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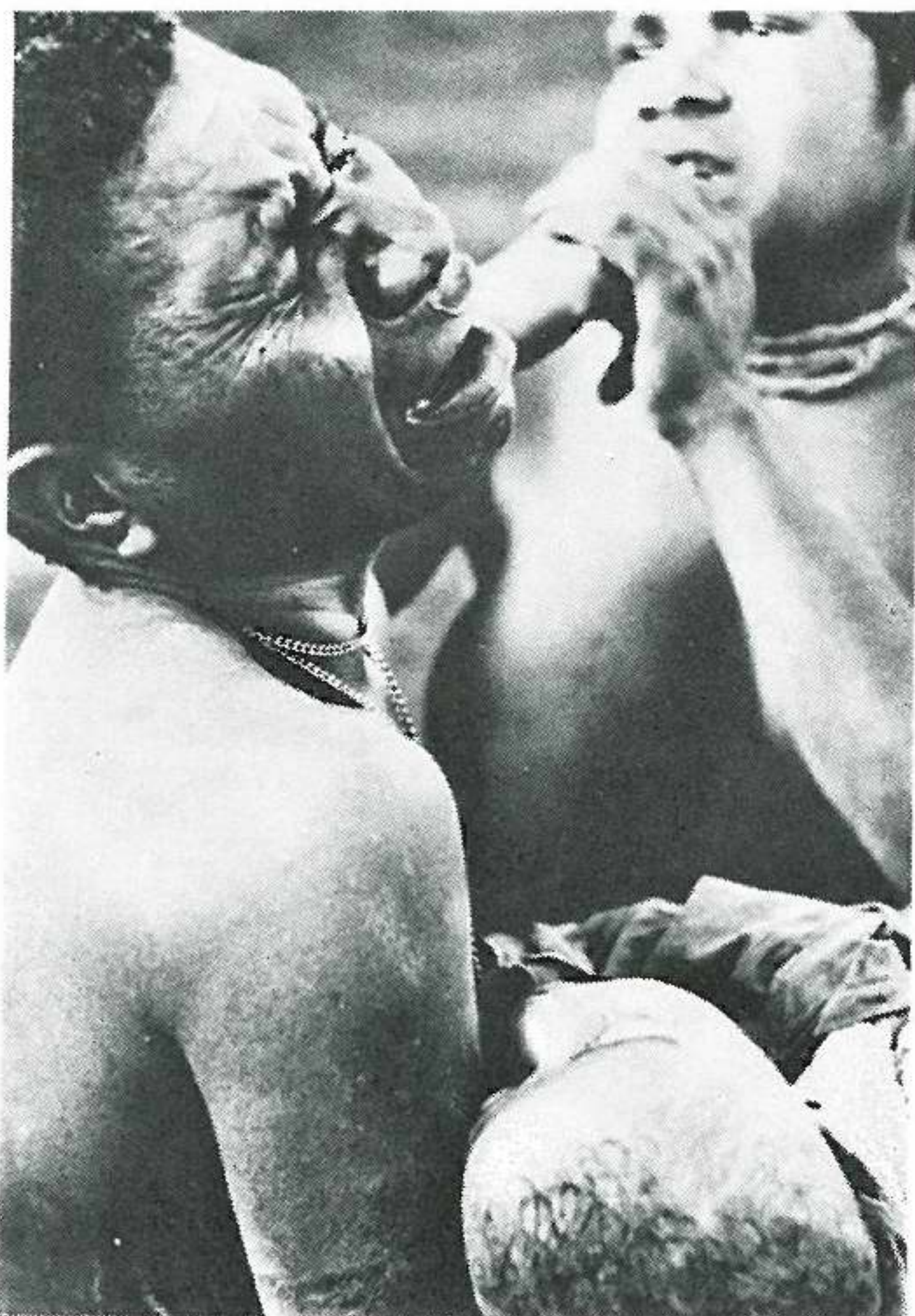
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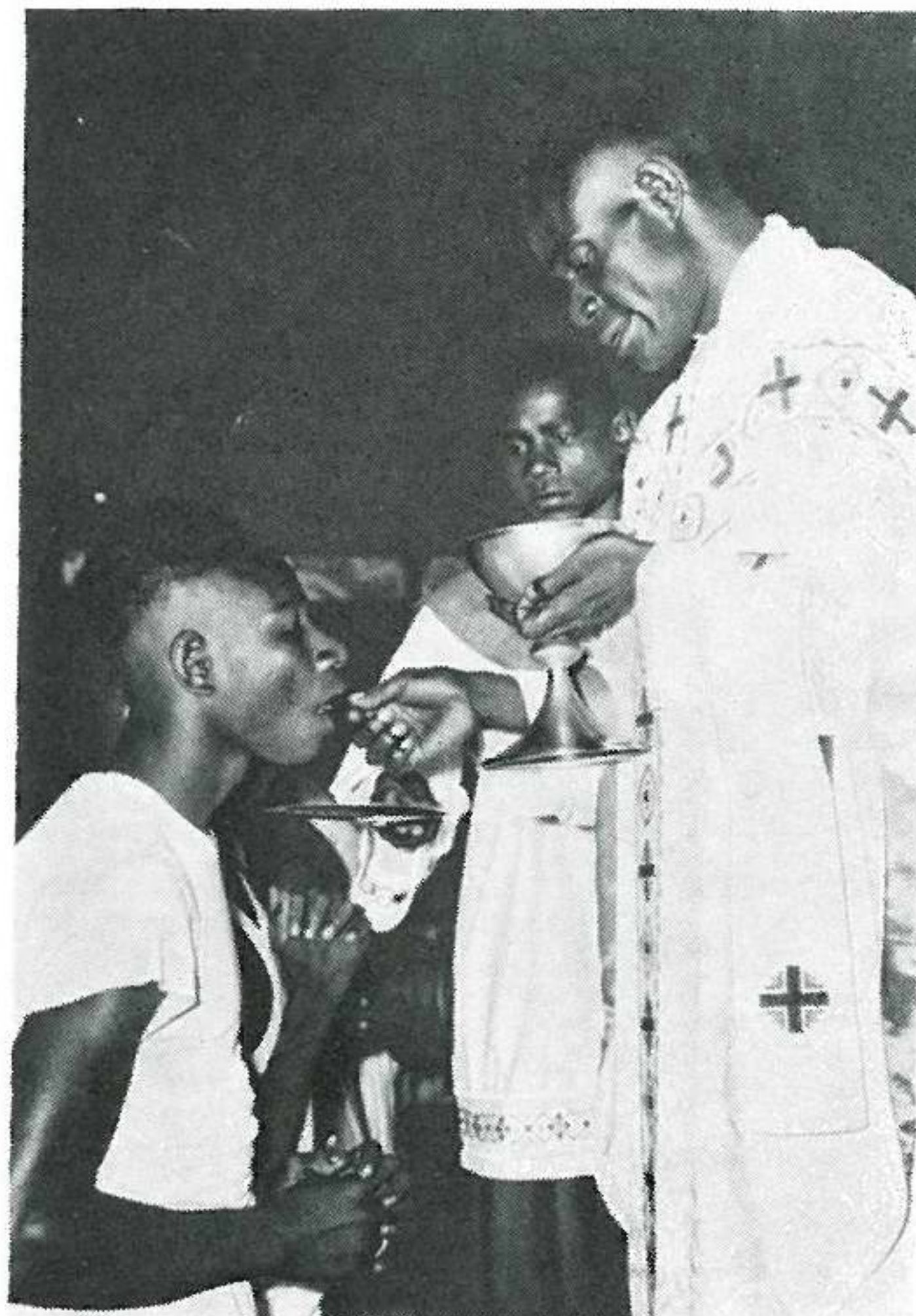
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i bPáirc an Chrócaigh

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Gaelic Sport

Vol. 13. No. 9. September. 1970.

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COVER PHOTO

OUR front cover this month features the All-Ireland Hurling finalists, Wexford and Cork.

WEXFORD: Standing (from left)—Pat Nolan, Pat Quigley, Phil Wilson, Dan Quigley, Jack Berry, Tom Neville, Dave Bernie. Front (from left)—Tony Doran, Ned Colfer, Martin Quigley, Matt Browne, Michael Collins, Willie Murphy, John Quigley, Ned Buggy.

CORK: Standing (from left)—Jack Barrett (County Chairman), Con Roche, Charlie Cullinane, John Horgan, Pat MacDonnell, Gerald McCarthy, Eddie O'Brien, Pat Hegarty. Front (from left)—Ray Cummins, Willie Walsh, Donal Clifford, Joe Murphy, Paddy Barry, Tomás Ryan, Charlie McCarthy, Tony Maher.

AN APPEAL

AMPLE space has been allotted in this issue to the All-Ireland hurling finalists, Cork and Wexford. It isn't necessary here to add anything to the detailed analysis of the teams which will be found on the following pages.

With memories of the wonderful finals between these counties in 1954 and 1956 now revived (did they ever really fade?), it is a most welcome editorial duty to welcome Cork and Wexford back to Croke Park on the first Sunday of September.

Having said that, we gladly spare a thought—and plead with you, our readers, to do so, too—for a team who, but for vagaries of luck, might now be preparing for the climax of the hurling season.

We refer, of course, to Galway, who put up such a magnificent performance against Wexford in the semi-final at Athlone.

With the odds stacked intimidatingly against them, these fine hurlers from the West lost by a mere two points a match that they might well have won.

But praise for things past will not help them now. What they need most of all is encouragement and help.

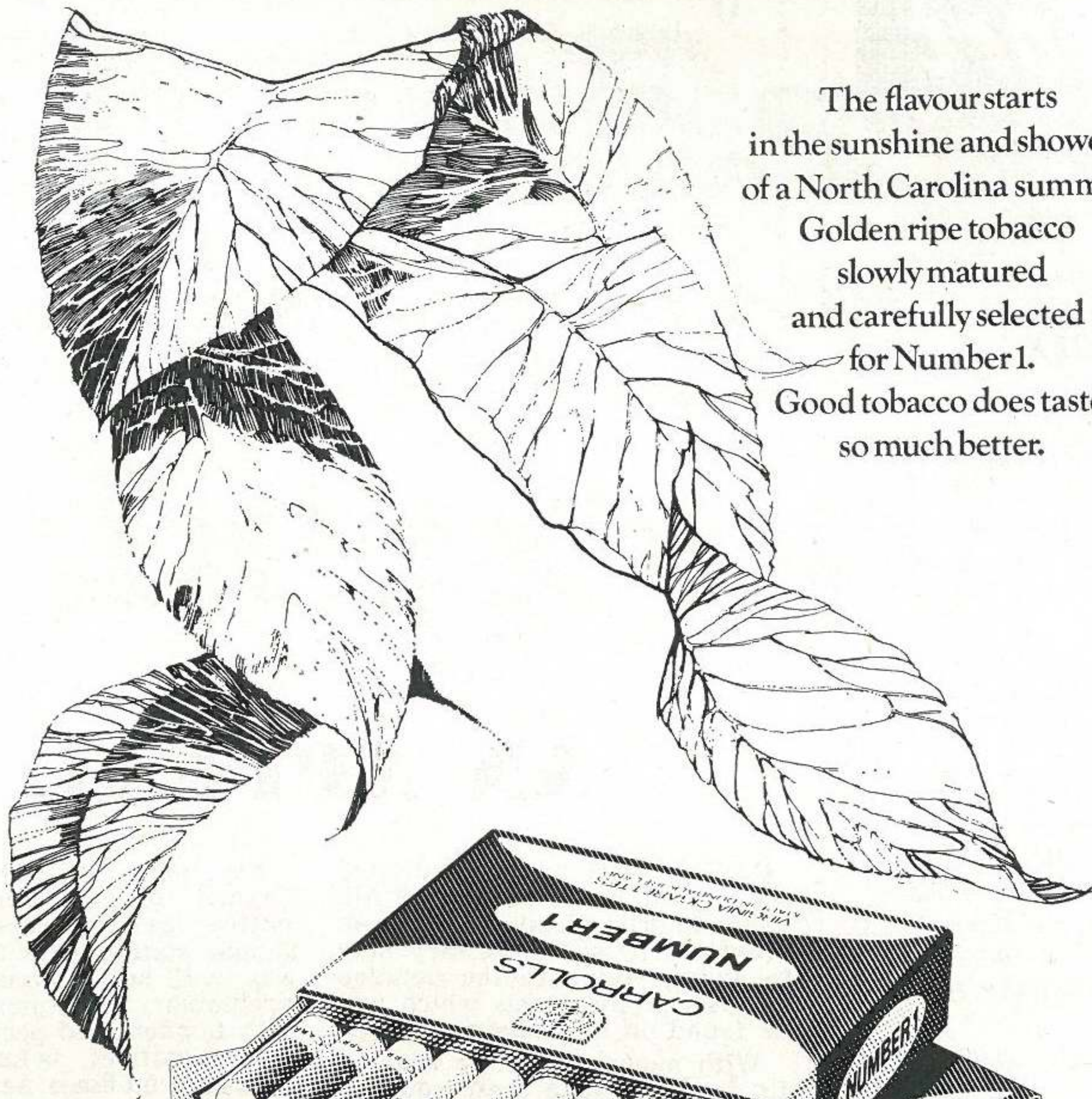
For one thing, the Central Council (or the Executive Committee, as the case may be) should state forthwith that Galway will be allowed to play a preliminary championship round with London, and perhaps, Ulster representatives, before the All-Ireland semi-finals next year.

That was the way they wanted it this year, but a technicality in the wording of their Congress motion was too rigidly interpreted subsequently.

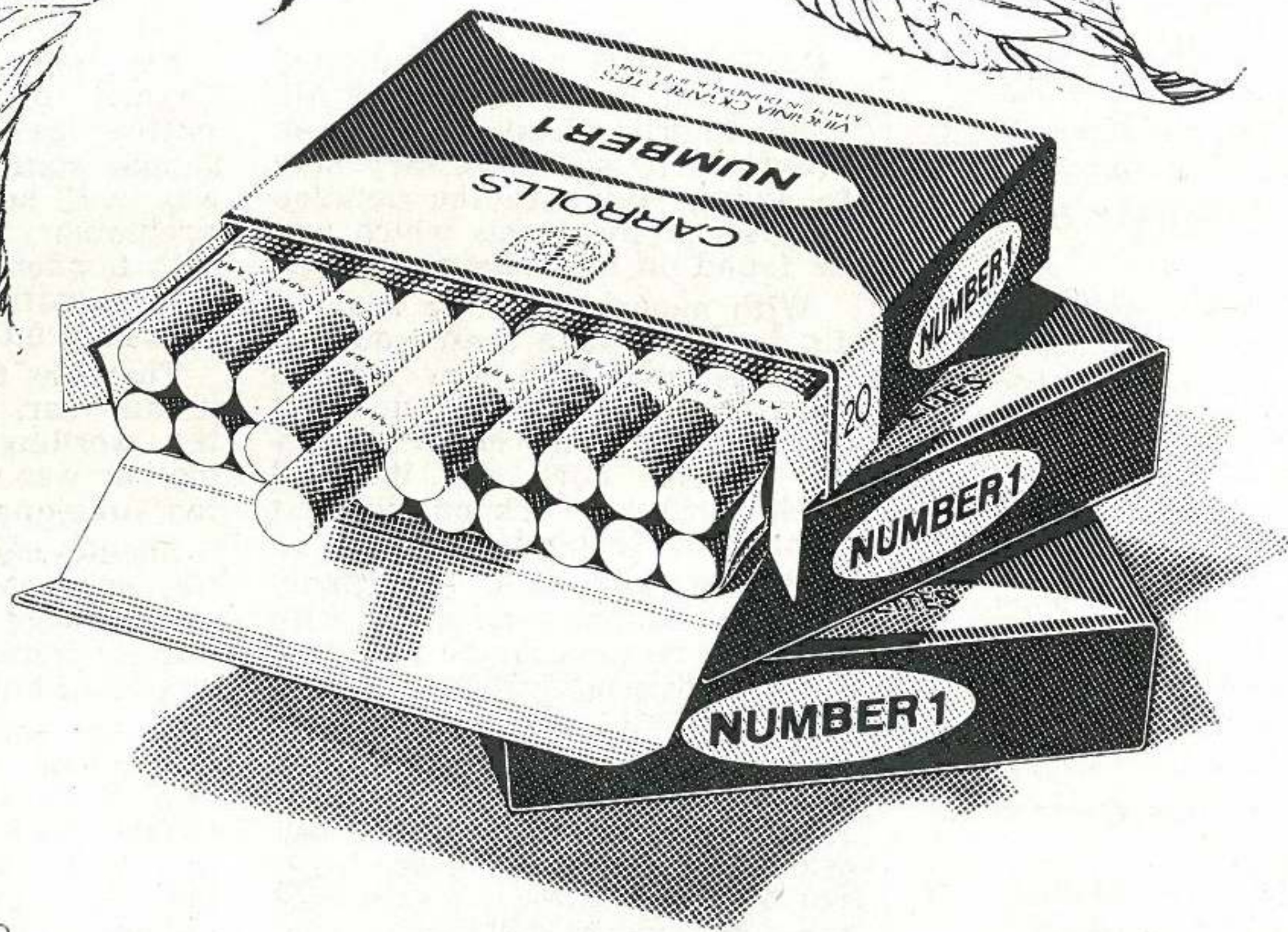
Should mere verbal technicalities be allowed to stand in the way of what Galway officials and players think is best for the promotion of hurling in their county?

In the meantime there is the prestigious Oireachtas competition. At the time of going to press Galway had not been invited to take part. They have earned their place in a tournament which they helped, more than most of the prominent hurling counties, to place on a high plane in the 1950s.

When our October issue appears, we hope to be able to say that the Oireachtas Committee made the grand gesture and, on behalf of Galway, we will thank them heartily for it.



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CORK ARE FANCIED TO WIN INTRIGUING FINAL

A CORK versus Wexford hurling final is, in a way, what we have all been waiting for ever since Art Foley foiled Christy Ring in his ninth medal with that dramatic save in the closing minutes of the sensational final of 1956.

MOONDHARRIG SUMS IT UP



*Martin Quigley
(Wexford)*



*John Horgan
(Cork)*



*Ned Colfer
(Wexford)*

That was the day, I suppose, that all of us old-time characters had finally to admit that Wexford had really arrived on the hurling scene. To be sure, the Wexfordmen had won the All-Ireland title of 1955, but they had beaten Limerick in the semi-final and Galway in the final, still no good Munsterman would rate any team that had not beaten Cork and Tipperary.

Then, in 1956, Wexford came marching back to conquer Tipperary in the most sensational of all League finals and followed that up by beating Cork in the All-Ireland and nobody could ever query their credentials after that.

Of course, there were a few diehards who were not convinced until Wexford beat Tipp. in the All-Ireland final of 1960, but by then nobody elsewhere had anything but good to say about Wexford's hurling prowess anyhow.

In the years since then these Wexford hurlers have again been marching back towards greatness and through the middle 'sixties that progress was mainly to be seen first in the minor and then in the under-21 ranks. And here it was that the battle has been



*Donal Clifford
(Cork)*



*Ray Cummins
(Cork)*

joined through the last few years between Cork and themselves.

Cork and Wexford have been winning the minor titles in alternate years, while Cork have got a slight edge on the Slaneysiders in the under-21.

But not since 1956 have the counties met in a senior final, which makes their clash this time all the more intriguing.

And oddly enough, it is hard to assess the two teams' merits by any kind of common yardstick, as they have not crossed camans at competitive level since the National League final in May of last year.

Wexford were then All-Ireland champions, while Cork were, relatively speaking, just nobodies, yet the Corkmen finished deserving winners after a fast and hard-fought game.

Cork eventually won by four points but Wexford were short a couple of key men through in-

● TO PAGE 9



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● FROM PAGE 7

jury, and also lost their great centre-back, Dan Quigley, in only the second minute of the game.

Since then, Wexford have been promising, but not wonderful. They did not distinguish themselves in the League and if they raced to convincing victory over Dublin in the Leinster semi-final they had their work cut out for them to beat Kilkenny in an exciting provincial final.

After all, Kilkenny were short Eddie Keher for the first half, lost Mick Lawler early on and Ollie Walsh at a vital stage of the second half and yet might have made things very difficult indeed for Wexford had not the umpires taken an extremely lenient attitude to the positioning of full-forward Tony Doran on a couple of occasions.

But, in the heel of the reel, the Wexfordmen were deserving winners, and one was particularly impressed by the showing of the younger Quigleys, Phil Wilson and Willie Murphy. At the time of writing, Murphy must, through a back injury, be counted a doubtful starter for the final and his absence would be a cruel blow to Wexford hopes.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the hill, Cork have had their ups and downs since that 1969 League final. They marched triumphantly through Munster last year after an early check from Clare, and then wilted in the last twenty minutes to lose to Kilkenny an All-Ireland final they seemed to have won.

