

43 Gaelic Sport

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JULY, 1965

Vol. 8. No. 7.



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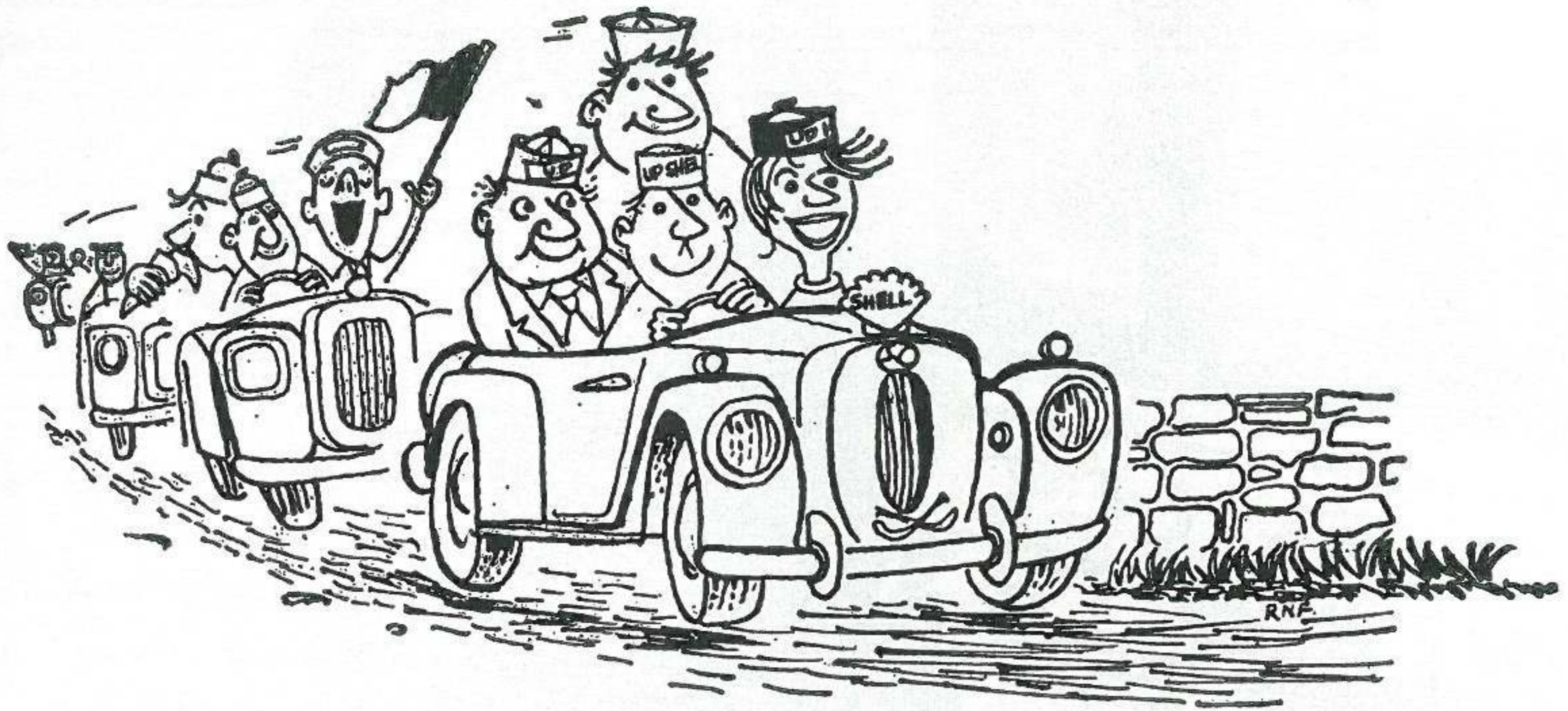
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The hurling revival

A GREAT revival is taking root. The Hurling Scheme, launched less than four months ago, has already given clear indication of ultimate success.

Every county has rallied to the call—some perhaps with more fervour than others, but a very encouraging beginning has been made. The objective, of having each of the thirty-two counties competing in the 1969 minor championship, would therefore appear to be attainable.

Still this early success, encouraging though it may be, must not be overestimated. Many of the weaker counties, whose youth have been introduced to hurling for the first time, are very much taken by the novelty of it all. That novelty will have gone by next season.

Yes, a great beginning has been made—but it is only a beginning. To consider it anything greater than that would be to court a relaxation in zeal and effort. This must not happen, for there is so much more to be done.

A five-year plan has been drafted and it must be realised that this means five years of continuous effort on the part of Coistí Iomána and those responsible for the revival.

Nothing short of this will bring hurling back.

Gaelic Sport

Vol. 8. No. 7. July, 1965

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THE CHAMPS FROM THE GLENS

DOWN the years Antrim has been the stronghold for hurling in Ulster and when one thinks of hurling in that county one's mind automatically wanders to North Antrim where there in the storied Glens one finds Ballycastle McQuillan's, ten times Antrim county champions and present holders of that title.

One of the most northern of the county's seaside resorts Ballycastle is situated within shouting distance of Rathlin Island and only a few hours by boat from Campletown in Scotland. The local club is steeped in hurling and football history.

Down the years Ballycastle McQuillan's has always striven for the furtherance of Gaelic games and ideals and this may be attributed in no small way to Roger Casement who had such strong ties with the district. A few miles outside the town across the Carey river at Murlough Bay is situated the empty grave which awaited his remains and the house in which he

lived stands amongst a cluster of trees on the Cushendum Road outside the town.

So it is fitting that the McQuillan's club should again be county champions in the year in which the remains of this great patriot were returned to his native soil.

The club was founded in 1907 under the chairmanship of the late Edward Donnelly, grandfather of the present day club member Brendan Donnelly. There are three surviving members of that foundation committee—Pat Barton, John Jennings and Dan McNeill who all still take a keen interest in club affairs.

The club entered the North Antrim competitions the following year and in 1909 in only their second year in competitions they annexed their first club trophy—the North Antrim senior hurling championship and up until the competition went out of existence in 1947 they collected the title well over twenty times.

FITZPATRICK looks at one of the North's top teams



Members of that first winning team were the late D. J. O'Connor, John O'Brien, Pat Duffin, Eaneas Savage, John and Jim Cearns, Edward Casey, Joe Donnelly, James O'Mullan and John McClements. They went on to compete in the Antrim county final but were beaten by Brian Og, Belfast.

For the next two years McQuillan's retained their North Antrim title and in 1913 after only four years in existence they captured their first Antrim championship. One who helped in that first county win and who is still surviving to-day is Joe McAllister, now living in Scotland. His wife was for a period M.P. for Kelvin.

The club had considerable ups and downs in the years which

★ *BALLYCASTLE McQUILLANS, Antrim Senior Hurling Champions in 1964. (Back Row, L. to R.): James Harkin, Eddie Donnelly, Pat McShane, James McToal, Kevin Donnelly, Sean McShane, Brendan Donnelly; (Front Row, L. to R.): J. J. Brown, Des Elliott, Colm Lynn, Bobbie Elliott (capt.), Raymond Coyles, Seamus McShane, John Harkin, Brendan Elliott.*

followed. The "troubled times" coupled with emigration and the rise of Loughgill, another North Antrim side, weakened the club but nonetheless they kept fighting back.

In 1929, for example, they won the county title only to lose it on an objection. In 1930 though the title was back in Ballycastle thanks to such men as the late and great John Butler, his brother Alex, Eddie McHenry, Moore Dunlop, Willie McNeill, John O'Connor, Charlie Hill and the late James

Maguire and John Fogarty. These men again brought home the cup in 1931.

However, the 'thirties were lean years in Ballycastle. Many players were forced to emigrate—these included the Butlers. The depression continued for quite a while. Then came Seamus Clarke and McQuillan's began to fight back once more.

Seamus organised street leagues and as a result built a minor side

● TO PAGE 48



EAMONN YOUNG

THRILLS OF '57

SEPTEMBER, 1957, and the end of a long road for the footballers of Louth and Cork. The Leinster county had beaten Tyrone by thirteen points to seven in the All-Ireland semi-final and Cork had a last-minute point victory over Galway the champions of 1956.

In Cork it was all football just then, while across the county line it was all hurling, for Waterford were preparing for their All-Ireland against Kilkenny. On August 25 we travelled to Tralee to play the Kingdom in a tournament game and won by 2-6 to 1-8. The men were in good form and playing confidently.

On September 8 our junior footballers, who had been assisting the seniors in training turned out against Mayo at Croke Park for the "home" final. The team was short it's best men who had been promoted to the senior team but gave a good hour to go down to an excellent western team by 1-11 to 1-3.

The most interesting item of that hour was the remarkable agility of the slim stylist Josie Munnely at corner-forward. Josie was a valuable member of the Mayo side of 1936 which "destroyed" Laois and left great players like the Delaney's, and Danny

Douglas without an All-Ireland medal. What a record for Munnely.

The Louth-Cork All-Ireland final was fixed for September 21 and the first thing we didn't like—I suppose Louth weren't happy either—was the change in jerseys for both wore red. We now wore the triple-crowned blue of Munster and the Wee County had Leinster's green with the harp badge.

Louth's record that year was very good. They had beaten Meath, Wexford, Kildare (remember the Lily Whites were Leinster champions) and Dublin. Add the thirteen points to seven of the Tyrone game and we find that the men who were going to beat us if they could, had scored an average of sixteen points to their opponents' nine in each of five games. That's a high average.

We noted that their place-kickers were good and a man of whom I took particular notice in the semi-final against Tyrone was Kevin Beahan, one of the steadiest kickers of a long ball off the ground that I've seen in big games.

Louth we knew loved Croke Park but then Corkmen never hated it either and we smiled to hear that Louth Chairman, Jimmy Mullen had a four-leaved shamrock, plucked on the hill of Tara at that.

The two teams had never met before in any kind of a big game and the only information we could get at the time was from my father, God rest him, who told us that after Cork had won the All-Ireland of 1911 they had games with Louth in Cork and Dundalk with the honours divided.

Louth by the way are credited with the first bout of collective training back in 1913 when they met Kerry in the Croke Memorial final. For the final of 1957 they provided another innovation. This time it was flood-lights and no doubt this was some help to trainer Jimmy Quigley when the Autumn twilight deepened.

In Cork the good news was that Denis Bernard's ankle was fit again. This meant a lot to us for the tall Dunmanway man, now married in New York, was an intelligent player with good hands and a sensible clearance. His best position was at centre-back but now after Paddy Driscoll's great hour on Sean Purcell in the dramatic semi-final we decided to leave him there.

After that the backline had to be completely re-organised for Dan Murray had been played at full back in the Galway game so as to keep an eye on Frank Stockwell.

Anyway Denis Bernard who had

often played at full back was given that job. His man was that fine player Jimmy McDonnell. Dan Murray was back at left full where he had played in the final of '56 and John Joe Henschion kept the left half-back job he had in the semi-final against Galway.

A decision had to be made between Mick Gould and Timmy Callaghan, friends from the town of Macroom. One had to go, and it was O'Callaghan's unlucky year for having been promoted from the junior team he was injured before the Munster final. In the semi-final he had a good hour but Mick Gould's experience and long kicking earned him the place in the final against Louth.

I met Miceal O Ruairc and Danny Ryan of Tralee one day in the street in Cork. Needless to say the talk turned to football.

"Ye'll win it I think," said Dan, "but ye'll have to get a lot of the ball up front".

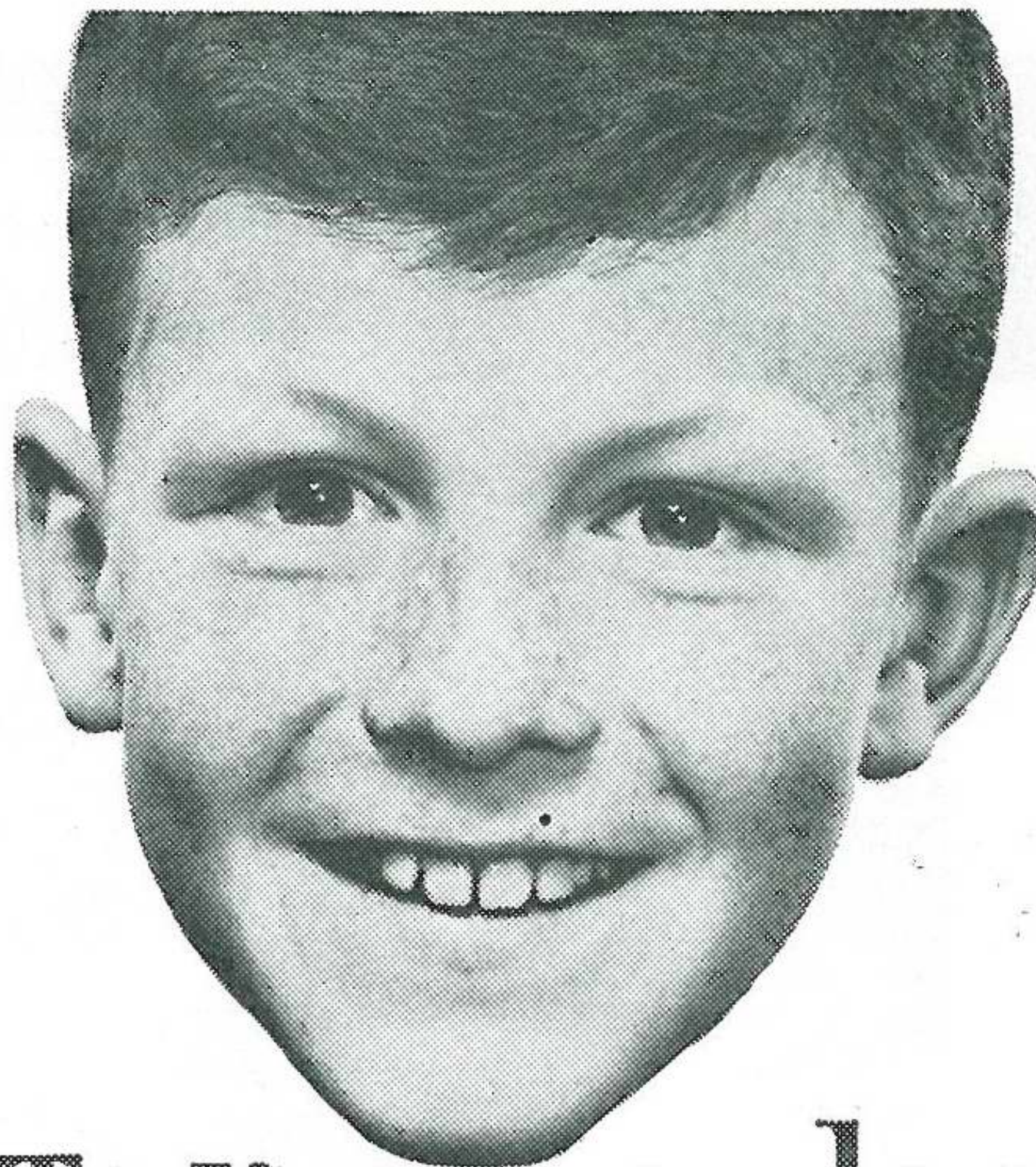
I agreed but knew that to do this the backs must be sound for the hour and the centre-field must stay on top. So in training we talked a lot, and practised a lot in cutting down defensive errors.

The two ways to win a match are to score a lot or concede little. Neither way is easy.

A man for whom I had a lot of respect before that game was Tom Conlon the Louth full-back. Thirty-two years of age, six feet one and fourteen stone, he had been with Louth since his minor days in 1942 except for a short time. And since his return no forward had got a score off him. Incidentally that included Kevin Heffernan who was flying just then. However, we had Neally Duggan three years older and half an inch taller. It would be a battle and a half.

