clear the lines, make a pass to colleague or launch an attack. Coupled with this will be some advice on the method of lifting to employ in various situations and then lots of practice in all types of situations.

In other words, when a team or a player starts training, there should be a very clear objective in each session rather than a haphazard "let's play a game" attitude.

Each session should be planned to teach some new skill, practice a known skill or correct some fault. This way we will achieve much more with our training and coaching and success when it comes will be just part of the plan.

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WHERE DO ALL THE YOUNG MEN GO?

EAMONN MONGEY
DISCUSSES A
VITAL QUESTION

"WHERE have all the young men gone?" is a line from a current popular song regretting the loss of a nation's youth through war. It can be applied with less tragic connotation but with equal validity to the G.A.A. whose losses of schools' and colleges' players, minors and juveniles from active participation after they leave their respective grades must be enormous.

This year in the All-Ireland Colleges' Football final, for example, we had a superb exhibition of clean, clever, confident football from thirty young players which enthralled a crowd of 15,000. The hurling was only a little behind.

The main feature of both games was that all the player's participating displayed complete mastery of all the fundamental skills in football and hurling. In other words they were mature players, lacking only experience. Isn't it tragic to think then that, if the previous pattern remains unaltered, three-quarters of them will never be heard of again?

This is a tremendous drain on talent and certainly, if it occurred in any commercial undertaking an extremely thorough investigation would be carried out forthwith. The "Dublin Enquiry" did actually touch on the problem but, unfortunately, did not have the time or the opportunity to go deeply enough into it. In the absence of any definite information, or even without an opinion poll,

one can then only fall back on surmise.

One of the primary reasons why colleges' players don't always become good senior inter-county players is that they are not always the proper type. The most successful players in school games are often the small, tricky ones who have almost attained physical maturity. These have little or no room left for development or improvement and, invariably are "lost" in the hurly-burly of senior inter-county competition.

A second reason, of course, is that, while those players have the desire, they haven't always the opportunity to improve. I know at least two brilliant colleges' players from Mayo who came from small villages nearly twenty miles removed from a big town. Neither village had a football team and the result was that these players had no opportunity of continuing their careers. Even more important still, there was no one to coach them or give them any advice whatever on developing their talent. The result was that both were lost to the game.

Of course, there is the other side of the story, too—too much coaching. I have often felt that there is a tendency to overdo training and coaching at school. If players are forever "at it", sometimes against their will, the result is that a natural reaction will set in. After a surfeit of it at school, a player will have lost all his appetite for the game and will just forget

about it all when it ceases to be a matter of discipline.

Helping him to forget will be the fourth reason—the abundance of distractions which every youth must face when he leaves school. Life has become too easy. Entertainment is cheap and available in many attractive forms which call for no great expenditure of effort. The gay life of the dance-halls beckons. The car is always there to save the legs. Many youngsters, just free of the academic chains, fall by the wayside. Only the dedicated survive.

Even those dedicated ones encounter difficulties in making the transition from colleges to senior inter-county grade. It really is the change from boyhood to manhood and up to this year there was, in fact, no in-between grade as such. Now, the under-21 competition should go a long way towards remedying that position.

Many people are, of course, inclined to blame emigration for the departure of young players from the field of play. I don't. Most of the famous colleges' players I knew are still around. Besides, on a check I did on the latest census I found that there were still over 7,000 men between the ages of eighteen and thirty in Mayo for example, so there couldn't be that many gone.

There may of course, be other reasons why so many colleges' players disappear. Only a deep and widespread examination would

(Continued on page 16.)

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(From page 15.)

unearth them or give them their proper weight in drawing conclusions.

But there is one remark I must make about those players who survive the transition and become established inter-county players. Very often when they have attained this distinction they are inclined to forget that the ball should always be the object of play and indulge in tactics which give little credit to themselves, the game or the Association.

It is true, of course, that while they were at school they were subject to strict discipline and this was reflected in their conduct on the field. (You rarely see a "dirty" colleges' game). Well, the same discipline should be always there for the playing of games. If the county board is not prepared to enforce it, the captain should do so.

I still cherish the memory of one captain I had the distinction of playing under. We had on our team a player, who by design or by accident invariably went outside the Rules to deal with his opponent. After one particular match in which his display had been worse than usual, our captain interviewed him, told him that he disapproved of his conduct on the field generally and on that day in particular, and that if he did not mend his ways the rest of the team would refuse to play with him. The transformation was striking.

I feel we could do with more captains like that one to ensure that the discipline apparent among young players while at school remains with them to adorn the game when they attain senior status.

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THERE are, I know, a lot of demands on Central Council time at the moment, but, when they have a spare hour or two for deliberation, might I suggest to the Councillors that they give a little serious consideration to altering the dates of the National League finals.

Now I have no axe to grind in this matter except one, that at the moment the National League finals are set in the worst and most variable weather of the whole Irish year, and, as a spectator, I am getting a bit tired of watching matches of such importance played under freak weather conditions.

I have asked weather experts (at least they considered themselves weather experts), what exactly goes wrong with the weather at the start of May and none of them could tell me, though a couple of people who did not set up to be weather experts at all talked vaguely about 'Buchan's Cold Spells' and even about 'Aimsear Garbh an Chuaic.'

The two National League finals this year underline the problem. In both the Dublin-Down football final and the Tipperary-Wexford hurling final, the games were to all intents and purposes over and done with by half-time. In both cases the villain of the piece was a very strong wind that blew straight down-field from the canal end into the railway goal. There was also a fair amount of rain knocking about on both days, though the rain as such did not have any material effect on the play.

Now, let me hasten to emphasise this, that I do not think the wind had any effect at all on the results of those games, for Dublin were clearly almost as much better than Down as Tipperary were in swamping Wexford; but the fact

LEAGUE FINAL DATES SHOULD BE CHANGED

remains that the weather really ruined the games as contests and thus took a lot of the pleasure out of them for players and spectators alike. Now the Central Council cannot, of course, be blamed for the weather (heaven knows we are inclined to blame those devoted men for too much already), but it is within the power of the Council to change the dates of the finals, and I respectfully suggest that they at least consider moving the finals either back or forward, for a fortnight either way, in order to escape this particularly arctic spell of weather which seems to dog the first fortnight in May.

In an account of one of the current year's League finals, a newspaper made reference to the 'unseasonably high wind', but my point is that high winds and freak weather are, on the contrary the rule rather than the exception in the exact period of the year when the finals are at present played.

Let us look back over recent Hurling League finals. In 1963 a fresh wind and some fairly sharp showers, hard though they tried, failed to take the gloss off a great game between Waterford and Tipperary, but were present just the same. The 1962 hurling final between Kilkenny and Cork was again played in wretched weather, while the 1961 final between Waterford and Tipperary, was again marred by a high wind into the Railway goal, that gave us, instead of a great game from start to stop, two rather one-sided half-hours.

To go even farther back, I'm sure many of my readers remember the Tipperary-Kilkenny League final of 1954, when many folk did not travel from the South because of the snow that swept like a blizzard across many counties, while Croke Park was barely playable due to torrential rain and a strong wind to back it up, even though that wind had died away to a great extent by game-time.

Even more memorable was the windy final of 1956 when Tipperary led Wexford by fifteen points at half-time and yet were deservedly beaten after the interval.

Nor remember, was this year's football league final the first to be hit by the gustiness of a wet and windy May. There was the Kildare-Dublin final of a few years ago, and going, further back, there were two finals in which Mayo were concerned, and in each case the wind was a dominant factor.

So I would suggest to Central Council that they contemplate changing the dates, even from the first and second Sundays of May to the second and third Sundays, since, over the past decade, the first Sunday is the worst date of all.

I don't think the change would make all that difference to the over-all schedule for the year, but it could make a world of difference to the enjoyment of the spectators and of the players.

One other point, the Central Council might give a bit of

(Continued on page 19)