They lost again to Kilkenny in the Oireachtas final, but then began to gather strength once more. They lost a game to Limerick early on in the League, but since then there has been no stopping of these Cork lads. They beat Tipperary at Thurles in the League semi-final, no mean feat at any time, and then exacted terrible revenge for that earlier

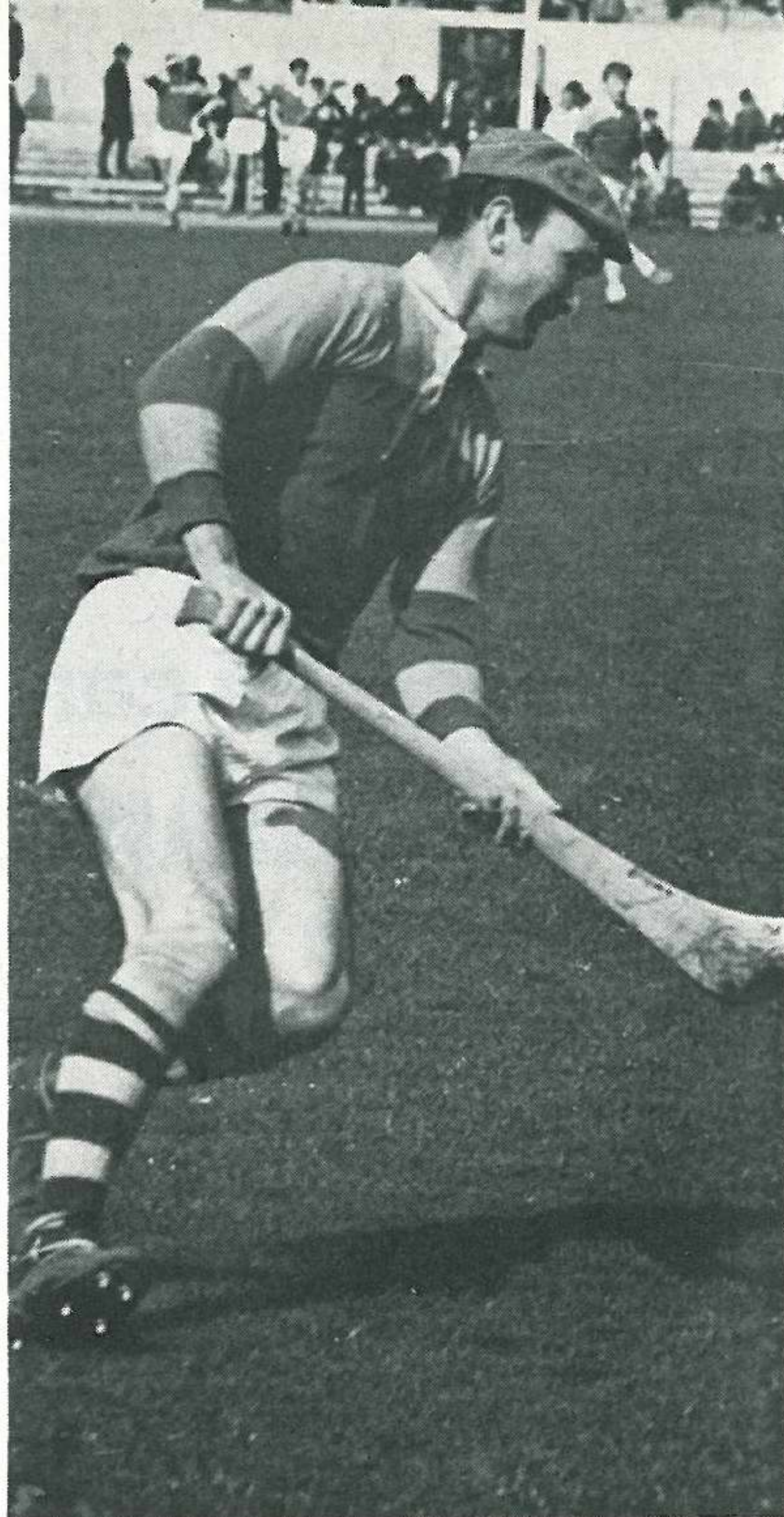
defeat when they annihilated Limerick in the League final.

Once again they have come storming through Munster, but to be quite truthful, they did not impress me all that much when defeating Tipperary in the final at Limerick.

Indeed, one was left harbouring the suspicion that had Tipperary played as well with fifteen men as they did when one short, the result might well have been different. Still Cork, I think, are entitled to be ranked, however

narrowly, as favourites to take the title.

Goalkeeper Barry is as sound as ever, I like full-back McDonnell and the half-back line, and Gerald McCarthy is always a potential match-winner at midfield. But if Cork are to win this one I think the victory surge will come from their clever forwards, Charlie McCarthy, still the chance-snapper, thrustful Charlie Cullinane, tall Ray Cummins, and Willie Walsh, who usually does so well against Wexford.



Tom Neville, long-serving Wexford back.

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Jack Berry (Wexford)



Pat Hegarty (Cork)



Dave Bernie (Wexford)



Pat McDonnell (Cork)

Many points of similarity and distinction

By JAY DRENNAN

There are many points of similarity and some of distinction between Cork and Wexford which make the game full of interesting possibilities, and suggests a basis for comparison, which is real enough, though, I fear, rather unpredictable.

For instance, Pat Nolan and Paddy Barry have been two of the soundest keepers in the game, neither of whom has got half the limelight or a quarter of the praise that he has earned. Both have suffered; as indeed all goalkeepers have suffered, in the shadow of the incomparable Ollie Walsh. Yet, both have substantial credits in the winning of an All-Ireland for their county, and Barry has unobtrusively held things safely at the back while Cork have been fitting a defence together. The difficulty with both of them is that they are just a trifle off their sharpest and most predictable form this year: there is a suggestion in the play of both of a tension and lack

of the aplomb which is the outward sign of super-confidence in goalies.

There are many players on both sides who have come up from the ranks—through the minor and under-21 years when these two counties have carried off the lion's share of the glory. It seems almost ludicrous to consider that Wexford won their first minor All-Ireland in 1963, in view of the prominence they have had in that grade since then.

The pattern of things this year gives some indication of the strength down the line of the counties over the last decade, for they met not only in the senior final, but also in the minor final and under-21 final. Apart from intermediate that is a total monopoly of the scene—and it might even be worth noting that neither county was far off the standard in that grade either.

The development of young stars through the grades into senior has been, in some cases,

a more rapid thing in Wexford's case, but surely a more satisfactory aspect of Cork's programme. Maher, McDonnell and Horgan, for instance, have now come together to form the full-line on the senior team—the latter two still on the under-21 team but in different positions, while the former was discovered and blooded from under-21 ranks a couple of years ago.

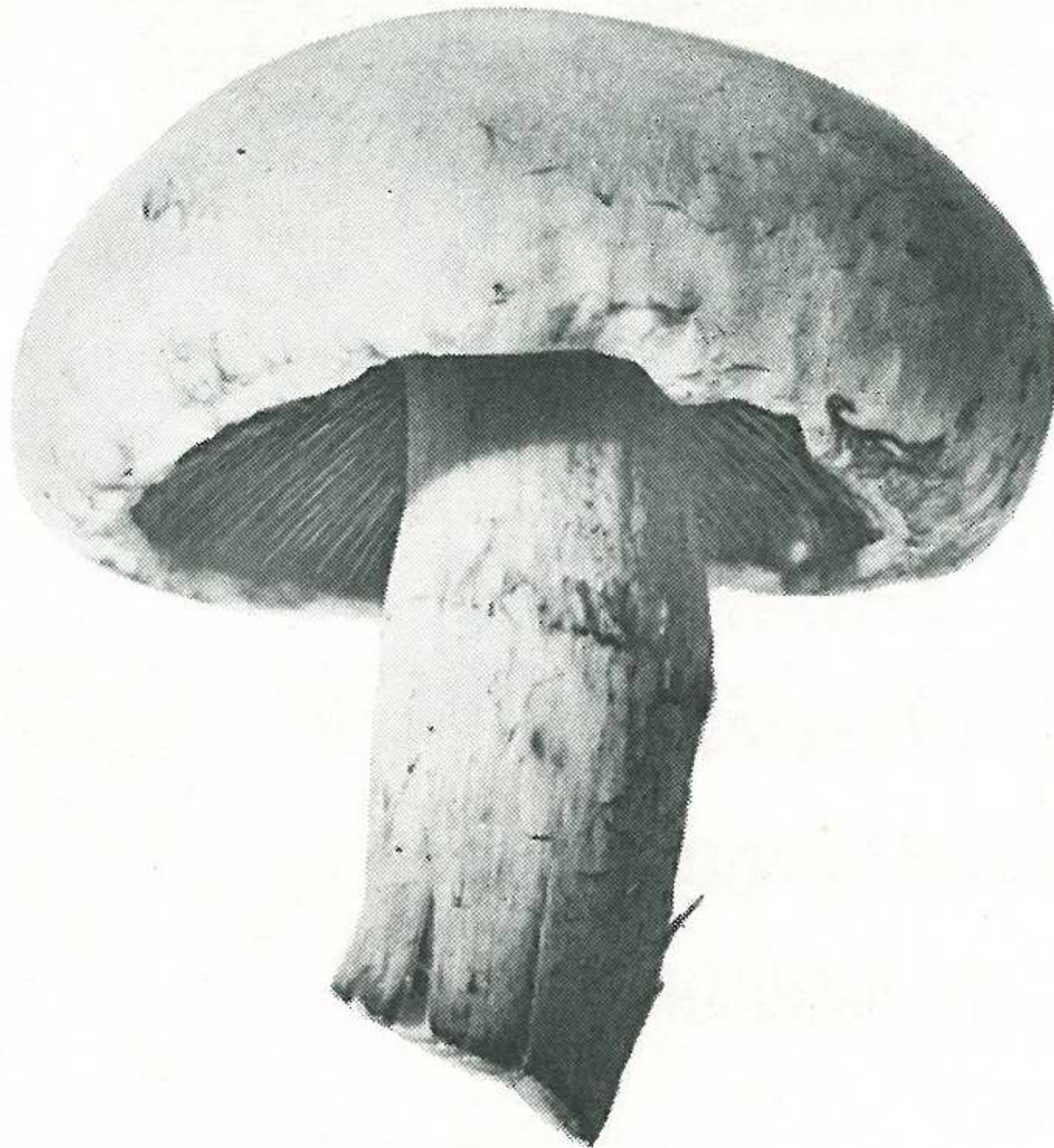
Cork throughout have been more demanding of their young lions before giving them the opportunity of entering the senior side, even in less important matches. Wexford have been less so. The result has been that Wexford have tried many and found them a mixture of good and not so good, few with unreserved claims to continuity in the senior ranks, many with possibilities.

In the context of the All-Ireland, this means that Cork come to the game with little doubt about the personnel of their team and scarcely any doubt about the personnel of their panel. Wexford, on the other hand, must give considerable thought not only about several panel positions, but even about a number of places on the actual side itself.

Tom Byrne, a star on the under-21 team, and a star minor a year or two ago, must come into serious consideration for one of the midfield places. There is a risk attached to playing him, of course, and that is

● TO PAGE 13

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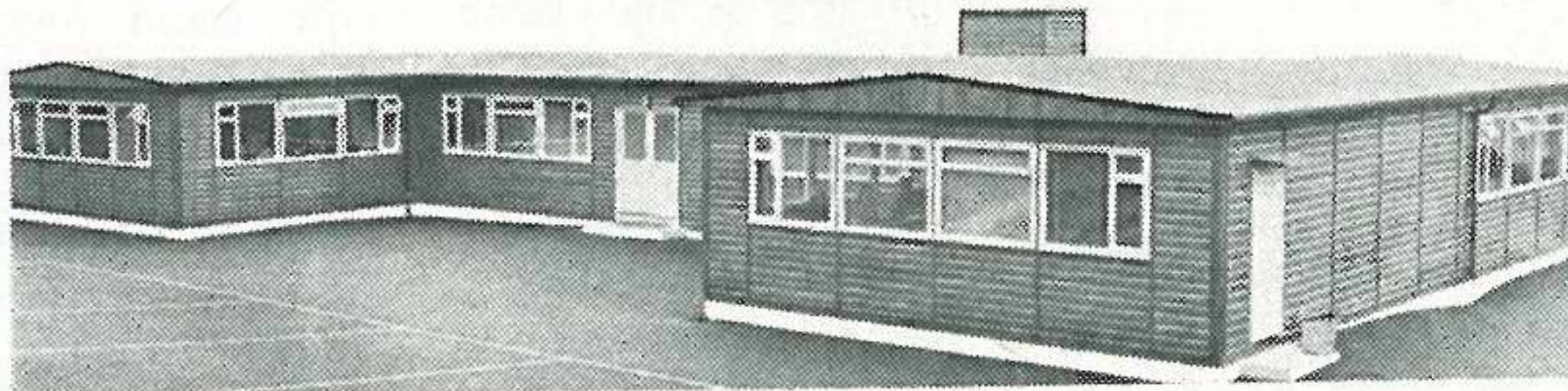
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● FROM PAGE 11

the kind of problem of risk-calculation which faces the selectors in several areas.

The clever performance of Phil Wilson in husbanding his strength in the 80 minute game against Kilkenny suggests he will be a vital element in the fortunes round the middle. Dave Bernie is the sound selection here as his partner. It is the performance of the centre-field and the opposing half-back line which stands as the greatest difficulty in Cork's way. Kilkenny half-backs played a crucial role in winning the All-Ireland last year, even before their midfielders got to grips with the situation; Tipperary's half-line played unexpectedly well in the Munster final until overrun when the team was short a man, they had embarrassed Cork considerably.

The crucial line for Wexford, then in my opinion, is the half-back line. Centred on the monumental Dan Quigley, it can make or break the Leinster champions. Quigley himself has been in splendid form of late, but the chances are that his inevitably attacking kind of game, powerful and spectacular as it is, will leave enough freedom for Willie Walsh to collect the crumbs and toast them into goals. Walsh is an extremely difficult man to watch, because of his constant threat in following broken balls, half clearances and mistakes. Most of his



Michael Collins
(Wexford)



Eddie O'Brien
(Cork)



Phil Wilson
(Wexford)

telling goals have been got by bashing broken balls or blocked out half-clearances with instant reactions to the net.

It will be interesting to see whether Cork persevere with Pat Hegarty at wing-half, where his immense skill and fire are well displayed, but whose absence from the attack is irreparable. Certainly Eddie O'Brien was a weak link in the side of the Munster final in the wing position; his release for the corner position would return him to his best place, while Hegarty would present a much greater threat on the wing. It could well be that the placing of Hegarty here will be vital for Cork if they are to get enough ball possession in the area. Tomás Ryan has a notably bad record on big occasions, and his form also seems to have deserted him.

Because of the success of the half-line, Tipperary's full-back line found the job of putting strict ties on the Cork full-forwards a job which was not beyond them, though again it will

be surprising if Charlie Cullinane does not lay claim to a goal or two. Charlie McCarthy, however, is not as penetrative as last year, and though his frees are a great asset within the shorter ranges, he seems to have lost the fine edge of his sense of smell for openings. He could nose them out last year without difficulty before they arose, but he is not getting to the spot in time this summer. That is form, I suppose, when you try to describe it in practical terms.

So, if the Wexford half-backs impose their will on Cork's half-forwards to any degree, and if Phil Wilson is his usual dependable self, the next question is whether the Wexford attack has the flair and panache to turn that advantage into a winning one. Again how little you can be sure of in this game, especially on the Wexford side. But, on the supposition that Wexford will traditionally rise to the occasion, Doran's roving and driving through would prove an embarrassment to McDonnell, of that I have no doubt. John Quigley's unpredictable brilliance would be difficult to contain as well as a nagging drag on Con Roche who is otherwise such a splendid backer of the Cork attack.

The "semi-finals" told us nothing. Cork walked through London and the less said about Wexford's display against Galway the better. One thing is certain, with Cork and Wexford involved, it will not be a dull game.



Matt Browne
(Wexford)



Joe Murphy
(Cork)



Pat Quigley
(Wexford)

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Gerald McCarthy

DRIVE-SHAFT OF THE CORK TEAM

GERALD McCARTHY is a figure not alone of physical distinction but also of mythological significance to Cork. A mantle has fallen on his shoulders, by stages, and sometimes with reluctance, but, at least one thing is clear, the shoulders have never been unwilling or unable to bear it. Much of the mantle is heavily weighted, and it bears down heavily on the wearer, but his temperament as well as his physical make-up has proven equal to the burden.

At the beginning of the 1966 campaign it could not have appeared really significant that Gerald was the captain of the Barrs, then County Champions. It would, naturally, mean that he would captain the county team, if he were selected. As it happens of course, he was an automatic choice on both the senior and under-21 county teams, and they both went right through the championships to capture both All-Irelands.

Thus Gerald found himself a figure of historic significance quite unexpectedly as the man who had captained his county to

two All-Irelands in the same year. And, Cork people could not be blamed too harshly for considering that Gerald must have enjoyed some kind of lucky element in his make-up, since his captaincy had brought the miracle, long sought and unexpected, of a senior All-Ireland to break the spell of defeat.

The name of captain, which is very much the size of it in Gaelic games, began to take on an added significance for Corkmen, as it has done to all those counties in which a particular captain has also proved to be an inspiring leader of men, getting the best

out of his team through his magnetism. Whether he liked or had the personal qualities for that role, Gerald had the role thrust upon him by the circumstances. The evolution of the man as a hurler, in the meantime, has been that of assuming the burden and bearing it with noteworthy dignity and authority. The name of captain has passed to others, but the real leadership has remained with Gerald.

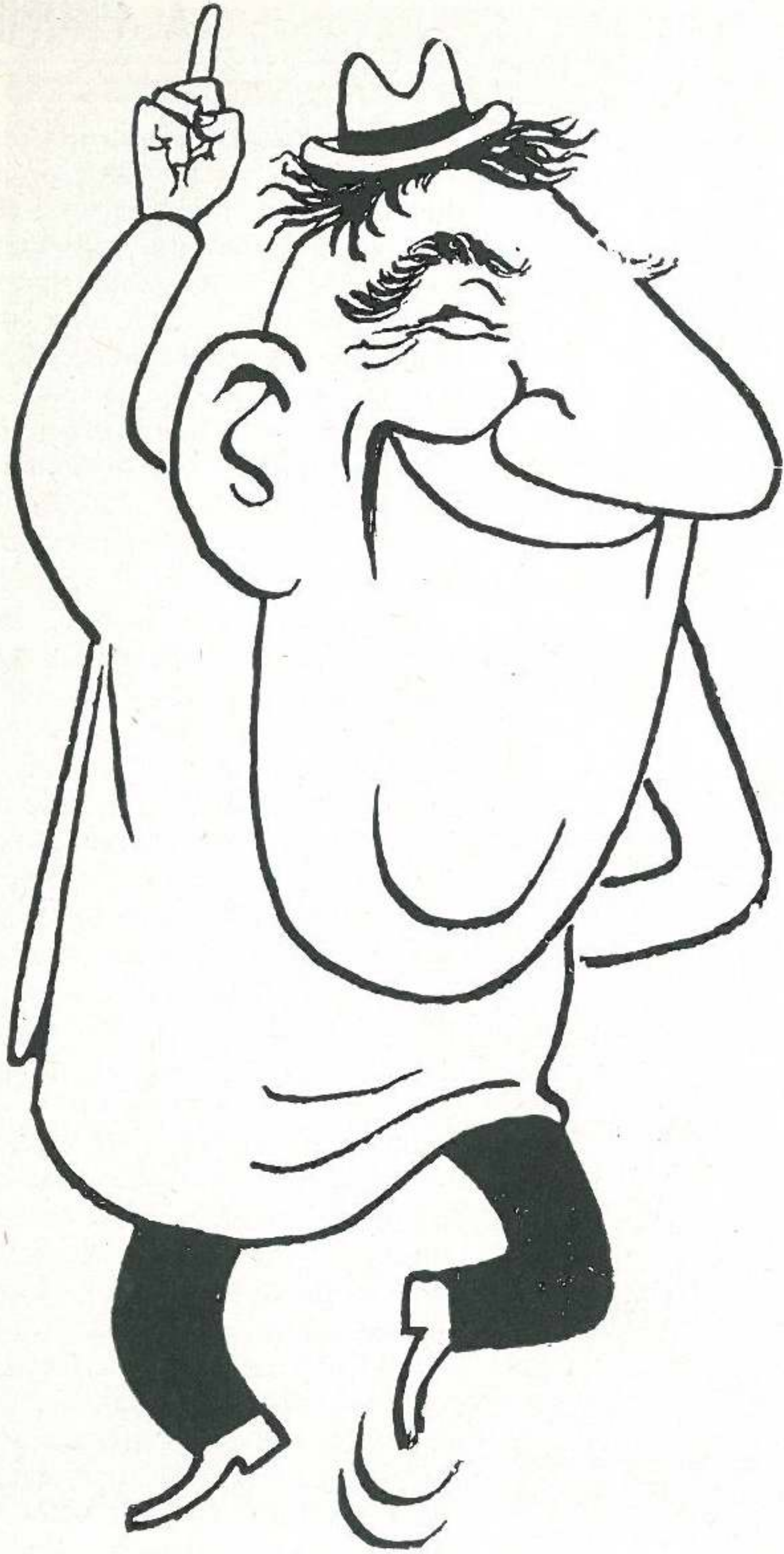
There was a reluctance, perhaps a lack of appreciation, of the developing situation among Cork selectors. Gerald had been wing-forward on the senior side in the 1966 All-Ireland, inspiring in a retreat role, often playing deep to assist the centre-fields, and compensating with his accuracy on the long-range shot. He was centre-field, however, with the under-21s.