Duggan at 35 and Conlon at 32. Two big men neither of whom had an All-Ireland medal after years of trying. Duggan had played senior for Cork in 1943 and had been

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To run, to play- he needs energy

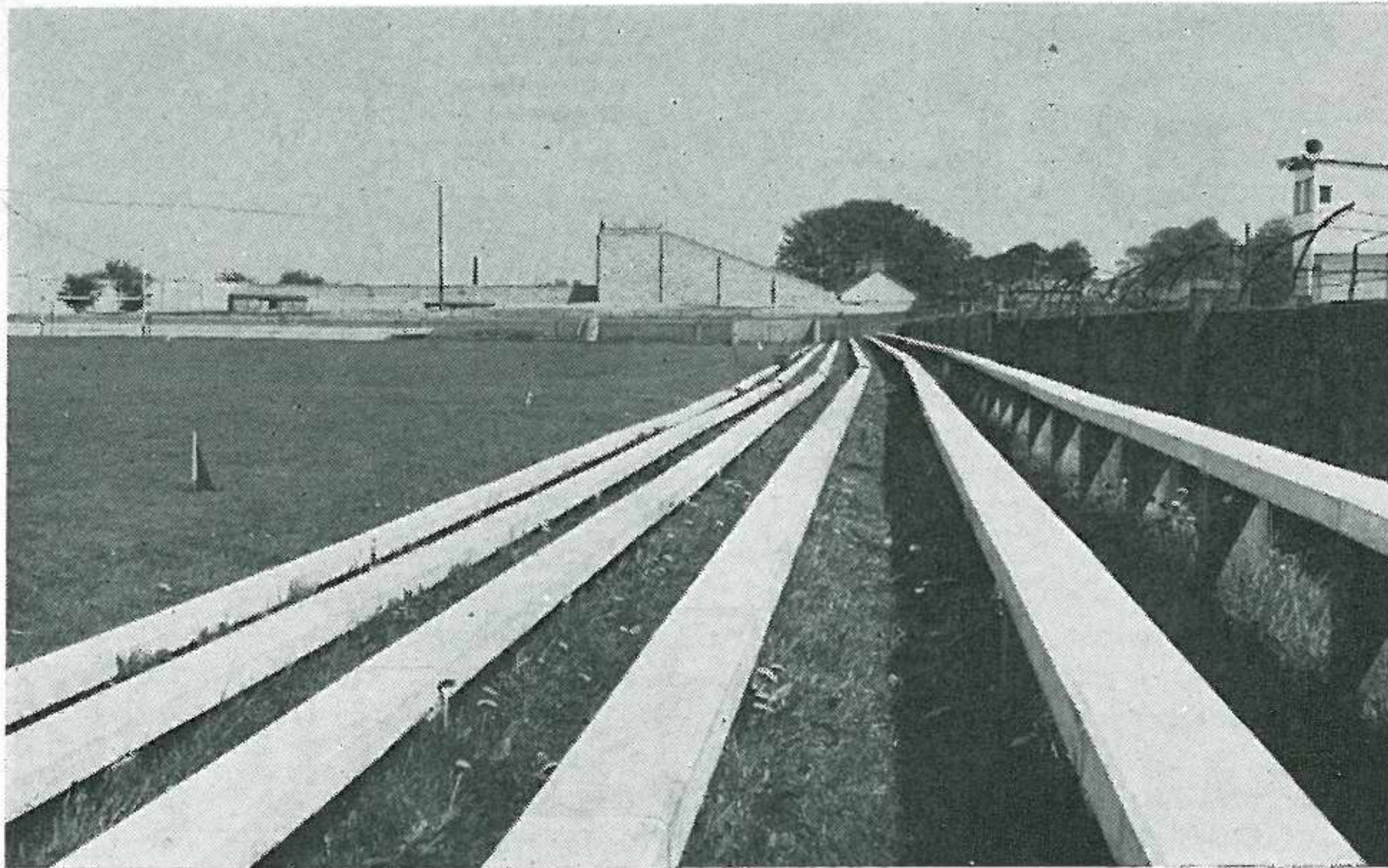
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Postponements wreck those fixture lists

by JAY DRENNAN

A SERIOUS problem for county boards, and lesser ruling and fixtures' groups in the counties, has always been the question of postponed games. Never, perhaps, more so than at the present time. Obviously there are, and always were, several good reasons why a postponement of a fixed game might and would be reasonable and granted by the Board concerned with little difficulty. Serious commitments to the county team, weather conditions which are impossible, death in the club, etc., are examples. But equally, there is a problem, which becomes more pressing in these days of multiplying competitions, of postponements being sought for trivial or less than weighty reasons.

This kind of thing has been the cause of many a greying hair on the heads of chairmen and secretaries, wondering how on earth they are to get their fixture list completed in the face of something less than complete goodwill from the whole force of their clubs. But, when it comes to the sphere of inter-county games, a sphere in which it was largely unheard of up to the present, then it becomes a serious matter. And a serious problem of lack of subordination to authority, too, which is the sure road to chaos and anarchy.

There have been a couple of teams in this year alone which have looked for alternative arrange-

ments, whether in regard to date of play or otherwise, to suit their own convenience; and when they have not had their own way have stalked in anger out of the competition rather than give in to their desires. This cannot be good. There is something wrong somewhere when that can occur. It may be that there was some lack of foresight by the fixtures' committees involved; this would be fair enough, and certainly it would be permissible to air the grievance felt or imagined; but to go further than that I cannot justify.

Even if there was some fault on the committees involved in the fixing of the game, this cannot be righted by a display of an even greater fault on the part of the county concerned.

Nowadays, more than ever before, the necessity of complete co-operation of the clubs with their Boards and fixtures' committees, is of the essence; there were never so many competitions, so many calls on the best players and teams of a county, never such a complex of fixtures to be made, never such an illustration of providing for a quart in a pint pot. Add to this the days set aside for the inter-county's team in a championship, National League and tournament, and the reason is obvious that the championships in some counties run well into the Christmas season.

Under-21, the great drive for all-aged youngsters in hurling, and the proliferation of games for juveniles are all adding greater congestion to the list of games to be played, and making it more difficult to grant a postponement without having to disrupt the allocation of games for every Sunday for the remainder of the summer.

One wonders whether it is not a symptom of the effect of this modern era on the games: the counter-attractions of all the media of entertainment and the greater opportunities for spending leisure time. Are these tendencies of affluence tending to sap some of the energetic desire to play the games anywhere, anytime, which so characterised the men of a not so fortunate era, financially.

Clear thinking and a firm hand is required regarding this entire question.

COVER

Our Cover Picture this month is a close-up shot of Pat Henderson (Kilkenny) and Sean McLoughlin (Tipperary), with team-mate Michael Keating in the background.

The very evenly matched duels between Henderson and McLoughlin have been a feature of all the Tipperary-Kilkenny encounters this season. And if all goes according to plan, these two great hurlers will be renewing acquaintance on September 5th.

● FROM PAGE 9

suspended in 1945 when the county won the championship. Neally like many a young fellow before and since was so fond of the game that playing for one team at the time wasn't enough.

Dermot O'Brien, Louth's captain, clever, elusive, and a very competent footballer was a little out of the ordinary just then. Dermot was a band-leader and still is, except that he's far better known now to the young folk than ever he was as a footballer. Too well we knew him in 1957.

So at long last came Sunday, September 21 and the stands of Croke Park buzzed with excited conversation of the thousands while down in the concrete dressing-room hardy young men trained to the ounce silently pulled on their togs and half-listened to the advice already given a hundred times.

We had little to say in the Cork dressing-room. There were very few in it, for I cling to the old-fashioned belief that what a player needs before the game and at half-time is peace and not a lot of stupid questions headed by "Do ye think ye'll win?"

I often felt like replying—"No. We don't, but we came up for the laugh".

Then the tall man with the beret and the fast long stride told us the time was up and out the tunnel ran the players and trotted on to the green pitch to the roar of the thousands.

His Lordship Bishop Cornelius Lucy of Cork walked on the field with the Association's President, Seamus McFearan of Belfast, and the captains Neally Duggan and Dermot O'Brien kissed his ring.

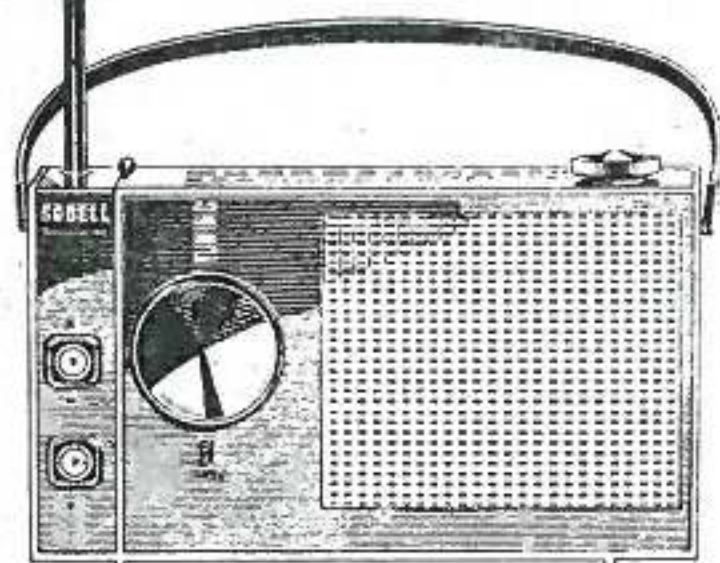
The players lined up for the Anthem.

The football final of 1957 was on.

(Continued next month.)

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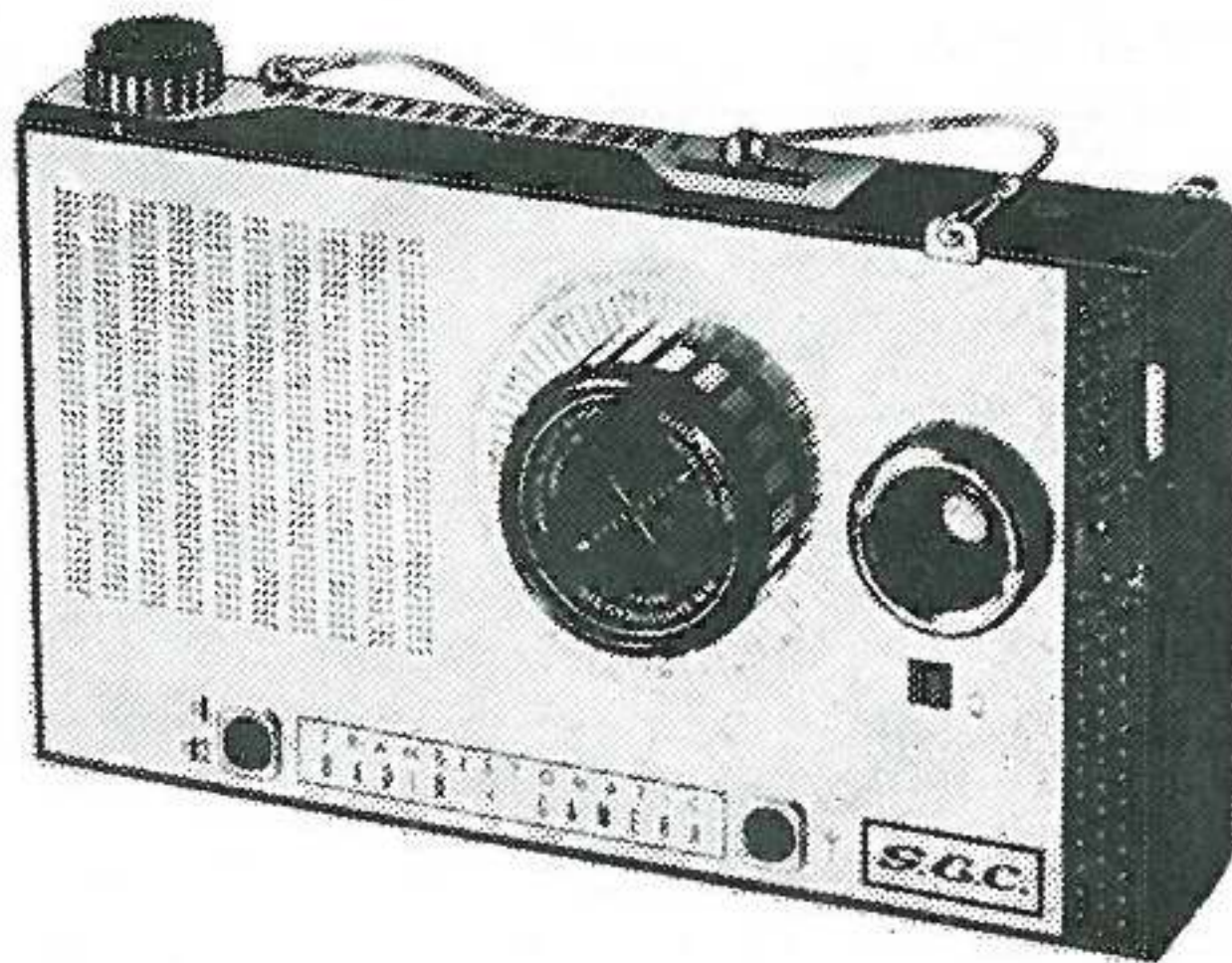


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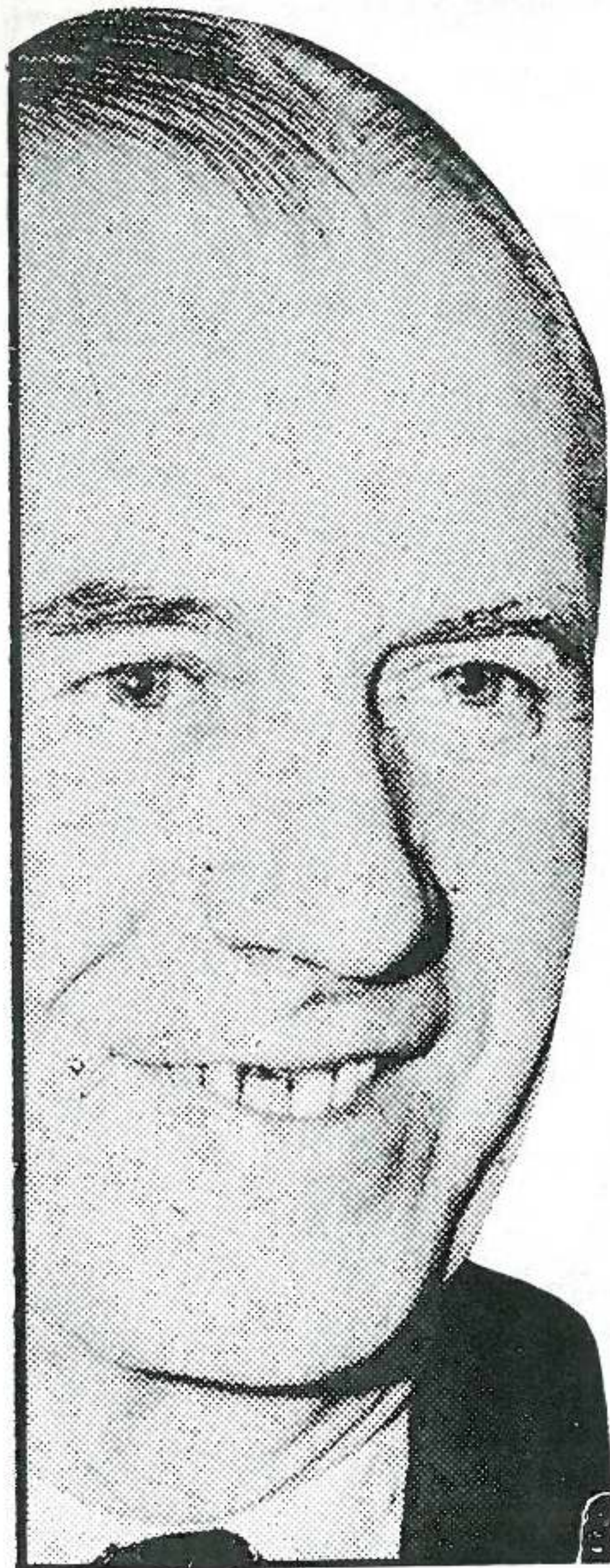


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AN ANONYMOUS APPRECIATION

THE sun shone brightly as we laid Paul Russell to rest in the quiet and ornate Dean's Grange Cemetery. It was a long way from his native Killarney but the crowd which had come to walk with him on his last journey was very large. Around the open grave were represented three generations and every county.

There were men of state, of the professions and of the press—but most numerous of all were those always nearest to his heart—the men of the Gaelic Athletic Association. Among the crowd stood great All-Ireland captains of every era—Paddy McDonnell, John Joe Sheehy, Sean Flanagan, John Donnellan and many more. It was fitting that they should be there, for while Russell was never a captain he was always a prince of players.

Certainly there was never a wing-back to equal him. He strode majestic from that day in September, 1924, when, while still a schoolboy of only seventeen, Kerry fielded him at right half-back in the 1923 All-Ireland final against Dublin.

He won six All-Ireland medals and in doing so produced splendid

football of the likes we may see again—but never to the same degree of magnificent consistency.