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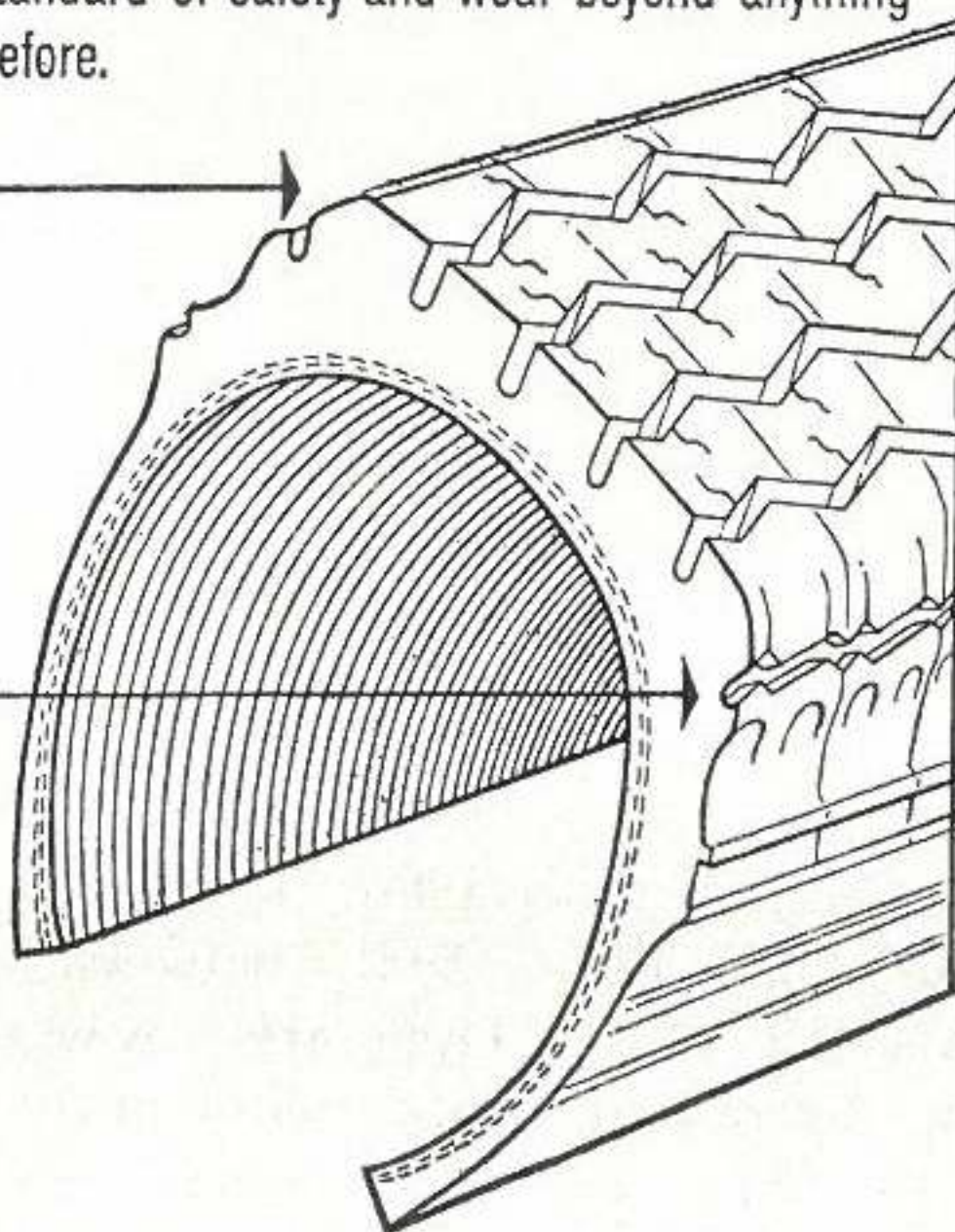
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Tipperary's left full-back, Kieran Carey, loses his hurley in an attempt to stop a shot at goal by Wexford's right corner-forward, Oliver McGrath, in the National Hurling League "home" final in Croke Park on May 10.

(Continued from page 17)

thought to, and it is this. Would they ever issue a pamphlet giving advice to linesmen and umpires, on the same lines (though far less elaborate, of course) than those leaflets issued for the use of referees a couple of years ago.

At the moment it is all too obvious that, even in some big games, the umpiring is not nearly as good as it should be, and this is as much due to lack of 'savvy' as to lack of experience.

In the recent football league final, a ball, punted into the wind, seemed to be going narrowly wide until it was within a foot of the post, then it swerved inside the upright, but the umpire on that side, without turning his head, signalled wide. One feels he had made up his mind, as most of us had, that the ball was going wide, and he automatically signalled a wide—too soon. Now, had he more experience, he would surely have stepped back a pace, and then, if in doubt, should have consulted his colleague. Unfortunately, while this umpire was signalling wide, his colleague was seemingly reaching for the point flag. The second umpire noticed the first signalling wide and he then changed his mind. I know

it was a perfectly genuine mistake all round, but such mistakes should not occur.

I feel that a little instructional leaflet should be made out for umpires and linesmen advising them on such matters as one umpire going back to 'line-up' high balls coming between the posts and the other staying put to keep a watch on the 'square'.

Umpires should also be instructed to act as a team and not as individuals, and, if in doubt, to call in the referee, that is what all three of them are there for, to ensure fair play to all. In addition I feel that a linesman, if in doubt about an award of a touch ball, should not hesitate to consult the referee, who, being usually on the inside of the field of play, is likely to have had a clear view of exactly whom a ball may have rebounded off than the linesman could have had.

I am prompted to make these suggestions principally because we have some very good umpires and linesmen and, having seen these in action, I feel the tactics they adopt in doing their duties would add to the pleasure of watching our games, if adopted by all such officials.

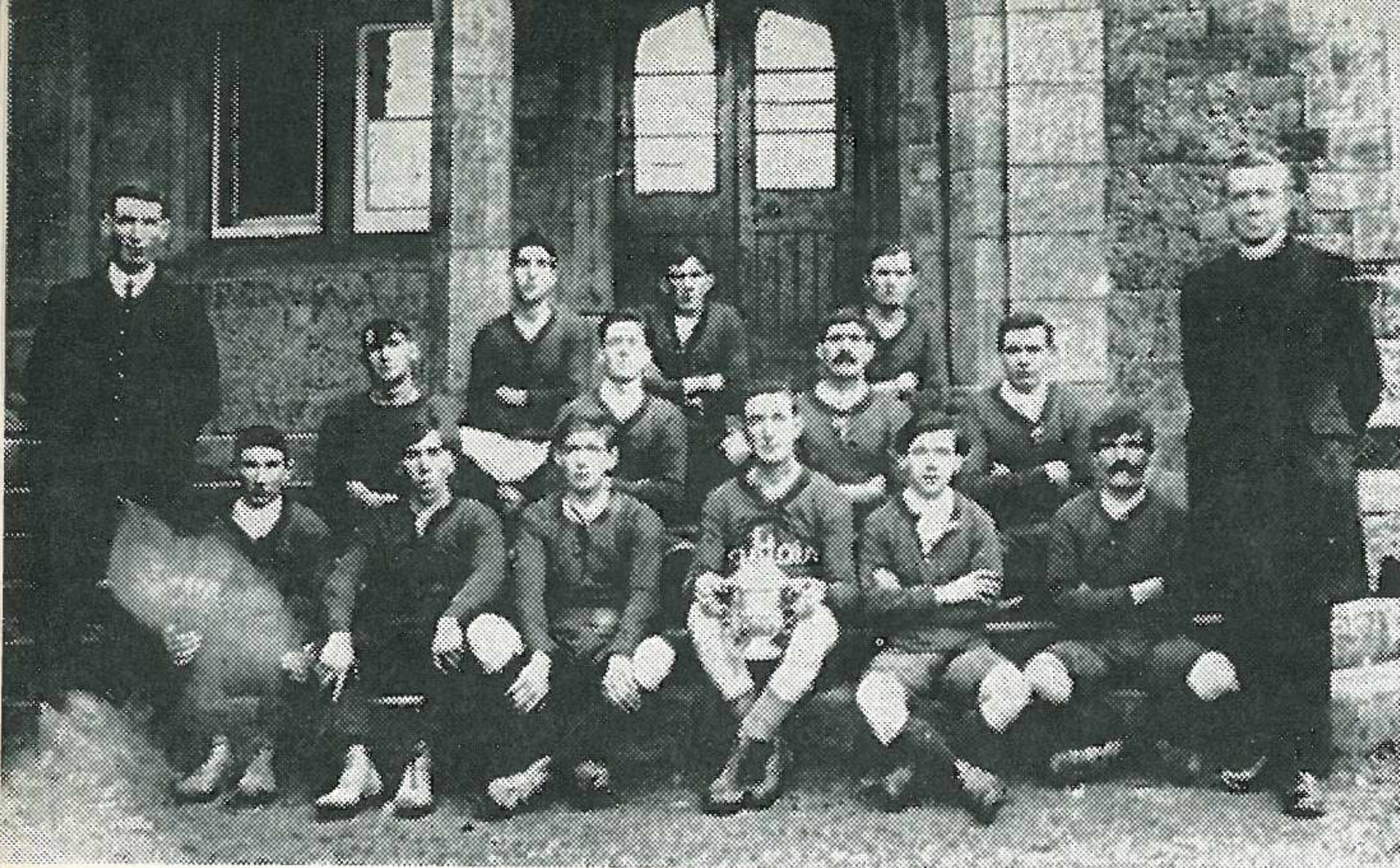
I admit, though, that the idea

of a pamphlet is not original but is prompted by a little book of advice and hints to referees and officials which is issued to its 'referees and field officials' by the Australian Rules people.

This is neither a rule-book nor an official guide, but a collection of helpful suggestions, which also discussed the best garb for a referee, how he should prepare himself for a big game, and even suggests what he should or should not eat or drink beforehand. Trivial, maybe; thorough, yes. And why should not we be just as thorough as the Australians. After all the Australian Rules Association should be glad to give us some hints, since they long ago stole our Gaelic point-posts.

Congratulations to John Doyle on setting up yet more new League records, since, as far as I am concerned, he has already won that tenth League. To me John has always personified the hurling spirit of Tipperary and he well deserved the tribute paid to him by a typical Tipperary saggart as we came down from the Cusack Stand, after Wexford's hopes had been crushed.

"John Doyle," he said, "is the Matt the Thrasher of the Twentieth Century."



The Newtownbutler team which won the Fermanagh senior football title in 1917.

THE STORY BEHIND THE PICTURE

By **MATT FITZPATRICK**

THE photograph which accompanies this article shows the men of Newtownbutler who captured the Fermanagh senior football title in 1917. With them is the county's great patriot-priest, Canon Tom Maguire.

I came on the photograph quite recently and could not resist the challenge to piece together the story which is behind it.

The present Newtownbutler club, St. Comgall's, was reformed by Canon Maguire in 1938. Many of its current players and mentors are the descendants of the men of 1917. A few years after that victory the club broke up and almost all of the players drifted to Wattlebridge who later captured county honours. However, when in 1938 Canon Maguire reformed the club the men of Wattlebridge answered the call once more.

But let's go back to 1917—to the steps of the railway station on that fine Autumn evening when this historic photograph was taken. Who are they?