Later he was kept on the wing with the senior side, in spite of occasional stints in emergency at centre-field. He even was consigned to the corner-forward position once. At length it looked as though he would be put down as an excellent spare part player—"Good old Gerald, he'll never let us down there." It was rather in that frame of mind that the selectors placed him in the left-half back position last year when Con Roche was outlawed. And he played well or excellently there in the Munster final and the All-Ireland final.

Self-effacement is his personal quality, but his hurling ability is not made to match that quality, nor his dedication to the game meant to allow him remain in the background. That he wasn't pushing, you can see by his stumbling set of chances which eventually brought him into his own.

● TO PAGE 67

By
JIM
BENNETT



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Pat Nolan

NOLAN AND BARRY

By
OWEN
McCANN



Paddy Barry

HURLERS, they say, are born and not made, while goalkeepers in any field game are in a special class of their own. Yet, while these impressions would suggest that hurling is one sport in which the odds must be stacked against a non-stop supply of goalkeepers with star-plus quality, the fact remains that the game has been brilliantly served down the years by the men who have soldiered in the vital gap.

Pick any era at random, and you will find goalkeepers flying high. So it is again this month as the magic and uncanny powers of Pat Nolan and Paddy Barry provide such comfort to Wexford and Cork as they anxiously await this latest showdown for the most coveted prize of them all.

Nolan and Barry can be depended on to put up vital barriers. They know what is needed, and have the determination and single-mindedness to put their many strong points— instant reflexes, brilliant saving, coolness, daring, sure-catching and swift and deliberate clearances — to full effect.

Both are certain, therefore, to play vital roles. Either could, in fact, prove the man to turn the key on a winning effort, for Nolan and Barry have also demonstrated the expert judgement in effecting crucial saves at vital junctures of a game, the type that can affect the whole course of a match by breaking the spirit of the opposition, and inspiring team-mates to drive themselves on to greater efforts.

Was it not the power of Paddy Barry that made the greatest single contribution to Cork's last All-Ireland senior title win in 1966? Some of the

shots he dealt with in a cool, efficient manner that day against Kilkenny would have beaten lesser men.

In 1968 it was Pat Nolan's turn. That year's All-Ireland final had so much to enthral the 63,461 crowd, great performances in many sectors of the field, outstanding goalkeeping by Nolan and John O'Donoghue, and Wexford's courageous come-back that turned an interval deficit of eight points into a glorious two points win.

One of the Wexford goalkeeper's saves was a particularly important one. It came around the 25th minute of the second half when the Leinster champions were in full cry for victory with a lead of four points to their credit. A well-directed "70" from Mick Burns was competently dealt with by the dependable Nolan. A Tipperary score at that juncture could well have stifled the Wexford recovery and perhaps altered the destination of the 1968 title. As it was, Wexford went away to crash home another goal.

Nolan and Barry have more in common than their great goalkeeping qualities. Both are former county minors and despite their years of splendid service, neither has reaped a noteworthy harvest as regards interprovincial jerseys.

It is hard to credit nowadays that Pat Nolan is a link with the Nick Rackard era, for he won his first All-Ireland senior medal as a substitute in the 1956 success over Cork. Now 33, he has had to walk in the shadows of mighty Ollie Walsh, of course, but he has lost little in stature as a result. However, although a regular in the Wexford senior team since

● TO PAGE 18

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around 1960, and winner of an All-Ireland medal that year, he has made only one appearance with Leinster. That was in the 1969 semi-final at Ballinasloe when he was one of the few stars of the team that crashed sensationally to Connacht.

Paddy Barry first made his appearance with Cork in the premier grade in the 1962 championship, after having also figured in the junior and intermediate inter-county grades, and he took over the goalkeeping job permanently in the 1966 championship. While no netminder has dominated the Munster circuit to anything like the same extent in his time as Ollie Walsh has done in Leinster, the St. Vincent's club man has still had to vie with some excellent competitors, notably John O'Donoghue, for the Southern number one jersey.

Barry, now 29, has found favour twice so far with the Munster selectors (both games in 1967) but, like Nolan, he has still to play on a Railway Cup title winning side. The Wexford star from Oylegate has been on a final winning side in every other major competition; Barry has also yet to win an Oireachtas Cup medal.

Like all of us, Pat Nolan, who stands 5 ft. 9 ins., and Paddy Barry, who is 5 ft. 7 ins., can make the occasional mistakes. But such is the overall high level of performance that they have brought to this exacting and often thankless job of goalkeeping (we can all be slower to forget the mistakes of goalkeepers than those of outfield players) to a fine art, an art on which victory has been so frequently forged by their respective teams.

It may well be that on Nolan and Barry, in fact, and on their capacity for the incredible that the balance in the All-Ireland senior championship final will ultimately swing.

Marvellous finals of the 'Fifties



The late, Dr. Kinnane throwing in the ball to start the 1956 All-Ireland final between Wexford and Cork. Ring is seen in foreground with Nick Rackard to the rere (right).

By
**EAMONN
YOUNG**

I GAVE my stand tickets away to an old man but standing over under the Cusack I cursed the tickets, the old man and mostly myself. Life from a five-foot-seven edifice can at times be rather desolate.

There were eighty-three thousand and ninety-five people looking at this Cork-Wexford affair in 1956. I was the ninety-sixth. I got into half a dozen rows for leaning on other fellas and the backs of my legs were sore for days from standing on tip toes.

Tipp. beat Kilkenny in the minor match and I didn't like that either as I watched the young lads in blue and gold who might be dusting Cork in three years. They were.

But it was a sunny day and the crowd were in great humour. Wexford had won the champion-

ship the year before and people thought they would just about beat Cork. What a roar when they came out and every ounce was deserved. As for ounces, what a lot Wexford had! Big men . . . strong men, perfectly fit, confident and eager to go. You'd hate to be in their way.

Cork got a great roar also and I was happy enough so light, wiry and smart they looked. Wexford outweighed them by a stone a man.

They lined up behind the band with Tony Shaughnessy leading a Cork team which read Mick Cashman, Jim Brohan, John Lyons, Tony Shaughnessy, Matt Fouhy, Willie John Daly, Pat Philpott; Eamonn Goulding and Pat Dowling; Mick Regan, Joe Hartnett, Pat Barry, Christy Shea, Terry Kelly and Ringey. Eight of

them had played against Wexford two years before.

Jim English, fair haired, white-limbed and very strong led the chaps in purple and gold. Art Foley was in the goal with Bob Rackard, Nick O'Donnell, Mick Morrissey, Jim English, Willie Rackard and Jim Morrissey in the backlines. On the half way line were Seamus Hearne and Ned Wheeler, Padge Kehoe, Martin Codd, Tim Flood, Tom Ryan, Nick Rackard and Tom Dixon were the forwards. Twelve of them had been out against Cork two years before.

It was triumph and power against neat striking and grit. And let no one persuade you that either side was lacking in what the other had to spare.

Tom Sullivan of Limerick threw it in and we settled down to a good game. Go bhfoire Dia orainn. Settle down? In half a minute that streak of style named Tim Flood had it over the bar at the Railway end. The fellas beside me went on fire and I

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began to roar like mad to stay quiet and let me see the game.

Then Padge Kehoe hit in a hard one and with a great effort Tony Shaughnessy got his stick to it. The sliotar had other ideas, however. It was a lonesome Cork puck out. I can still hear them roaring. Away went Cork at last and Mick Regan tested Art Foley and then Christy Shea forced a seventy which Matt Fouhy dropped nicely and we were in there hurling hard.

A free and there was the Maestro to take it. His first point—on the way to a ninth All-Ireland—set the Corkmen shouting.

Martin Codd towered over all on the forty for Wexford. Six feet-two-and-a-half is an awful lot of length, especially when you're seven inches smaller, like Willie John Daly, a grand hurler but a lover of the open spaces. Willie John swung on the high balls with one hand but what could you do when the Wexfordman very wisely moved in under the ball and swung with it.

Codd's good point made it 1-2 to a point. Then Tony Shaughnessy got scalped and I was sorry for him sitting on the line and hoped that Vincy Twomey, slighter than any of the other Corkmen, wouldn't be demolished. He wasn't. Mick Regan received from Ringey and we had a white flag and then Cashman saved a grand shot from Padge Kehoe.

Nicky Rackard — and we were afraid of our life of him—got a point and I wondered was he going to get away from John Lyons, who was sticking very close, following him out, and snicking away the sliotar with deft little strokes, telling us that Lyonzy had his tactics well learned.

Tim Flood got a lovely point in the twenty-third minute—what a

●
Ring in action in the later stages of his long and brilliant career.
●



hurler he was—and then we rose to it as Pat Barry with the short chopping stride lifting the knees high darted through to fire a fast one at Foley. Art, to our dismay, seemed to be in top form. We had seen nothing yet. In the twenty-fifth minute Tom Dixon had a point and at this stage I stood back and simply admired the Corkmen, not because they were winning or going to win but because they were standing up so well to the greatest show of power I had seen in Croke Park.

Christy wided an angular free but he shot two in the next few minutes and then came a grand point from midfielder Eamonn

Goulding, from over on the wing. Wexford led by 1-6 to Cork's 0-5, but the men in red seemed to be coming along. Joe Hartnett, who had gone in full forward, was out in his own place after half time, I was glad to see, and Pat Barry went into his own place at right corner to leave out Christy Shea, who hurled with great fire in the open spaces.

Playing now to the Railway goal Nick Rackard shot over a free point and then his brother, Willie, dropped a seventy across the bar. Martin Codd got another and it was all Wexford, with seven points clear.


Their backs, Bob Rackard — staying stylishly with Ringey—Nick O'Donnell and Mick Morrissey, were in great form and the wing halves Jim English and Jim Morrissey were flying now. It was all over.

And then, in the thirteenth minute, Art Foley overheld and Ringey paced over to take the twenty-one yarder. Quickly he set himself six feet back from the sliotar and I knew then it was die dog or eat the hatchet, for he would stand over the ball if he wanted a white flag. He darted forward, spaded the ball up, threw it in front and danced forward swinging the stick in a

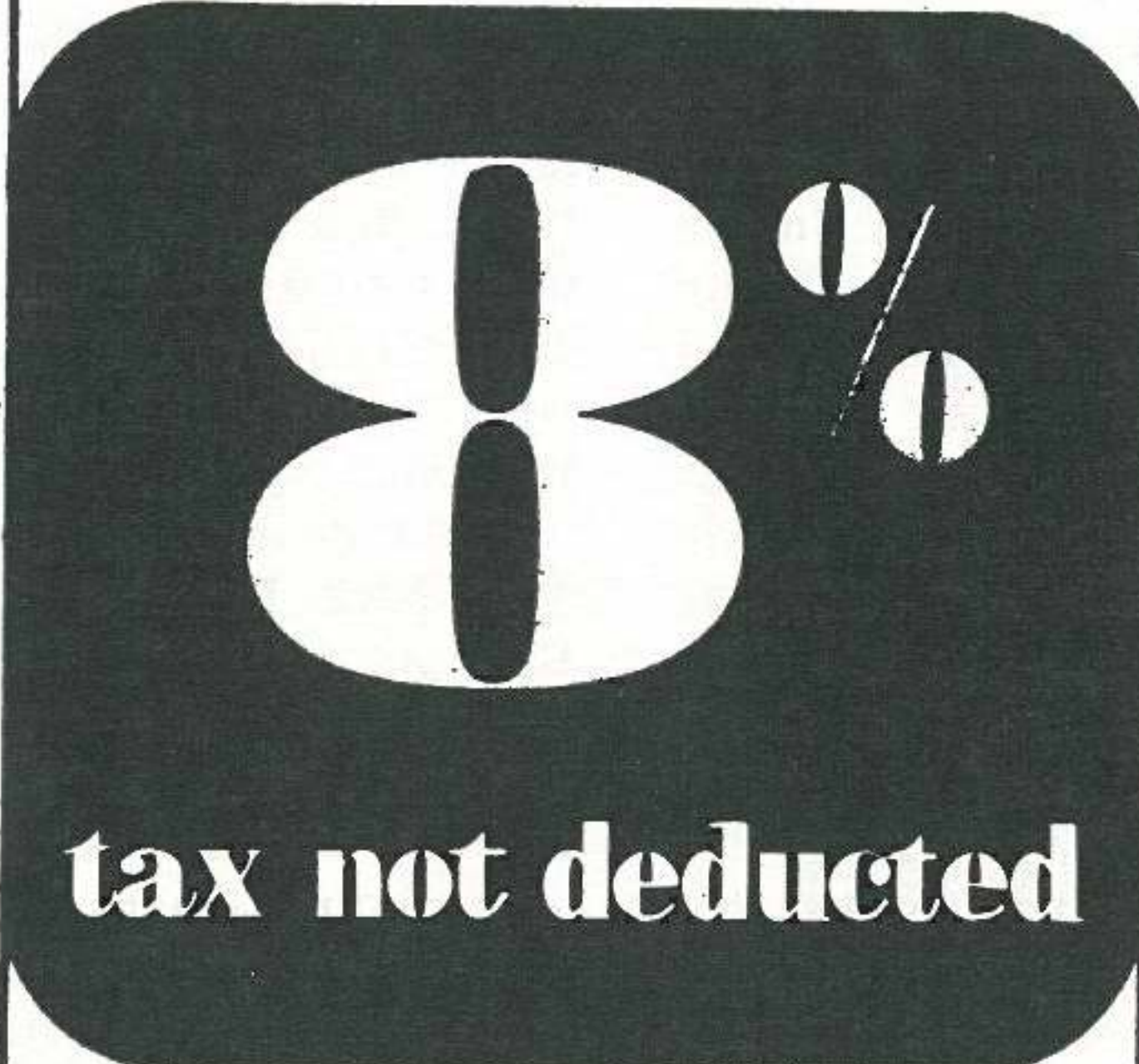


Tim Flood, one of Wexford's greatest.

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complete arc. The bas met the leather six inches from the ground with a terrible wallop and off she went. If someone saw it I never knew. All I saw was the green flag. Roar ? ? ?

At this stage I was fit to clobber the big fellas around me. Then Ringey tore through and, left-handed a shot over the bar and the lead was cut to three points, which Padge Kehoe insisted on increasing with a lovely shot a minute later.

Then Pat Barry took his point neatly and a minute later he took a pass from Terry Kelly, weaved his way through for a sizzler which never stopped till it leaped like a mad fish in the rigging. The place went on fire. Teams level and Cork would win it. Ringey, too, was on fire and we roared as he slipped away from Bob Rackard and left-palmed a glorious point. Wexford would panic now.

But they didn't and a minute later Nick Rackard levelled again and the big fellows roused themselves when Tim Flood went flying through, followed by a flying hurley which earned a free point for Nick. He repeated the dose two minutes later and the champions led by two points.

Now came the test. They hurled it up and down the field, everyone knowing that the moment of truth had arrived. Something had to give. Tom Ryan fired in a shot but Cashman stood firm and then the leather was at the Canal end when out of nowhere came Ringey, darting through, tapping it from hurley to hand and bursting past with that terrific power, hell-bent for goal.

Waiting in the goal Art Foley tensed as with a lash of the stick, the leather flew. It was a glorious split second . . . yes, for Wexford, for the goalie darted to make a wonderful save and the ball was gone. On his way in Ringey paused in disappointment and



The Cork team who beat Wexford in the All-Ireland final of 1954. That victory brought Christy Ring his record-making eighth All-Ireland medal.

then continued on to shake a great opponent's hand.

The save galvanised the Wexfordmen. Nick Rackard hustled away from Lyonzy for once and, with a heave of big shoulders, swung a grand shot all the way for a goal and then Tom Dixon had the final white flag.

Wexford won by 2-14 to 2-8 in a glorious game. They deserved every point of it and were the better team. Nick O'Donnell and Bob Rackard chaired Ringey off the field and Pat Philpott held up a blonde head proudly. He had reason to. Jimmy Brohan was great at corner back and I said he'd win many All-Irelands. I was wrong.

Waiting for the crowd to thin out and relapsing into bitterness now that I had congratulated all the Wexfordmen around me, I stopped to pick up a paper which had fallen on the ground. Idly I read. It was a statement by the National Vintner's Association. They said:

"... There is far too much drinking and much of the money spent on drink should be devoted to domestic needs." I knew the country was gone to hell.

But two years before, it was a lot better. This time I had a

stand seat like William Norton, the Tanaiste, and Brendan Corish the Minister for Social Welfare. That was the day there were 84,853 besides us. A record. They queued from eight in the morn and the side-line was closed before noon. At one o'clock the queue was five deep at the Canal end along Russell Street and on to the North Circular Road. They were ten deep at the Hogan side and on to the Clonliffe Road, while the Cusack queue wound like a black snake with red and purple patches a long way back from the pitch.

Thirty-five minutes before the senior game the gates were shut. Curses outside and gasps inside. And yet, no trouble. Times have changed. Dublin beat Tipp. in the minor game and then sharp at three the big Wexfordmen were out pucking around.

Cork, with the two previous All-Irelands tucked away danced out a few minutes later, looking fine. Jim Barry's head might be getting grey, but why worry. He wasn't playing and the men who were looked okay.

Ringey, the captain looking for his eighth, led them around. They were Dave Creedon, Jerry Rioridan, John Lyons, Tony Shaugh-

nessy, Matt Fouhy, Vincy Twomey and Derry Hayes. On the halfway line were Gerard Murphy and Willie Moore, while the forwards read: Willie John Daly, Joe Hartnett, Christy Ring, John Clifford, Eamonn Goulding and Pat Barry. Wexford fell in behind Padge Kehoe and the team was: Art Foley, Willie Rackard, Nick O'Donnell, Mick O'Hanlon, Jim English, Bobby Rackard and Ned Wheeler. At midfield were Jim Morrissey and Seamus Hearne and looking for scores were Paddy Kehoe, Tim Flood, Padge Kehoe, Tom Ryan, Nick Rackard and Bobby Donovan. Incidentally, only one of that thirty left the field, and he was carried off. There were nine minutes lost time and don't forget this was before the stoppages were abolished.

Pádraig O Caoimh introduced the referee, Jack Mulcahy, and the captains to Archbishop Kinane and on the stand along with Sean Moylan and Dr. Jim Ryan were two more sporting opponents of the day, Bishops Lucey and Staunton. Alfie Byrne, the Dublin Lord Mayor, was neutralised by the indomitable Pa MacGrath from the Lee.

Wexford won the toss and

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CORK

swept away to the Railway end, but in the second minute, from a Ring centre, Eamonn Goulding slipped over a point. It was hard hurling then for nine minutes and defences on both sides were well tested. Tony Shaughnessy picked up a crisp smack and wore a white halo for the hour and Pat Barry skimmed the posts with a rasper.

Then in the eleventh minute, Ringey obliged with a dead-ball point, after Willie Moore and Gerard Murphy had done some fine hurling on the halfway line.

Nick Rackard had Wexford's first four minutes later and then, after some solid hurling by Derry Hayes and Ned Wheeler, Nick Rackard shot a free point Ringey took from Pat Barry for a point and then Eamonn Goulding going through was fouled and the maestro raised another flag.

In the twenty-fourth minute Nick Rackard had a point and from a side line cut a harmless looking ball came into the Cork goal. Harmless my foot. Big Tom Ryan fastened on it and, flick, the big hand had it in the net. Wexford ahead by two points.

In the thirty-third minute Willie John had a grand Cork point and we felt happy enough trailing by 1-3 to 0-5 with a turnover to the scoring goal.

Nick Rackard had changed with centre-forward Tim Flood and was back again on John Lyons after the break. Then it was that the Cork defence got a hammering. In the backline Wexford powered their way through for long clearances while in the forwards they showed their best form of the hour in glorious, smart ball play and sparkling solos.

Dave Creedon saved a great shot from Nick Rackard and Jerry Riordan, Tony Shaughnessy, Vincy Twomey and Matt Fouhy were playing stern and classy defensive hurling.

Tim Flood had a point, and another, and then, in the tenth minute, Padge Kehoe had his, leaving Wexford four points ahead and the neutral Dublinman beside me said it was all over. I thought it best to make no comment . . . mostly because I couldn't.

From Joe Hartnett, Ringey had a pass and a point. The hard hurling continued with Tim Flood for once losing a solo, and a terrific Derry Hayes clearance sent Ringey off on a ball-control display at left wing that raised the spirits again. His hooking and blocking were out of this world.

In the twentieth minute, Vincy Twomey, lying well back, collected a loose one and this slip of a man "tied together with



Art Foley, the Wexford goalkeeper, whose great save from Ring won the 1956 All-Ireland title for his county.

barbed wire," as a Glen Rovers man said, wriggled his way through four players and from nowhere was all alone at sixty yards. He shortened the stick and drove a neat stroke. We cheered as the white flag went up. Cork were still there. Two points down and ten minutes to go. Pat Barry had been hurt twice and he changed over with John Clifford.

Ringey working hard on the left wing swung a shot past Jim English along the ground. Over towards the end line at the Railway end it went and there stylish John Clifford was on it like a hawk, scooped it back from the line, tapped it along the ground and swung. We went mad as Art Foley went on the sad journey for the ball at the back of the net.