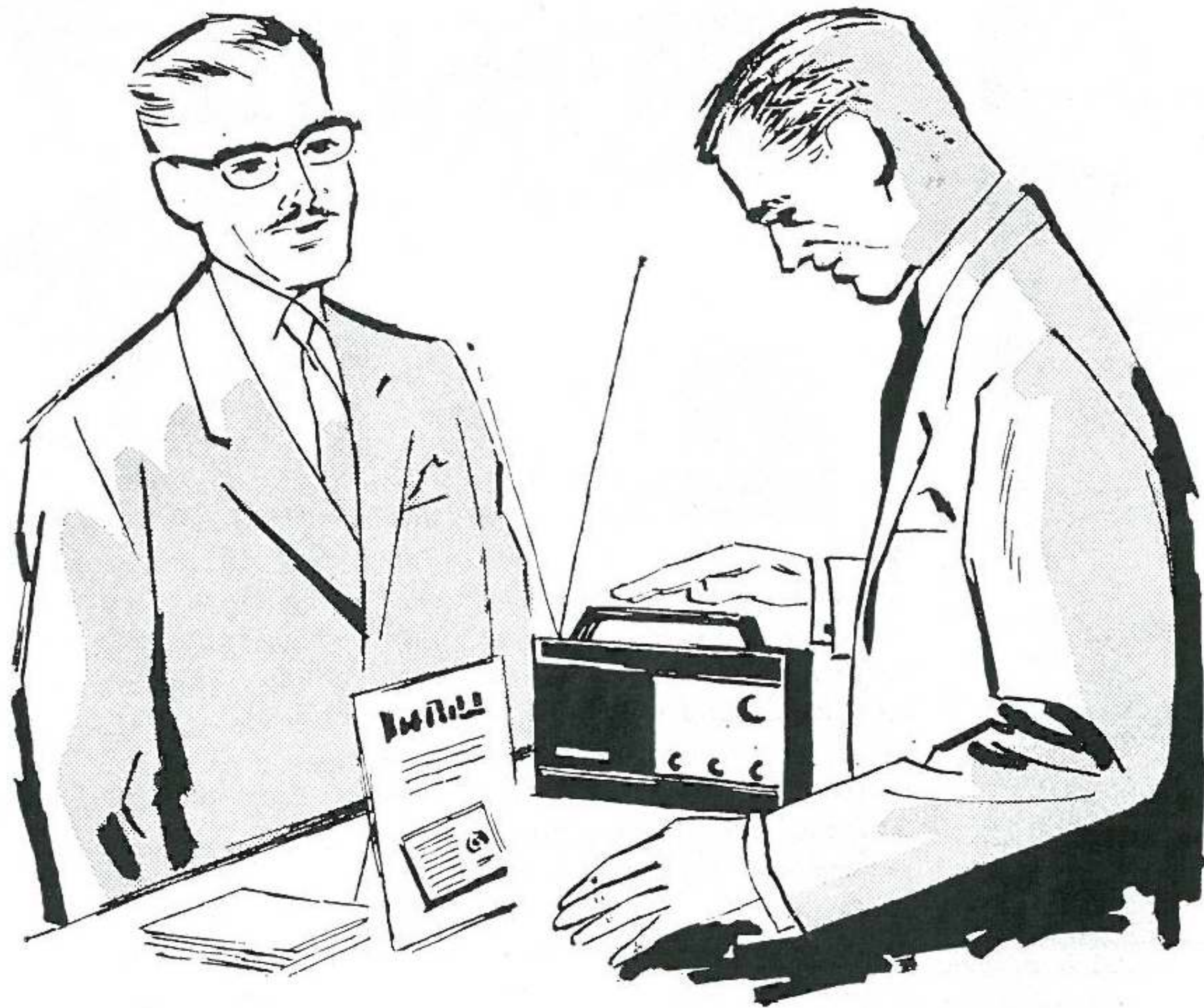
As a footballer Russell had everything—physique, speed, style, great hands, tremendous accuracy, length in kicking and always an intelligent approach. I have heard him referred to as “a consistent Mick O’Connell” and while this does not quite sum him up it does go reasonably close to it.

One could argue at length as to his greatest game—for in fact all his performances were of the classical mould. However, one game does deserve particular mention. Oddly enough he was not in the Kerry jersey on that occasion. It was the 1928 Railway Cup final.

A few months previous Paul had the unique experience of being picked on both the Munster and Leinster provincial sides — both were picked on the same night. This had arisen from the fact that in 1927 the entire Dublin Garda Club decided to declare for the Metropolis. The Garda hurling club did likewise. The idea was that they should bid for an All-

● TO PAGE 15

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● FROM PAGE 13

Ireland double. The hurlers, led by Mick Gill of Galway, did win out but the footballers went down narrowly to the eventual winners, Kildare.

At the end of that year Paul declared back to Kerry and was in the Kerry colours early in 1928. However, the question remained as to whether he was bound to play with Leinster in the Railway Cup competition. The Leinster selectors thought so—while Munster held that he was theirs.

It took a meeting of the Central Council to decide the issue and Leinster got him. Paul would have preferred to play with Munster for it was an all-Kerry team. Still it had been decided for him.

Leinster beat Connacht in the first Railway Cup semi-final at Portlaoise and a week later the all-Kerry Munster side lined out against Ulster at Croke Park.

It was a rugged and hard game. With time running out Munster led by a point. Then a linesman raised his flag to indicate that the ball had gone over the line. The referee stopped play and an Ulster player grabbed the ball and threw it in (it was a throw-in in those days). However, as the linesman had not yet indicated whose throw-in it was, the Kerry backs stood by and did not hinder an Ulster forward from collecting the ball and sending it to the net.

To everybody's amazement the referee allowed the score. He evidently thought that the linesman had signalled an Ulster throw-in. The Kerry men protested but to no avail. Eventually they walked off the field and in doing so forfeited the Railway Cup title which another all-Kerry side had won the previous year.

But it did not end there. A great controversy followed and the linesman in question—a Laoisman named Ward, wrote to the newspapers explaining that it was a Munster throw-in and that he had been about to signal this when the

Ulster player grabbed the ball and started play.

However, the Central Council applied the rule and the fifteen Kerry men who wore the Munster jerseys were suspended for six months for walking off the field. This left Paul Russell as the only Kerry man still in action.

The Leinster-Ulster Railway Cup final came off on St. Patrick's Day and it too proved to be a hectic encounter. Russell was magnificent—he wore a Leinster jersey but he was really playing for Kerry—trying to avenge Ulster's stolen victory over the Kingdom.

However, Ulster had the edge and with four minutes remaining they led by two points—2-4 to Leinster's 1-5. Then the tall Killarneyman really cut loose. Going high he grabbed an Ulster clearance and thundering up-field he shot from almost sixty yards to send over the bar.

A minute later he made it level—coming again from his right half-back spot right up-field to send over the bar. And then again he came. It was incredible—beating man after man until he shot over the winning score. Kerry had been avenged.

One could go on and on about Russell's football feats for they were legion but instead we will now turn to Russell the man.

Most people will have formed their own impressions of him as a result of his writings—particularly in the "Sunday Review." However, this was not the real Russell.

Writing for a Sunday newspaper he was forced to be controversial and "lively"—often hitting out simply for the sake of causing comment and increasing readership. He often had little heart for it.

I particularly remember the time he picked Dublin to beat Kerry in the 1962 All-Ireland semi-final. Kerry won and he was showered with abuse from Kerry quarters. He took it all with a smile but deep down he was hurt. The irony of

it all was that it had been an accident.

The previous winter when things were quiet he was ill one week and somebody wrote his column and lazily filled the space by tipping what counties were going to qualify for the All-Ireland finals which lay ahead. He firmly tipped Dublin and Kerry to contest the semi-final and Dublin to win and qualify for the final.

At the time it made little difference but when the championship got underway Russell found himself bound to honour the forecasts made by his one-week stand-in. Hence in the semi-final he had to tip Dublin to beat Kerry when naturally given a free hand he would have gone for Kerry.

Previewing games was never Paul's dish—neither was being controversial or hitting out at "injustices." But what he did like to write about was people—the fine friendly people he knew all over the country and the countless friends he made on the playing fields. This was not Sunday newspaper copy.

However, *Gaelic Sport* did provide him with a medium for this type of writing—where he could ramble at his ease and pay tribute to "the friends." I am convinced that his best writings are to be found in the files of this publication.

Here his true, gentle and humorous self came across and not a harsh word or a controversial statement is to be found in any of those articles—only pleasant reminiscences about "the friends" and the places and the days of long ago.

Anyone who has kept a file of this magazine and who might like to meet again the real Paul Russell should begin with the July, 1963, issue and read on until his last article of January, 1965.

Ironically his finest articles were those in which he paid tribute to friends who had died. His

● TO PAGE 47



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CEIST AG

SEÁN Ó DÚNAGÁIN

AN amhlaidh go bhfuil an iomarcha cúram ar Árd-Chomhairle An Chumainn Lúchleas Gael? Má smaoinítear ar an mhéid atá idir lámhaibh acu is deacair a shamhalt cé mar is féidir leo coimeád suas leis an obair. Go deimhin tá árd-mholadh ag dul do na hoifigí as ucht a ndíograise ach má bhíonn an iomarca le déanamh ag duine cé thógfadh air é má theipeann air anois is arís; nílím ag rá go dteipeann ar éinne ariamh ach tá an caoi ann chuige.

Smaoinigh ar roinnt de na rudaí atá fé chúram an Árd-Chomhairle. Na craobhacha, na sraitheanna náisiúnta, comórtaisí scol is coláistí, an Teanga Náisiúnta, liathróid láimhe, páirceanna, cúrsaí riarachán agus go leor mion-rudaí a ghabhann leo siúd.

Cé go bhfuil coistí chontae agus coistí chúigí ag cabhrú leo i gcás na craobhacha agus na sraitheanna, mar sin féin, deirim gur fiú anois, go háirithe leis an ngluaiseacht nua fé aithbheochaint na hiománaíocht fé lán-tseol, bheith ag smaoineamh ar Árd-Chomhairle Iomána a bhunú. Níl aon rud réabhlóideach fé seo; ar bhealach nach ionann cás don Choiste Liathróid Láimhe. In an-chuid chontae tá bórd ar leith don pheil agus ceann eile don iománaíocht agus an dá cheann fé

stiúrú na hoifigí ar an gcoiste chontae.

Cinne tá deacrachtaí ag baint le hathrú mar seo ach ní fál go h-aer é. Fá mar a bhí inis na contae nuair a bhí luí le peil ag furchóir an choiste agus an iománaíocht ag sú na cíce deiridh ba ghá fo-choistí a bhunú ionus nach rachfadh an iomáint in éag ar fad. A bhuí le Dia níl baol ar bith fé chás na hiománaíochta i dtaca leis an Árd-Chomhairle anois; 'sé an bhuaire atá orm ná go rachfadh rudaí áirithe le sruth, in ainneoin na ndaoine i gceannas.

Samhlaím eagrais 'na mbeadh an tUachtarán, an Árd-Rúnaí, an bheirt Oifigeach Feidhmiúcháin, na Caomhnóirí, An Ceathrar Cathaoirligh agus an Ceathrar Rúnaíthe Chúigí mar Árd-Chomhairle ginearálta faoi'n a dtagadh gach gnó riaracháin an Chumainn.

Fútha siúd bhéadh dhá fo-choistí nó Árd-Chomhairle Peile agus Árd-Chomhairle Iomána. Níorbh fholáir duine de na hOifigí Feidhmiúcháin bheith ar na fo-choistí agus bh'fhéidir na Rúnaíthe Chúigí a bheith ar an dá fo-choistí. Teachta ó ghach Contae le bheith togtha ar na fó-choistí chomh maith, sé sin bhéadh beirt ionadaithe ó ghach contae ann agus

ní aontóinn go bhféadfadh an duine céanna freastal ar an dá choiste ba chuma cé chomh maith is a bhí sé.

Bhéadh Domhnaigh áirithe curtha ar fáil don dá choiste le haghaidh an chluiche fén a chúram. Ba mhaith liom freisin go mbéadh tréimhse ar leith nach mbéadh ach an iománaíocht ar siúl. Cuimhním ar an mbuaire aigne a bhí orm go minic nuair a bhí Craobh-Chomórtas Laighean sa pheil agus Craobh-Chomórtas na Mumhan san iománaíocht ar siúl an lá céanna agus mise leath-bhealach idir an dá ionad choimhlinte.

Níl anseo agam ach creathalach an scéil. Tá daoine ann a fhéadfadh smaoineamh ar dheacrachtaí agus ar chuntáistí eile ach táim ag súil go dtógfaidh duine éigin an cheist ag cruinnithe na gCoistí Chontae. Ar aon chuma má chinn-tear ar bhealach éigin chun maith-easa riaracháin agus na gcluichí agus go háirithe chun cur le haithbheochaint na hiománaíochta, narbh' fhiú do dhuine bheith ag caint?

Má deirtear liom go bhfuil gach rud 'na cheart agus sásúil fé mar atá anois agus go mbéadh an iomad trioblóide le hathraithe, beidh mé sásta. Ach, an bhfuil?



● *Dinny Donnelly*



● *Peter Darby*



● *Bernie Cunningham*

MEATH COULD DO IT THIS YEAR!

SAYS FRANK HUGHES

WHEN the final whistle blew at Wembley on Whit Saturday, Meath were, in my opinion, well on the road to at least an August date at Croke Park. In fact that London win may well have been the first step towards bringing back to Royal Tara the treasured Sam Maguire Cup.

Last year Meath were good but not good enough. Still it was obvious that this team could do it yet—provided they retained their enthusiasm and acquired a little more by way of team-work and polish.

Then came the Grounds Tournament fiasco. Of course Meath had a point but, as I saw it, they exploited it incorrectly by refusing to play. The controversy and the grumbling which followed was sufficient to completely destroy the morale of most teams. It probably went close to destroying that of a promising Meath fifteen.

The League semi-final performance did not help matters either. Once again it underlined that Meath simply did not have what it took to beat the debonaire Galwaymen. And then came Wembley!

Granted Galway were short Enda Colleran, Sean Meade,



Martin Newell, Seamus Leydon and Christy Tyrrell but the Western county is particularly strong in the substitute department and there was no doubt but that Meath were well deserving of their 1-15 to 1-12 victory.

This victory will benefit Meath



● *Jerry Quinn*

greatly. Psychologically Galway no longer have the edge on them and furthermore it can be reasoned that the team which is capable of beating Galway is capable of beating any county.

Yes. Meath could do it this year.

Incidentally this year is the 70th anniversary of Meath's first Leinster championship victory. The county, represented by Pierce Mahony's went on to lose to Arravale Rovers (Tipperary) in the All-Ireland final. The final score was 0-4 to 0-3 and it was one of the great contests of that era.

The extraordinary thing about it all is that Meath did not win the Leinster title again until 1939—44 years afterwards. Again they reached the All-Ireland final only to lose to the great Kerry team of those years—2-5 to 2-3.

In 1940 Meath retained the Leinster crown but lost to Galway in the semi-final. In 1947 they suffered a like semi-final defeat this time to Kerry. Then came glorious 1949 and the county's first All-Ireland victory.

Their second major success came in 1954—could 1965 bring their third?

DUNBOYNE

The Meath senior footballers



● *Martin Quinn*

were not the only team from the Royal County to cross the water during the past month. St. Peter's, Dunboyne, for example, sent two teams to Birmingham and a good time was had by all. This is part of a nine-year custom which sees Dunboyne and the Birmingham sides make the trip on alternative years.

St. Peter's hope to make it third time lucky this year in the Meath senior hurling championship. They were defeated in the 1963 and '64 finals. They have also a useful football fifteen.

WESTMEATH

Congratulations to Westmeath on their great displays in the championship, if they continue to progress at their present rate they will surely be the team to be reckoned with in 1966.

A special word about their mid-fielder Fintan Costelloe, who at this stage looks like developing into one of the game's really top flight players.