Starting with the back row and from left to right—first we have Captain James McKenna, a man with a great national record who later joined the Irish Army. Next to him is Mick McGarvey, the youngest of a famous family trio whose contribution to Fermanagh football could not be measured. Mick could kick a 'dead' ball sixty yards no bother. Third in the back row is Frank Meehan. Big Frank was a great defender and a tremendous local favourite.

Moving on to the centre row and again reading from the left we have first Peter McQuade (standing). Peter was the club secretary, trainer and a player as well. He was in fact the man who did everything and did it well.

Next to Peter is George Cologan who hailed from the Wattlebridge district and later took a very active part in the fight for freedom. Next to him is Comdt. Matt Fitzpatrick, the younger of four brothers who put the cause of Ireland first. Matt

died in action—a victim of the British forces. He was my uncle.

Frank Murray is still alive. I saw the great muscular man recently in Belfast and he certainly belied his age. Frank's nephew, Peter and Michael, were teammates of mine in somewhat recent years when we brought the title back to Newtownbutler.

Last in the centre row is Eddie McAdam. Those who remember, describe him as a tremendous player who would completely outclass any of the county's present mid-fielders.

In the front row we have first of all Willie McGarvey, who was a brilliant forward. He gave outstanding service to the club. Second in the front row is Tommy Murray—a cousin of Big Frank's. Tommy is also still alive and likes nothing better than to discuss the old days—"when the game was somewhat slower but the men were better and knew how to give and take without childish outbursts of bad temper."

John Fitzpatrick was a man who performed great scoring feats. They still talk of him and say that his likes has not come on the scene since.

Dan McQuillan was the team's captain. He was a man of great strength and a tremendous centre-half. His son, Fergus, is the present chairman of the Fermanagh minor Board, while county full back, Sean Maguire, is a nephew. Other nephews too have continued on the great tradition—Eric, for example, captained the county in the 1945 Ulster final, while Alfie is a prominent legislator with the Shamrock's club in London.

Simon Egan came from "up country"—County Louth to be precise. He was a tailor employed in the locality and he could tread his way through a back line as he did a needle. I cannot ascertain if he is still alive for he left the district many years ago. However they still remember in Newtown-butler.

Finally we have Joe McNamee another man who served club and county with distinction. His sons Charlie, Michael and Desie (R.I.P.) all starred in their turn, while a grandson, Maurice, is now playing particularly well in London.

Standing to the left is Canon Maguire, a man known and loved throughout Ireland—representing them, as he has done ever since, the unconquered and unconquerable spirit of Fermanagh.

Also a member of that team but not in the photograph was Tommy McGarvey. To him, Tommy Murray, and my father I owe thanks for this brief glance into the past. And it was but a brief glance—not in any way doing justice to the great men who make the story.

Most of them are now gone to a Heavenly reward—but their memory lives on and the tradition which they built will never die.

NEXT MONTH we will take a glance at present Antrim champions—St. John's.



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Joe Salmon (left) and Charlie Gallagher (centre) pictured with Broadway restaurant owner James Goode, a native of Cappataggle, Co. Galway, when they visited New York in April for the Kennedy Memorial Games at Gaelic Park.

WERE THEY THE FIRST?

asks Philip Roderick

MY mother, God be good to her, always warned me about getting into arguments. If you can't prove that what you're saying is right, she often told me, then keep your mouth shut. So, I had better make it quite clear here and now that I am not looking for an argument . . . but just for information.

Not so very long ago when the inimitable John Kerry O'Donnell was here in Ireland to invite individual players to America to take part in the Kennedy Memorial Games, a certain Kerryman nearly ate the head off me when I suggested—notice, I did not use the word “claim” — that the first individual players—as distinct from teams—to be invited to New York to play with American teams were, in fact, Corkmen.

With that traditional superiority complex one finds so often in

Kerrymen, he immediately attacked me and claimed that this honour belonged to Kerry. He contended that the first individual player to be invited to New York was the late Dick Fitzgerald.

And, of course, with the same superiority complex that one finds in all Corkmen, I contended that the honour belonged to the Rebel County.

I was going on hearsay. Many, many years ago, I remember hearing that the first Irish footballer to get an invitation to America was the late Curry O'Shea of Macroom and I was going on that.

But one should beware of hearsay. For when I started off on a little research to find out if I was right, I could find no trace, good bad nor indifferent, that Curry was ever invited to America.

But I did find out that four

Corkmen were invited out to America as far back as 1908 and they were Shawn Lehane and Shawn Kelleher of Macroom and the famous Charlie Paye of Fermoy and Mickey Twomey of the Lees.

That year, after the famous replay against Kerry at the Cork Athletic Ground they were taken out specially to New York to play with the Corkmen in exile and, by all accounts, they performed brilliantly.

And even though I spent a few days in the National Library, poring over old newspaper files, I failed to trace any other invitations.

As I said early on, I am not claiming that these four Corkmen were the first . . . but can any of our readers throw any further light on the subject?



Paul Russell's tribute to Padraig

THE MAN WHO MADE A DREAM

IT was a fine Summer evening back in 1930 or '31 and dusk was but an hour away. We began to stroll leisurely across the Croke Park we both knew so well. I commented on the fine condition of the sod. But he wasn't really listening. Instead he was gazing about him—his eyes sweeping over the dull coloured earth banks which virtually surrounded the pitch. He began to talk.

As I listened Padraig O Caoimh unfolded the new Croke Park before me. It was a Croke Park of gigantic concrete stands and endless terracing — where one hundred thousand people would come and be facilitated. Exact details, facts and figures rolled from him and to be quite frank I thought he was talking nonsense.

One hundred thousand people—

a young man's fanciful dream. I didn't argue. Instead I went home later that night and forgot all about it.

Of course he was right. The dream came true—or to be more accurate, he made it come true. He was a man of extraordinary vision. With him it was never a question of being in step with the march of progress. He was always ahead.

I first met him in 1926—at that year's Munster football final. Three years later he was Secretary. The Association never looked back. He became its heart—hourly pumping life into its far-flung arteries. It grew—just as did Croke Park, its national symbol. Like the mighty pillars which hold erect the great concrete stands, the G.A.A. under the

guidance of Padraig O Caoimh was unshakeable.

His achievements and innovations are legion and have been constantly recalled and referred to since his tragic death. The new Croke Park certainly stands as his monument and I have no doubt at all but that his greatest achievement was in maintaining unity within the Association when everywhere else there was bitter disunity. In office he submerged his own feelings and with them everybody else's.

Not that he wasn't at times a man of rigid ideas. He was, and many is the clash I had with him. He often vexed me no end. But yet he was the man I would first turn to the next day if needs be.

I owe him some immense personal favours. I am not alone

ig O Caoimh

COME TRUE



in this. He was always available to assist and advise. He raised the Association to heights which he alone had dreamed of and in raising it, he himself became a great and respected national figure. At heart though he remained a humble man.

I can recall numerous occasions when in the course of some county board meeting in counties where over the years I happened to be stationed, he would enter quietly and sit at the back.

It wasn't that he had come to observe or report but just that he happened to be in the area and decided to drop in. He would sit at the back—alongside the anxious and not too articulate junior club delegate and very often it is with him too that he would leave.

Now he has gone leaving behind

him one of the greatest, and certainly the most complete, national achievements of the century.

So complete has been his achievement that at least in one respect his successor faces an easy task. Easy because the road ahead is clear and well made. O Caoimh hewed it through rock and briar, over mountains and across deep and perilous valleys. All that now needs to be done is follow straight ahead over level terrain.

However, filling the void he leaves will in other respects be

most difficult, but again he has left us a great organisation which now commands the best of Ireland's men. His success assures a worthy successor.

To his wife and family I extend sincere condolence. Their loss is shared by many.

God be good to him — and indeed I know he has been. He is to-day with Croke, the saintly man of Cashel; with Davin of the great strength, and Cusack of the nimble mind. He is at home in that section of the Heavens long reserved for great Irishmen.



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NO CUP FOR WESTMEATH?

By FEAR FAIRE

The Westmeath hurlers fought a hard and glorious campaign to capture the National League Division II. There were some particularly fine games and virtually everybody who saw them was surprised at the high standard.

However, it was a very odd state of affairs that after Westmeath had beaten Laois in the final there was no cup or trophy of any kind for them to take home. No ceremony on the steps of the Hogan stand for the gallant Midlanders. Why?

Next year there must be a cup and a fitting presentation for the winners of this division. It is a national competition. If we are serious at all about the revival of hurling we will not continue to relegate the weaker hurling counties to a second-class citizenship status.

MIGHTY CONTRAST

Just visualise the contrast—Croke Park with its mighty stands and immense crowd, and a very ordinary and almost deserted Dublin junior pitch out in Whitehall. There is a tremendous difference between the two settings. Yet, the All-Ireland colleges' hurling final was played at Croke Park and the All-Ireland vocational schools' hurling final was played at Whitehall.

In this age of technology and science, our vocational schools are probably more important to the country than are our colleges and secondary day-schools. But let us say that they are of equal importance.

Now, I realise that the vocational school championships are a somewhat new innovation, but they must not be treated as a poor relation. They deserve the support and the interest of all—from the Central Council down to the casual follower. We all realise what a great contribution to Gaelic Games has been made by the C.B.S. schools and the colleges but the vocational schools can in turn be just as productive—provided we give them the opportunity plus the support they deserve.

MONEY FOR T.A.M.

The B.B.C. saw fit to write out a handsome cheque for the right to televise brief extracts from the Whit G.A.A. games at Wembley. Telefis Eireann sees fit to write out handsome cheques for the right to televise English soccer finals from the same venue. The G.A.A. rewards Telefis Eireann by allowing it to show the All-Ireland finals and semi-finals plus the Railway Cup finals—all for the token fee of ten guineas. Crazy isn't it? It could only happen in Ireland.