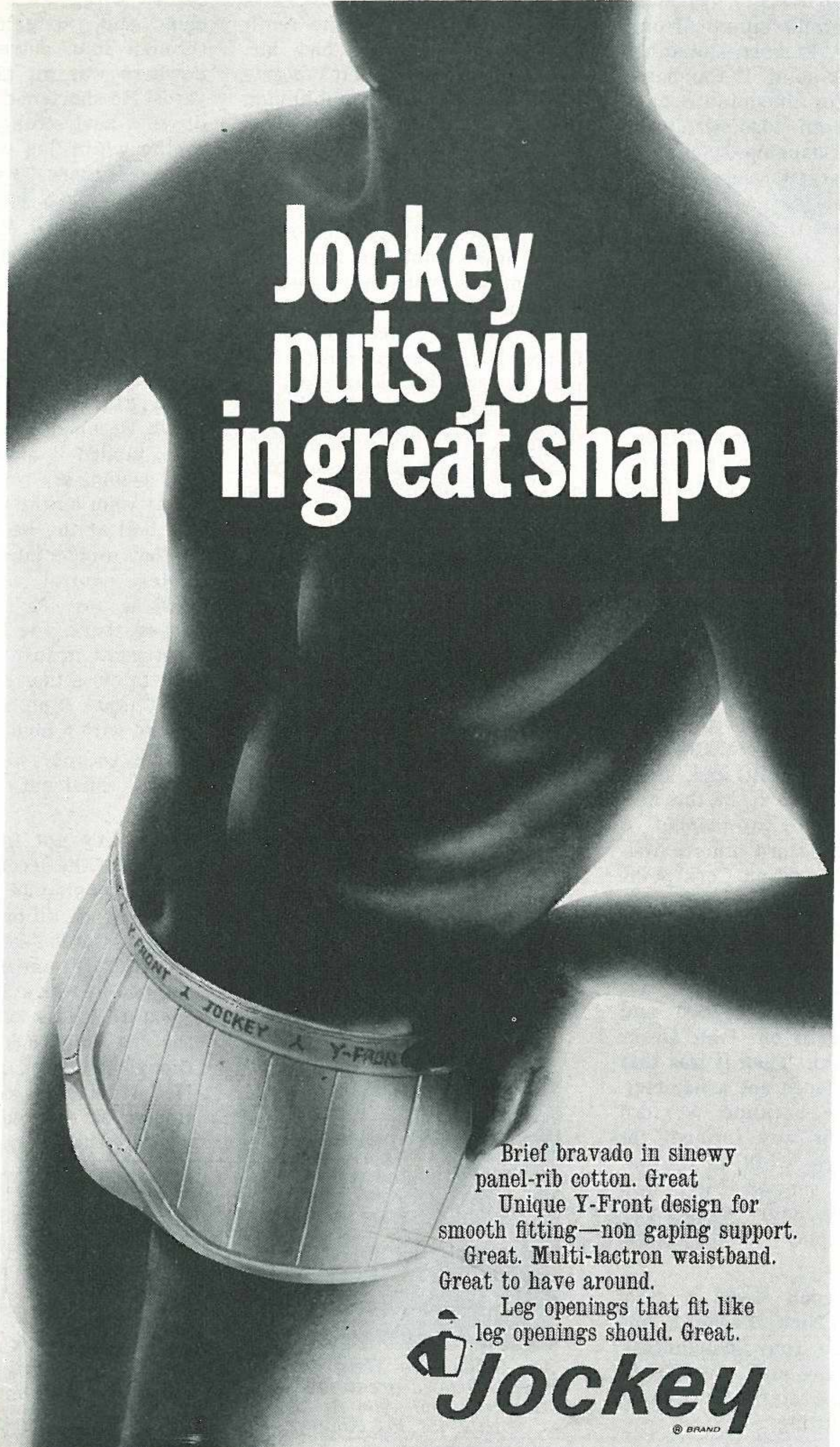
That wonderful shot (I'm completely neutral, as always!) set Cork a nose in front and they stayed there. Joe Hartnett had a neat point in lost time and then, just to close that particular chapter Christy Ring made it a third record with a final point.

The records were the crowd, Cork's nineteenth and Ringey's eighth.

But let's not forget the sixth minute of the second half. Ringey tore through and whipped in a sizzling shot, all his power behind it. It was probably a goal all over but Nick O'Donnell's collar bone stopped it. Cork lost a goal but Wexford's loss was greater for the big full back went off and though Bob Rackard, at full back, Ned Wheeler at centre, and Tim Bolger at wing-half played well . . . one never knows.

At the banquet in the Gresham, presided over by Vincent O'Donoghue, Ringey said that Cork had never beaten a cleaner team than Wexford, and he hoped sincerely they would win the '55 All-Ireland. They did.

So on a Cork win and good wish to Wexford for next year, could we close on a better note? We couldn't.



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LEADING SCORERS



Charlie McCarthy

By OWEN McCANN

THE forthcoming Cork-Wexford final revives memories of the outstanding scoring achievement of our time in the championship. The year was 1956, and Wexford, who had regained the All-Ireland title twelve months earlier after an interval of 45 years, were challenged in the concluding round by a talented outfit from Cork that included the legendary Christy Ring.

Wexford retained their title, and their big-hitting full forward, Nick Rackard, as well as earning his second All-Ireland senior medal, clinched for himself in that game a mammoth score for the entire campaign—a score that has since not been even remotely approached in either hurling or football. His tally for the four match programme was 12-15 (51 points). This gave him an impressive 20 points lead over his chief rival that year, Christy Ring, who also played four games.

Rackard's record-breaking tally is no fewer than twelve points better than the code's second highest score, shared jointly by Paddy Molloy (Offaly) and Charlie McCarthy (Cork), who were joint top scorers for both hurling and football last year with 39 points each. The Offaly man scored 8-15 in only three games, as against McCarthy's 7-18 in five matches.

Last year, however, was still a record-making one. Molloy took over the lead from Rackard in

CHAMPIONSHIP SCORING CHART

HERE are the top scorers for each year in the championship since 1955, starting with the outstanding score during the period, and ranging down the list to the lowest total of all.

Pts.	Score	Games	Average	Year	
51.	N. Rackard (Wexford)	12-15	4	12.75	1956
39.	P. Molloy (Offaly)	8-15	3	13.00	1969
39.	C. McCarthy (Cork)	7-18	5	7.80	1969
36.	J. Doyle (Tipperary)	6-18	4	9.00	1960
34.	F. Walsh (Waterford)	2-28	5	6.80	1957
32.	S. Barry (Cork)	3-23	5	6.40	1966
31.	E. Keher (Kilkenny)	2-25	3	10.33	1963
31.	N. Rackard (Wexford)	7-10	5	6.20	1955
30.	J. Doyle (Tipperary)	1-27	3	10.00	1964
29.	J. Doyle (Tipperary)	2-23	5	5.80	1958
28.	M. Kenny (Kilkenny)	3-19	4	7.00	1957
25.	P. Cronin (Clare)	2-19	3	8.33	1967
24.	P. Molloy (Offaly)	4-12	2	12.00	1965
23.	J. Doyle (Tipperary)	2-17	3	7.66	1961
21.	A. Doran (Wexford)	6-3	3	7.00	1968

the match average charts with a great score of 13 points an hour. On the way to his Everest-like total of 1956, the Wexford sharpshooter put up 12.75 points per game.

McCarthy's figures earned him top place, of course, in both the Cork and Munster charts.

Jimmy Doyle (Tipperary) had held the Munster record with 36 points — 6-18 in 1960 in four games, and 4-24, also in four games, in 1962.

Previous best for a Cork hurler was 3-23 (32 points) that earned Seanie Barry the lead role for both codes in 1966. He played five games, averaged 6.40 points a match, and ranks as the only Leesider in the period to top the table outright.

Wexford figure at both extremes in the chart. Other than Rackard, Tony Doran is the only Slaneysider to get into the list,

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**... And yesterday
he was too stiff**

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● FROM PAGE 27

and he brings up the rear of the "field" with the lowest total of all—6-3 (21 points) in three games in Wexford's last All-Ireland title winning year of 1968. He had a point to spare over his nearest rival, Jimmy Doyle (Tipperary).

Doyle headed the list in five campaigns (1958, 1960, 1961, 1962 and 1964), a record for both codes that will take some beating. Rackard, ace marksman in 1955 and 1956, is the only hurler to top the chart outright more than once, other than Doyle.

However, as well as sharing the lead spot with Charlie McCarthy last year, Paddy Molloy was the ace marksman of 1965 with the third highest match total of twelve points. The lowest average stands to the credit of Jimmy Doyle at 5.80 points in each of his five games in 1958.

It is somewhat surprising to find Eddie Keher listed only once. In 1963 he scored 0-14 against Waterford, the highest individual score in an All-Ireland senior final in years, to push his score to 2-25 (31 points) from only three outings at 10.33 points per match.

This is not, however, the Kilkenny artist's high-point. Last year he took second place in hurling and football with 1-35 (38 points) in four games, at the second best match average for both games of 9.50 points.

Only seven counties are represented in the chart—all of the Munster senior hurling counties, other than Limerick, and Wexford, Kilkenny and Offaly.

It will be interesting and revealing to see what effect the 80 minute games will have on the final chart for 1970. At this stage it seems likely that when all the figures are added up, Wexford will still have those two contrasting records at the top and bottom of the table.

AROUND THEM LEGENDS HAVE GROWN

WITH JUST THE slightest encouragement the thought of a Wexford and Cork clash in the All-Ireland final sends the mind leaping back over the years to the heady days of the fifties—my God, almost two decades ago—when Ring was King and the Rackards the most exciting, broad-minded and brilliant examples of all that Irishmen held ideal Irishmen should be. The years 1954 and 1956, in particular, are sacred to the name of Cork and Wexford, but especially to the names of Rackard and Ring, Flood and Fuohy, Art Foley and Johnny Clifford.

Around them myths and legends were fashioned and they will live down many a year in the words and fancies of those who were privileged to be there.

Cork were nearing the end of a glorious road in the mid-fifties, a road, indeed, which had a solid wall of failure at the end. But who could have told it, then? Wexford were on the crest of a surge of power which had been disappointed again and again,

and but for the great hearts of the men in that county must have proved crushing to their ambitions.

Cork had two in a row under their belts, aiming to equal the three in a row of Tipperary from 1949 to 1951, and to give Christy Ring his eighth All-Ireland medal, Wexford had a series of near things against Kilkenny culminating in a real narrow defeat in 1950, to signal that they were becoming a power in the land. In 1951 they won Leinster, but failed in the All-Ireland final against Tipperary; they failed over-confidently to Dublin in 1952; and the absence of Bobby Rackard had been a bad blow when they lost a thriller by a couple of points to Kilkenny in 1953. Now, they were in full-flight—now or never. But, it was now or, maybe, never for Christy and Cork, too. The ingredients were there, and the pot boiled to a delicious fragrance.

The final of 1954 brought 84,856 record-making spectators—the drawing power of Wexford

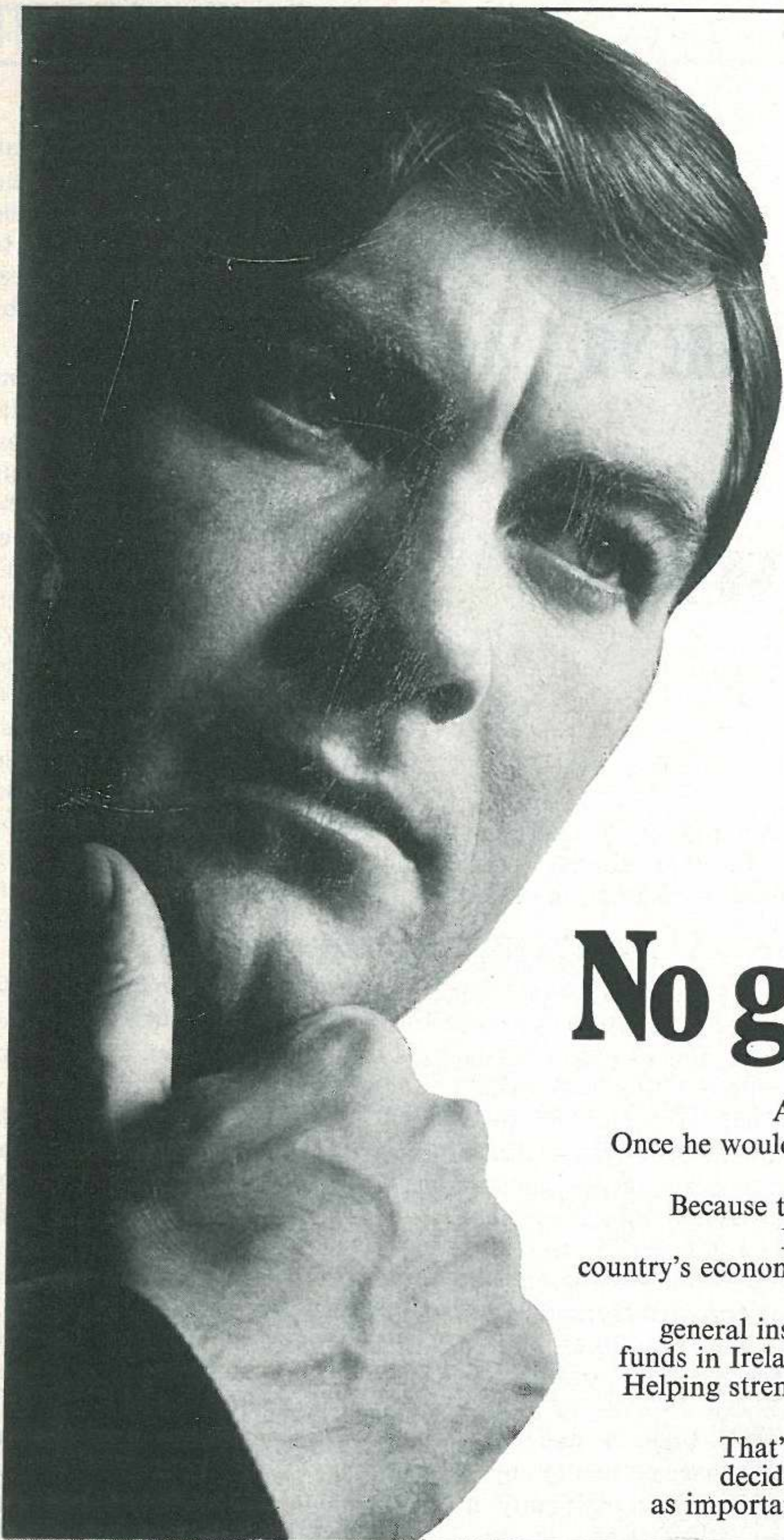
was established beyond question. And, it was won by Cork, and Ring did get his eight, but the match for all that belonged to the marvellously sporting Wexford men. . . and to Bobby Rackard in particular.

Bobby was the youngster among the Rackards—the favourite boy, too, and he was to show why. Nick was the heroic bull-at-a-gate power player who smashed defences by the sheer force of his strokes and the sheer power of his frame. Billy was corner-back in those days, and much of the player he later demonstrated himself to be. But, Bobby was the tall, slimly powerful lad with the cap, and the magic hand for conjuring balls out of clusters of pulling hurleys, and the wonderful flying delivery that went 80 and 90 yards deep into the opposition territory.

It was Bobby's game in 1954, although Cork did win. Nick O'Donnell was hurt, and Bobby had to switch back from centre-back to full-back where he played with masterful command of the scene, keeping Wexford in the lead and Cork in frustration. Suddenly, Ring broke, let a ball go forward; it broke towards the left of the goal—no danger it seemed for the moment. Then there was Johnny Clifford racing on to it, and whipping it across into the far corner of the net. That was it, the game was won and lost, and all Wexford's possession, all the thrilling but unfinished solo-runs of Tim Flood, and all the play and chances the forwards got were of no avail. 1-9 to 1-6 it finished.

It was the next year, 1955, that the tale of frustration

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No go for Vince

Vincent Duffy. Just turned thirty-one.
And already running his own small-holding.
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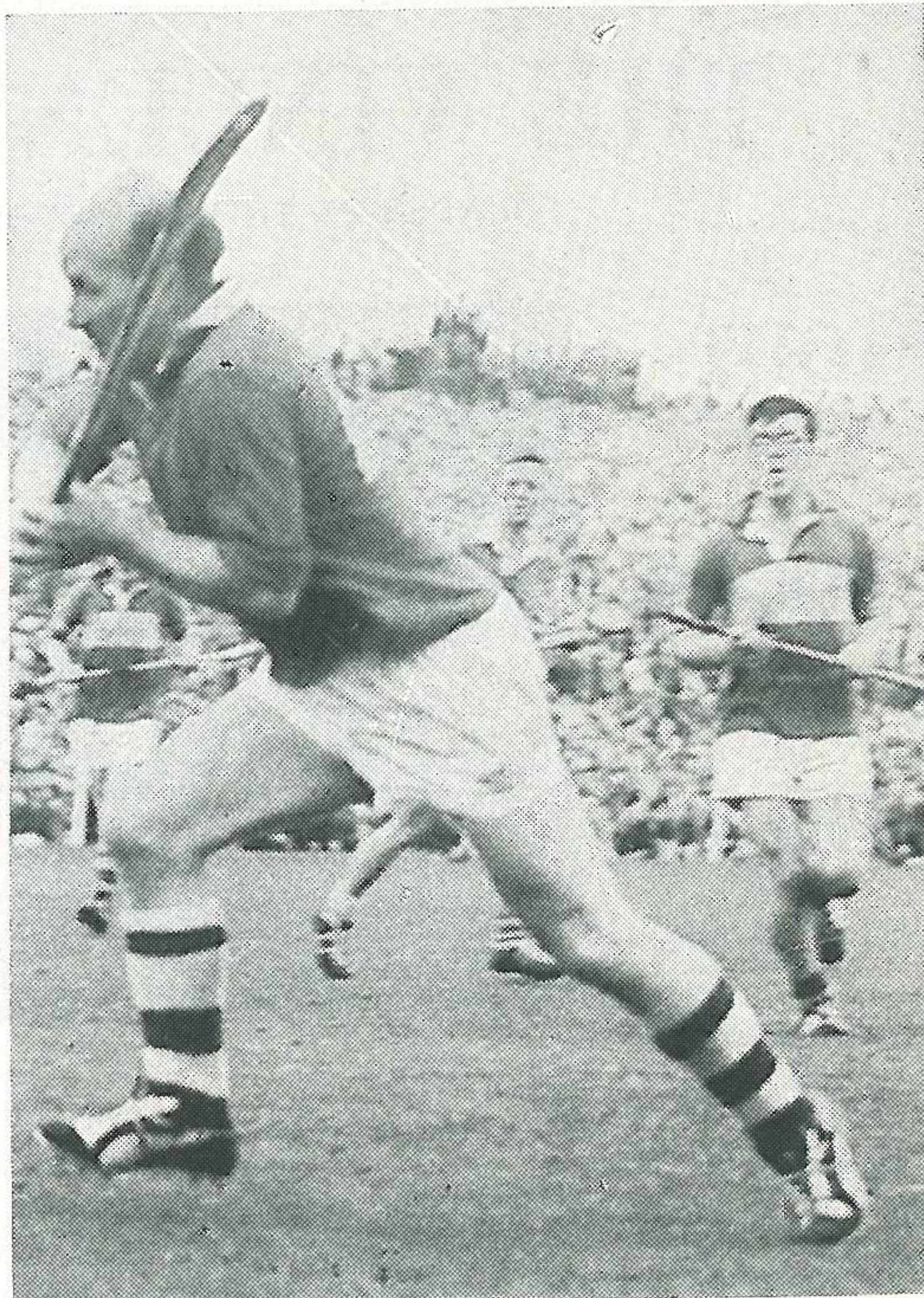
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ended for Wexford, for they beat Galway in the final. And, the wheel had come full cycle when they faced Cork again in 1956. This time they were the champions, Cork the challengers. It was just that which made the difference between the two great finals.

Another enormous crowd (83,096) and another thrill-a-minute match. Cork had changes: Willie John Daly was now centre-back; Jimmy Brohan was right-full; Eamonn Goulding and Pat Dowling at midfield. Wexford went into the lead: two goals up soon after half-time; then seven points and hurling better than ever. Then a 21 yards free and Ring sank it home (1-9 to 1-5); Ring was soloing through and pointing immediately from the puck-out; Padge Kehoe steadied things a little with a point; but Paddy Barry, now out at centre-forward whipped over another (1-10 to 1-7). Rackard through—a whistler—Ooh! an inch off the post. Now Cork away: Terry Kelly centring and Barry hammering in the equaliser. Christy, at once, striking while the iron was hot, was in to hand-slap a point and the lead. 1954 all over again?

But, Wexford were hardened with disappointment; they would not let themselves be beaten. Nick Rackard dragged them back in the game with a point. They piled upfield; twice men were fouled going through, and twice Rackard pointed. Two points up.

At last, Pat Philpott managed a clearance away from the Wexford web; it went well down. As it dropped, it broke towards the right. There was Christy after it, whipping it up, cutting inside . . . into an open space like lightning—twenty yards—Christy never misses those. He hammers it in like fire—no one saw it.



Christy Ring

Art Foley twitched between the posts—like the reaction of a dead man no longer in command of his physical acts. The Cork crowd roared for Ringey, and for Cork and for the ninth. . .