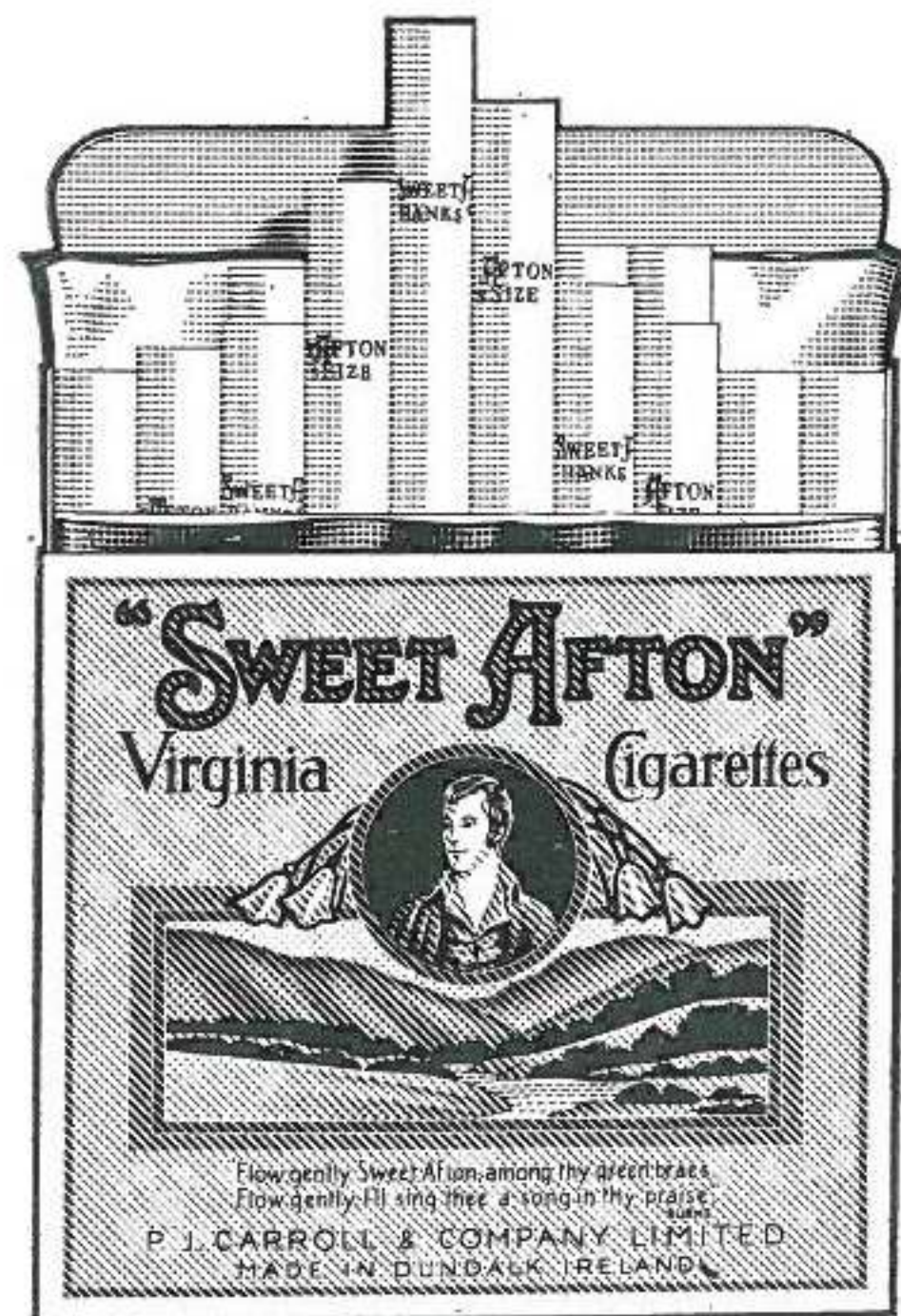


● *Pat Reynolds*



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TOM CHEASTY

FACE TO FACE

with

Sean O'Donnell

HISTORY repeated itself when early last month Tom Cheasty lined out at mid-field against Limerick in the opening round of the Munster championship. It was ten years earlier that the Ballyduff man made his debut for Waterford—in the same position and with the same opposition. Much happened in between.

Cheasty was a dominant figure during all those years of great Waterford hurling. There may have been more stylish and classical hurlers but none quite as colourful in the white and blue jersey. He was to hurling what James McCartan was to football and the crowds loved them both.

A county minor in 1950, '51 and '52, Tom was also a very promising minor football full-back. However, hurling took over completely in a matter of years.

I recently had the pleasure of this interview with the ever-popular man from Portlárige.

O'Donnell — What does the present Waterford team lack that the 1957, '59 and '63 teams had?

Cheasty—Most of all I would say speed. The team has not changed greatly during the past eight years and we are not youngsters anymore. We certainly do not move as fast and as a result are not as good.



★ TOM CHEASTY

O'D.—How about youthful prospects in the county?

C.—Well there are a few—but not half enough. The selectors seem to have little alternative at present but to rely on the men of long service.

O'D. — Any suggestion for improving club competition within the county.

C.—Yes, I would like to see more senior teams. This could be done by amalgamating junior clubs for senior competition.

O.D.—You have met all of the great centre half-backs of the past decade, who would you rate the best?

C.—Yes, there were many but

Tony Wall does, I feel, stand out. He is a magnificent overhead striker and has wonderful timing and judgment. Billy Rackard must also be mentioned. He was another truly great player.

O'D.—Who was your boyhood idol?

C.—Christy Ring in particular, also John Keane and Mick Mackey.

O'D.—What game gave you your greatest thrill?

C.—There were three games which really stand out—the 1959 All-Ireland final and replay and the 1963 League final. As well as being satisfying games from Waterford's point of view they were also great games.

O'D. — How about disappointments?

C.—The 1957 All-Ireland final in particular — also the 1963 All-Ireland defeat.

O'D.—Have you any remaining ambitions?

C.—I would very much like to win a county senior championship medal.

O'D.—How about other sporting interests?

C.—I have always been very keen on athletics but have never had as much time to devote to them as I would wish.

The OTHER famous court...

by ALLEYMAN

GREEN STREET holds a special place in Irish history. It is famous for its law-court. Great national figures appeared there to receive that special form of British justice which always appeared to have been reserved for Ireland.

But Green Street has another famous court too—the ballcourt that stands in the Corporation grounds facing Halston Street Church.

It is not a good alley by the accepted standards, merely a front and two dipping side-walls with a back wall so low, that the ball rarely rebounds and more often than not hops over it.

Nonetheless, Green Street, as far as handball is concerned, bears a romantic charm that filters its way back to the days when such as Muckser Byrne, Kruger Fagan and Morgan Pembroke were household names.

They thrilled enthusiasts with the quality of their play, be it on a Sunday morning or Summer evening, when it was not uncommon to find standing room in the vicinity of the alley at a minimum. In those days a little flutter among the supporters was the accepted code, while, needless to say, the players themselves would boost their own confidence with a side-stake.

In modern times, Green Street's latest stars were the Roe Brothers, George and Larry, who grew up in the same mould as their predecessors and carried for Dublin a special niche in the annals of Irish handball.

Larry, I would say, was the best softball player ever produced in the county, and has many All-Ireland titles to his credit.

As a singles player, George was not as conspicuous, but proved a worthy doubles partner in the many victories of this family combination.

The current Dublin veteran Paddy Munroe, can also attribute much of his prowess to the Green Street court. He trains there regularly, and rarely a Sunday morning passes, but he spends an hour or so perfecting his specialised shots.

Yet while there is so much glamour attached to the handball history of Green Street, I often wondered why no attempt was made to root a stable club. I have a hunch that those champions, who characterised those earlier eras, could in fact supply the answers. Though they showed a tremendous verve for actual participation, their administrative tendencies were not so strong. Consequently, the deep-rooted tradition for handball in this part of old Dublin was not allowed to develop within the precincts of a unified club.

That was until about nine months ago when Rev. C. O'Herlihy, C.C., Halston Street, after preliminary discussions with a few enthusiasts, decided that the time was long overdue for a handball club and that a start should be made immediately.

No more elaboration was needed,

the spirit of St. Michan had moved the young men of the parish, and already the handball tradition of Green Street had been re-born.

At the inaugural meeting in the Halston Street School Hall last October, a committee was formed under the presidency of Fr. O'Herlihy, and it in turn has guided the club to achievements which must have surpassed even the most optimistic ambitions of the original pioneers.

A team was entered in the Dublin junior league and finished third—not a bad achievement in their first year. For the records, the members of the team which played its first competitive game against U.C.D. away back in January were: P. Darcy, P. Rice, P. Domnigan, P. O'Toole, P. Duignan, N. Quinn and L. Conlon.

It was, however, in the under-age teams that success has really been nurtured, for in all three of the under-18, 16 and 14 grades, St. Michan's have been represented in the finals. Such an influx of youth naturally had a wholesome effect on the game in Dublin, and no wonder that the County's minor selectors this season included Pat Domnigan, Eddie Williams, Paul Domnigan and Paul Whyte — all from the Green Street club.

So a young club, not a year old yet, has made a promising start and should in the years ahead build itself into one of the major stanchions of handball. Many have contributed to this revival, but none more so, I would say, than the three youthful administrators—Philip Duignan, Peter Rice and Pat Darcy.

Be it in the committee room or on the playing court, they are always at hand to lend dignity to the name of St. Michan.

Let their calibre always dictate the trend of the club, and the court at Green Street will ever be famous.

Donnellan and Gaynor share top honours

THIS month's Top Ten lists are based on individual inter-county performances from Sunday, May 16, to Sunday, June 6, inclusive.

The ever-consistent John Donnellan takes top place on the football list, followed by Monaghan's Benny Mone.

Stylist Len Gaynor heads the hurling list following his brilliant performance in the National League "home" final. He is closely followed by team-mate Michael Roche. Five counties are represented on the hurling list.

FOOTBALL

1. John Donnellan (Galway).
2. Benny Mone (Monaghan).
3. Martin Newell (Galway).
4. Peter Moore (Meath).
5. Seamus Leydon (Galway).
6. Paddy King (Carlow).
7. John Loughlin (Kildare).
8. Mick O'Connell (Kerry).
9. Denis O'Sullivan (Kerry).
10. Jimmy Flynn (Longford).

HURLING

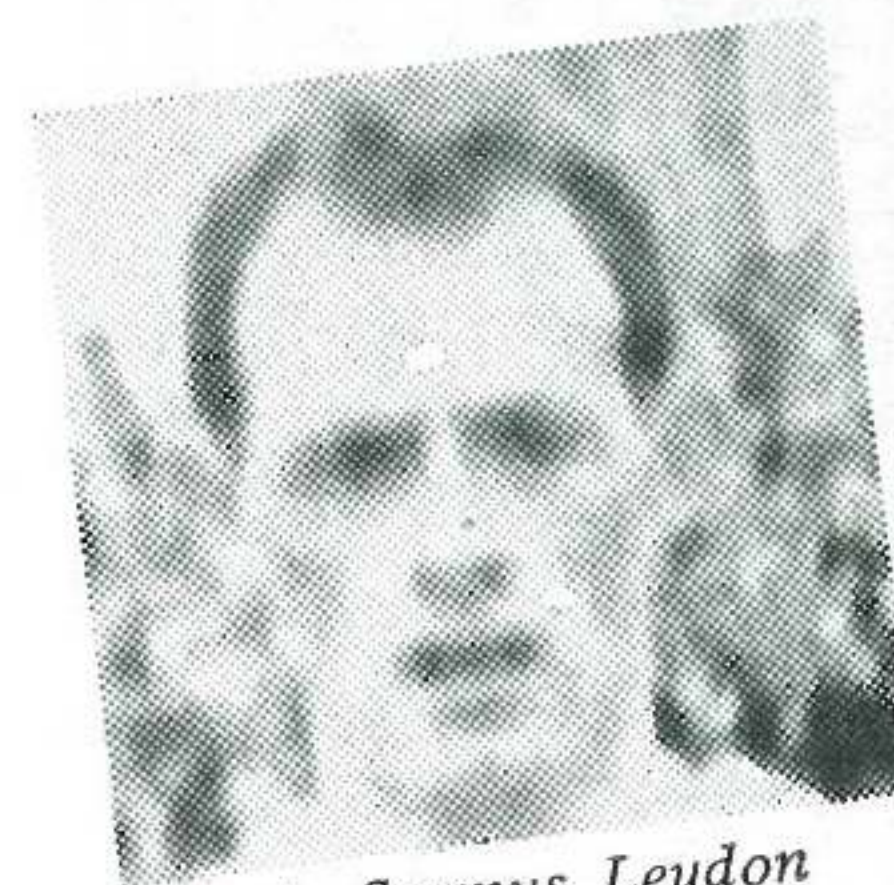
1. Len Gaynor (Tipperary).
2. Michael Roche (Tipperary).
3. Seamus Cleere (Kilkenny).
4. Bernie Hartigan (Limerick).
5. Tom Cheasty (Waterford).
6. Frankie Walsh (Waterford).
7. John Dunne (Clare).
8. Paddy Moran (Kilkenny).
9. John O'Donoghue (Tipperary).
10. Pat Cronin (Clare).



★ Denis O'Sullivan



★ Martin Newell



★ Seamus Leydon

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With these opening words An Dr. Seán O Tuama launched the

new emblem which will play an important role in the renewed effort to not alone "let the language live" but also to have it flourish.

Among the trusteeship committee which is backing the new emblem is the President of the

G.A.A., Alf O Muiri, and we can look to the appearance of many Fainní Nua in the ranks of the Association.

And certainly an Fainne Nua can play a major part in helping to introduce more of the Irish language into G.A.A. affairs. In future Irish speakers can easily recognise fellow Irish speakers and as a result conversation (or debate) can flow without any hesitation.

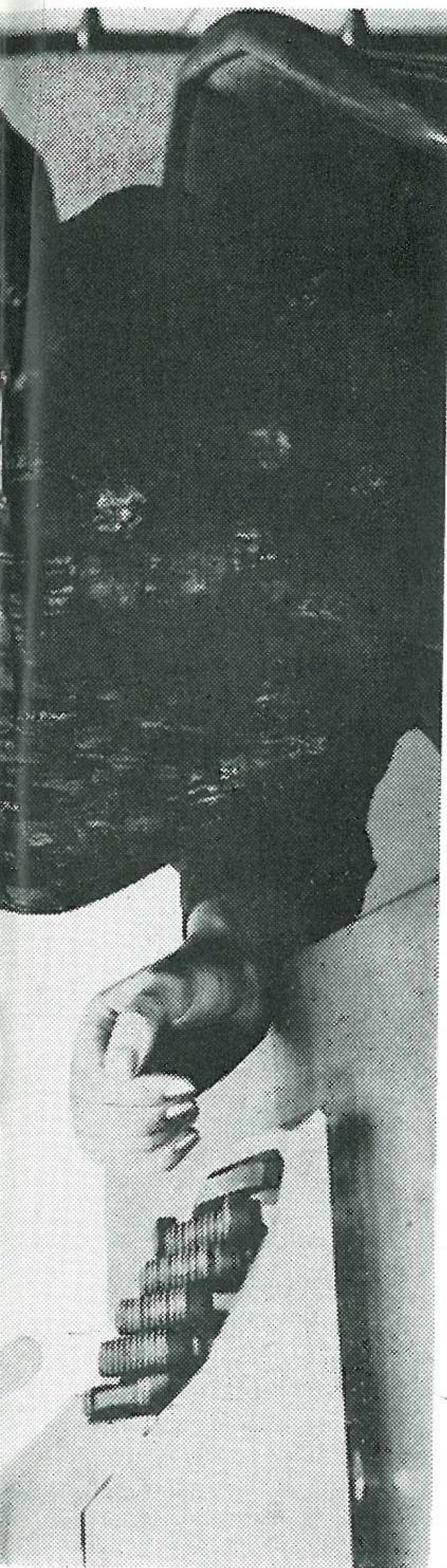
It is certainly the duty of all members of the G.A.A. to support

the new emblem and, if possible, to wear it. The gold Fainne is for those who are fluent in the language and the silver Fainne with the blue enamel centre is for those with a limited knowledge but who are willing to speak what they have.

There are few members of the Association who do not qualify for either one or the other of the emblems.

Céad fáilte rómpa araon.





AN FÁINNE NUA?

Labhrann an-chuid daoine Gaeilge liom ó thosaigh mé á chaitheamh. Tá cairde nua agam gach lá dá bharr.

*AN FÁINNE NUA ÓIR do Ghaeilgeoiri líofa ós cionn 17 mbliana arbh í an Ghaeilge is rogha leo a labhairt ar gach ócáid is féidir. (12/6).

*AN FÁINNE NUA AIRGID do Ghaeilgeoiri idir 12-17 mbliana ar fonn leo Gaeilge a labhairt ar gach ócáid is féidir. (4/-).

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A **NIGHT TO REMEMBER . . .**

by
PHILIP RODERICK

ONE of the most enjoyable functions I have been at for years was last month in Dublin at the Tailteann banquet, sponsored by the Willwood Athletic Foundation in connection with the Junior Tailteann Games. And now that a start has been made in this direction is it too much to hope that some enterprising group will do the same for all the famous men who played for Ireland in hurling and

football at the three Tailteann Games of 1924, 1928 and 1932.

It was a grand night with some excellent speeches, notably one by Sean O Siochain, General Secretary of the G.A.A. But perhaps the finest moment of the night was the message, all the way from Champaign, Illinois, from Harold Osborn, to his old rival, the famous Kildare footballer, Larry Stanley.