Seriously though, it is now time that Telefis Eireann was made pay well for its G.A.A. entry. This institution is neither national nor aspires to be. It is a commercial business—in an effort to justify much of its own low-level programmes, T.E. personalities and chiefs constantly stress this point. O.K. So it is a commercial concern. Let's treat it as one and stop viewing it as a national charity

and ourselves as national philanthropists.

TAILTEANN GAMES

The N.A.C.A. recently took an initial step on the road to reviving the Tailteann Games and I noticed that the man behind the move was dynamic Ras Tailteann organiser, Joe Christle.

I am all for the idea. As we know, the N.A.C.A. is a corporate part of the G.A.A. and the Tailteann Games would be in the right and capable hands.

I also liked the added idea of having the Games open to international competitors from any country that wished to compete. This would be one sure way of ending the thirty year-old ban (brought about by England) which prevents 90 per cent. of Irish athletes and cyclists from taking part in international competition.

It is time that the G.A.A. threw its weight wholeheartedly behind the athletes and cyclists, who over the long years refused to sell out for the paltry price of a trip once in a while.

We must always remember that had Gaelic Games been international we too would have been suspended and banned from competing internationally unless the Association confined itself to twenty-six counties.

This was the position of our athletes and cyclists. They got the choice of bending the knee to the English motion or being suspended. For them the choice was an easy one and for the past thirty

(Continued on page 29)

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(Continued from page 27)

years the vast majority have stood true.

There was the small section who broke away to accept twenty-six county status and the British motion—these are the A.A.U. and C.R.E. It is a tremendous indication of the national strength of the rest that these two compromising bodies have never managed to get their foot outside of Dublin.

Let's hope the N.A.C.A. proceed with the revival of the Tailteann Games. If they do, I know well that they will receive every support from the largest and most powerful force in Ireland today—Cumann Luthchleas Gael.

U.C.G. WRONG

So U.C.G. were barred from the Galway football championship. Some people thought it was a downright disgrace. Personally, I thought it was a very correct decision by both the Galway County Board and the Connacht Council.

Why should U.C.G. authorities persist in ruling that all students must play solely for the College? If the College were allowed affiliate a team in the championship, students would be forced to desert their own clubs and play for the College whether they liked it or not.

U.C.G. cannot have its cake and eat it. If it wants to play in the Galway championship it cannot be allowed do so at the expense of all other clubs in the county.

Certainty if this compulsion rule were removed U.C.G. would be welcomed with open arms by the Galway football Board. In that way there would be fair play for all. Any student who wished could play for the College while those who didn't, could continue playing with their home clubs.

Surely this is the way it should be.

SIMON DEIGNAN

Simon Deignan is a man I have long admired—and I still do. He

is a man who gives wholeheartedly to the G.A.A. He did it during his great playing days and he still does in various capacities. He is also a very sincere man and I have always found his opinions to be honest.

However, I must now take him to task on something which he recently wrote in the "Evening Press". Advocating a middle of the road policy with regard to the Ban, he called for the elimination of, among other things, Rule 26.

This is the Rule which prevents British servicemen from being members of the Association. Simon feels that the usefulness of this Rule is "now past history."

It is odd that a Cavanman, born and reared but a few miles from that part of Ireland which is occupied by armed British servicemen, should hold this opinion.

While British troops remain in occupation in any part of Ireland, Rule 26 must remain in the

Official Guide. When the day comes that these forces of occupation go—then most certainly Rule 26 will be "past history" . . . but not 'till then, Simon.

There is never smoke without some reason for it and there must have been a logical reason for the fact that both the Kerry and the Cork County Boards recently found cause to criticise the service which was being provided by C.I.E. on the occasion of major games in Dublin.

Surely we are a long way removed from the days of the Great Southern Railway—when it became necessary for Kerry to pass-up an All-Ireland final (and probably a victory) so as to effectively protest at the dastardly policy of that company.

Kerry won their point then and thanks to them G.A.A. fans and teams began to get proper service. Let's hope that a mild written protest has been equally effective in this recent case.

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NICK O'DONNELL

FACE TO FACE WITH SEAN O'DONNELL

NICK O'DONNELL — prince of backs and prince of sportsmen has retired. When I spoke to him on the day of the Wexford-Cork National League semi-final neither he nor I knew that his great career had finally reached its end, and so now the hero of so many glorious Wexford victories has left his gifted caman aside. The symbol of sportsmanship and manliness has gone, leaving hurling considerably the poorer.

But then has he not bequeathed a rich heritage? The memory of fifteen years of truly glorious hurling, which saw him acclaimed

as the greatest full back of them all, lives on. It lives to inspire young men to follow his example—to strive for his standard in both play and sportsmanship.

He will be remembered as a Wexfordman—but, of course, he was born and reared in Graigue-namanagh, Co. Kilkenny. He won a junior All-Ireland medal with the Black and Amber in 1946 and was also a substitute on the senior team that year and in the following year's senior final.

Shortly afterwards he moved to Enniscorthy and his displays with St. Aidan's quickly merited him a

place on the Wexford fifteen. The Leinster selectors too were quick to acclaim him. He made his debut in the provincial colours in 1951.

By then Wexford hurling was on the march. Years of glorious victories and equally glorious defeats followed. O'Donnell was so much part of it all.

His recent comeback as a full forward showed once again his great hurling craft. Although thirty-eight since last September, he could still wield the caman with the best of them and in a few brief games established himself a master in his new role.

It was a short comeback—but sufficiently successful to act as a fitting last chapter in the memorable career of the great O'Donnell.

This then is the interview which I had with him on the day of the Wexford-Cork league semi-final:

Question—Do you ever regret not having continued to play with your native county?

O'Donnell—No, I have no regrets in not having remained with Kilkenny. Wexford is a grand sporting county and I have been very happy with them.

Q.—To what do you attribute Wexford's great sportsmanship?

O'D.—To hurling ability and also to officials like the late Liam Murphy, Senator Sean Browne and present secretary, Paddy Roche.

Q.—What Wexford victory gave you most satisfaction?

O'D.—Our win over Cork in the 1956 All-Ireland final.

Q.—What prompted Bobby Rackard and yourself to carry Christy Ring off the field at the end of that game?

O'D.—It was just one of those

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things. It was also that sort of a game. You will remember how, with only minutes remaining and Wexford hanging on to a slim lead, Christy broke through and sent in a rasping shot which looked a goal all the way. But Art Foley brought off a brilliant save and in a flash sent it back out field. Christy, who was still charging in, grabbed Foley's hand and shook it. That save won Wexford the title and Christy knew it—it also cost him his ninth All-Ireland medal. But yet he acknowledged the save with a spontaneous gesture of sportsmanship. Looking back on it, it might be said that Bobby Rackard and I were sort of returning the compliment.

Q.—Do you always concentrate on the ball rather than the man?

O'D.—To play hurling as it should be played it is essential to keep one's eye on the ball. The man is of secondary importance.

Q.—Have you any ideas on how the standard of hurling could be improved?

O'D.—Better referees would certainly help and to revert back to the previous question—more concentration on the ball would bring about considerable improvement in the game.

Q.—How is the standard of club hurling in Wexford?

O'D.—I doubt if the standard has ever been higher than it is at present. There is tremendous keenness and enthusiasm.

Q.—Do you enjoy hurling as much now as you did say ten or fifteen years ago?

O'D.—Yes, I still enjoy every minute of it as much as ever.

Q.—How long more do you intend to continue in the game?

O'D.—As yet I have not decided—but I love the game so much that I find it very difficult to make the final break.

Q.—When you were growing up was there any particular player that you idolised?

O'D.—Yes, Paddy Phelan of Kilkenny. He was the idol of my youth.

Q.—Is there any county that you particularly like playing against?

O'D.—Kilkenny—not because I want to see them beaten but because they are, and always were, a grand sporting team. It is a pleasure to meet them and win lose or draw it is always an enjoyable game.

Q.—When playing full back what full forward gave you most difficulty?

O'D.—Tim Flood.

Q.—Were you disappointed on hearing that the National League "home" final was, after all, not going to be played in New York?

O'D.—No—at least not personally, but I would like to see the younger players get a chance of seeing America.

Q.—Finally, Nick, have you any other sporting interests.

O'D.—Yes, I like golf and play whenever I get a chance.

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BUSY DAYS IN THE WEST

THE month of May will be remembered in Connacht as a period of intense activity in grounds development. Early in the month we had the opening of the new Mountbellew park with Galway and Roscommon footballers putting on a lively performance to mark the occasion.

Two weeks later it was Strokes-town's turn. Here the enthusiastic committee in charge received a set-

back when the carefully planned opening had to be postponed due to flooding. However, the work has been done and that is the main thing.

As I am in the act of completing these notes, the Gaels of Carrick-on-Suir are about to realise their dream and Páirc Sheáin Mhic Diarmada stands a fitting monument to their enthusiasm and hard work.

A job has been well done at all three venues and certainly none can say that Connacht is not on the march when it comes to providing for the future.