But in sudden shock, people began to realise that Foley's reaction had not been the twitching of a dying muscle; he had held the ball, scorching his palm and bending his fingers back. And, by Hell, he was coming out with it and clearing it . . . and Christy Ring was stand-

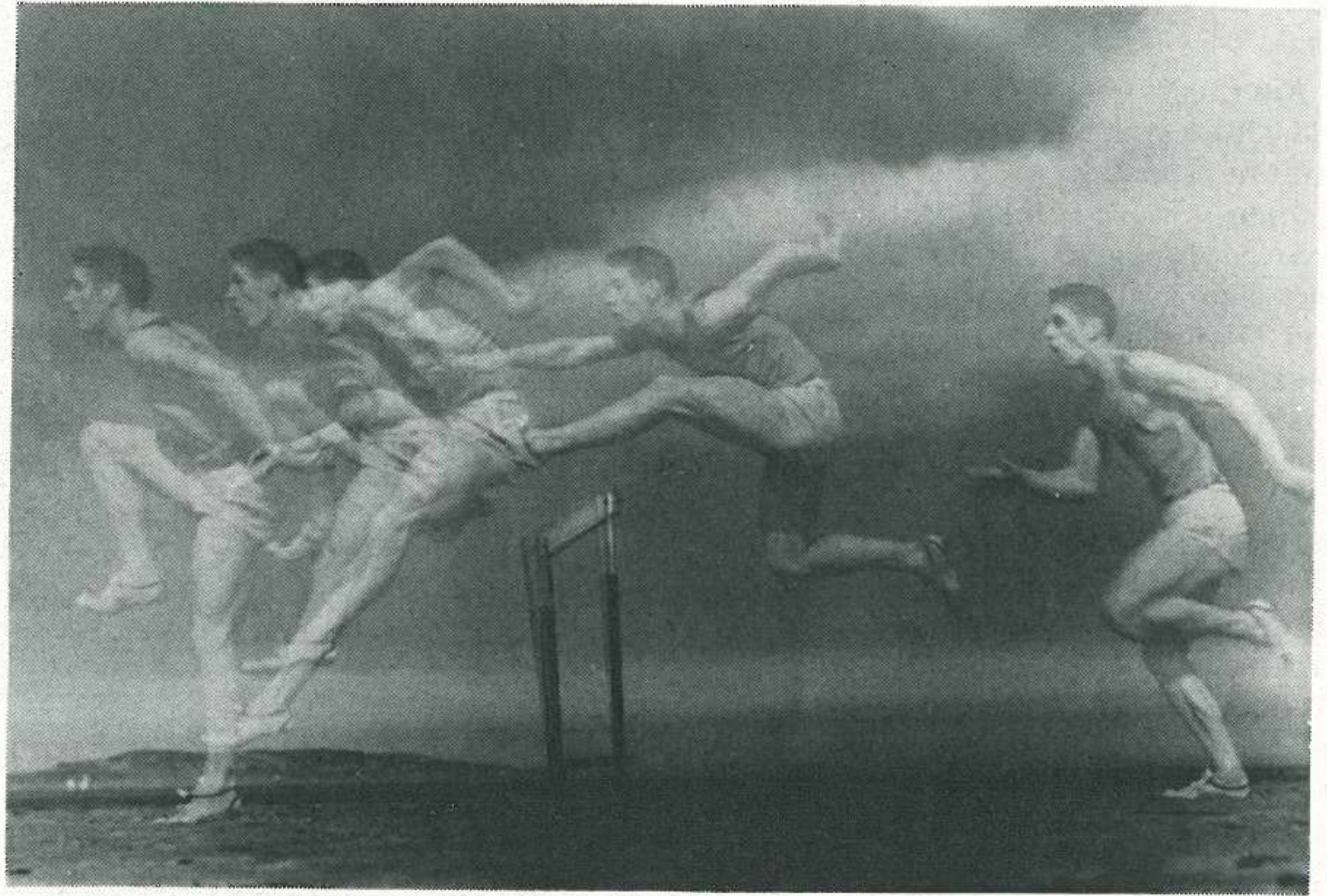
ing in disbelief, and — imagine it—applauding him. He came in and shook Foley by the hand. Foley who years before had been cast aside by Wexford as a failure, had won an All-Ireland with one instinctive reaction. Wexford went down the other end and scored more, but that was completely irrelevant.

And the Rackards and Nick O'Donnell, never outdone in generosity or the heroic gesture, chaired the beaten Grand Master from the field.

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AGAIN



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THE LURE OF THE HURLING FINAL

there in the role of neutral spectators.

After all, take a quick look back over the finals of the last twenty years. In 1950, we had that see-saw final between Tipperary and Kilkenny with two goals, one for each side in the last minute and Tipperary winning by a single point.

Then in 1951 most of us saw Wexford in an All-Ireland hurling final for the first time, and what a breath of new interest they brought even though the score-board was anything but flattering to them at the close. In 1952, I grant you, when Cork cruised to a rather prosaic victory over Dublin we never got anything much to cheer about, but we got what might well be rated as a bonus in 1953 when Galway went within a few minutes of causing a terrific sensation when running Cork very close.

Then came 1954 and another enthralling game, with Christy Ring "hanging his eighth" and Bobby Rackard in an emergency giving one of the outstanding final exhibitions of all time.

Came 1955 and a reasonably entertaining hour between Wexford and Galway. In 1956 we had that classic between Wexford and Cork which is remembered still by all keen followers of the game, a match that though we did not know it at the time, marked Christy Ring's farewell to the All-Ireland scene he had adorned for so long.

And surely nobody could have any complaints about the see-saw final of 1957 which was unique in that a film-star, fully togged, marched round the field in the midst of the Kilkenny team, and Waterford let what looked like a match-winning lead slip through their fingers in the closing minutes.

Admittedly, the 1958 final was a run-of-the-mill affair with Tipperary grinding on to what everyone recognised as an almost predestined win over gallant Galway. But the thrills the 1959 final provided compensated for that, at least in the drawn game, even though the replay, in which Waterford beat Kilkenny, fell far short of the standard their first meeting had provided.

Then came 1960, a sensational year, in which a completely unfancied Wexford side ran rings around "certainties" Tipperary, while 1961, in which an equally unfancied Dublin line-out ran Tipperary to the minimum margin of a last minute point, proved even more exciting.

In 1962 we were really lifted out of our seats when Tipperary, set on exacting revenge from the Wexfordmen, crashed home two goals in the first minute. Then Wexford came battling back, and the result was a thrilling hour, from which Tipperary emerged victorious with a little to spare.

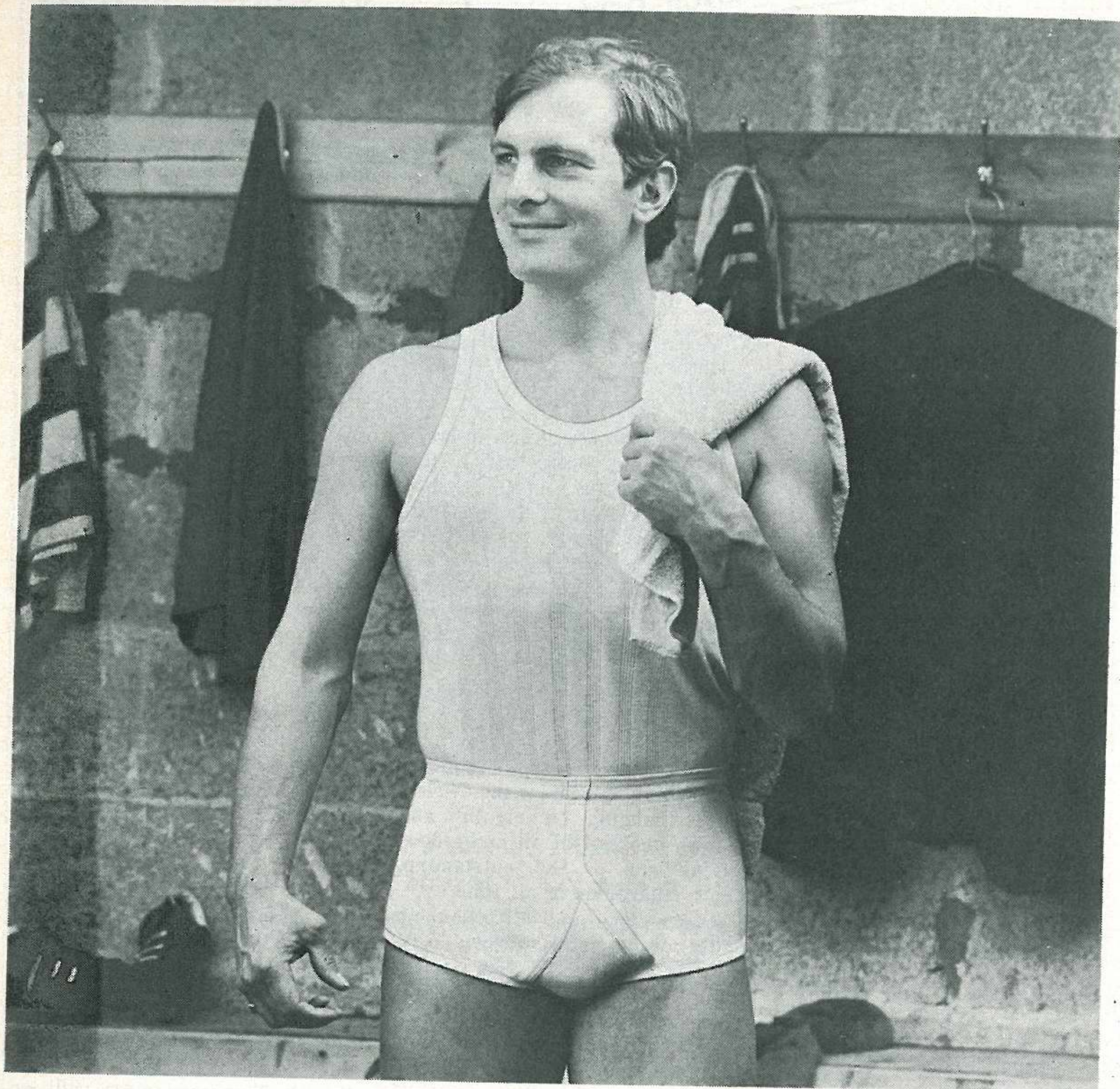
Came 1963, and who can forget that day when Eddie Keher scored fourteen single points, while Waterford cracked six goals past Ollie Walsh, and still failed to win. Maybe 1964 was not a great final, but it did produce some fine hurling, even though Tipperary were well on top of Kilkenny after Martin Coogan went off.

Nor was the 1965 decider a day to remember, for Wexford never looked in the same class as a powerful Tipperary team. Then you had 1966, a memorable day for the Leaside followers when a determined young Cork side fairly ran Kilkenny out of it, and was greeted at the end by the

● TO PAGE 68

SOMEONE said to me lately, "I don't think I will go to the hurling final. Hurling finals are not what they used to be". And then he wondered why I looked at him in amazement.

Because whatever can be said about the standard of hurling in the earlier stages of the competition, the finals have been very satisfying, especially to characters like myself who were



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CORK AND WEXFORD CLAIM LONG AND GLORIOUS HERITAGE

IT is a clever man who could figure out which county, Cork or Wexford, can claim the oldest hurling tradition. However, as far as written records are concerned, the palm would possibly have to be awarded to Wexford. Still they are not anyway quick to boast about their earliest distinction.

That was away back in the 1690's when a team of Wexfordmen were sent over to London's Hyde Park by the Colclough Squires of Tintern, and there they played before the King, who happened to be Dutch William himself. In certain quarters they have never been able to live down the legend that they wore orange sashes that day.

Right through the century that followed, hurling figured prominently in Wexford song and story, some of them written in the quaint old dialects of the Baronies of Bargy and Forth.

Through the years immediately before the 1798 Rising, hurling was the great pastime throughout most of the County Wexford. Certainly these stalwart hurling men proved their strength and courage, and were all but irresistible when they laid down their hurleys and picked up the deadly pikes instead.

And, although '98' hit hardest the greatest of the Wexford hurling centres, the game was flourishing again there by the middle 1800's and there were men famed on the hurling fields of those days, who were still names to conjure with in the

earliest games played under G.A.A. rules.

But hurling has an age-old history in Cork also. There were Cork stars playing for Munster in interprovincial games in the Phoenix Park long before the Act of Union, while the most famous of all the old-time hurling ballads, "The Victorious Goalers of Carrigaline and Kilmoney" was written about a game played on the banks of the Owenabwee river way back in 1823.

The rivalry between St. Finbarrs and Blackrock in Cork City itself dates back at least to the 1860s and, possibly, to the 1850s.

At the same time the old-style cross-country hurling was very much to the fore in North Cork, especially in the areas that centred on Rathluirc and Ballyhea. In these matches, the whole available man-power of adjacent parishes met, usually at the "bounds ditch" and each strenuously endeavoured to 'hurl the others home.'

The matches down around Cork City were, however, played on fixed pitches, much as our grounds today, and the game was there known as hurling "to goal," as distinct from the rural "hurling home."

As in Wexford, the game was thriving in Cork before the G.A.A. was founded.

Indeed, the Cork old-timers used to maintain that they would have won the first couple of All-Irelands, but for the fact that local rivalry was so keen that internal dissensions robbed them of their chance.

strike out worms and fluke

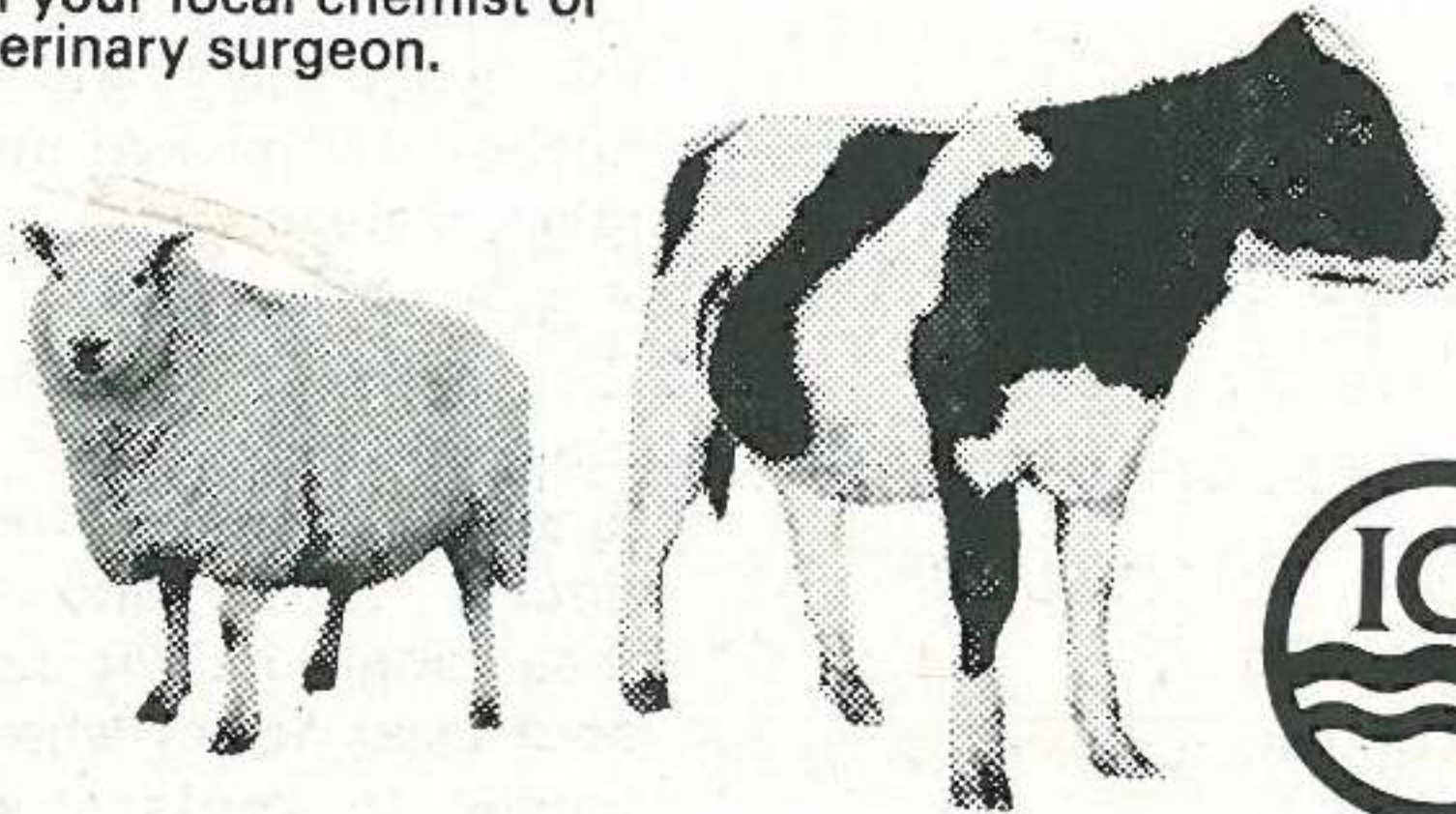
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CLUICHE CEANNAIS IOMÁNA 1956

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Le
SEÁN Ó DÚNAGÁIN

AGUS mé á scríobh seo níl a fhios agam cén dá fhoireann a bheidh sa craobh-chluiche iomána ar an chéad Domhnach Mhéan Fomhair. Ghlacfaíinn geall le héinne, mar sin féin (agus go háirithe leis an Eagarthóir!) gurab iad na Carmanaigh agus na Corcaighigh a bheidh sa choimhlint.

Ba mhór agam an dá fhoireann sin a fheiceáil san iomaíocht arís cé nach aon mhasla é sin do mhuintir Londain nó do mhuintir na Gaillimhe. Beidh ionadh an domhain orm má theipeann ar cheachtar acu an cluiche leathcheannais a chailliúint.

Ceithre bliain déag ó shoin

bhuail na Carmanaigh le fir na ngeansaí de arg sa chraobh-chluiche cheanna. Bé foireann Loch Garman gaiscigh na caogadaí go nuige sin. Laistigh de chúig bhliain bhíodar tar éis teacht ón “dorchadas”, i dtaca le hiomáint de, go dtí go raibh siad mar churaí na nUile Éireann i 1955. Rug siad craobh An Oir-eachtais leo agus an tSraith Náisiúnta, chomh maith, le linn an tréimhse sin.

Chlaoí siad Cill Chainnigh, Tiobraid Árann, An Clár, Luimneach, Ath Cliath, Gaillimh — aon fhoireann gurab fhiú le rá í seachas Corcaigh. Bhíodar ann adúirt nach foireann chruthanta í go dtí gur chlaoí siad na Corcaighigh. Bhíodar ann, chomh maith, adúirt nach raibh de chumas ionntu a leithéid a dhéanamh.

Curáí na bliana 1954 agus leis an sár-iománaí, Criostóir Ó Rinn, ag imirt amhail ogánaigh (ag aois 32!), níorbh aon doichíní iad foireann Chorcaí an lá úd i 1956 nuair a thugadar dushlán na gCarmanach. Ar fhoireann Loch Garman bhí an triúr laoch na Mic Riocaird, Nicky, Liam agus Bobby. Ní raibh fhois sin ag an slua ach b’shin í an uair dheireannach dúinn an bheirt chlúiteach úd Nicky Mac Riocaird agus Criostóir Ó Rinn d’fheiceáil i gcluiche ceannais na hÉireann. Is deacair a chreidiúint, ach b’shin í an uair dheireannach dúinn foireann Chorcaí fheiceáil igcraobh-chluiche go ceann 12 bliain eile agus nuair a tháinig siad ar ais i 1968 ní raibh duine ar bith d’fhoireann 1956 i láthair.

Bhí suíochán agam in Ardán Uí Chiosóig díreach os cionn an chúil ag ceann Canálach Pháirc an Crócaigh an lá úd. Beidh cuimhne go deo agam ar an dá éacht a bhuidh agus a chaill an cluiche a nllá sin.

Choinnigh Bobby Mac Riocaird greim daingean docht ar Chris-

tóir Ó Rinn le linn an chluiche— níor leig sé coiscéim uaidh é. Ach tá’s ag an saol mór narbh fhéidir súil a choinneál ar an laoch sin ar feadh uair a’ chloig. Go déanach sa cluiche agus Loch Garman cúpla cúilín chun tosaigh ghlach Criostóir ce ad éalaithe ó Bobby agus siúd leis ón chúinne chlé go dtí an taobh dheas; bhí sé ró-dheireannach nuair a thosnaigh Bobby ag gluaiseacht ’na threo.

Bhí an sliotar os a chomhair amach agus an “maestro” ina lán-rith. Bhí fhios aige gurab é seo an tam, dá bhfaigheadh sé cúl anois bheadh thiar ar na Carmanaigh.

Ní raibh Bobby in gar dó. Bhuail sé an sliotar uaidh cúpla slat fan na páirce; bhí sé ag dul fó dheis go fóill agus tosaigh eile Chorcaí ag druidim fó chlé sa bhealach ar chúlaithe Loch Garman. Bhí sé trioca slat amach ón chúl agus é ina lán-rith go fóill; d’árdaigh sé an sliotar gan stop gan staonadh; ní raibh éinne sa bhealach agus amhail Chúculainn féin. Ní foláir nó gur stop an croí i mbrollach gach n-aon an secund sin—bhí an gháir chatha leath-bhealach amach ó scórnaigh na gCorcaigheach ach stopadh ann í.