Over 40 years ago, at Croke

Park in 1924, Harold Osborn, then Olympic champion in the high jump and decathlon, and Larry fought out a tremendously exciting duel in the high jump; a contest that is still spoken about to this day. Last month, after 40 years, Osborn sent a telegram to Dublin to be read at the dinner expressing his regret that he could not be present this year but that he hoped to renew his friendship with Larry Stanley in a year's time.

I talked to Larry Stanley afterwards and he told me he was very moved at Osborn's message. And he went on to express the hope that someday soon, someone might think of sponsoring some special All-Ireland dinners — banquets at which the competing teams of a particular year could get together and re-live again some of the great thrills of thirty, forty and fifty years ago.

Surely it is an idea worth thinking about? Personally I would love to be present at a function to honour all the survivors of All-Ireland finals up to 1920. Just think of the wealth of information and glorious stories that one could gather; think, too, of all the good it would do those great survivors to meet again after all these years.

Their ranks are thinning rapidly now; every day takes another away from us.

Before it is too late, would it not be a good idea to bring these men together again?



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Jimmy Doyle was the top scorer for both codes in the National leagues

by OWEN McCANN

JIMMY DOYLE finished as top scorer for both codes in the 1964-'65 "home" National Leagues, and also earned the distinction of being the forward with the best match average. In six games he recorded 5-31 (46 pts.), three points more than his nearest rival in hurling, Tom Walsh, and eight minors ahead of football's ace marksman, Charles Gallagher.

Doyle's match average is a highly impressive one of 7.66 points, but even so, it is still only good enough to just edge him in front of Gallagher and Walsh. The Breffni sharpshooter chalked up 7.60 minors an hour, while the Noresider averaged 7.16 points. The only other player to get into the seven points per match bracket was John Timmons.

Gallagher has a three points lead in football over Timmons, and, rather surprisingly, Galway's chief scoregetter, Cyril Dunne, although he played more games than any other footballer in the top ten panel, only finished in fourth spot, six points behind Gallagher.

An interesting feature of the football panel is the high place filled by that brilliant minor of last year, Tony McTeague. A very praiseworthy 1.28 puts him fifth, with football's fourth highest match average, and stamps the Offaly youth as a likely man to top the list on some future occasion.

Although there were some high-

scoring returns in Division II of the hurling league, the scorers were well "farmed out" among the various forwards. Still, Declan Lovett's 7-17 (38 pts.) for the top spot here, is the third highest score in the combined hurling leagues, and equal third in both codes—quite an achievement for a hurler from Kerry!

In the following tables each line gives the scorer, the actual score, the number of games played, and finally the match average for each player.

HURLING (Division I)

	Games.	Average.
1. J. Doyle 5-31 (6)	6	7.66
2. T. Walsh 10-13 (6)	6	7.16
3. M. Bermingham	2.20 (4)	6.50
4. E. Keher 3-16 (6)	6	4.16
5. P. Grimes 2-16 (4)	4	5.50



CYRIL DUNNE
In No. 4 spot.



JIMMY DOYLE
Leading both codes.

6. J. Bennett 0-17 (4)	4	4.25
D. Nealon 3-8 (5)	5	3.40
8. E. Cregan 2-9 (3)	3	5.00
R. Shannon 4-3 (4)	4	3.75
O. McGrath 4-3 (4)	4	3.75
S. McLoughlin	5-0 (5)	3.00

(Division II)

	Games.	Average.
1. D. Lovett 7-17 (7)	7	5.42
2. C. O'Brien 7-13 (6)	6	5.66
3. J. Fitzpatrick	6-5 (4)	5.75
4. J. Conroy 2-14 (5)	5	4.00
5. D. Lucid 4-7 (6)	6	3.16
6. J. Barry 3-7 (7)	7	2.28
7. M. Flanagan	3-6 (5)	3.00
T. Ring 0-15 (5)	5	3.00

FOOTBALL

	Games.	Average.
1. C. Gallagher	3-29 (5)	7.60
2. J. Timmons	4-23 (5)	7.00
3. M. Kearns	1-31 (5)	6.80
4. C. Dunne 1-29 (8)	8	4.00
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Let's have more "friendly" games

WELL, here we are in the middle of yet another camogie season and if we have not thus far succeeded in establishing the game on a firm basis in every one of the thirty-two counties at least the counties that are still outside the Association are few and far between.

As things stand there are clubs in almost every county, and although some counties are as yet unorganised, it can be only a matter of time until the last stragglers are brought in. Examples of what can be done by way of organisation are provided by Meath and Westmeath, which, inside a year, or perhaps a little more, have made amazing progress. With Kilkenny also reorganised and a start made again in Laois, Carlow and Longford are the only two counties missing from the Leinster line-up.

Carlow, a few brief years ago, was one of the most enthusiastic counties in the province, but internal dissension grew worse and worse, and when no solution could be found the county just went out of camogie altogether. Surely the time has come when the players who were so promising should take steps to get Carlow back into camogie again?

Longford dropped out of inter-county competition a couple of seasons ago, and since then little has been heard of the county, but the upsurge in enthusiasm in neighbouring Westmeath may revive interest in Longford.

by AGNES HOURIGAN

In Munster all counties are up and doing and indeed no other province has made so much progress in recent years. Mayo, Galway and Sligo are all active in the West, and it is hoped that the hurling drive may help to reawaken interest in camogie in Leitrim and Roscommon.

In Ulster, Down made a lively return last year and, with Monaghan, Antrim and Armagh, is competing in the Maguire Cup. Derry is still there, Tyrone is being reorganised, and there is at least one club in Cavan, but what of Fermanagh and Donegal.

Anyway, camogie is thriving in the majority of counties and the important thing is to see that the interest is not alone maintained but intensified. I feel this could be done very easily and cheaply by encouraging a greater number of friendly matches between clubs.

In Dublin, where the competitive season ends at the end of May, many clubs are always willing to take a trip down the country during June or early July. It should be relatively easy for country clubs who want an attractive challenge game to arrange a game with one of the Dublin clubs, who usually provide their own transport. And not alone are Dublin club teams a big attraction but they can provide

useful lessons in team-work and combination for sides that may not get nearly as much match-play as those Metropolitan teams do.

Incidentally, I must compliment the Dublin Board on the remarkably high standard of play in their competitions at the moment. Inside four days at the end of May I saw the finals of the Senior, Intermediate A and Intermediate B competitions, and certainly all six teams concerned were a credit to the Board and to the game. In fact, a selection from the four finalists in the Intermediate grade would provide a very severe test for many senior county teams. Celtic retained the senior title, having their closest call from Austin Stacks in the semi-final. Stacks had compensation when winning the Inter A. title, while U.C.D. retained the Inter B. crown.

About the latter win there was one interesting fact. Last year's winning U.C.D. side contained seven players from Ulster, three from Dublin and two from Connacht. This year's U.C.D. team had only two players from Ulster, five from Leinster (including three from Dublin) two from Munster and three from Connacht. So that, judging by U.C.D., camogie is spreading again throughout the country.

Exams. hit minor ties

THE traditional arrangement of playing the minor and senior championship ties together is getting a bit of a shaking in the South because of the reluctance of many parents to allow their boys play during the weeks immediately preceding important examinations.

In doing this they are only taking very understandable precautions, for in addition to the risk of injury, many boys cannot afford to interrupt their studies to take time off for training, which is so essential if they are to give a good account of themselves on the field of play.

Suggestions have been made that the first rounds of the minor championships be played on Easter Sunday and the following Sunday. This arrangement, it is argued, would permit counties to avail of the presence at home of the boys from the boarding schools to field their strongest teams. The remaining rounds might then be played in late June or early July, after the examinations were completed.

Main objection to this plan comes from the county and divisional boards. They maintain these Sundays are already occupied with the local championships and are the only ones on which many parishes could field minor teams.

It is also the first opportunity the selectors get of seeing likely material in action, and it would

be impossible to field representative county sides without playing at least a round of the home competitions.

It was suggested last year that the Munster minor championships should not commence until the examinations were over, and that by the use of evening games it should be possible to be ready to play the final with the senior decider as heretofore.

The examinations are running much later this year, and this pattern is expected to continue, with the result that some revised thinking on this important matter is now necessary.

SPORTING KERRY

That Kerry are as good sportsmen as they are footballers, and can take a beating with the best, was well illustrated following the National football League final.

Remember all the allegations about Matty McDonagh picking the ball off the ground, which led to the vital winning goal for Galway. Kerry might very easily have climbed on the band wagon with the critics and assert they were robbed of a much coveted trip across the Atlantic.

Instead, they put a fast and full stop to all the murmuring, when chairman, Dr. Jim Brosnan, at a meeting of Kerry County Board, offered congratulations to Galway and wished them a very enjoyable time in America. He congratulated

the referee on his very efficient handling of the game, and continued:

"I would like to refer to "Irish Independent" and "Irish Press" reports over a number of days which were completely uncalled for. They were pandering to cranks abusing the referee. There were no complaints from Kerry. It was a dis-service to the game to publish letters from cranks. The article in the "Irish Press" about the jersey was in particularly bad taste. I would have expected better from Mick Dunne. We have been very satisfied with the game."

That great football commentator "P.F." also defended the referee in his report to the "Kerryman". He said:

"There has been far too much controversy about Leydon's goal and Matty McDonagh's lift. What does it matter now whether he lifted the ball or not. He was never whistled and the referee is boss. He has only one pair of eyes, while forty thousand pairs naturally see more. Criticisms of the referee are entirely unjustified. I believe a referee, who takes charge of a game, does his level best to do an honest job. So many wild partisans follow teams that it is utterly impossible for him to please everybody. Before a game the referee may be a very popular man. Afterwards he is certain to have made many enemies. Should



★ *MATTIE McDONAGH*

the present pillorying of referees continue, it will be very hard to find any man to undertake the job.

"This habit of letter writing to the papers, following a game, is to be deprecated, though no man of weight would dream of writing. It rouses county prejudices and antagonisms and the names of decent people are bandied about as if they were professionals, and highly paid for the job. This is a new departure and should be ended before the practice becomes wider.

"One wonders, too, whether the big publicity now given to big matches is more harmful than good. When two counties now meet in an important game a kind of cold war atmosphere is created, entirely unhealthy. What should be an hour's test in a purely sporting pastime has become too serious an antagonism, in which passions are roused and local patriotic feelings fanned".

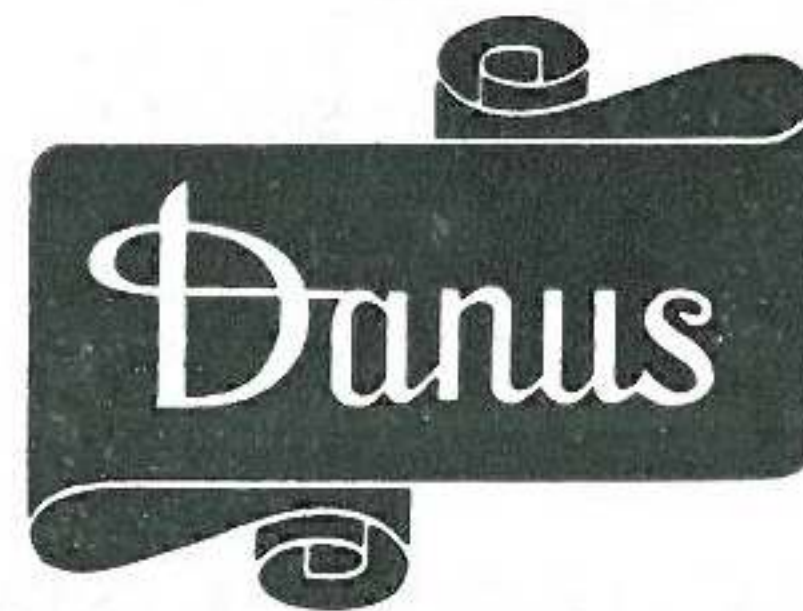
MUNSTER FOOTBALL

Very encouraging signs for Munster football is the resurgence evident in both Limerick and Clare, where interest in the game was never stronger. The Shannonsiders are back in senior ranks after almost a quarter of a century, and the great game they gave Kerry in the National League group decider resulted in a splendid fillip to the code, which it further popularised in districts

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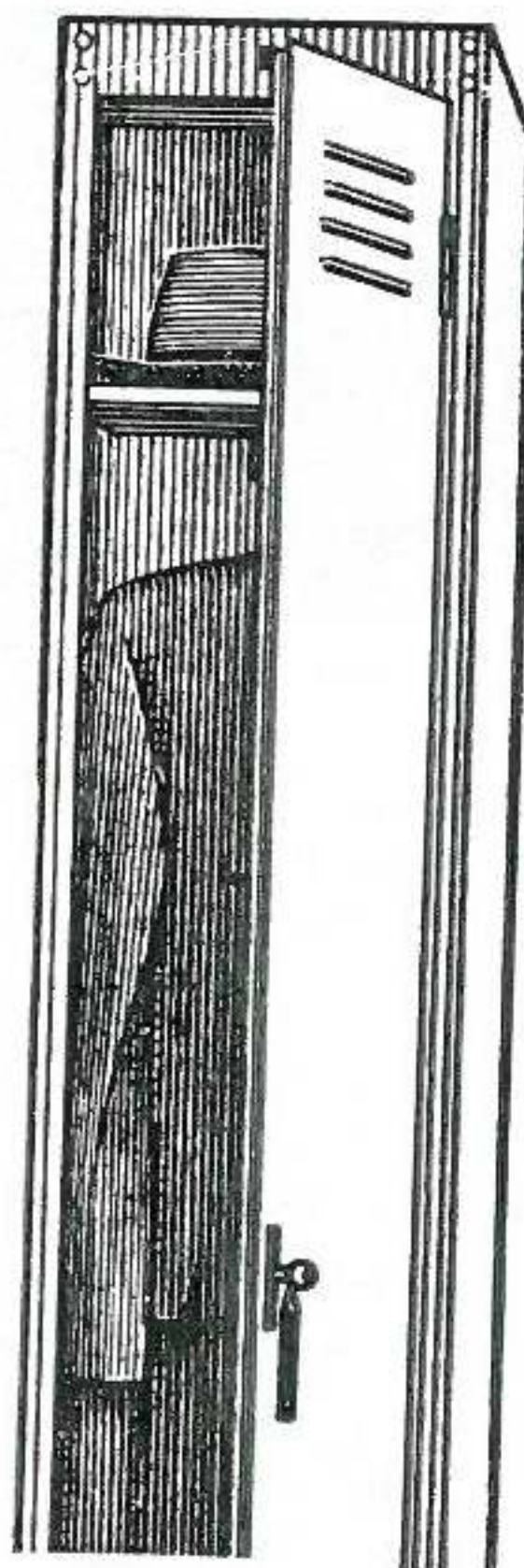
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AN GÚM

WANTED: CONFIDENCE

ONE thing which many players need more than anything else is confidence. This is especially true at schoolboy level and indeed often at club and county level.

It is difficult to strike the right balance where a player has misgivings about his ability to perform and on the other hand where he has too much confidence in his own ability.

To enable a team to strike this balance, it is necessary to give the required amount of practice under competitive conditions in training. The more often a player or group of players practice a set piece correctly, the more confidence is gained. When the team is prepared and they turn out for practice games and competitions, it will be found necessary to remind players occasionally of the good work they performed in training. As well as this, it is very useful if they can have the moral and physical support of experienced players who can give them little tips on how to deal with special problems which may crop up.

Now that we have a much more sensible line-out for the start of the game, it is possible for a team to work out a tactic to gain possession from the throw-in. However, before the throw-in is discussed a few words on the philosophy of "the toss" can be very useful now and again.

Personally, I would always take the advantage of the toss. If I win the toss, I always chose to play with the wind or with the slope or with the sun. In the case of wind,

there is always the possibility that it will weaken or change (or strengthen) and if it is blowing strongly in favour of one direction of play I would always choose to play off that way. If it looks like rain may start soon this will reduce the wind and lessen the advantage.

In afternoon games there is little or nothing in the advantage of the sun unless once again rain is approaching in which case play with the sun. However, in evening matches there is also considerable advantage in choosing to play with the sun especially if there is a chance that half-an-hour later, it may not affect the play at all.

Incidentally now we have the new line out, I wish referees would face the players in the centre and watch where they throw the ball. There has never been any point in turning one's back to throw in the ball. Face the players, and lob it carefully into the middle.

I think there is a very good argument for using the tallest players for the line out. If the tallest players are not midfielders, I think it is worth while considering the use of a tall full-back or full-forward for this set piece of play. I'm sure we will soon see this tactic in operation at county level.

So as your team runs out on to the field they should have these two items worked out—which way to play if they win the toss and who goes centre for the throw in.