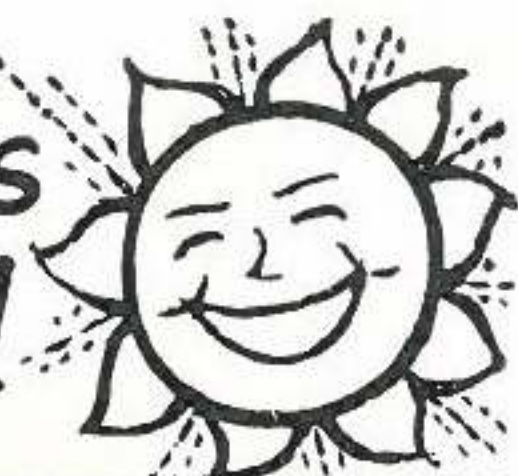
ST. JARLATH'S

ST. JARLATH'S College, Tuam, have won their fifth Hogan Cup title—a wonderful record, when one considers that the Cup has been competed for but eleven times. The drawn game at Athlone was one of the three best games I have ever seen and undoubtedly the best college game I have seen. The performances of Ryan, Colreavy, Reilly, Reynolds, Donlon, Doris and Mulvihill for St. Mel's and McLaughlin, Shannon, Downes, Hanley, Earley, Cunnane, McCormack, McDonagh, Duggan, Charles and McPhillips for Tuam in the two games are still being talked of. This is a wonderful competition and I have seldom seen a team master the prevailing windy conditions as St. Jarlath's did in Tullamore in the replay. Their star in this game was left half back Joe Earley, a ginger haired Mayo lad who, like many more of both sides, should be heard of again.

FATHER KAVANAGH

Take your bow Fr. Brendan Kavanagh, the successful St. Jarlath's trainer. A native of Annaghdown, Fr. Kavanagh was a grand college's player himself and played at centre half back for the Connacht colleges in the early 'forties. A modest unassuming man, Fr. Kavanagh has certainly got the winning formula and it is gratifying to Galway followers to know that he is available to coach

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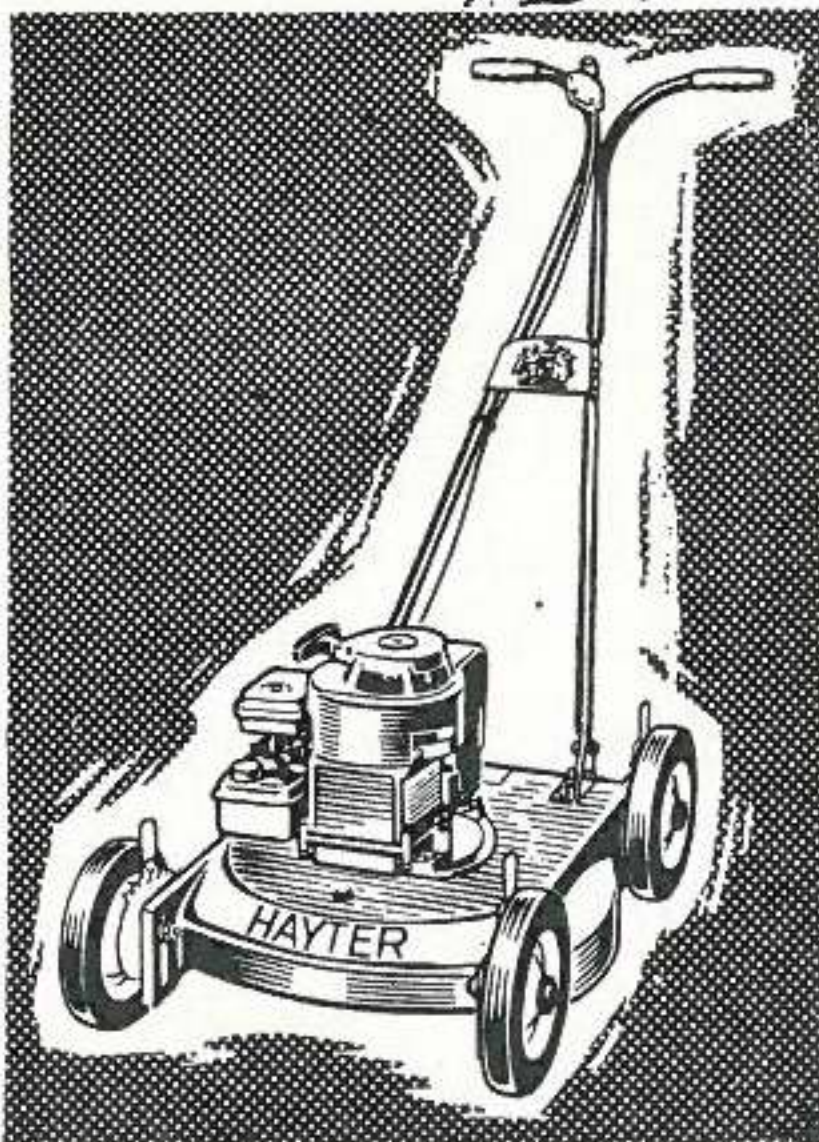
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the county's minor fifteen in the forthcoming championships.

STRONG SUPPORT

Before leaving the Tuam scene, I must pay tribute to the many co-helpers Fr. Kavanagh has in the College. The President, Rev. Dr. M. I. Mooney needs no introduction. Neither does Rev. P Mahon, Chairman of the Galway Football Board. Then you have Rev. M. O'Grady, a native of Kinvara and the hurling trainer, whose zeal will bring the big break-through in hurling ere long. Rev. P. Williams (a Clareman), Rev. C. Canavan (a Hogan Cup medal winner in 1945-'47) and all the other professors on the top of the college's football world.

And the past-pupils play their parts too. There is never a St. Jarlath's game that Sean Purcell, Jack Mahon, John and Pat Donnellan, Seamus Leydon, Seamus Colleran, John Morley, John Oliver Moran, Sean Flanagan, Gerry Prendergast and the host of others do not attend if at all possible. I saw Sean Purcell, Jack Mahon, Pat Donnellan and Seamus Leydon converging on the Jarlath's dressing room at Tullamore. Such interest from former stars of the college is bound to help. The spirit of St. Jarlath's is very high again—in fact after bringing off the Hogan Cup and the grand slam in Connacht it was probably never higher.

REV. T. TARPEY

Congratulations are in order too to Fr. Tommy Tarpey, the St. Mary's College trainer, on the great display of his hurlers in the Croke Cup semi-final against the eventual winners Limerick C.B.S. Fr. Tommy is a native of Ardrahan and played at full-back for the Galway minors in an All-Ireland final against Cork in the early 'fifties. Like St. Jarlath's, St. Mary's deserve great credit for bringing off the grand slam in Connacht's hurling once again.

GALWAY YEARBOOK

THE first ever Galway G.A.A. Yearbook is on sale and is a tremendous bargain for half a crown. Well illustrated and printed, it contains a complete survey of the year in Galway with contributions from such well known Gaels as Sean Purcell, Jimmy Duggan, Martin Newell, Joe Sweeney, Rev. B. Kavanagh, Rev. T. Tarpey, Mickey Cullinane and Jack Mahon among others. This is

an initial venture which we hope other counties will follow.

CASTLEGAR BACK

Castlegar hurlers, out for a year, are back with a bang and have already annexed the Galway S.H.L. title of 1964. In the final they trounced the county champions, Turloughmore, and in doing so served notice to all and sundry that they will take beating in the championship.



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BRAVO, BOYS!

By SEAMUS O CEALLAIGH

FULL marks and more to the schoolboys of Listowel—ranging in age from seven to fourteen—and their teacher, Michael Keane, for the splendid display of civic spirit when they mustered ninety strong recently, complete with a wide variety of implements, including wheelbarrows, shovels and picks, and thoroughly drained a three acre field.

Earlier, after much planning and plotting, they had coaxed nine tractor and two lorry owners into a day's work drawing gravel and sand, which they had got from another generous donor.

The boys dug drains, three feet deep and nine inches in width, over a total length of 240 feet. This operation completed, they laid on the banks seven hundred and twenty feet of plastic piping in handy ten foot lengths.

Then, when all was ready, the boys took up positions along the entire area of the excavations and proceeded to lay the pipes—a job they finished in the record space of ten minutes.

The next task was to cover the pipes with the sand and gravel, after which the sods were replaced and the assignment successfully completed—the entire job taking seven hours of solid work.

A notable feature was that teacher Michael Keane, in supervising the operation gave all his instructions in the national language.

What was it all in aid of you might ask? The boys needed a playing field, and they certainly went the right way about getting it.

They definitely have earned the pleasure they will get out of it when they play with great gusto

on the new pitch later on in the season.

And as for the headline they have set. Well to many, and not all of them schoolboys, they could say: "Go thou and do likewise!"

LIMERICK C.B.S.

The winning by Limerick C.B.S. of the Dr. Harty Cup, after a lapse of thirty-two years, was an achievement that aroused memorable

MUNSTER MEDLEY

enthusiasm. The final at Limerick Gaelic Grounds, drew an attendance that was easily a record for a school game anywhere, and the Munster Colleges' Council had their greatest windfall ever in a "gate" well into the four figure category.

When the Limerick boys capped their Southern success by winning the All-Ireland Colleges' hurling crown the victory was greeted in remarkable fashion in the City by the Shannon.

The popular Mayor, Mrs. Frances Condell, decided they should have a civic reception, and so the entire Corporation was at Limerick Railway Terminus to greet their return with the Cup. To the explosion of fog signals, the hooting of diesel sirens, and the cheers of a huge multitude, the members of the winning team were escorted to the platform, where speeches of welcome were delivered by the Mayor and the President of the school's Past Pupils Union, and responded to by the Rev. Superior and the team captain, following which five bands led a victory parade through the streets of

Limerick to the School, where bonfires blazed and further enthusiastic scenes were witnessed. It was the greatest ever reception accorded a winning All-Ireland side in Limerick.

Such excitement and enthusiasm should prove of great assistance to Shannonside hurling, but on investigating the role members of other outstanding Limerick school teams of the past played in subsequent years in G.A.A. affairs we hit against a very sobering fact.

It would be interesting to discover whether the same applies to other counties also, particularly the larger centres of population, but in Limerick anyway the tendency has been for quite a few of those who were prominent at hurling and football in their schooldays to turn to other codes afterwards.