B’é Art Ó Foghlú cúlbaire Loch Garman an lá sin agus le fada roimis. Fear maith éifeachtach a fuair “clúdach” íontach ó na cúlaithe amach roimis. B’fhéidir, ar a shon sin, nach bhfuair sé deis le cruthú gur sár-chúlbaire a bhí ann. Bhí an deis anois aige. É féin amháin os comhair an tosaigh ab’fhearr dá raibh ann ariamh leis an mbuille. ba dhéine agus ba dhírí ar domhan agus é ach trioca slat amach!

Le crapadh na súl d’árdaigh Ó Foghlú a lámh chlé os cionn a chloiginn, rug greim daingean ar an sliotar, ná faca éinne ag gluaiseacht ach é féin agus Crios-

● AR LEATH 38

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WILSON HARTNELL

● O LEATH 37

tóir Ó Rinn, agus mar chuid den ghluaiseacht chéanna raid sé amach seachtó slat é.

Le neart luais bhí Criostóir Ó Rinn i ngiorracht cúpla coiscéim dó nuair a raid sé uaidh an sliotar. Annsin rinne Criostóir an rud ba sportúla dá bhfaca mé ariamh—chraith sé lámh le Art Ó Foghlú. Bhí an cluiche cailte agus ní fhéadfadh éinne ach sár-laoch poc mar sin a stopadh.

Ní hionadh gur iompair foireann Loch Garman Criostóir Ó



● Nicky Mac Ríocaird

Rinn den pháirc ag deireadh an chluiche.

Táim ag súil le cluiche chomh maith céanna i mbliana. Tá sár-iománaithe ar an dá fhoireann, fir atá ionchurtha le fóirne 1956. Tá clann Uí Chogligh anois ag an Carmanaigh in áit na Mic Ríocaird agus cé déarfadh nach gcruthóidh siad go bhfuil an éifeacht céanna ionntu. Tá tosach ar nós Chríostóir Ó Rinn ag na Corcaighigh, eadhon, Cathal Mac Carthaigh; le hiománaithe ar nós Pádraig de Barra, Liam Breathnach, Tomás Ó Riain agus Ray Ó Coimín acu ní furasta a rá go gclaoifidh na Carmanaigh iad.

Mise? Má fheicim cluiche maith sportúil cosúil leis an gceann úd i 1956 beidh mé sásta.

KILKENNY GIRLS ACHIEVE SPLENDID FEAT

By
AGNES HOURIGAN

FOR more than thirty years, Dublin reigned absolutely supreme in Leinster camogie, yet in the eastern province we have had in the last few years three different counties as senior champions.

Dublin were the title-holders in 1967, followed by Wexford in 1968 and 1969 and now by Kilkenny in 1970. This was Kilkenny's first senior provincial title, and they are only the fourth county ever to have held the Leinster senior cup, the other, in addition to Dublin and Wexford, is Louth.

We also had a change of champions in the South, where Cork regained supremacy over Tipperary. Cork, of course, are way ahead in the number of Munster senior titles won, followed by Tipperary, while Waterford have come through on a couple of occasions while Clare gained one senior title.

In the West, sadly enough there was no senior title test at all this year, Galway going through unopposed, while, in the North, the issue rested between Antrim and Down.

But the most significant thing in the camogie year so far has been the success of Kilkenny. True, the public should not have been surprised by their victory over Dublin, as, after all, they had also beaten Dublin when last the counties met two years ago, but Dublin had looked back to their most effective when defeating the All-Ireland champions, Wexford.

However, the success of Kilkenny proves above all else that the place to build for success is in the schools. Of the current Kilkenny team, Ann Carroll, Mary Fennelly, Carmel, O'Shea, Liz Neary, Anne Phelan and Helena

O'Neill have all starred for either Mercy Convent, Callan, or Presentation Convent, Kilkenny, and the last three have already won two All-Ireland Colleges medals each. Indeed, though they have never won a Leinster senior inter-county title before, the majority of this Kilkenny team hold All-Ireland and Leinster medals in another grade already. Almost all of the inter-county panel have also been members of the St. Paul's team that has won two All-Ireland titles in the competition for county champions.

Even more heartening for the future of the game than the success of Kilkenny was the magnificent enthusiasm shown at the National Coaching Course in Gormanston. Twenty-six of the thirty-two counties were directly or indirectly represented, and the four Colleges Councils were amongst the most enthusiastic of the attendance.

The course was most successful in imparting the basic skills, and the methods of teaching those basic skills, but even more important was the truly wonderful spirit of comradeship engendered between players.

And not alone the players, but officials and enthusiasts from all over the country availed of the opportunity to become acquainted, and the result was that we now have a solid core of enthusiasts who can be relied upon to work hard and long to put camogie into its rightful place in the national sporting scene.

The work done at this course cannot really be measured and one of the most heartening features of all was the way in which the many nuns present entered into the full spirit of the occasion.

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No. 54

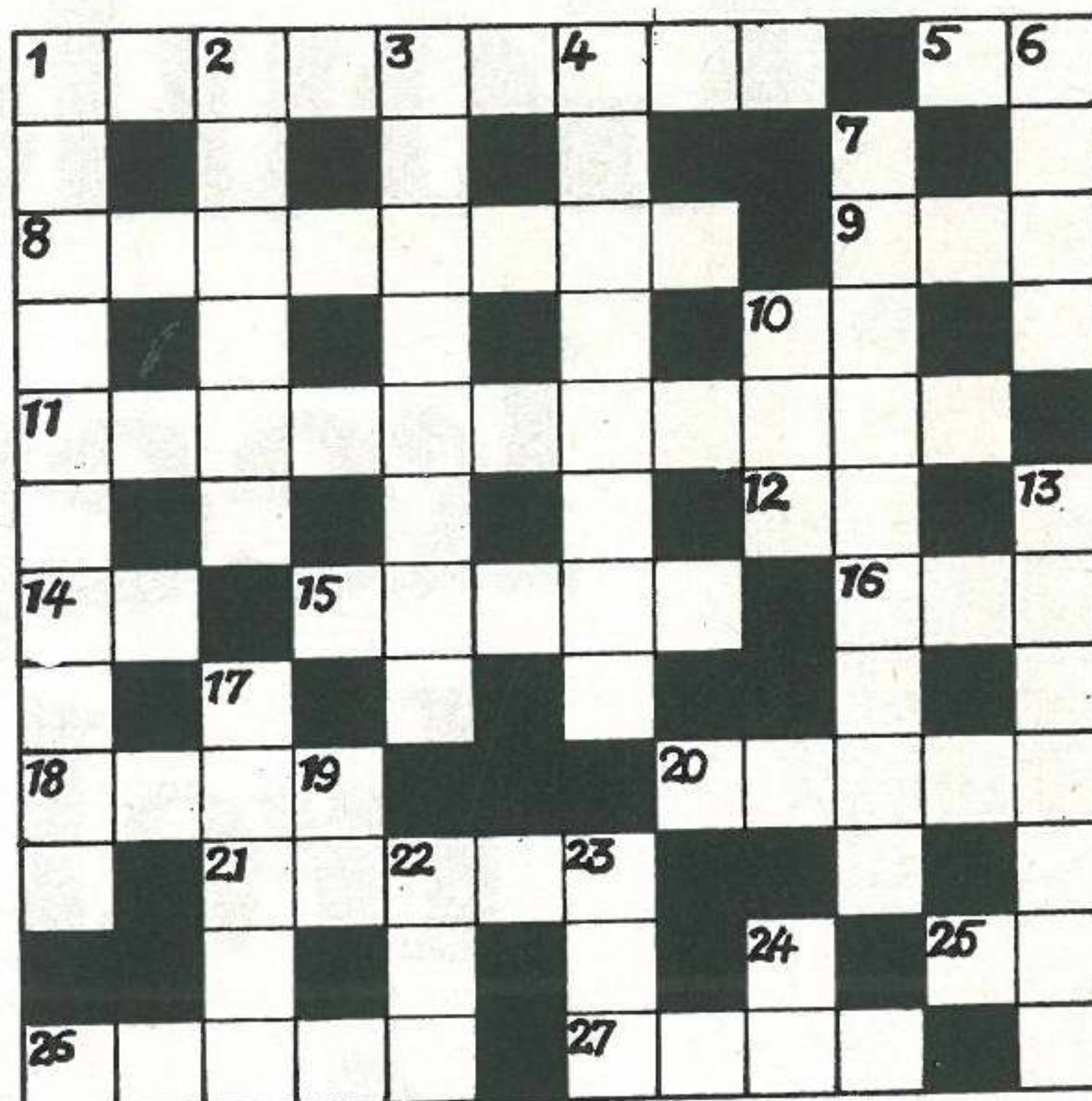
By PERMUTER

ACROSS :

1. An outstanding New York player who was one of Kerry's best-ever before emigrating. (1, 8)
5. Classical Dublin wing-forward who recently retired. Initials. (1, 1)
8. Part of the playing pitch occupied by radicals. (4, 4)
9. U.C.D. chews on a subject for rumination. (3)
10. Kind of electric current used by Athletic Clubs? (1, 1)
11. National League winning centre-back with Clare. (6, 5)
12. Alternatively. (2)
14. Offaly midfielder of long-standing. Initials. (1, 1)
15. (and 17 Down.) Skipper of Meath team which visited Australia. (4, 5)
16. Half the advantage one team has over the other could ruin the fairness of the contest. (3)
18. O, friend, you have a precious stone. (4)
20. Con (B.A.) brings home the ——. (5)
21. Opponent with vital complaint? (5)
25. "Weeshie" Murphy's initials. (1, 1)
26. Constructive Offaly player ran by. (5)
27. Ulster and Armagh player with scoring skill. (4)

DOWN :

1. A one time great Kerry centre-back. (4, 6)
2. Almost forfeit a game through lack of really trying. (6)
3. A beginner in the team among a crew o' men. (8)



4. Sister in a dangerous and threatening scheme. (8)
6. Off-target. (4)
7. Great servant of Offaly and Leinster — and star of the winners of the U.C.D. seven-a-side. (9)
10. Kelly, who was associated with Offaly's training camp throughout 1969. (3)
13. Kilkenny full-forward. (7)
17. (See 15 Across).
19. Half a limp. (2)
22. Staples—the Wexford kind. (3)
23. Follow half way the kind of shot needed for a goal. (3)
24. Prominent Leinster and Central Council man from Kilkenny. Initials. (1, 1)

SOLUTION : PAGE 68

BECKERS TEA

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JUNIOR DESK

A new column
for the
younger set

DEvised AND WRITTEn

By JACK MAHON

CUT-OUTS



Mickey Niblock.



Willie Murphy

HOPE you liked the introduction of the competition. We have another one this month—details at the end of the column. Our Mailbag selection is getting bigger, but this is the way I want it. Please keep the letters short. Write on one side of the page only and if you are sending on a photograph, make sure it is a good clear one.

Hope you have all got scrap-books now. With All-Ireland time here there should be plenty of good photographs available from the training camps. This is the All-Ireland hurling final issue. A wonderful occasion it is. Hope you will all enjoy it. It is the greatest *Irish* festival occasion of the year. It is so purely *Irish*, this game of hurling, and Bord Fáilte don't make half enough of it.

Our cut-out personalities this month are Derry's Mickey Niblock and Wexford's Willie Murphy. Niblock was a great minor in Derry's success some years back. He has developed into a great senior, too. Best known

perhaps for his trans-Atlantic hoppings, he is one of the brainiest footballers playing and staunchly upholds the proud footballing name of Niblock.

The fair-haired Willie Murphy is a hurling half-back of rare ability.

I have a great admiration for Wexford hurling. They have been involved in some historic fight-backs, notably against Tipperary. There was a famous league final of the fifties, in the era of the Rackards, Tim Flood, Padge Kehoe.

Then, two years ago, there was Wexford's amazing second half

against Tipperary in the All-Ireland final. At half-time I didn't give Wexford a chance. But they came back, thanks to the firm hurling of Phil Wilson, Tony Doran, Jack Berry, the Quigleys, Tom Neville and last but by no means least, Willie Murphy.

In fact, the legitimate devil and fire of Murphy's attacking half-back play did more to inspire Wexford to this great win than any of the aforementioned, great though their contribution was, too. So, young readers, I give you two of the men (I almost said boys) who typify the modern G.A.A. and do it proud.

From the Mailbag

OUR mailbag is getting bigger every month. This is the way we want it, isn't it? With the competition for All-Ireland tickets thrown in it will get bigger still. I'm thrilled with the correspondence but I'm disappointed about certain aspects of it, too. No letter yet from a young reader in Mayo—and all the sons

and daughters of great Mayo people. This month, though, we introduce two readers from Down and one from Belfast, our first from "The Fourth Green Field" and we bid them céad míle fáilte. Let us roll on with the mail.

Joseph Byrne, Benagh, Mayo.
● TO PAGE 45



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● FROM PAGE 43

bridge, Newry, Co. Down.—“My favourite players are Tom O’Hare, Danny Kelly, Mickey Cole, Jimmy Duggan and Aidan Hamill. I support Saval football club and the Down footballers.”

● Perhaps the Editor would favour Joseph with a photograph of one of his favourites. (J.M.)

Anthony Ryan, 3 Lucan Road, Palmerstown, Co. Dublin.—“My Daddy has now sent in an order for GAELIC SPORT to be sent monthly. I wish it had more colour photographs and some competitions or puzzles that you can win things from. My club is St. Patrick’s and I play for the under 13s in both hurling and football. Here we have street leagues for the under-12s and under-9s.

“I have yet to win a medal, but I will D.V. I see a lot of county games and have been at an All-Ireland final, too. The men in charge of our club are Messrs. Daly, Walsh, O’Brien, Stevenson, Murray and Daddy. They are very nice. I hope you thought my ideas were good.”

● Very good, indeed, Anthony, I hope you’ll be satisfied with our



← Kenneth Moran of Belfast, whose immediate ambition is to see an All-Ireland final. Hope he fulfils it—this year!

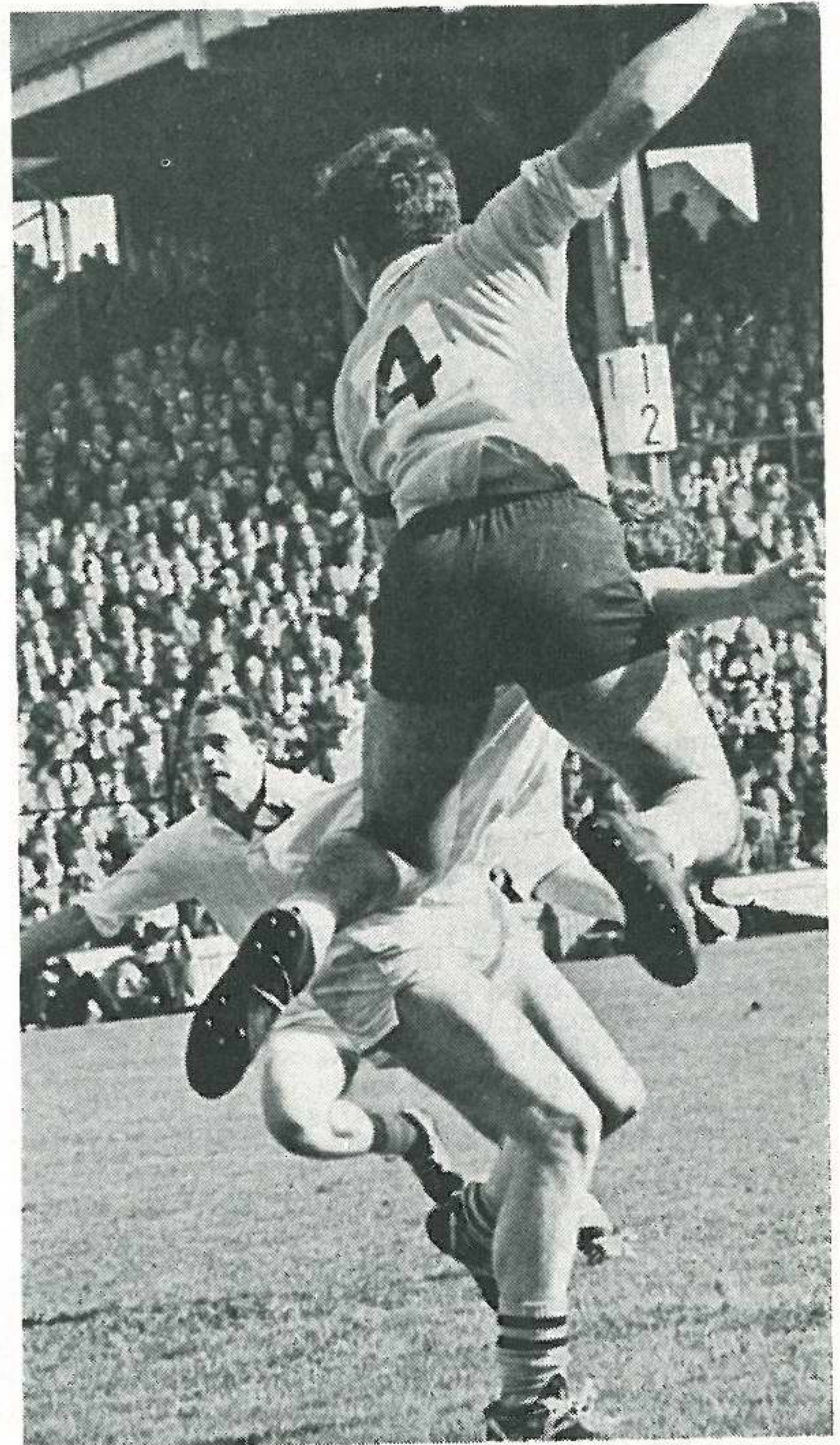
competition to guess the names of the players. Be sure to enter and maybe you’ll win one of the tickets. I hope, too, that you win that medal soon. It’s a great thrill to win the first. Keep up the interest in your club. A good club spirit is a great thing. (J.M.)

Leo McGough, Brownes Hill Road, Carlow—“I am 10 years old and a Clare supporter. My favourite hurlers are Jimmy Cullinan, Tom Neville and Pat Cronin and in football my favourites are Mick O’Connell, Paddy

McMahon and Joe Corcoran. A pen-pal section is a good idea and I would like to have a pen-pal in Co. Clare. I have met Tom Neville and Jimmy Cullinan.”

● I hope you get a pen-pal in Co. Clare, Leo, as a result of this letter. Seeing that you are such a Clare fan we will try and get a photograph of one of your Clare heroes for you. (J.M.)

Donal McGettigan, River St., Killenaule, Thurles (aged 14 years) — “I think Junior Desk is a great idea. I read it every



Tom O’Hare of Down—printed specially for Joseph Byrne.

month and I think it is just great. My favourite game is hurling and my stars are Mick Roche and Charlie McCarthy. I go to all the big games. Keep up the good work with Junior Desk. Good-bye for now.”

● Sorry, Donal, that you were disappointed over Tipperary losing the Munster final and thanks for your nice comments. Your choice of hurling stars is very good. Both Mick Roche and Charlie McCarthy

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Francis J. Costelloe of New York, who, with his brother, Thomas, we'll be welcoming to Ireland shortly.

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are favourites of mine, too. Roche is a classic hurler. Beautiful striker. Charlie is a great little character on the field. How well he togs, too. Nothing sloppy here. (J.M.)

Liam Jones, Derryoran, Mountshannon, Co. Clare. — "I am just 15 years old and go to Scariff Vocational School. I hope to be a good footballer sometime. My favourites (football) are Tony McTague, Jack Donnelly, and Joe Corcoran and hurlers Pascal O'Brien (Clare), Paul Lynch (Wexford) and Eddie Keher. Greatest favourite of all is Jimmy Duggan. I got a huge surprise to find **Junior Desk** in last month's GAELIC SPORT. It gives youngsters a great opportunity to express their views relating to G.A.A. If only the G.A.A. would provide a scrapbook for **Junior Desk** readers at a reasonable price, say 1/6 or 2/-."

● I'm all for providing a G.A.A. scrapbook for young G.A.A. readers and I don't care who provides it, but the quicker the better. If some commercial firm like KELLOGG'S or HALPINS TEA, just to mention two, would only provide some popular gimmick like this at All-Ireland time it would be a start. Perhaps it is too late now for this year but there is 1971 and the ball has been hopped by us here. Glad you like Jimmy Duggan's football. He has the greatest potential of any player in Ireland to-day. (J.M.)

Francis J. Costelloe, 2319 Morris Avenue, New York 10648.— "I am enclosing the photograph I forgot to send last month. It seems now that Thomas, my brother, and myself will be starting secondary school in September in Rockwell College as my parents intend to return to Ireland.

"Since I wrote last there is good news here in New York for young Irish-American boys interested in Gaelic football, as they have just started a new minor league here and have about six teams competing every Saturday.

The day may come when they will start a hurling league as well!

● Glad to hear of your starting school in Ireland and delighted at the initiation of a minor football league in New York. (J.M.)

Name the Players

WE received a wonderful entry for our new competition, "Name the Player," and it is a pleasure to tell Pdraig Ó Mistéil (14 years), of Knockroe, Atynon, Co. Galway, that he is the winner of the first prize—a ticket to the Hogan Stand for the All-Ireland Hurling final on September 6.

It is pleasant also to pass on the word to Gerry O'Shea (12 years), Glengarriff Inn, Glengarriff, Co. Cork, that his name came second from the hat (the Editor lent us his bowler) and he (Gerry, not the Editor!) receives a Cusack Stand ticket for the Hurling final. Congratulations to both. Hope you'll enjoy the game.