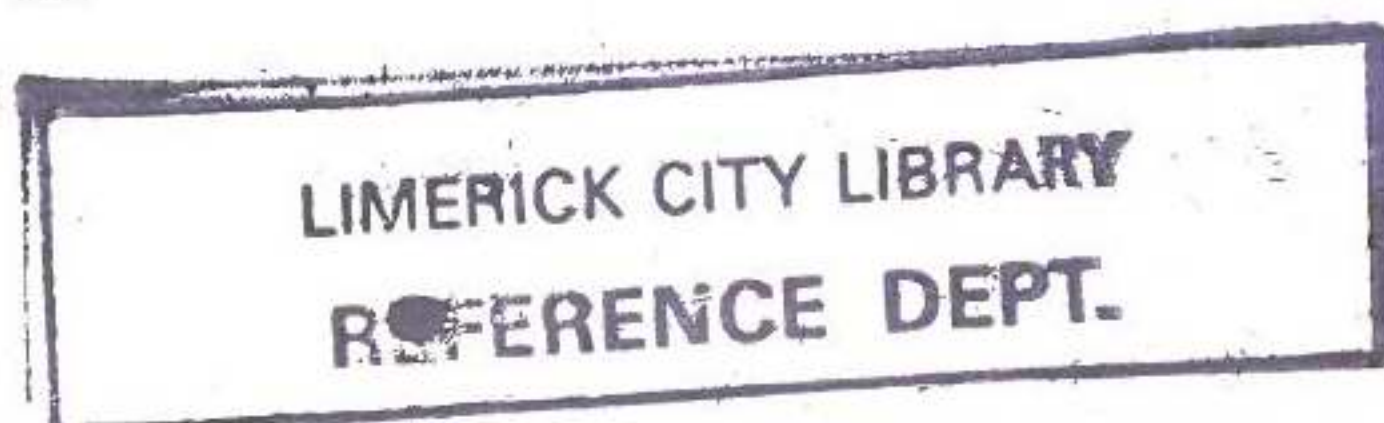
Having settled these two minor points, lets go on to see what can be done to solve some of the common problems which crop up during play.

I mentioned earlier I would choose to play with the wind. However, if I found that I had to play against a strong wind on a wet surface with a heavy ball, then I would advise the full back or goal-keeper to take full advantage of the rule covering the kick out. I would advise him to place the ball, tap it forward a yard or so, lift it (cleanly) off the ground with the toe of the boot and kick it out from his hands to a colleague.

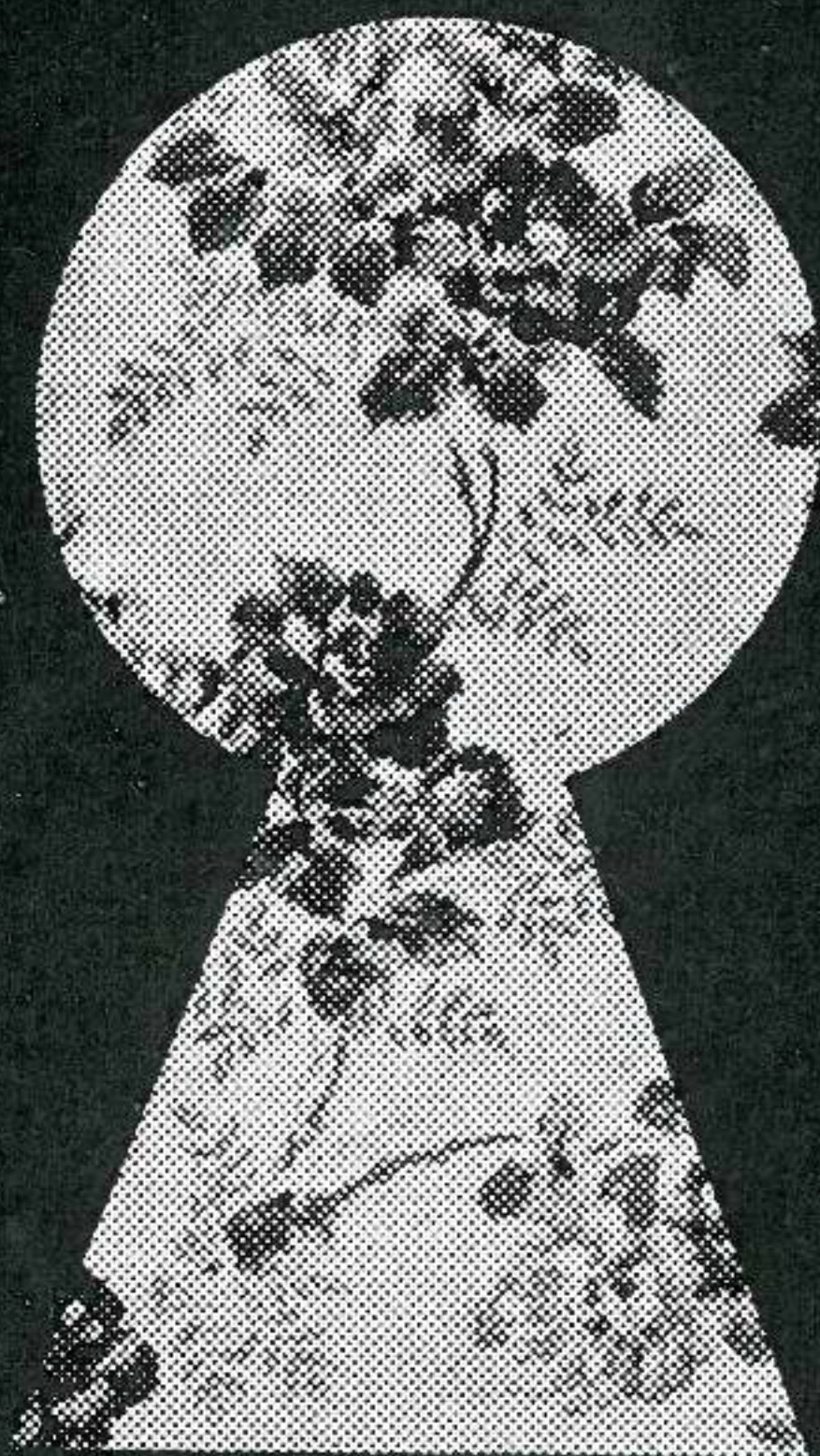
Very often a game is lost in the second half because a team is unable to kick out the ball well. There is no reason (other than the prejudice of tradition) why it should not be kicked from the hands. If you find you have a strong wind advantage in the first half, take it, and kick out off the ground but in the second half, kick out from the hands. It is only a matter of time until this becomes the general practice. As soon as some daring full-back does it in Croke Park on an important occasion, it will be here for keeps.

Too often in Gaelic football, a team looses much of its advantage because players won't play the ball back. If I found that the players were beaten in the air for possession then I would advise them to use the fist down (or the fist on) to help overcome this disadvantage. This tactic requires two and sometimes three men to operate and there should be a set plan of action. The man rising should call or indicate to his colleague to stay down for the break. He should then try and fist it down into his team mates' hands, move off to an open space and call for a pass.

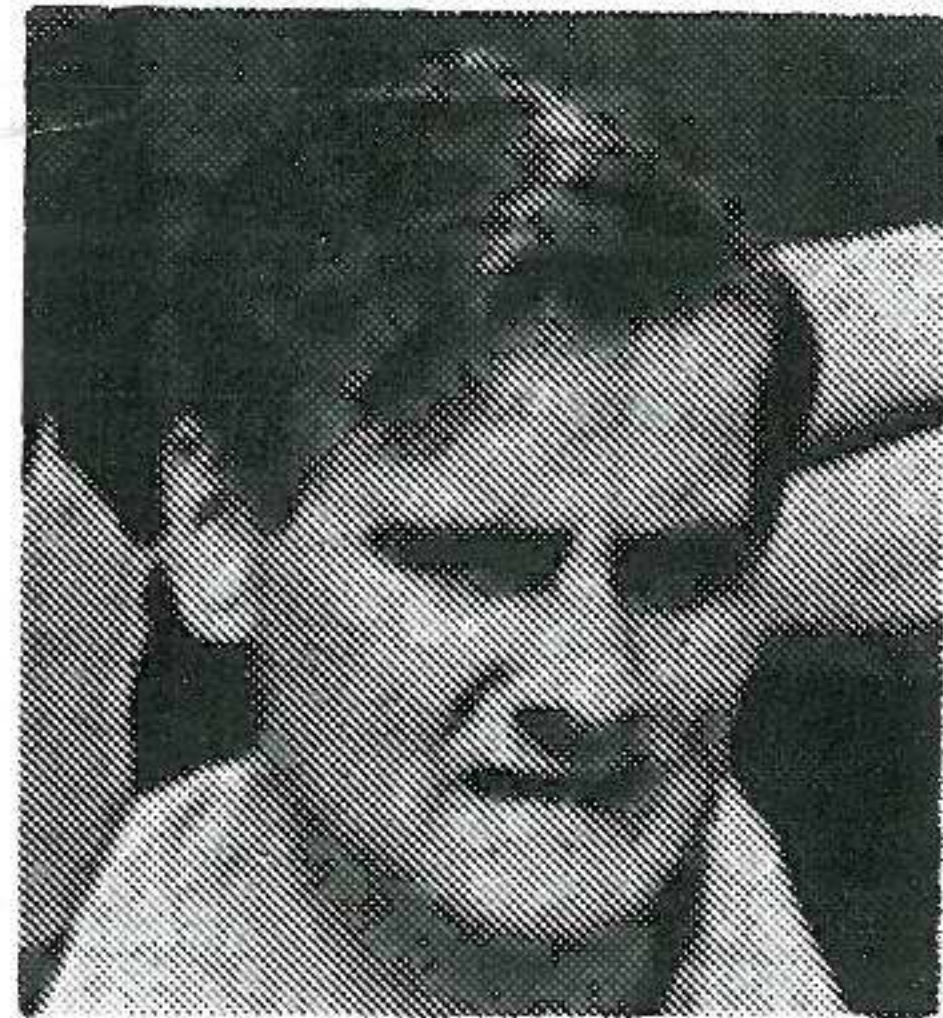
So here this month we have several tactics which can help the team. Work out a policy for deciding which way to play when winning the toss. Use your two best men to get possession at the throw in, kick out the ball from the hands if it is heavy and wet and practice hard to develop a technique to win the ball in the air from taller players.



what
the
butler
saw



Kildare
wallpapers!



★ BOSCO McDERMOTT

AS I write the Galway footballers are about to depart our shores for the United States. The only one of the Galway party, apart from the officials, to have tasted American generosity heretofore is Mattie McDonagh, the Ballygar schoolteacher, who travelled to New York in 1957 with the Galway team of that time. Mattie was then the "baby" of the team—a trainee teacher in St. Patrick's College, Drumcondra. Now he is regarded the "daddy" of the side, the distributor at centre half forward to as fast a forward line as there is. But whether as novice or veteran Mattie was and is a modest man, extremely likeable and popular and a very worthy ambassador.

THE OFFICIALS

The officials making the trip are Very Rev. Canon J. O'Dea, P.P. (Galway's Central Council delegate), Rev. Paddy Mahon (Galway Football Board Chairman), Jack Whelan (County Sec.) and Frank Stockwell (Team-manager and co-trainer).

Fr. O'Dea is a man of strong and unwavering convictions. No official in the history of the Galway G.A.A. has been so loyal and industrious in the pursuit of Gaelic ideals. Fr. Mahon, a professor in St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, that wonderful football nursery, has been Chairman of the Galway Football Board for many years. A native of Dunmore he is a wonderful organiser.



★ SEAN MEADE



★ MICK GARRETT



★ MICK REYNOLDS

AMERICA... HERE THEY COME!

COMMENT CONNACHT

by CHRIS MURRAY

Stockwell needs no introduction for popular Frank is known far and wide. Finally there is Jack Whelan from Killimor, always to be seen on match-days with a bundle of hurleys under his arm. To both players and officials we wish a safe return.

NICE GESTURES

Bouquets to the Galway Football Board for financing the travel costs for the additional four sub-

stitutes to the official party and for presenting the team-party with a beautiful set of blazers cum flannel slacks for the occasion. These are the extras which make the trip ever so much more enjoyable, which cement morale for future tests and which build a grand liaison between players and officials.

MAYO HURLING

A new spirit is apparent in

Mayo's hurling drive. For that much credit is due to Rev. Fr. Leo Morahan of St. Mary's College, Galway, and a native of Louisburgh. Anything Fr. Leo lends a hand to is bound to be affected by his industry, idealism and genius. Ergo Mayo's hurling. He is fortunate in having among his very able aides none other than Dr. Dick Stokes, the former Limerick hurling star.

LEITRIM AND CASTLEBAR

On the Castlebar Mitchels football team this year are three Leitrim county stars namely Dermot Gannon, Frank Reynolds and Paddy Dolan. Also in the Castlebar side is George Geraghty of Roscommon. Quite a selection when coupled with their own.

Until next month slán libh.

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monthly review of famous Munster clubs
of other days.



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SIX BROTHERS—ON THE SAME ALL-IRELAND TEAM!

FOR camán work skilfully performed and hurling titles won, the men of Tipperary stand out on their own.

The G.A.A. was founded in Thurles and it was as things should be that the old Thurles Blues responded so nobly to the hurling call

that they won the first All-Ireland title decided in the camán code almost eighty years ago. Captained by Jim Stapleton, they were a powerful body of men, who must have made an imposing sight when they lined out at Birr against the Galway representatives who hailed from Meelick.

It was a Moycarkey man—Tom O'Grady, who captained the first Irish hurling team ever—the American "Invasion" side of 1888.

Football was every bit as popular as hurling in those early days in Tipperary and two years after the Thurles men won the hurling Blue Riband, Bohercrowe triumphed over Laois to win All-Ireland football laurels. A notable feature of that game was that six Ryans lined out for Bohercrowe whilst Laois included five Cushions.

Gilbert Cavanagh was captain of that great side, and I recall meeting him many years later, and in describing the game he told how there was no hand work. Football was correctly played at that time

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● *The Tipperary team and officials of 1945.*

with the feet, he explained, adding, "and not by dodging as at present".

Next in the galaxy of Premier County club celebrities we encounter the great Tubberadora combination which, led by Mike Mahon won three All-Irelands in four years. The Walsh brothers of Tubberadora had the remarkable distinction of winning sixteen All-Ireland medals between them. Denis Walsh set his own record by winning the 1896 championship with Tubberadora and twenty years later turning out to help Boherlahan win the All-Ireland under the leadership of Johnny Leahy. Of course Tubberadora and Boherlahan were almost from the same area, as were two other renowned Tipperary club combinations—Horse and Jockey and Two Mile Borris.

When the long reign of the Tubberadora men came to its inevitable end, Moycarkey stepped into the breach, to worthily maintain the proud hurling record of the Tipperarymen, which was undoubtedly dazzling, around the closing years of the century. In those colourful days of great men and great games many sterling figures stand out prominently, notably the Mahers, Walshes, Ryans, Hayes, O'Keeffes, Gleasons,

Devane, Wall, Condon, Purcell and Connolly.

The footballers did not allow themselves to be eclipsed by the hurling brilliance of the period, and in 1895, the famed Arravale

Rovers, led by Willie Ryan, reached the highest pinnacle by annexing the All-Ireland crown. They defeated Meath in a rousing final which caused plenty of

● TO PAGE 39

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O'CEALLAIGH

● FROM PAGE 37

trouble afterwards, because the referee gave Tipperary a point which he wanted to take back the following day and declare the game a draw. The Central Council were not having any of this larking, however, and Arravale Rovers had their hard won title.

Five years later the equally colourful Clonmel Shamrocks hit the football headlines to capture All-Ireland honours and bring the hurling and football double to the Premier County for the second time. That gallant side included the Tobins and Bob Quane, and the day was a memorable one as in the hurling triumph of the same occasion Mickey Maher won his last All-Ireland and Tom Semple his first. I remember hearing a veteran Gael speak of that unforgettable occasion, at the same time expressing his regret that in sixty years attendance at all the great games he never saw its likes again.

Tipperary football had other days of glory, and the men of Grangemockler were back in 1920 to add another glorious chapter, enriched for ever by the deeds of "Bloody Sunday". The blood poor Mick Hogan shed at alien hands on the Croke Park sod hallowed for ever the Tipperary football jersey.

The Thurles Blues came back into the picture as a strong hurling force around 1906, and some noted players wore their popular colours. Led by Tom Semple, the fame of men like Jack ("Through the Thatch") Mooney; Paddy Brolan, "Hawk" O'Brien and Hughie Shelley spread everywhere hurling was known and loved.

Some great hurling judges hold that the Toomevaramen who earned the title of "Greyhounds" were the greatest club side who failed to win an All-Ireland crown. Certainly hurlers of the calibre of "Wedger" Meagher, Frank McGrath, the O'Mearas, Collinsons,

Kelly, Harty, Gilmartin and Hackett, do not grow on every bush.