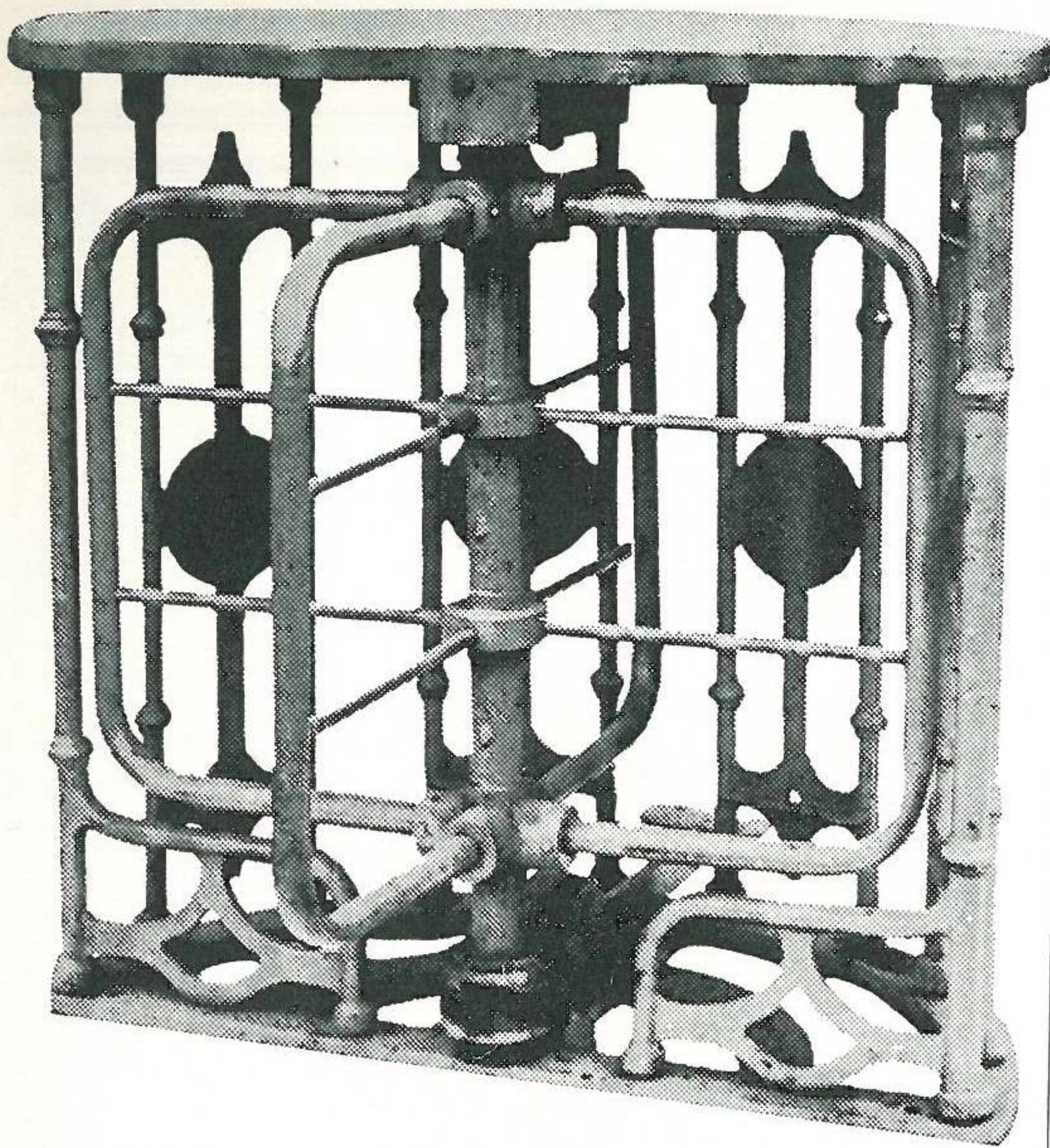
That this is peculiar to the Gaelic Games' schoolboy seems evident from the fact that rarely do we meet a boy from the schools where the foreign codes hold sway seeking membership of a G.A.A. club.

Why is the hurler or footballer so anxious to try his skill at rugby or soccer, whilst the lad from the rugby playing school does not usually evince any anxiety to play the Gaelic code?

Hurling is an expensive game and is often back breaking work keeping a hurling club in existence. That hardly applies to Gaelic football, however.

The popularity of soccer, particularly in thickly populated districts, could be the ease of getting eleven players together, and then the small pitch they need.

(Continued page 36.)



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CO. CLARE

(From page 35.)

Does the ban affect the G.A.A. in that a young lad, through curiosity as to the type of game soccer or rugby is, participates in a match of either code and is then persuaded he cannot go back and play Gaelic Games? Few active youths would be prepared to remain idle for any lengthy period as a prelude to re-instatement.

At least one Southern county board adopts the very wise course of turning the blind eye on transgressions of players under juvenile age. Maybe if this was generally extended to embrace all school-going players it might prove a very useful step as far as the G.A.A. is concerned.

Some may turn up their eyes in horror at any such suggestion, But the fact remains that the G.A.A. is losing a lot of good material—much of it through ignorance of the real aims and outlook of the Association.

Young boys are not very interested in the national as distinct from the playing side of the G.A.A., and it is not easy to blame them from going off with their pals, taking the easy road, and playing a game that required the minimum of participants and the smallest of pitches. And, of course, many are fetched too, in youthful fancy, by the stories of big transfer fees, and visits to far away places.

Some of the boys who go from the G.A.A. are worth looking after, and so, for that reason the question deserves serious consideration. We all know there are many participating in other codes whom most Gaelic clubs would not touch with a forty-foot pole—but there are others who are a distinct loss to the association. The tragedy of it is that quite a number might be said to have drifted more through misadventure than any real rebellion against the national ideals that go part and parcel with our national games.

DO WE NEED A CHANGE?

I SUPPOSE, it is hardly necessary for me to mention, that the rules pertaining to championship handball ordain that games shall be decided on the rubber basis, viz., five sets of twenty-one aces for senior and junior and three sets for minor. A senior handball game, however, extends over a full seven sets of twenty-one aces. Such was the accepted *modus operandi* down through the years, until the Gael-Linn competition was initiated in 1954.

As this pools organisation had occasion to use the matches, a clear-cut result was required every Sunday evening, and, needless to say the rubber system was a rather cumbersome way of acquiring this. Our handballing intellectuals got to work and came up with the bright idea that the Gael-Linn competition would be played on a time-basis.

Like most new ideas it was not hailed as enthusiastically at the outset, but as the competition gained in stature and some thrilling games ensued, many officials and players began thinking in terms of time-basis for all competitions.

Little wonder then, that a motion appeared on the agenda for Annual Congress of 1962 suggesting that all championships should be played over a specified time-limit. I can remember, the youthful Kildare executive, Matt Purcell, putting his points so clearly that day, that he was in fact instrumental, in converting some of the counties whom we thought were

clasped in the claws of tradition.

The motion, of course, was lost, but at least the wheels of controversy which have been gaining impetus in the past two years had been set in motion.

Thus, today, amid a bewilderment of devious handball ideas we ask ourselves—"Does handball need a change."

"Doctors differ and patients die." There is no fear of such a fate for handball, although there is no doubt about it, our Executives are certainly differing on this matter. Harking back to Annual Congress of 1963, we reflect on the words of the Council's President, Rev. Fr. Neville, when in his opening address, he said:—

"I am certain that the introduction of time-basis would definitely make our games more attractive from the spectator's point of view." It may change, he said, and eliminate a lot of our older players from the inter-county scene, but it would certainly mean an attractively arranged programme, which would be made to fit in with the public's Sunday arrangements.

Equally adamant that no change is necessary to the basic principles of the game, is Jimmy O'Brien, of Kilkenny, who, has from time to time, stressed that to change from the customary rubber system would be akin to undermining the very foundations on which the game was built. Mr. O'Brien, incidentally, is a past President of the Council and former Chairman of the Leinster Council.

And so with the present and a former President of the Handball Council expressing different views, the cue has been accepted by handballers up and down the country to take sides.

The time-basis men argue that its introduction would make handball a much more attractive game from the spectators' viewpoint, and that it would also alleviate much of the unnecessary delay which some players assume as an integral part of their game.

Those in favour of the old established system maintain that as such handball, like many other games, is of its very make-up essentially one for the player and that there is no point in trying to attract a major spectator interest which in fact is not there at all.

They also say that the deletion of the rubber system would spell finish to some of the magnificent recoveries we have witnessed by our top players down the years.

Then there is the third party and they say: "Why not mediate on the matter—leave the old system as it stands, but instead of playing five sets of twenty-one aces, substitute five sets of ten minutes duration instead.

So much for one of the major issues of the handball world just now.

It shows an awareness by our administrators of the necessity of keeping abreast with progress, and whether any alterations are made in the years ahead, or not, handball will have had a good brushing down and in the long-run will benefit enormously.

FRANCISCAN PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES

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SCRAPBOOK

By EAMONN YOUNG

THE sun shone and the grass was a brilliant green after the rain. Fine young men they were as they strode on to the pitch. Each had his hurley; each wore a track suit. And in one man's hand was a transistor. I recognised the commentator's voice broadcasting the Munster Cup rugby game. Transistors as backgrounds merely to other activities annoy me, but then came the click as the set was turned off and a long ball went flying down the field. Ten years ago the scene was unknown. What will it be like ten years hence.

* * *

Games are won not alone on a team's merit but on the other's mistakes. Remember the football league final? It was a faulty kick-out into touch that gave John Timmons the chance of landing the sideline kick back into the square. He did and the ensuing second brought Dublin's goal and Down's quietus. It was John Joe Sheehy once said to me that all good teams are about equal, and the victory goes to the side that can cut down its errors to a minimum. In other words the secret of success is virile and educated play.