THIS month we hold another competition with two prizes for the first two correct entries drawn from the bowler. First out gets a Hogan Stand ticket to the All-Ireland football final and second prize is a Cusack Stand ticket for the same game. Our gratitude to the friend who donated these prizes and also wishes to remain anonymous.

The competition is very simple. All you are asked to do is to identify the two footballers photographed below. Entries must be submitted on the coupon attached

and should reach this column on or before September 4.

The competition is confined to those who are fifteen years of age, or under. So get cracking all you boys and girls.

Just in case you, girls, are beginning to feel left out in the cold a wee bit, we are including a camogie player as one of our cut-out personalities next month.

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Name.....

Name of entrant.....

Address

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Age years.

CORK MUST BEAT WEXFORD IN ORDER TO PROVE THEMSELVES

Says **COLUMBA MANSFIELD, O.S.A.**

I HAVEN'T seen either Wexford or Cork playing in this year's championship and not having a drop of non-Waterford blood in my veins I owe no loyalty to either of the final teams. To fully enjoy an All-Ireland you must be fully involved in the drama by being committed to one or other of the contestants.

A few weeks back I spent some time moving from house to house in South Tipperary. Among other things I noticed that hurling no longer holds a strong grip on the mentality of the people but when they did speak of hurling they did not show any great dismay at Corks' Munster final victory.

"Ah, people were getting tired of Tipp., Cork need a turn," seemed to be the general comment. This is the sad feature of modern hurling. Tipperary and Kilkenny have had to relax their determination from time to time in order to rest from winning. In my opinion, this present Cork team must beat Wexford in order to prove themselves. But do Cork feel the urge to prove themselves?

Prior to last year's All-Ireland I was passing through Cork City. While having a snack at a C.I.E. cafe I chatted with some locals. It was clear that the All-Ireland was not uppermost in their minds. Hurling is now just a game and even the players themselves don't get really caught up in it.

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With the exception of a man like Ollie Walsh, whose trade is fashioning top quality camans, the modern hurler has to fight like everyone else to make a living in a complex evolving society which is very different from the rural village in which hurling first flourished. The ambient in which the player moves is not conducive to concentration on hurling.

I take an average interest in

sport and have spent many evenings trying to train and encourage teenage hurlers, but as you grow older become less involved with matches and players. I'm not really concerned personally about the result of this year's All-Ireland. I'm sure many of those who read this are in Croke Park for a day out or watch the match on Television to pass a Sunday evening. They are not all that concerned about full time scores.

Writers like me have blamed

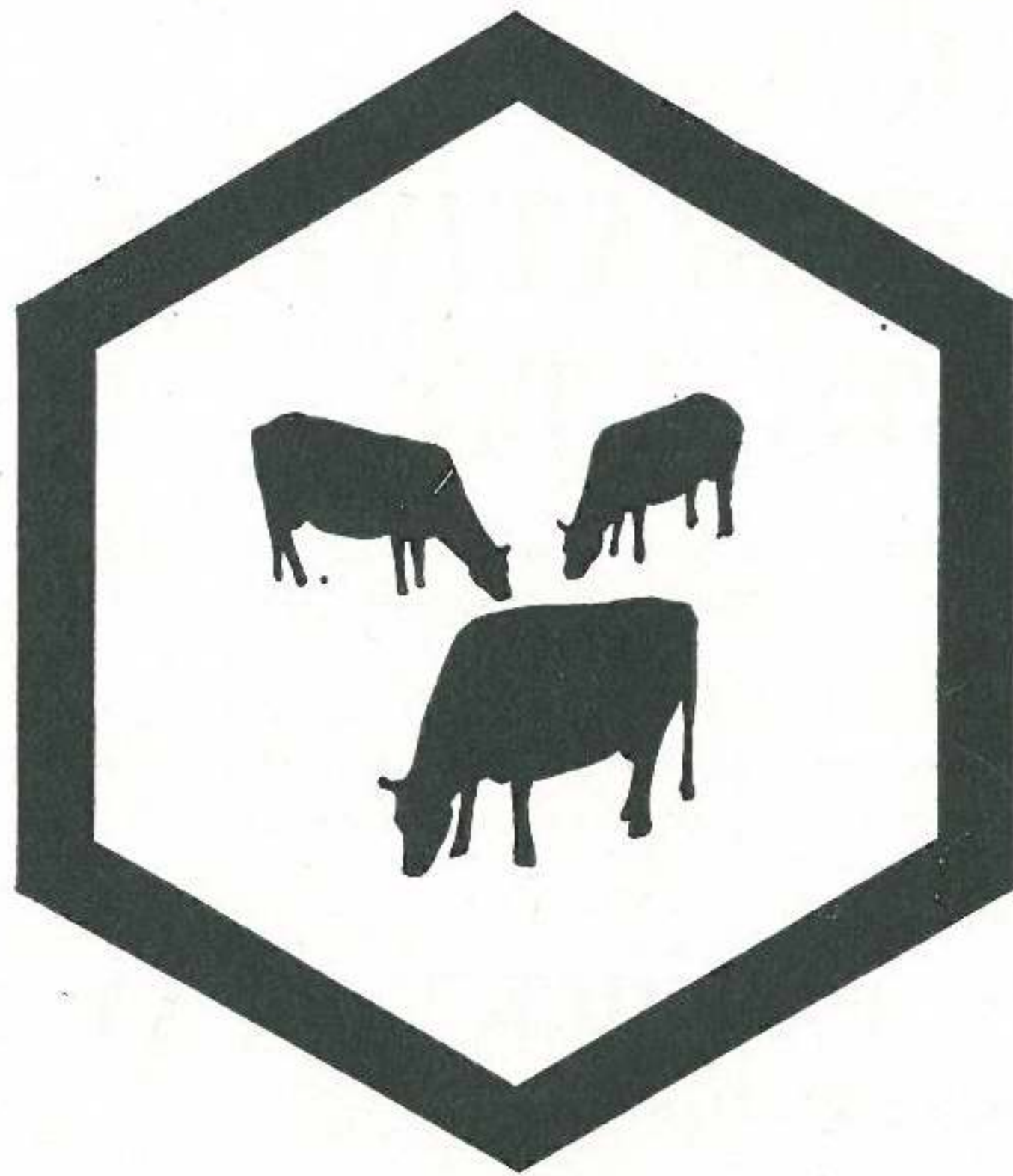
the G.A.A. for the decline in Gaelic games, but English cricket, once a rural game, suffers from the same problem. A reporter describing a recent meeting of Yorkshire and Lancashire — the Tipperary and Cork of cricket— remarked that the spectators would have fitted on one double decker bus. However, as I write this I can create a measure of involvement by thinking of the two rival counties and their respective traditions.

Wexford, where I lived for five years, is a place inhabited by steady going men. Wexford teams are strong, sturdy, reliable. When I see the purple and yellow jersey of the Slaneymen I think of '98 pikemen, or golden barley being harvested by hand and of those noble Normans whose landing at Bannow Bay gave Wexford much of its character.

I think of Mummings, Opera Festivals, of the Wexford Chess Club and the New Ross Panto. I remember the extra crowds for confession before the grace-filled All-Ireland trip and picture Wexford's priests, those sound, steady men from St. Peter's College, men practical, but with one eye on heaven.

Wexford teams are the most sporting in the country. They never, well hardly ever, lose their cool. Cork bring out the best, and sometimes the worst, in Wexford. Wexford regard themselves as peerless among counties. So do Cork. The result can be All-Ireland classics like those of '54 and '56 or a match like that modern "Battle of Ross" when Wexford and Cork went for one another in O'Kennedy Park.

I respect Wexford. I expect them to win but I'm not so sure of their full-back line. Are they mobile enough to hold the Cork attack? Then, I don't consider Dan Quigley the ideal centre half. He can be beaten by ground balls to his right and left. He is how-



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ever, a great all-round back in the Rackard mould and no daw. Cork don't play it on the ground nowadays. The Wexford forwards will get many scores. How many? Well, If I were filling a forecast I'd put down 6-19. I've never won a forecast.

Cork have the fire and panache of the Celts. They are a tribe apart. A powerful tribe! When I think of Cork I think of St. Finbarr's Lake at Gougane Barra, city church bells, victory-hungry red-and-white-festooned crowds, and that distinctive accent. I think of Michael Collins, Liam Lynch and the Cork flying columns ebullient in attack, crafty in retreat.

Crafty! There's a word for Cork. Skill and craft allied to fire. They have plenty of fire. The present team lacks strength. They have speed. Wexford will stop to pick the ball. Cork can beat them by belting the leather first time in Munster fashion. But will they?

I like the Cork team. They are gay, dashing, determined. I would like to see them win, Tipperary need opposition in Munster if hurling is to survive. Cork want to win. They are keen. If the Wexford full back line is anyway shaky and if the red shirts play the ball wide of Dan Quigley, Cork will win. But if the Wexford men hold firm I expect Cork to notch about 5-12.

If I am free and get a lift I'll go to the All-Ireland if I have a ticket. Otherwise I'll watch it on television. I'll enjoy it but in a detached sort of way. Where are the Waterford hurlers? Alfie Hale and the Blues do their bit but they are of little avail on All-Ireland day.

The best of luck and the game of their lives to Cork and Wexford. It's only a game, but what's life when all's said and done? I hope we all enter the winners' enclosure when God blows the final whistle.

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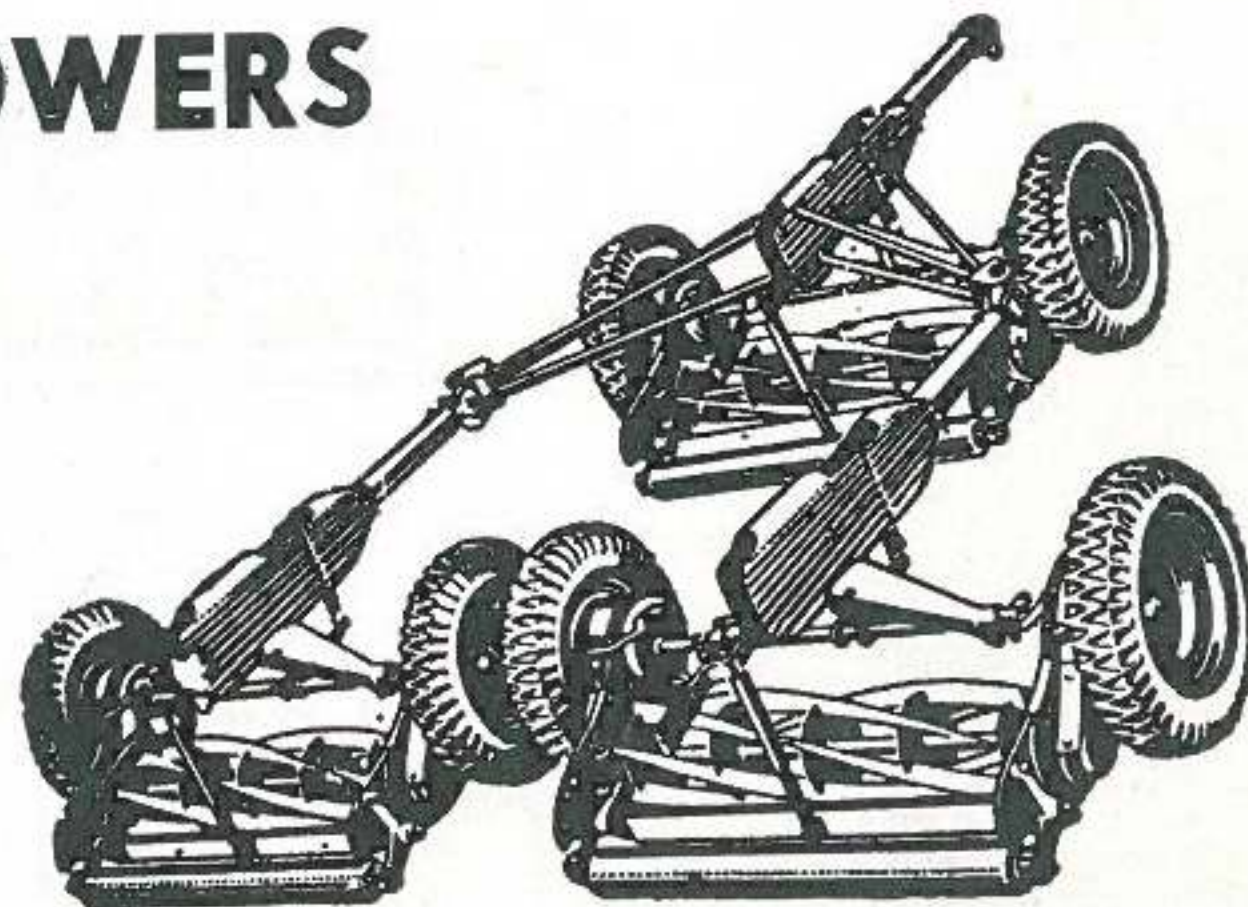


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THE CORKMEN LOOK STERNER NOW

SAYS JAY DRENNAN

THE power of Cork hurling has been highly impressive over the past number of years. The remark has been made to me by a Cork supporter who possesses much of the caustic qualities of his kind: "They won an All-Ireland before they were good at all, and since they got good they haven't won any All-Ireland."

It is a point, because, in spite of the fact that they won the championship of 1966, many will agree that the team of the past two or three years would have tanned the 1966 side. But, in some way that is incomprehensible, the 1966 side had the ability to raise their game as the temperature and tension rose. The team of 1968 and 1969, however, though much more skilful overall, seemed to be tensed up on the big occasion and do themselves less than justice.

But, what about the League finals of 1969 and 1970: were they not big occasions, and didn't the present Cork side show their real ability? Indeed, they showed their ability, but remember that the opposition in these games was provided by Wexford and Limerick — Wexford, the notoriously inconsistent, who seem to need the stimulus of the All-Ireland final to rouse them of late; and Limerick, who have been Cork's

pigeon now for some years.

Well, what of the League semi-final against famous rivals in Tipperary? Or the Wembley tournament against Kilkenny? Well, what of them? The League semi-final was not a trial of Cork; it was a trial of Tipperary. It was Tipperary who were in the position of inferiority after last year's debacle in the Munster final and it was they who had to justify themselves. Against the odds, and in Cork, they did give Cork a bad fright and a very rough passage in an uncompromising, self-justifying game as far as Tipperary were concerned.

In fact, as it now turns out, that was a game which did more for re-establishing Tipperary in some sort of respectable standing in their own people's eyes than for proving Cork had the big game temperament. The Wembley tournament?? Well, after all that was just a tournament; Kilkenny were clearly ill-prepared, and Cork ran them ragged in the second-half after the cleverness of Kilkenny had caused them plenty of trouble in the first.

As against all that, you had last year's All-Ireland, the Oir-eachtas final, and this year's Munster final, in which Cork were well below their best on the big occasion. In the first two

● TO PAGE 53



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Charlie McCarthy



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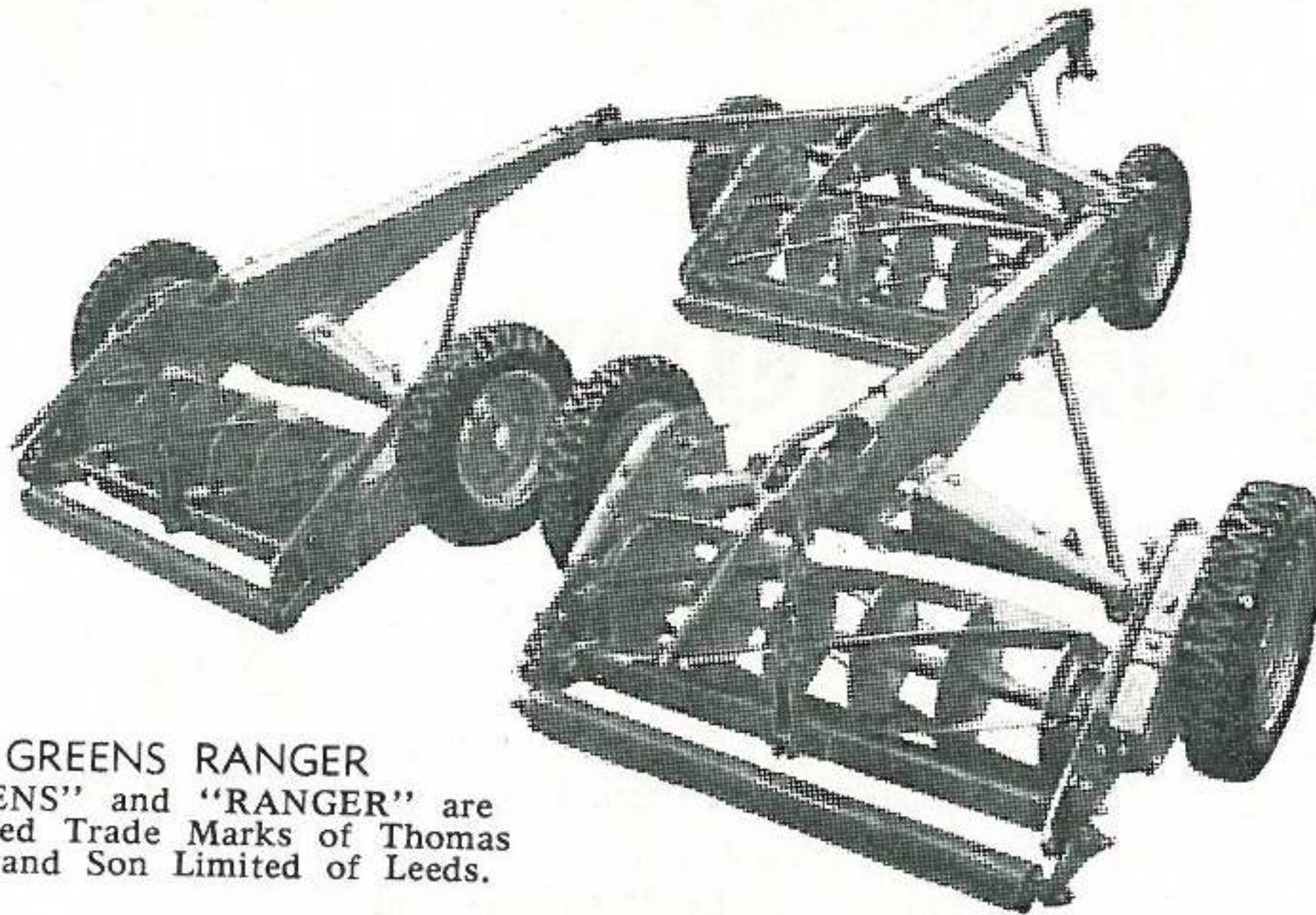
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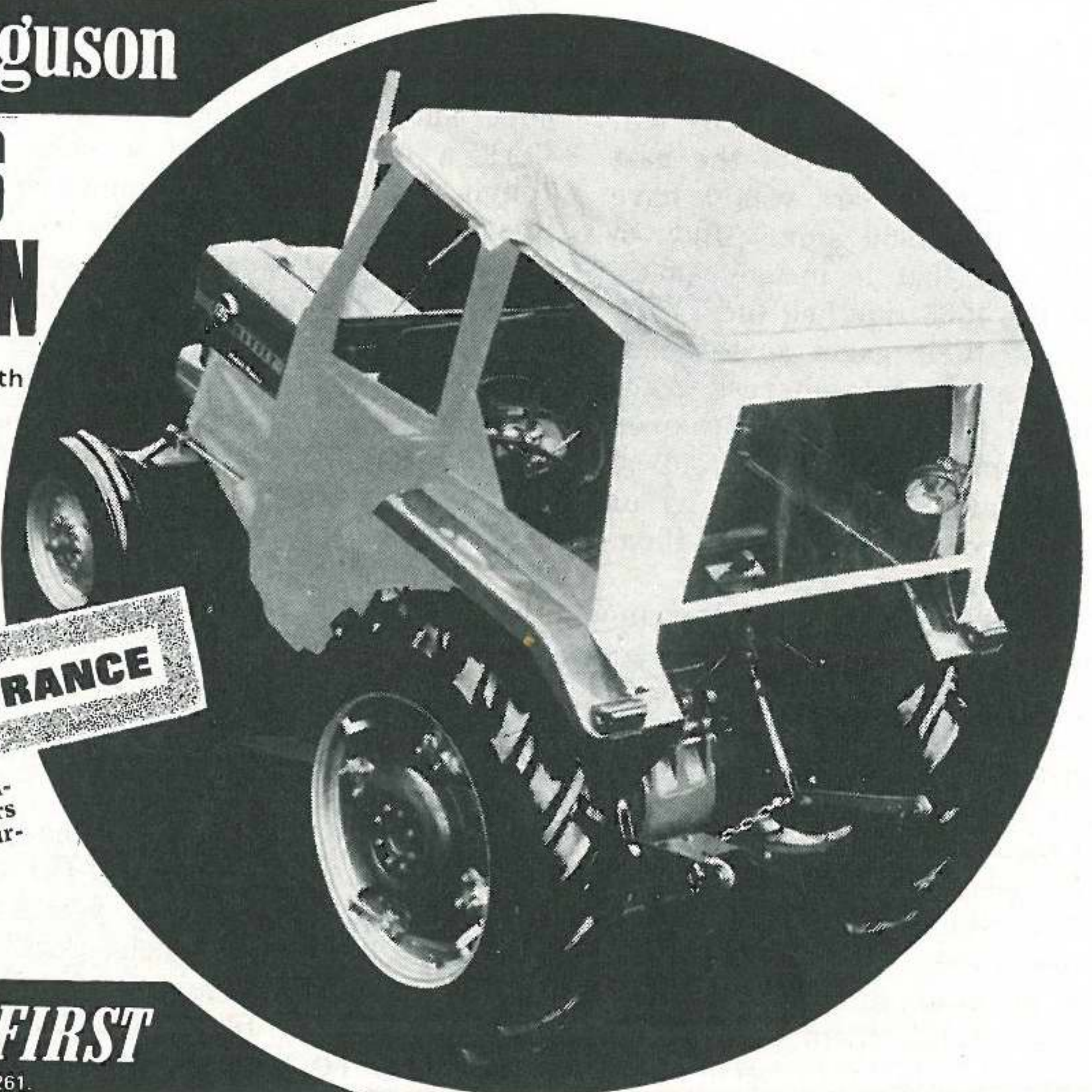
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● FROM PAGE 51

they lost, but in the last they won—that, I suppose, is the essential difference. And, in the Munster final, as in the League semi-final, with Tipperary the opposition, they showed the ability to grind out victory in a minor key, which, at least, is what they have been aiming for—victory, I mean, as opposed to defeat on big occasions.