Tipperary club hurling surely reached its peak half a century ago, when the meetings of the great rivals, Boherlahan and Toomevara, produced grim and gallant encounters, in which the swing of the ash rang sweetly, with the sharp strokes producing hurling music that the fans simply adored.

My greatest memory of the pair is of the drawn struggle for 1930 County laurels—an epic at Thurles in which Toomevara registered 5-5 to the 6-2 reply by Boherlahan. Exciting and all as that game was, old followers maintained it was not a patch on the finals from 1913 onwards. Sideline seats were introduced for the first time in Thurles for the latter final, won by "Toom", 5-2 to 4-1, after a terrific struggle.

Strangely enough my most abiding memory of a Tipperary county final is of the unfinished Boherlahan-Clonoulty game for the 1928 title. It was a power-packed meeting of hectic pulling, uncompromising exchanges and not a few unruly incidents. The ending was unexpected, however, a walk-out by Clonoulty which left Boherlahan the title.

Perhaps the reason I remember that occasion so well is because I walked a lot of the road from Limerick Junction to Limerick after the game. The special train only brought veteran Limerick hurler Tom Hayes and myself to the Junction where we just missed the bus for Limerick—and the next was not due for several hours. It eventually picked us up after we had covered almost twenty miles.

Motor-cars were a scarce commodity in those days and it was commonplace enough to walk ten or twelve miles on a Sunday. My longest trek was on the occasion of the 1922 All-Ireland hurling

final—in which Kilkenny beat Tipperary in an amazing last minute rally. All through that night a group of us walked from Nenagh—to learn later that the train which carried us that much of the journey had continued empty to Limerick.

Tipperary and Thurles brings to mind some long distance cycling feats also—and the great "Bicycle" Munster finals of the war years—but these are stories for some other occasion—as also is the fun they provoked!

The first really big feather in the Boherlahan cap was when they succeeded in "landing" the Blue Riband of hurling in the historic year of 1916. Marshalled by the peerless Johnny Leahy, the team was of the true Tipperary style—in spirit, courage and vitality, the best witnessed in those old and palmy days of club hurling.

Johnny had a few fearless brothers to back his every effort, and other notabilities of the period included the peerless Phil Cahill of Holycross, Shanahan of Ballinure, the D'Arcy brothers, Mick and Jack of Nenagh, and the greatest full forward of his day, unrivalled still—the one and only Martin Kennedy of Toomevara.

When Boherlahan again skippered a Tipperary side to All-Ireland victory in 1925 it was just the beginning of a great adventure, for these worthy ambassadors of hurling were to blaze the trail of the Camán from Thurles to the Golden Gate; and be the first Irish touring team to visit America as All-Ireland hurling champions, and the only visiting side ever to play from coast to coast in the U.S. Johnny, Mick and Paddy Leahy were on that trip, as were other hurlers of renown in John Joe Hayes, Jack and Pat Power, Martin Mockler, Phil Purcell, Phil Cahill, Stephen Hackett, Tom Duffy, Rody Nealon, Arthur O'Donnell, Martin Kennedy and Tom Kenny. The latter wrote a

● TO PAGE 44

RUSSELL REMEMBERED . . .

by PATRICK CARVER

I ALWAYS liked meeting Paul Russell. Hardly a week went by that I did not run into him somewhere; more often than not at Dave O'Leary's chemist shop in Cathal Brugha Street. There with Dave, a good Killarney man and Garrett Prendiville of Castleisland, the talk was always good with plenty of laughter and a ton of good stories. With three Kerymen, I do not have to say that most of the talk was always about Kerry football.

Paul was a great talker and a great man to provoke good talk. In that gentle fashion of his he could start more arguments than any man I have known and no one enjoyed them more than he did.

There was also a rare gentleness in him and he was always prepared to listen and appreciate the other man's point of view.

I remember one night over in Jimmy Timmons' pub in Essex Street—it was back about 1959—and Paul and I were sipping a drop of stout.

Not far down from us at the counter there was a little man and the only way one could describe him properly would be to call him "a real Dublin jockser". He was

every bit of it and on top of that he was "flying". He had been drinking steadily for many hours—that was quite obvious—and by now he was prepared, with all the confidence of a good few drinks, to air his knowledge and authority on any matter under the sun.

As luck would have it, he gravitated in our direction and bade us far more than the time of day. I knew him well and the conversation moved on to sport and to the man's favourite subject of the time . . . the great Dublin team that had beaten Derry in the All-Ireland final.

One word borrowed another—and with a few gentle digs from Paul—our friend launched into a lengthy discourse about all the great Dublin teams he had seen. He made outlandish claims for Dublin; with prompting from Paul, he claimed things for Dublin that had never happened in the history of Gaelic football.

For fully an hour, our friend rambled on and on. Eventually he had run out of steam and he wandered off.

I remember turning to Paul and saying—"You had a lot of patience

to put up with him." Paul smiled and in that wonderful Kerry accent of his, said—"Never stop a man like that from having his say. He is entitled to his opinion and he must be given the right to express it. The fact that we did not agree with him means nothing; he must have his say. Anyway we made his night a little happier by listening to him."

The sequel to the story is that I was back in Jimmy Timmons a few nights later and up comes our Dublin man—this time sober and the picture of innocence.

"You're a right so-and-so," he said to me—"You had Paul Russell here the other night and you never told me who he was. And there was I, shouting and roaring about Dublin football and all the great players I had seen. I was lucky he didn't give me a belt. If I had known who he was, I'd have asked to shake his hand. He was one of the best and a dacent man."

"Yes, indeed," he added—"That Paul Russell is a grand fellow; I'd like to meet him again someday."

He never did meet Paul again—and one will hope that they will, in a far better world—but now that Paul has left us, I cannot think of anything nicer to say about him than what that Dublin man said to me in Jimmy Timmons' pub one night.

For Paul Russell was a grand fellow . . . and all of us are going to miss him.

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● FROM PAGE 31

where little football was previously played.

Clare's win over the "Kingdom" boys in the under-21 football championships, coming so quickly after the fine minor performance of last season, has boosted Banner County stock no end, and further spectacular progress can be expected.

RADIO EIREANN

Many Southern fans are dissatisfied with the new half-hour's sports programme from Radio Eireann. The main complaint seems to be that it is too early, and as a result misses a lot of the local matches which were such a popular feature under the old arrangement.

Another crib is that listeners now have to tune in to a lot of stuff of absolutely no interest to county sports enthusiasts in order to get all the G.A.A. returns. A much more acceptable programme would be one commencing about 7.30 or 8 p.m. and giving the complete G.A.A. results together, either in the first or second portion.

THURLES PROGRESS

Thurles sportsfield is a hive of activity these days as the big development scheme gets into its stride. The famous pitch is deserted, however, and will miss this season the clashing ash, the flying feet, and the wildly excited spectators who are so much part and parcel of the Munster hurling scene.

Limerick is also undergoing extensive alteration, but despite the big building project games are continuing there as usual—in fact on a wider scale than for many seasons. The work is progressing very satisfactorily and it is easy to see now that the reconstructed enclosure will be one of the best appointed anywhere.

The job will not be finished before the end of the year, but it is so arranged as not to interfere

with activities at the Grounds. In fact, an assurance has been given that should the Munster final be fixed there accommodation at least

comparable to the best available in the past at this venue will be provided. Slán agaibh go léir, a cháirde Gaedheal!



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**THE
OBJECTION**

AS Eamonn Young knows—and, indeed, as most Corkmen know—some of the junior competitions in the Rebel County, particularly in the lonelier areas, tend to develop into long, drawn-out, marathon affairs. And all because of that beautiful word “Objection”. Down in our part of the country, there is far more to the winning of a match on the pitch; one also has to have the few gifted men with persuasive loquacity to win the match in the local council chambers.

It is a hundred to one on—and this has been the case for more years than I care to remember—that the first words uttered after any obscure championship game in my little area of Co. Cork are: “Can we get them on an objection?” And sure enough, there has always been the man capable of finding that objection.

However, that is all by the way. The story I am going to tell you is about an objection that misfired.

After a small championship game one Sunday afternoon over 25 years ago—one that we got the mother-and-father of a great hiding—we discovered a powerful objection. At least we thought we had one. Ten of the other side had attended a foreign game on the Sunday before they had played us. As luck would have it, not one of our players had been at the same match; we were in an almost impregnable position.

Danny Joe was our spokesman and our delegate to the local

THAT MISFIRED . . .

by PHILIP RODERICK

board. He was given his facts, had them drilled home with force and then, well fortified, he was sent on his way. Confidence was high; Danny Joe was an honest man, for thirty or forty years he had been a stalwart of Gaelic games in our area; nothing could or would sway him in his duty.

But Danny was too honest—and that was our undoing. He duly attended the board meeting, brought up the objection and had it almost carried when his conscience got at him. You see, our parish priest was not only chairman of our local football club, he was also president of the other club in the town that played the foreign game . . . and he, being solicitous about all the members of his flock, had attended that particular foreign game.

And Danny Joe was honest enough to admit it at the board meeting. The result was that our objection was fired out and the saddening feature of the lot was that we had not got a second objection to throw in instead of it. We were out of the championship; nothing could put us back in to it.

However, there was still the matter of Danny Joe; something had to be done about him. He had

let the side down—badly. His trial—and God knows that was all you could call it—took place a week later in O’Keeffe’s pub.

It went something like this . . .

“Well, Danny Joe, you have been a member of the club for almost 40 years. Maybe we do not agree with what you revealed at the board meeting, but we must put it on record that we admire your courage for doing what you did”.

“That’s grand . . . but why am I not sitting in my usual place at the head of the table?”—asked Danny Joe.

“Well, to be honest, we have decided that the work is getting a little too hard for you and we have been thinking of putting a younger man in to the job”.

“Such as?”—asked Danny Joe.

“We haven’t made up our minds yet but the fact is that we have earmarked you for a special job. We are going to make you our delegate to the county board”.

“But you have always maintained that that is a job for a young man. Why have you suddenly changed your minds? If I am too old for one job, how come I am young enough for another job?”—Danny Joe was patient but inquisitive.

“There’s no point now in

bringing up awkward issues like that”.

“And if I don’t want to be the delegate to the county board, what then?”—Danny Joe was persistent.

“Well, we had thought about making you official groundsman”.

“For what?. No one looks at the field from one end of the year to the other”. Danny Joe was slightly puzzled.

“It’s either that or take charge of the travelling arrangements for the club”.

“We all use bicycles and we all make our own way to every match. That’s not a job”—Danny Joe was getting a small bit peeved.

“Would you consider taking over the catering arrangements for the annual dinner?”

“We have never had a dinner in our lives. On top of that we have less than ten bob in the bank”—Danny Joe was being stubborn.

“Perhaps you would like to become official collector for the club?”

“No”—said Danny Joe—“I’d rather resign”.

“In that case, we accept your resignation with reluctance. Our first move will be to make a presentation to you to mark your long years of service and devotion to the club. On top of that we propose to strike a special medal to show that you have always been the No. 1 G.A.A. man in the town”.

And that, sad to say, was the end of Danny Joe’s association with the club. As Tom Murphy—he has been gone a long time now—said afterwards—“The moral of the whole thing is; if you have a good objection, never let an honest man spoil it”.

BECKERS

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O'CEALLAIGH

● FROM PAGE 39

book on the trip, which remains a wonderful momento of a never to be forgotten event.

Another undying memory in Tipperary is of the Triple Crown hurling triumph of 1930—something no other county has succeeded in emulating. Thurles sponsored this great senior success in which we met striking figures like John Joe Callanan, Tommy Treacy, M. F. Cronin, Jim Lanigan, John Maher, Paul McKenna and Tommy O'Meara. Prominent in the junior triumph were Ned Wade (who also figured in the minor success), Jimmy Coffey, Danny O'Gorman,

Willie O'Donnell and Phil Ryan.

When Tipperary won the 1937 Blue Riband the venue was Fitzgerald Park, Killarney. Tommy Doyle had his first big hurling triumph on that occasion and others to share the laurels included Ger Connally, Tommy Butler, "Sweeper" Ryan, Jimmy Cooney, Willie Wall and Jimmy Coffey.

Just twenty years ago, Jim Devitt, Flor Coffey, Tommy Purcell, Harry Gouldsboro' and Tony Brennan won their first All-Ireland senior hurling medals, but it was even then apparent that the great days of club hurling were disappearing. Maybe the last glamour laden combination were the Borris-

oleigh boys who won the county crowns of 1949, 1950 and 1953, and gave to hurling such notables as Jimmy Finn, Sean and Paddy Kenny, Tim and Ned Ryan.

Thurles have come back into the club picture in a big way in recent years, and will no doubt, make their presence felt in the Munster club championship in the years ahead. Some members of the Sarsfields Club have contributed handsomely to the various championship and league triumphs of the Blue and Gold.

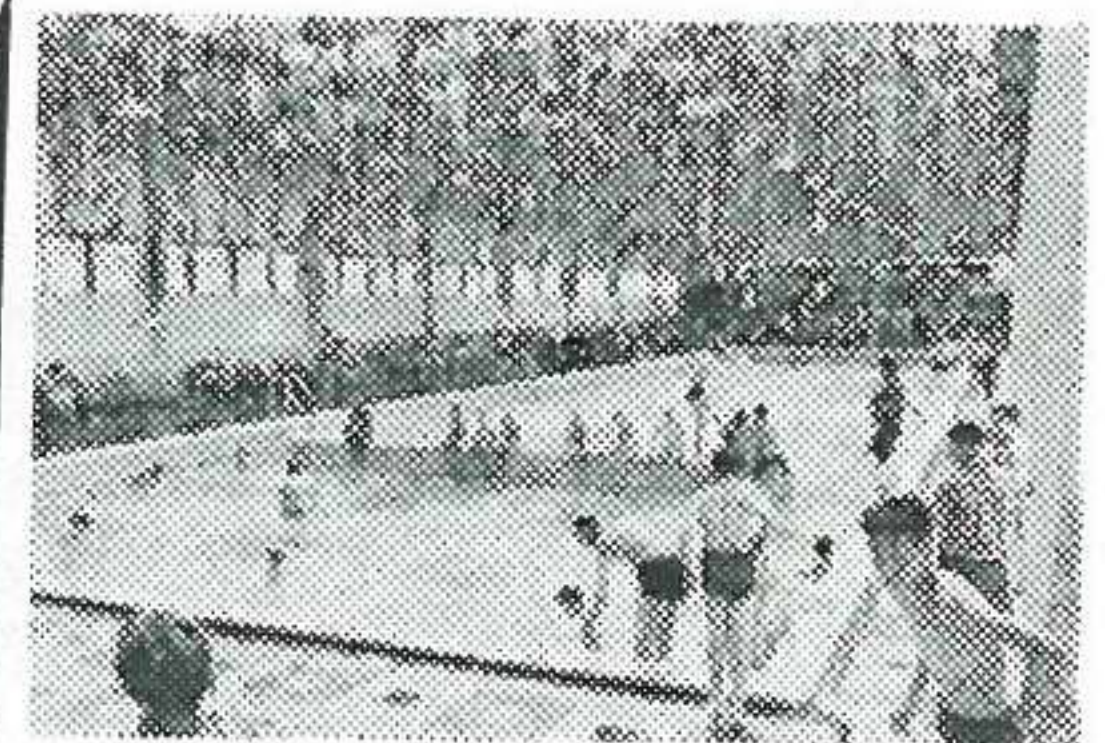
We have covered together many years of Tipperary hurling glory, and can only conclude that Tipperary as far as hurling is concerned still remains the Premier County.



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Remember Dungarvan?

by MOONDHARRIG

WHEN most people talk nostalgically about old-time Munster hurling finals, they almost automatically think of Thurles. Now I saw old-time hurling finals in Thurles too, but I am afraid I must be joining the brigade of the G.A.A. pioneers, because the first Munster finals I saw were not in Thurles at all, but in Dungarvan. And to say nowadays that you saw a Munster final in Dungarvan nearly puts you back into the class of those who saw the G.A.A. being founded.

But I did see Munster hurling finals in Dungarvan when I was a boy and still in my memory, a big hurling match at Dungarvan had an atmosphere that I have never been able to recapture anywhere else.

I do not think any sportsfield could be more ideally situated than Dan Fraher's field, as it was more popularly known, with the cool breeze from the sea whispering among the tall trees at the other end, and the green sward resplendent under a summer sun.

And I saw hurlers in the Dungarvan of my youth whose like I will never hope to see again. There was the Limerick side that had won the 1921 championship and which was still going strong when first I went on the Munster hurling circuit.