* * *

Many are saying that Down are finished. That's a devastating statement. Just because they are beaten (in decisive fashion admittedly) by a good All-Ireland side, one can't say that Down are bad. With the judicious inclusion of new players and their education in the art of top-class match-play there's no reason why Down should not stay in the top flight.

* * *

I wasn't very sorry when Wex-

ford beat Cork recently for those boys from Loch Garman, who always seem to range in size from half-pint to barrel have earned the country's admiration. They are the only county that has swung from top-class football to champion hurling in recent times. Remember it was Wexford who won the first four-in-a-row football titles with great men like little Gus Kennedy and his giant brother Sean, Paddy Mackey and the rest. And Wexford had a first-class football side in the mid-forties. I have nothing against Gaelic football—why should I? But in this little country where too many men talk hurling with bland faces and tongues in the cheek, and who wouldn't organise a club junior team, it's grand to see a county come from behind and stay with the best of them. Up Wexford.

* * *

But to return to the Cork-Wexford National League hurling game, some of the bellyaching afterwards about the stern pulling of the Corkmen, was pretty pathetic. And it wasn't Wexford people who complained. We were taught in Cork, and we've no hesitation in handing on the same advice, to pull on the ball, and pull hard. We were also told never to put the hand or head where the stick should go. Paddy Donovan our very good centreback of the forties got away with murder in catching the sliotar from the air but no one realised more than Paddy that in doing so he was taking a chance and if he got hit . . . Well!

* * *

There's a yarn about Pádraic Ó

Conaire the writer and my old friend Lieut. Colonel Dinny Heuston that I like well. Both are now dead and may the sod rest lightly on them for they were two good sports. The game of hurling has never been seen on the islands of Aran so the First Battalion—known to the army as the "Tá-sé's" because of their use of the language—were invited over to give an exhibition.

One sunny day the soldiers sailed off from the quays at Galway on the Dun Aengus of happy memory and faced west into the Atlantic breeze for Inishmore. Dinny Heuston and his good friend Pádraic retired to the bar as sensible men should, and spun yarns for the thirty mile journey to Kilronan. At length the boat swung in alongside the quay and the hurlers trooped off to play the match but as there was no hurry on the two friends, they hung on for a while.

Anyway the conversation—as conversation does when two entertaining talkers get together—livened up and the two really settled down to business. Next minute one of the hurlers put his head around the door.

"Hello," says Dinny, "We'll be right with you."

"But sir," says the athletic young lieutenant, "the game is over. We had a great match."

"So," said Dinny. "They came in and told us all about it on the trip home. It was a good day."

And that's how a good soldier, God rest him, brought hurling to Aran.

WATCH OUT FOR YOUNG McSHEA

By CONALLACH

ONE of the most news-worthy and yet least noticed events of the past month was the performance of the Down side which reached the All-Ireland Vocational Schools hurling final. In the semi-final they convincingly defeated Leinster champions, Kilkenny, and this surely was a tremendous feat.

The North Tipperary side proved their masters in the final but Down put up a much better battle than the final score of 9-3 to 1-3 suggested. Furthermore that 9-3 was the smallest score registered by Tipp. on their way to the title.

In the Vocational Schools football semi-final, played at Breffni Park, Donegal went under to Offaly in a very interesting game. Most eye-catching player on the field was Pauric McShea who was at mid-field for Donegal.

This 17-year-old is a lad to watch. He was on the Donegal minor team last year and already this year has been a regular with the county juniors. He will, of course, be on the minor team as well—and I heard someone say that he is eligible for minor grade again next year.

This year too he is certain to make the county under-21 selection and there are many who believe that his debut on the senior team is not far off.

ULSTER CHAMPIONSHIP

The Ulster senior championship will have reached the semi-finals stage before the month of June has ended and it would certainly take a shrewd tipster to correctly name the four semi-finalists.

On June 28 Cavan or Derry will play Donegal or Fermanagh, while the second semi-final on July 5 will feature either Antrim, Armagh or Tyrone against Down or Monaghan.

I won't name my four for I would surely be wrong—just as you probably would.

CLUB COMPETITION

It is carnival time at present in the North and many clubs, especially in the Tyrone, Derry, Antrim, Armagh area have all arrangements made for their annual event to augment funds. In the past, carnivals, incorporating football tournaments composed of teams from the surrounding area, were very popular and a great source of income to the clubs, but in recent times some of the smaller clubs, who depend on confined rural areas, have found it difficult to attract attendances.

In Lauey, Co. Derry, Hugh A. McGurk has noticed the decline and he has made arrangements for his club to run a tournament and invite some of the province's most powerful clubs to compete.

And by the way I hear that the progressive St. Molaise Club,

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Irvinestown, hope to run an Ulster club championship soon.

HOME AND AWAY

Séamus Óg Flood, a brother of Sean Óg Flood the former Cavan, Louth and Leinster goalkeeper, has been appointed to the staff of the Ulster Bank, Cootehill. He is a former Dundalk C.B.S. star.

A Cootehill man, Tony Keyes, who had a stay in Donegal and played for the Donegal junior team, is back in his native county. Playing good football with Sligo at the moment is Garda Seamus Durham who is stationed in Annagry, Co. Donegal.

KERRYMAN

And from Kerry comes Tom Prendergast to join Donegal. This under-21 Kingdom player, although small, has played well for Donegal so far. He is at present a member of the McCumhaill's, Ballybofey club, who look very likely to capture the county crown this year.

They have also in their ranks the former Derry player Sean Young and back home from England is Bernard Lafferty who should be a great asset to club and county.

WEDDING BELLS

Congratulations to P. J. Flood, Donegal, and Ulster footballer, on his recent marriage to Margaret Caldwell of Donegal Town. P. J. helps his local club, Pettigo, in Donegal competitions.

HISTORY CHAMPIONS

Patsy Breen, the former Derry and Ulster player brought a car load of pupils from his school in Moneymore to Dublin recently. These boys were the winners of an Irish history competition sponsored by the Derry County Board. Congratulations Derry on taking the initiative.

CLUB STRENGTH

There are 570 clubs in Ulster. Antrim have 120, Donegal 96, Derry 60, Down 60, Cavan 54, Armagh 48, Fermanagh 46, Monaghan 43, and Tyrone 43.

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MUNSTER CHAMPIONSHIPS, 1964

SENIOR HURLING :

- A. Corcaigh v. Gaillimh, at Limerick, June 7th
 - B. Luimneach v. Chlair, at Nenagh, May 24th.
 - C. Portlairge versus A Winners, June 28th.
 - D. B Winners versus Tiobrad Arann, July 5th.
- Final—C Winners versus D Winners, July 26th.

SENIOR FOOTBALL :

- A. Chlair v. Tiobrad Arann, at Limerick, June 14th.
 - B. Ciarrai versus A Winners, June 28th.
 - C. Portlairge versus Corcaigh, at Dungarvan, June 14th.
- Final—B Winners versus C Winners, July 19th.

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LUCK DESERTED LONGFORD

By **JIM O'BRIEN**

Defeat is nothing new to Longford, but this year it was particularly frustrating. As early as Sunday, May 3, the county had bid adieu to its championship hopes having been defeated in all grades.

The under-21 side fell heavily to Westmeath in April and there was no excuse for that, but in the other three football grades there was some extraordinary hard luck.

In senior and minor football Westmeath were again their conquerors. In the minor game Longford had to field without its St. Mel's College players, plus home players Jim Hannify and Leo Dowling. Furthermore, mid-fielder Johnny McGee had not arrived from Dublin when the game got underway. He did take the field some time before the break but by then Westmeath had a commanding lead and they held it.

The Longford senior team had given rise to much hope during the Winter and Spring and their display, marked by many missed opportunities, was quite a blow to loyal followers.

Furthermore, Longford have in the past always had the beating of Westmeath in the championship. One has actually to go back over thirty years to find the previous defeat by Westmeath.

However, it was the county junior side which had the hardest luck of all. After showing fine promise against Offaly they looked

like going places but when it came to playing Kildare in the provincial semi-final no less than half the team was unavailable due to having played senior. Kildare on the other hand had not made their senior debut and were not handicapped in this regard.

Nonetheless Longford put up a fine performance before losing 2-8 to 1-6 and there can be little doubt but that the team which accounted for Offaly would have mastered the Lily Whites.

So now its wait for next year.

WESTMEATH STARS

As a complete contrast West-

meath have had a most successful period during the past month—winning major games in both hurling and football.

Once again it was County Secretary, Paddy Flanagan, who gallantly stepped into the full-back position on the senior football side and as a result clinched the victory against Longford.

I was particularly impressed too by mid-fielder Fintan Costello. Here is another Mick Carley and we will be hearing a lot more from him.

In hurling the great veteran "Jobber" McGrath was the hero of both the League final and the victory over Offaly in the championship, while Tommy Ring was little, if anything, behind in either game.

And then, of course, there is Pat Bradley. He played in six grades last year and this year it is the same, with under-21 competition replacing minor.

Yes, there are stars both young and old in this very much alive county.

WHITE COATS

Incidentally, before I leave Westmeath I will take the liberty of retelling this story which I read in the "Westmeath Examiner". It seems that back in 1947 the hurlers were to travel to Antrim to play the Glensmen. A day or two before the match word came from Belfast to collect the "trophies" which had a week or
(Continued on page 44)



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(Continued from page 43)

two previous been won by the Antrim footballers.

The Westmeathmen did so—but were they surprised when they found that the "trophies" turned out to be a set of white overcoats which had been presented by a Dublin firm.