Humphreys, Ryan, Gleeson, John Joe Kinnane, Bobby McConkey, Mick Neville, a youthful Garrett Howard,—why they made such an

impression on my youthful mind that not even the great sides led by Mick Mackey ever attained quite the same stature in my view in after years. Anyway, I never saw Mick play in Dungarvan!

And the finest team I ever saw play in Dungarvan was surely Johnny Leahy's All-Ireland champion side from Boherlahan in 1925. What hurlers they were! Captain Johnny himself, a man who, even more so than John Doyle, has always typified Tipperary hurling for me. There was his brother Paddy, the cap set at a jaunty angle, and Arthur O'Donnell, tall and rangey, goal-keeper or full-back as the need arose. There was Martin Kennedy from Toomevara, the crack-shot forward of his generation and the tearaway Mick Mockler. There was Phil Cahill of Holycross, as polished a hurler as ever wore the blue and gold from that day to this and there was, above all, the man who then was the beau ideal of every youngster following hurling, Mick D'Arcy from U.C.D.

I do not even have to close my eyes to see Mick D'Arcy as he was in that Dungarvan sunshine forty years ago. More than six feet tall and straight as a ramrod; the dark hair swept straight back from the broad forehead and the dark eyes piercing from under the dark brows.

On the ground or in the air he swept the ball two thirds of the length of the field with sweet stylish strokes, he was deadly,

never was he known to be guilty of an unmanly act.

But at least we have our memories, and no memories could be brighter than of those long gone hurling games at Shandon Park. And after the game was over there would be Dan Fraher himself sitting on a chair outside the pavilion to greet old friends and new.

Gaeldom owes a great debt to Dan Fraher, for it was he who first conceived the idea of the great Gaelic Stadium, as we know such fields to-day, and the Munster finals I saw in Dan Fraher's field forty years ago gave us hurling that has never since been surpassed.

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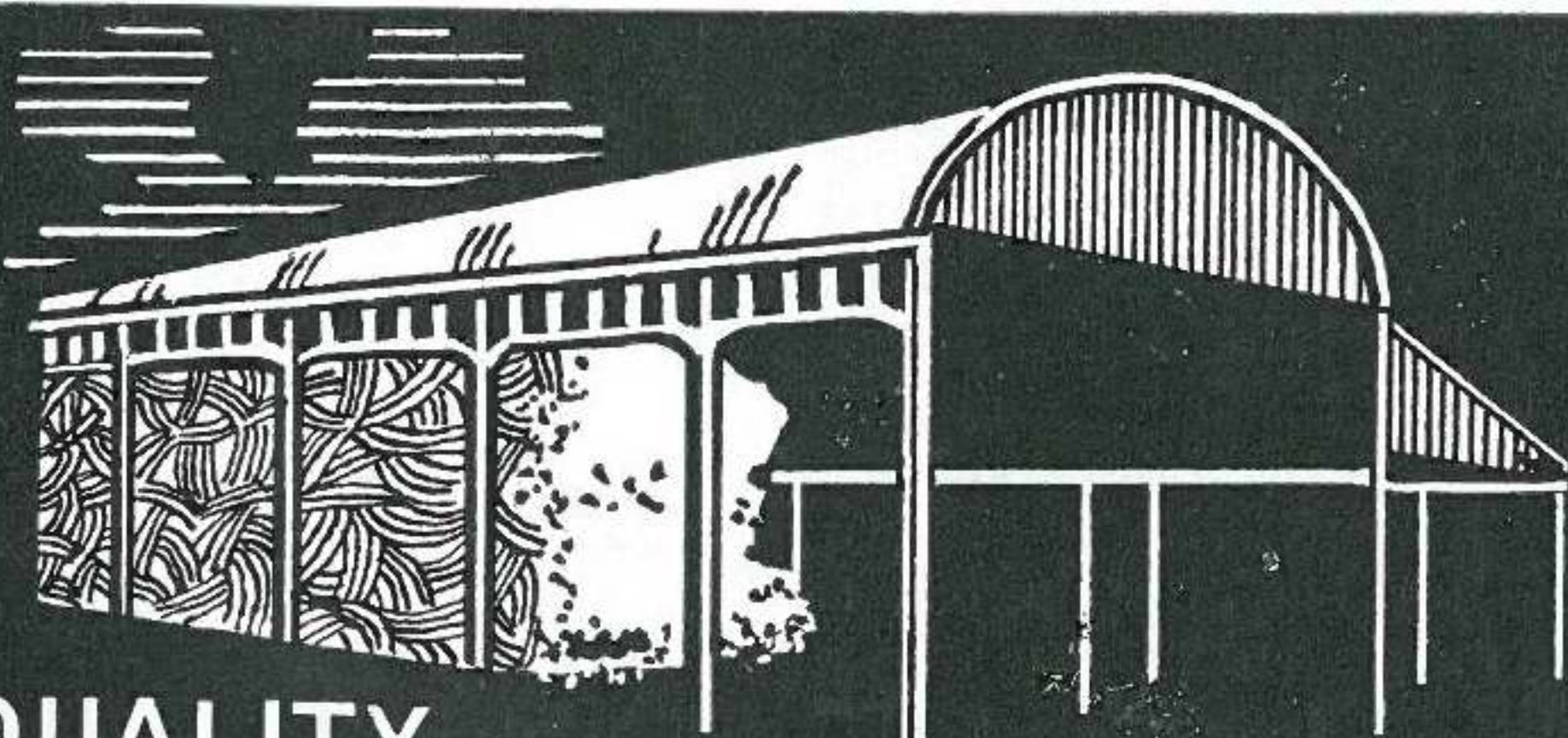


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PENPOINTS

A Chara,—Seamus O Ceallaigh missed a few vital points in his comments on the structure of Congress in your June issue.

Firstly, the agenda for Congress IS circulated a month in advance and most county boards do discuss it and instruct their delegates accordingly. Certainly my Board does.

As a result of this discussion at county board level delegates go to Congress already fully informed as to most of the pros and cons of each motion. Hence a lengthy discussion at Congress is not necessary and it is possible to get through a long agenda in one day—or in a day and a half as was the case this year.

LEESIDER

Sir,—Please state what teams contested the All-Ireland senior football semi-finals of 1950 and '51 and the results. Also what year did Mayo beat Kerry on a replay in a semi-final?

JIMMY KELLY

43, Poppleton Road,
Whipps Cross,
London, E. 11.

In 1950 — Mayo 3-9, Armagh 0-6; Louth 1-7, Kerry 0-8. In 1951 — Kerry 1-5, Mayo 1-5; Meath 2-6, Antrim 1-7. Replay—Mayo 2-4, Kerry 1-5. Mayo won both finals—
EDITOR.

A Chara,—Seamus O Ceallaigh stated in your May issue that Lees last won the Cork senior football title in 1923. If he will trouble to look up the records he will find that they also won it in 1955.

CAIRBRE Ó LIONÁIN

Ard na Laoi,
Bóthar Wilton,
Corcaigh

Sir,—A great poet once wrote—"Great wit to madness near aligned". He must have been talking about your man Cicero.

A COMMON MAN

Dublin, 3.

A Chara,—I find Cicero very entertaining. He is giving a sort of a new dimension to G.A.A. writing and I look forward to much more from him.

H. W.

Ath. Cliath 4.

● FROM PAGE 15

articles on the death of Pádraig Ó Caoimh, Mick Higgins, Mick Donnellan and on Leitrim-born American star, Johnny McGoldrick, stand out.

Kerry people will particularly remember his series of hard-hitting articles last year in the "Kerryman." He began just before the All-Ireland semi-final against Cavan and kept firing away until the eve of the final.

They were very fiery words—he hit the current wearers of the green and gold hard and suggested that they were not of the true Kerry mould, etc. His words went deep and riled many a player. This was what he had been asked to do.

It was, of course, a "put-on" job. He had been asked to antagonise the players and make them fighting mad. He did it and it certainly helped against Cavan. However, by the time the final was due, Russell had run out of hard words and readers had become used to his approach.

Many people and perhaps some players may have been annoyed by those articles but I assure them that they were nothing more than a genuine effort to help the Kingdom on the road to the Sam Maguire Cup.

Paul Russell was a man of no bitterness—nor was he a hard critic of anybody. He admired all players who played an honest game and all counties who fought an earnest hour. In conversation I have never heard him criticise anybody. What newspapers demanded from him was another matter.

Those close to him knew that the sands of time were running out for him. The news spread through his circle of close friends early in the year. It cast a great gloom—that one still so young and with still so much to say and to give should have to go.

He made it to Croke Park for the Galway-Kerry National League "home" final. He knew it would be the last time that he would see

his beloved Kingdom in action or hear the roar of the crowd in the great arena which he himself had done so much to popularise and to adorn.

It was fitting that his last look at the men of Kerry should see them fighting a hard and manly battle in which there was much glory in defeat as there was in victory. It was the type of game he really liked and he was never a man to begrudge victory when fairly won.

Had he been still writing after that game, I know that he would have staunchly defended referee Loftus and wished Galway the best of luck on their U.S. trip. This was Russell's form all the way.

Mention of America reminds me that he held the Gaels of New York in great affection. He had many happy memories of visits there and some of his closest friends were to be found among the G.A.A. men of that city.

Finally I must stress that Paul Russell was a very humble man when it came to his own feats and deeds. In many years of close association with him I never succeeded in getting him to talk of his own great hours. If one brought up the subject, as I did

on countless occasions, he would laugh and before you realised it he would have the conversation going on to the deeds of his friends—of Paul Doyle, Jack Higgins, Larry Stanley, Paddy McDonnell, John Joe Sheehy, Con Brosnan, Mick Donnellan and the rest.

And when Russell said "the friends" he embraced them all—the hundreds upon hundreds of men whom he had played with and against. Of these he would talk all night—but never a word could be had about even one ball that he himself caught or cleared.

But then I too could go on all night. I could fill this magazine effortlessly about Paul Russell the player, the writer and the friend. He was such a man.

Instead though I will finish with his own conclusion to a most touching tribute to Pádraig Ó Caoimh. Paul wrote:

"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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FITZPATRICK

● FROM PAGE 7

which went on to dominate North Antrim competitions and win county titles in 1940, '41 and '42. This had to result in a good senior fifteen and in 1944 Ballycastle were back on top winning the senior championship at Corrigan Park.

The previous year the club had John Butler starring on the county team which reached the All-Ireland final where they lost to Cork—so hurling was now back in full bloom in North Antrim.

Two men who figured on that 1944 winning team are still playing and last year had no small part in the club's success. They are Brendan Donnelly and Jim Harkin whose hurling skill have graced the Croke Park sod on many Ulster teams.

With the abandonment of the North Antrim championship and the start of the all-county open draw in 1948, McQuillan's became

the first county champions. Men of that team were Brian Cearns, Cathal Dallet, Paddy and Brendan Donnelly, James Harkin, Frank Butler, Seamus Connolly and James Fogarty. It is an interesting fact that Brian Cearns is a nephew of Jim Cearns who captained the first ever winning McQuillan's side.

Other young players like Colm Lynn, Brendan and Bobby Elliott (the only North Antrim player to play for an Ireland hurling team) were now joining the team and the most glorious period in the club's history began with championship wins in 1949, '50 and a treble in 1952, '53 and '54.

Then came a ten year break—until last year when the McQuillan's again triumphed to bring home the hurling crown once more. The club fields teams in juvenile, minor, junior and senior competitions as well as junior football and they have just acquired their own ground and

work is in progress developing it into a first-class park with all modern facilities such as club rooms, showers and dressing rooms.

The street leagues in the school-boys' section still continue and the club is certainly playing its part in the new Hurling Scheme.

McQuillan's too are proud of having brought a host of other great club teams to North Antrim. The famous Ahane side, led by Mick Mackey, Dublin Faughs, Thurles Sarsfields, Eire Og (Kilkenny) and Young Irelands (Dublin) have all thrilled the crowds there on numerous occasions.

Under the presidency of Fr. J. M. Lynch, P.P. (who as curate was a hard working official in the club from 1915 to 1920) the club enjoys the facilities of the parochial hall for ceilithe and other activities. Other Officials are: Chairman, Fr. Reilly, C.C.; Vice-Chairman, Brendan Donnelly; Secretary, Brian McShane; Treasurer, James Harkin; Committee: Seamus Clarke, Colm Lynn, Paddy Donnelly, Bobby Elliott, Arthur McShane, Brendan Elliott and Andy McKinley.

To Seamus Clarke (one of the most ardent club officials I have ever met), Colm Lynn, Patsy Hill and Brendan Donnelly, I say thank you for the hospitality and a chance to hear all about your great hurling club. A proud record surely. With more clubs like Ballycastle McQuillan's there would be no need of a hurling revival.

Next month I will have a look at Newry Mitchels, football champions of Down.

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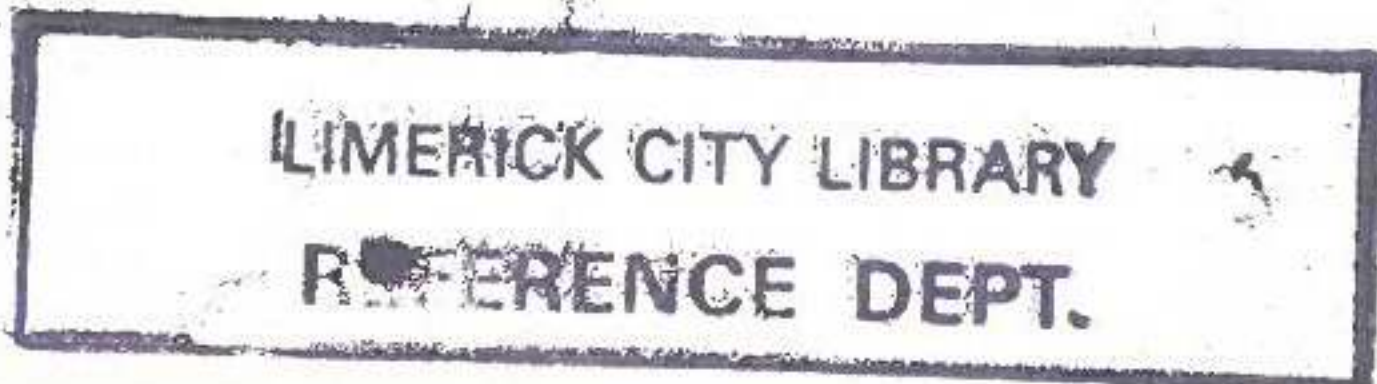
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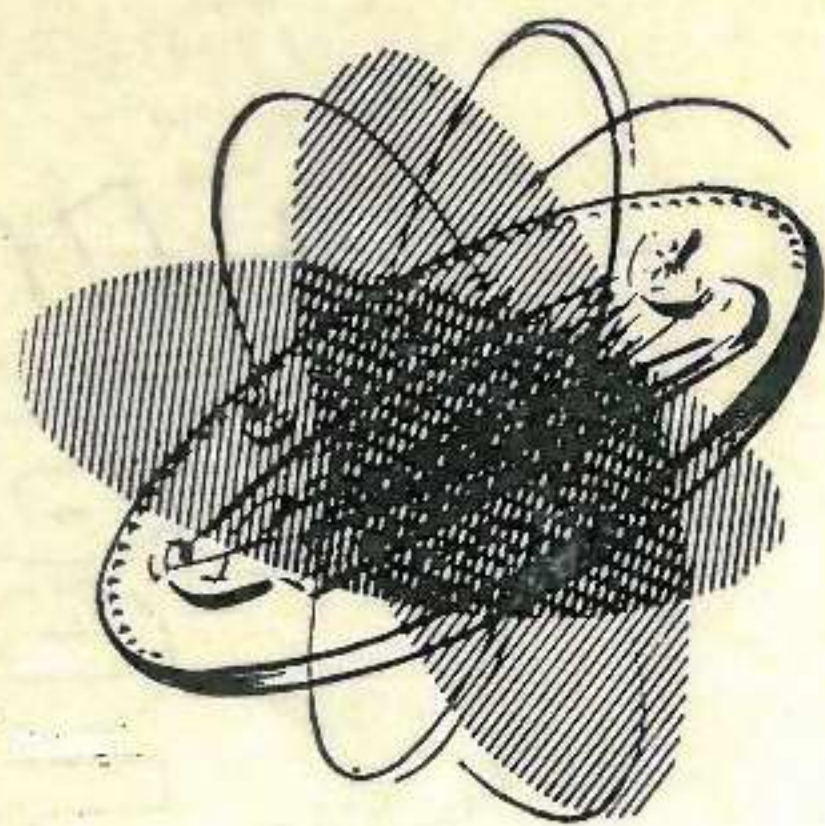
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