To make a long story short the Westmeath hurlers each donned a coat and so the "trophies" crossed the Border without having incurred custom duty.

MISUNDERSTANDING

Remember the defeat of Meath by Louth in minor hurling. Well it seems that Meath fielded an under-17 side by error. The Leinster Council originally decided that this special minor competition between the weaker hurling counties be confined to players under-17. Later this was changed to the normal minor age and Louth were informed of this but Meath received no word.

The result was that the Louth side had a year age advantage and went on to score one of the very few hurling victories in the Wee County's history.

IN BRIEF

As I saw it the biggest upset in Leinster intercounty competition during the past month was the defeat of the Kilkenny under-21 hurlers by Wexford. Where are all the All-Ireland minors of 1960, '61 and '62 gone? They were the truly great minor sides.

Biggest upset in club competition was the defeat of Navan O'Mahony's by unfancied Drumree in the Meath S.F. championship. There was no less than five points in it and so ended O'Mahony's long reign as county champions.

Wexford have set-up a special S.F. competition for the magnificent John F. Kennedy Cup. You will remember that the late President presented the Cup to the County Board last Summer,

(Continued on page 46)

WIDE INTEREST IN CLUB EVENT

By AGNES HOURIGAN

THE institution of an All-Ireland club camogie championship to mark the Diamond Jubilee year, has been well received throughout the country. Indeed, at the time of writing we already know a couple of the teams that will be taking part. Cork were the first of the counties, as far as I know to get their championship finished and they will be represented in the All-Ireland competition by Glen Rovers.

Glen were, of course, the 1963 champions, but they got a rare fright in this 1964 series from the girls of University College, Cork. Indeed in the final, a surprise seemed in prospect when the College girls drew level with some ten minutes to go. But for a wonderful save by the great Glen Rover's goal-keeper, Deirdre Sutton, College must have taken the lead immediately afterwards.

However, it was the Glen who went away to land the winning scores in the closing minutes, and they will be very worthy representatives in the All-Ireland club competition.

Also in at this stage are the Tullamore club in Offaly, but there position was assured from the start, as it so happens that they are the only affiliated club in the midland county. But, judging by the ease with which this club side won the Leinster junior championship last year, they will not be easily beaten in any club competition.


The progress in the game has continued steadily, since last I

wrote here, with a great resurgence in Meath and Westmeath, and Kildare, heartened by their convincing victory over Laois, already hopeful of taking the Leinster Intermediate crown. But they have their work cut out for them with holders Wexford, Louth and Offaly still in the reckoning.

The Wexford girls looked the part of championship holders

when defeating Kilkenny in the first round at Wexford Park but Kilkenny were unfortunately well below full strength due to illness. Yet I thought that one of the most impressive players on the field was Brid Kinsella, who played very well in the face of adversity as did Claire O'Hanrahan.

Brid Kinsella, comes of a very
(Continued on page 46)



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(Continued from page 45)

versatile Gaelic family. One of her brothers won a minor All-Ireland with Kilkenny a couple of years ago, while she is a cousin of former Dublin All-Ireland forward, Joan Kinsella.

Incidentally, it is good to see Kildare follow in the footsteps of Kilkenny and acquire a set of county tunics. Kilkenny some few years ago purchased a set of very neat tunics and blouses in the black and amber colours for the county side, and when Kildare invested in tunics for the county side some months ago they were no less traditional and insisted on all-white and very attractive the teams look on the field too.

It is a great pity that all counties have not special county tunics in the traditional colours of the county, but that day will come too, please God.

I was very glad to see that the Leinster Colleges' champions, Holy Faith Convent, Clontarf, and the Ulster title holders, Cross and Passion Convent, Ballycastle, got together at last and served up a most enjoyable challenge game. Though this does not rank, of course, as an official All-Ireland, it was simply and solely a challenge game, but I am told that similar challenge games between the provincial champions proved the first very successful step towards the setting up of the All-Ireland Colleges' individual championships in the boys' schools.

Anyway, this new move should arouse the envy of the schools camogie players in Munster and Connacht and also speed up the formation of colleges championships in those provinces.

COVER PICTURE

This month we feature Des Foley of Dublin, a man who turns in such consistently top-class displays both for his native county and Leinster, that people tend to take them for granted. So it is with all great players.

LEINSTER ROUND-UP

(Continued from page 44)

It was donated by the Wexford Club in New York.

The illogical partition which forces part of Offaly into North Tipperary jurisdiction and vice versa is to remain—at least for yet another while. The Tipperary County Board has turned down a

request from the North Tipperary Board to begin discussion with Offaly on the problem.

Harry Donnelly, the Offaly sharp-shooter and former Dublin Air Corps star, will in future play club football in Carlow where he is now employed. He fields with Milford.

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*The "young" at heart are
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By PHILIP RODERICK

THE big bone of contention between us has always been our ages. He claims that he is younger than I am . . . when I know perfectly well that I can give him a few years anytime. You should hear him at parties. He gets up there and sings songs that were out-of-date before I came on the scene.

But what am I to do now, following his latest escapade? How can I explain to anyone that, while I am developing a fine round Falstaffian paunch from sitting in front of the television with a pint glass within easy reach, he is out galloping around Gaelic fields . . . and, God help us, getting headlines in the newspapers for doing it.

He is old, I can assure you of that. Why, I remember when he was playing football with Dick Harnedy of Dromtarriffe and

Duhallow . . . and that's not today . . . nor yesterday.

The first time I saw Dick was about 1935 and I was only a child at the time. It was at the Gaelic ground in Kanturk and it was sometime in December. The game, if I remember correctly, was the final of the Duhallow championship and Dick, as always in those days, was the star of the Dromtarriffe side. Even then he was a legend in our part of the country.

Those were not the good years of Cork football and Dick, although he was one of the most polished footballers in Munster if not in Ireland, had precious little to show for all his years in the game. He played on the Munster Railway Cup team many times and I have a feeling that he eventually wound up with a Railway Cup medal in the early 1940s.

But, Dick was no youngster when

I saw him play . . . and he was no youngster when he played for Munster. And he was anything but a strapping teen-ager when he turned out for Castlemartyr in a junior game seven or eight years ago.

Yet this Corkman who claims to be younger than I am, played with Dick Harnedy and, indeed, he played football with an awful lot of Corkmen who has long passed into honourable retirement.

But, last month, just when I was getting around to proving that he is older than I am, I picked up the *Cork Examiner* one fine Monday morning and, Lord love us, what did I read?

Nothing more than a beautifully-written account of how this "youngster" trotted out onto the field for Carbery and proceeded to

(Continued on page 48)

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DUN LAOGHAIRE

PEN-POINTS

SHAME ON THEM

Sir,—I am an Offaly man in England and every year since 1958 I have gone to Wembley on Whit Saturday to see the football and hurling tournament matches between the big teams from home.

From '58 to '63, the sportsmanship at these games was exemplary. But imagine the horror we felt this year when two well-known hurlers let us down. Why did they have to do it? Was the winning of a tournament game so important. Surely, it is possible to control one's bad temper when the prestige of the game and the Association is at stake in a foreign land?

On the day before this year's games, an English daily paper carried an article headed "Punch-up in the Sun." Naturally, we boiled with indignation. London G.A.A. officials protested to the editor. But imagine, then, our embarrassment when that same paper got the opportunity to say "we told you so" because of the shameful incident on Whit Saturday.

Steps should be taken to ensure that similar incidents will not occur in future years.

JOHN CAWLEY,
Hampstead, London.

Sir,—I am a regular reader of **GAEILIC SPORT** and I particularly liked the series "Stories Yet Untold". It ended a few months' ago. How about getting it going again?

Fergus Dillon,
Shandon, Tralee.

A Chara,—Your article last month on Alf Murray's club, Clann Eireann, Co. Donegal, was most informative. It is amazing what this go-ahead club has achieved and the pity is that so few know about it—especially down here in Munster.

I think County boards would do a very good job if on some suitable date they hired a bus and brought along a delegate or two from each senior club in the county and made the journey to Lurgan.

Reading about it does not give

all the information we need. It is necessary to see and discuss the extraordinary achievements with the Clann Eireann officials and I for one hope to do that before the year is out.

A Limerick Club Official.

A Chara,—Well done **GAEILIC SPORT**. I was very pleased with Fear Faire's column "Looking Around". It spoke the truth and stood for national ideals. This is what we want in this age of sham and hypocrisy. Let's hope Fear Faire keeps it up. More like him are needed.

Padruig Ó Ceallaigh,
Ath Cliath, 7.

Sir,—I don't like writers who hide behind *nom de plumes*—therefore I don't like your new-comer Fear Faire. I have nothing against plain talking, but if your friend believes what he writes he should stand over it and put his name to it.

Sean Hughes,
Clontarf, Dublin, 3.

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The "Young" At Heart (Continued from page 47)

give what the writer claimed was a superlative performance.

True, it was a junior game . . . but then there are some mighty big juniors in Cork and it takes a good man to hold his own with them.

I rang our friend that night and I told him straight out that he should be ashamed of himself. "Eamonn Young," I said, "You'll have to stop this larking around. You're much too old to be playing football; much too old to be scoring five points in a championship game."

But there was no shame at all in the ruffian. "Don't be jealous, old cock" — he told me breezily — "Time enough to think about retiring when I get to your age."

And there I left him . . . but, between ourselves, my only regret was that I was not in Cork that day to see him.

CUMANN LUITH-CHLEAS GAEL

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Leitrim v Roscommon
At Carrick-on-Shannon

JUNE 21st

Sligo v Galway
At Sligo

JUNE 28th

Mayo v Roscommon or Leitrim
At Castlebar or Ballinamore

JULY 12th

Final

Venue to be fixed.

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