I do not know just how significant the Munster final was. It remains to be seen in the context of the All-Ireland final to come. For one thing, the Cork machine of other games never seemed to tick over effectively. This would appear to emphasise one point which can be judged on its merits and apart from the imponderables of temperament: that when Gerald McCarthy is beaten or injured—and he was subject to both misfortunes in that match—Cork are not equipped to compensate for his absent dominance. There was a lack of pattern to their victory which could be construed either way; it knocked the Cork machine out of gear to have McCarthy's brilliance subdued and this caused them to become a hit or miss team without plan; or else, that in spite of the loss of McCarthy, they were still able to pile on pressure, even of a disorganised kind, and with sufficient intensity to bring the vital scores in the end.

For Cork's sake, I would prefer the latter interpretation; but I fear the former. The fact is that centre-field has been posing something of an undercover problem to Cork, because they have been unable to settle on McCarthy's partner, though the problem has not become critical at any stage due to the excellent resource of Gerald, never bothered in doing two men's jobs. Joe Murphy, settling now after a long term of trial, may be one, but the fact is that midfield dom-

inance cannot be guaranteed in McCarthy's absence or if he were subdued.

In any case, the charge that Cork are unable to deliver the goods on the big occasion must remain not proven—in the Scottish legal sense, I mean: not guilty, but not demonstrably innocent either. That is the great imponderable surrounding Cork; and, since the Wexford side has possibility of grand heroics on

the big occasion leaning imponderably on its side, you never can tell about this final.

They both may spark into life—and then it should be some game; they may both fail to ignite—and then it should be a grim war of attrition. But, it looks very much like a sterner Cork now, and one less likely to lose as much by the challenge of the big occasion as did last year's side.

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THE MINOR FINAL BIG WELCOME FOR GALWAY

By OWEN McCANN

THE toast must be Galway minor hurlers! Wexford's cavalier and colourful hurling has earned the county such tremendous support from non-natives

that many all over Ireland will regret the absence of the Slaney-siders from this All-Ireland minor final, but at the same time their crash the other Sunday

could not have been to a more appropriate county.

Wexford have played a tremendous role in furthering interest in hurling, and even in this defeat they will, if unwittingly, help to promote the game. For this success against the odds, allied to the Galway senior's good showing against Wexford, must bring a new flood of enthusiasm in the Corrib county.

It's been such a long time since the Galway colours have been sported in an All-Ireland hurling final in any grade that many will be enjoying the experience for the first time. It matters little if Cork, on their form so far, must start favourites. This return to an active role in hurling's premier day is an occasion for rejoicing for all Galwaymen, and, remember, too, that Wexford were firm favourites for that semi-final at Athlone.

On that performance, Galway have no need to enter this clash with an inferiority complex. They displayed spirit, dash, ability in the win over Wexford, as well as that type of competitive spirit that wins matches. They did not look too well placed at half-time, when they turned over with only a point lead after having played with a wind advantage, but they stuck gamely to their task in the second period to punch home a deserved and decisive eight points win.

This is a good Galway team, well-balanced, and with hurlers of real ability in all departments. Sean Hynes, a sure-striking and forceful midfielder with the scoring touch, is a potential match-winner. M. Donoghue, J. McDonagh, D. Campbell, in at-

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tack, and C. Maher and A. Fintan at the back are other's whose names could be on everyone's lips at the end of what looks like being a bold bid by Galway to break a losing sequence in finals.

Galway have not appeared in this stage of the minor championships since 1958, when they lost by only four points to Limerick. The county has contested seven finals since 1931, the fourth final on record.

What of Cork? They displayed the spirit that wins national titles when taking their fifth Munster Championship in a row, and their thirteenth in all at the expense of Tipperary. In an exciting game, Cork had a five points lead entering the closing stages, but a goal and two points brought Tipperary level with only four minutes remaining. However, Cork proved their mettle by hitting back to retain the title with a point about a minute from the final whistle.

This team, like the great Cork minor sides of recent years, also has colourful and dynamic personalities . . . young hurlers who seem destined to go on and emulate such as Donal Clifford, Seamus Looney and John Horgan, who provided their share of the thrills and excitement of the under-age grade in recent times, and who now chase the golden glory of the senior brigade.

Sean O'Leary and Martin Doherty, two of Cork's ten All-Ireland medalists from last year, could grab the spotlight. O'Leary from Youghal, was the man who took a real grip on the Munster final with his determined play and sharpness in front of goal—he shot 3-2.

Doherty, who has given such sterling service to Cork in both codes, and also to Colaiste Christ Ri, Turner's Cross, in recent years and collected five All-Ireland medals, is a wonder-

ful asset—a cool, sure-striking centre-half, who gives nothing away cheaply and can quickly turn defence into attack with his lengthy and well-directed clearances.

Brian Murphy, in defence, midfielder Noel Crowley and forward Seamus O'Farrell are others who will repay watching not only in this final but in the future.

The Galway boys, with their tails up after that unexpected but so merited win over Wexford, can be depended on to make a great bid, but in the end I fancy it will be that solid core of experienced campaigners from the 1969 title win who will swing it for Cork.

The "Irish Press" Cup was first awarded for the minor series in 1949, and was won initially by Tipperary. Cork have yet to win both the minor trophy and the Liam McCarthy Cup on the same day, but they completed the minor and senior double twice—1928 and 1941. Wexford won both trophies currently on offer in the Championships in 1968, and Tipperary rank as the only Munster county to take the "Irish Press" Cup and the Liam McCarthy Cup in the same year.

Cork are poised for a first Munster minor double since Tipperary made it two in a row in 1957, and the first by any county since 1962, when Kilkenny landed the second leg of a hat-trick of titles.



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A COUNTY STEEPED IN HURLING LORE

By SEAMUS O. CEALLAIGH

CORK, with twenty All-Ireland titles to its name, is naturally steeped in hurling lore. Looking back the great years since the G.A.A. came into existence we meet many great combinations of first class hurling men—fast, vigorous, skilful—all dressed in the Red and White of Rebel Cork. The limitations of space only permit mention of a small number of them—names that stand out like beacon lights down the long years.

It was Dan Lane's Aghabullogue men who brought the first Blue Riband to the Rebel County. That match, in which the teams of twenty-one aside played bare-footed at Clonturk is often recalled as an epic trial of courage and skill. "Big Jer" Henahion was such a tower of strength for Cork that day that Wexford had three men marking him. Partnering Henahion at midfield was Tim O'Connor, a much lighter man but a magnificent ball player. The two showed combination and power only equalled in after years by that unforgettable pair—Jim Hurley and Mick O'Connell.

I have met old veterans who stoutly maintain that Jamesy Kelleher of Dungourney, champion horseman too—was the greatest hurler Ireland ever saw. His claim to the title is summed up in the admitted fact that he never met his master on the hurling field—all the more remarkable when it is known that he played in every position from goalkeeper to full forward.

On the outskirts of Cork City, where the River Lee meets the

sea, is what is still a distinctive village, despite the fact that the city has almost swallowed up all that once quiet and historic district where the Blackrock hurlers came from. They say that love of the game, intense traditional love, was bred in every Blackrock man.

Old "Parson" Coughlan captained the first team from the parish to win a County championship shortly after the G.A.A. began. Later father and five sons of the Coughlans played on the same Blackrock team, and forty-two years after the first victory another son, Eudie, captained the Cork team that won the hardest earned of all the All-Ireland victories—that of 1931, secured only after three unforgettable meeting with Kilkenny.

To name the great men that graced the Blackrock jersey would be like reciting the litany of hurling greats, for in addition to the Coughlans I could recall the O'Learys, Buckleys, Kidneys, Cashmans, Norbergs, Ahernes, Deleas, Murphys, O'Connells,

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stand out
like beacon
lights
down the
long years'**



Eudie Coughlan



Jack Lynch

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● FROM PAGE 57

Larry Flaherty, Steve Riordan, Georgie Garrett, without covering a quarter of them.

St. Finbarrs boasted its great hurling families also—the most noted of whom in the early days were the Sheehans—all six of them. One, Jim, captained the team through seventy-two engagements—no mean achievement.

Others to render signal service were the Youngs, O'Connells, Cronins, Ryngs, Stauntons, Finns and O'Learys. These with men like "Billex" Moloney, "Patcheen" Sullivan, Christy Nolan, Joe Kearney, and Sean Condon figured in many unforgettable episodes that are enshrined in the hurling story.

Out of the "Parnell Split" emerged the Redmonds in 1892. They introduced some really colourful figures to hurling, including Joe Anderson, Jack Leonard, "Daw" McGrath, "Rooker" Keeffe, "Josher" Keating, "Sonny Jim" McCarthy, Connie Sheehan and Morgan Madden.

Others to remember from the old days of Cork hurling include Billy O'Neill and "Bowler" Walsh of the Sarsfields; Tim Nagle and Dan Kennefick of St. Mary's; "Major" Kennedy of Carrigtwohill; Andy Fitzgerald, stonewall net minder; Jim Roynane, Paddy Mahony, Jerry Beckett, and last but by no means least, the great Billy Mackessy of Buttevant, who played in seven All-Ireland finals within a space of ten years.

Other Corkmen of later vintage cross the retrospective eye. I remember Sean Barrett of Kinsale and his duel with one of Ireland's greatest midfielders—"Lory" Meagher of Kilkenny. And Jim O'Regan of Kinsale was one of the grandest centre half-backs I have seen.

Johnny Quirke, whilst still a minor, gained his place on the 1929 all conquering Blackrock

● TO PAGE 60

GOOD NEWS FOR ACCORDION PLAYERS

FOR those of our more musically inclined readers comes the news that the famous range of Hohner instruments are now being exclusively handled in Ireland by Dara Distributors. This is a company formed recently by very experienced executives in this field. Among the many well known products handled by this progressive company, in addition to the extensive Hohner range, are Egmond guitars and banjos, Vespa scooters and mopeds, Toro power mowers, Philips electrical appliances, Sunbeam electrical appliances, Siera Radio, T.V., record players and tape recorders and Pam radios and radiograms.

But the news of great interest to accordion players of every age is that Dara Distributors, in conjunction with Hohner and the Evening Press, will sponsor the National Accordion Championships which this year will be held at the Metropolitan Hall, Dublin on the 7th and 8th of October. Entry will be free and entry forms will be available in the Evening Press.

There will be four sections :

1. Junior Piano Accordion Solo (under 15)
2. Open Piano Accordion Solo.
3. Open Button Key Accordion Solo
4. Accordion Bands (minimum five accordions).

Many valuable prizes will be awarded, the foremost of which will be an all expenses paid trip to Germany, for the winner in the Open Piano Accordion Section.

We recently spoke to Tom Bradley the energetic Sales Director and one of the founders of the company.

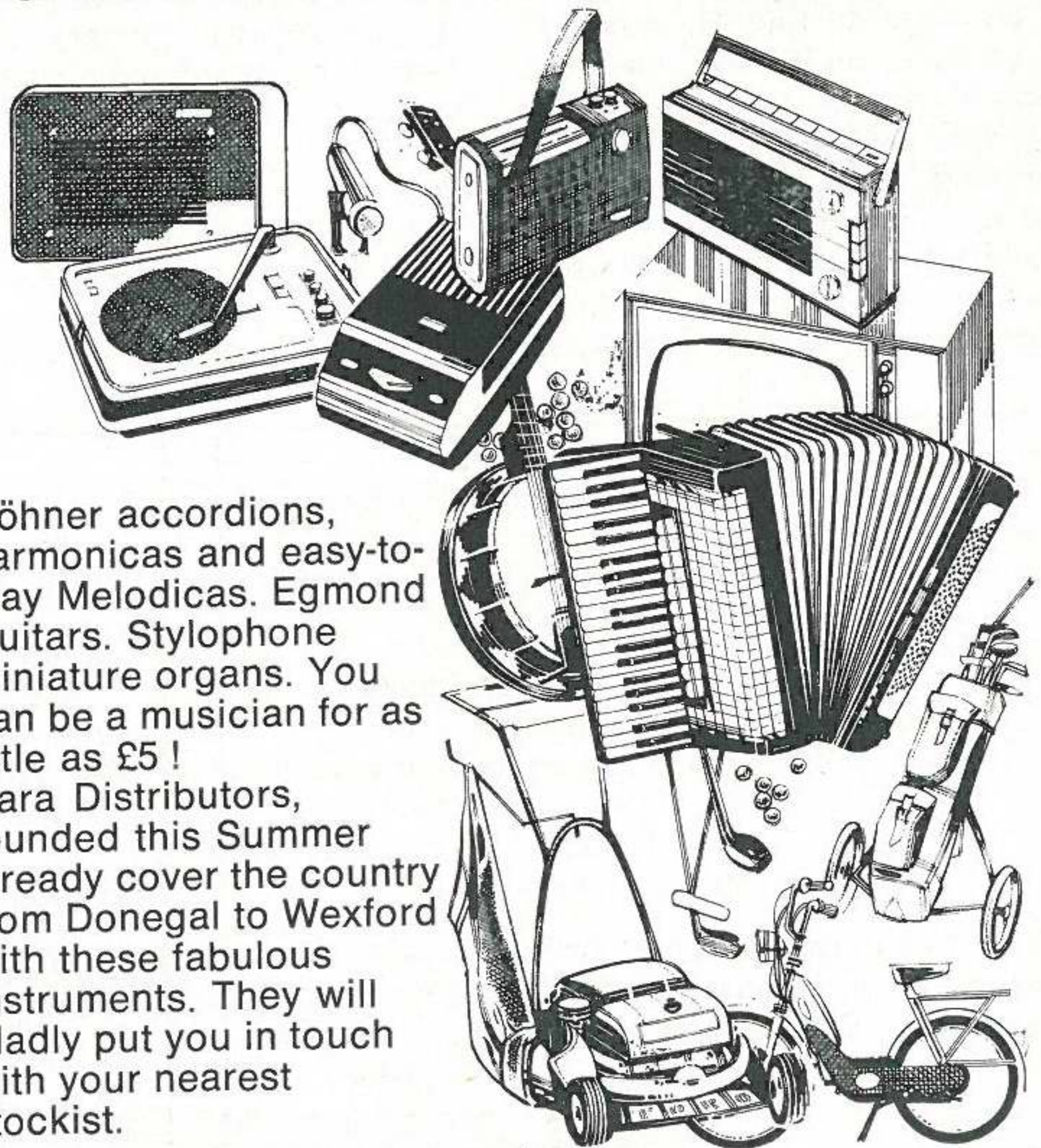
When we asked Tom was the

accordion "losing-out" in popularity to other instruments he gave us an emphatic no! He backed this up with the interesting fact that last year's junior accordion section of the championships attracted over 200 entries.



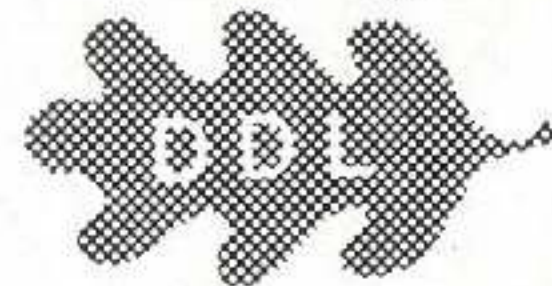
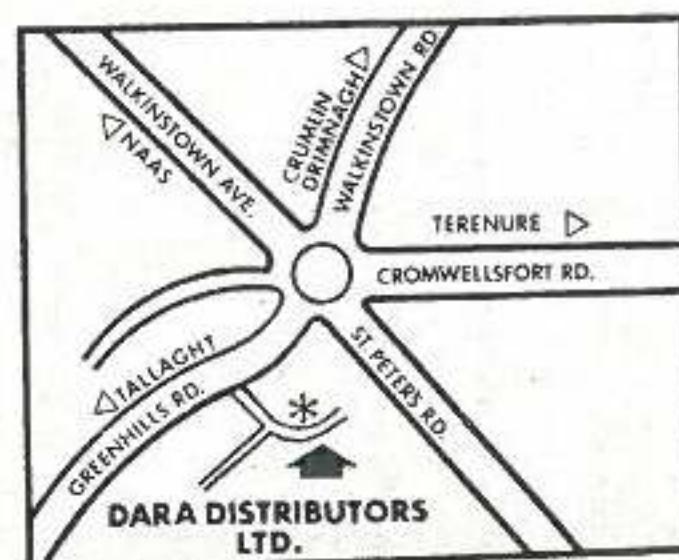
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● FROM PAGE 58

fifteen, and was playing twenty-one years later having figured in every Senior County Championship during that spell. A member of the Cork team from 1932 to 1946 this skilful and versatile hurler won four All-Ireland titles in a row besides gaining the great distinction of playing for ten consecutive years for Munster during which he won eight Railway Cup medals.

Few can forget Billy Murphy of Ballincollig, the hurler with the amazing long puck. But it was not for terrific hundred yard long deliveries alone that Billy got and for so long held his place in top class hurling. He was cool in defence, could clear magnificently even when tackled, and was as strong as a horse.

Son of an All-Ireland football medal holder, fair haired, stockily built Jim Young of Dunmanway, won a crop of County championship medals with Glen

Rovers during their all conquering spell, besides shining as a member of Cork's famous four in a row group of players. A useful footballer too, he figured in many important County championship ties and also wore the Cork jersey in this code.

Denny Barry Murphy of Cloughdub was one of the sweetest hurlers of his day—a treat to watch and one of the all time best wingers, with a score on his hurley every time he got the ball.

Present Cork County Secretary, Con Murphy had the unique distinction of winning four Dr. Harty Cup medals with Leaside's famed hurling nursery, North Monastery, besides figuring with Cork in five All-Ireland senior hurling finals.

1932 was a red letter year for "Micka" Brennan of the Sarsfields when he played for Cork in all three grades of hurling. He captained the minor fifteen, was

a member of the junior string that won Munster championship honours and later lined out with Cork seniors in the National League. The next dozen years saw him starring in attack with every Cork team, his trophies including three All-Ireland medals, four Munster ones, Railway Cup souvenirs five times besides national League and Thomond Feis awards—and most prized of all—the 1951 County Senior Hurling Championship Medal secured with his club Sarsfields, after almost quarter of a century unbroken service.

I could go on and on but must cry a halt. Before doing so, however, mention has to be made of Jack Lynch—a great hurler—a gentleman both on and off the field, a most unassuming Gael with the great distinction of having won six Senior All-Ireland medals in successive years—five in hurling, one in football—a

● NEXT PAGE

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a record that may not be equalled.

Two incidents suffice to show how great he was. He gave a remarkable display of spartan endurance one cold February day in 1944 when he played three matches in five hours. He assisted his club, Civil Service, in a Dublin championship tie in the morning, and in the afternoon took his place with both Munster selections that played Ulster in the Railway Cup hurling and football semi-finals.

The other incident occurred in a great Munster game against Tipperary with time ticking away, the Premier County lads looked all set for victory when Jack Lynch, gathering a ball some forty yards from goal, completely outwitted the defence and with a rocket-like shot set the net rattling and Cork supporters jubilant. That was the unforgettable goal of hundreds in a brilliant sports career.

From a newspaper report of 22nd March, 1954, I quote:

"On his day there is no doubt that Christy Ring is a man apart on the hurling field. Never have I so enjoyed the enchantment of his hurling and the Dublin public loudly applauded his artistry and genius. On his form yesterday I doubt if there is, or ever was a hurler who would have held the Corkman."

Only G.A.A. player to win eighteen Railway Cup medals Christy Ring was hurling from

his boyhood, for he was only twelve when asked to play for his native Cloyne. After figuring to advantage in minor company and cultivating the collecting habit when winning the 1939 Junior Hurling championship with the home club, Christy found himself at seventeen a member of the Cork team that played two hectic games with Limerick in the Munster Senior Hurling final of 1940, which the Shannonsiders eventually won.

First success in the premier arena was when he helped Cork beat Tipperary in the 1940 National Hurling League Final. Honours came fairly thick after that. Strangely enough, he won his first All-Ireland before he got a Munster medal. It was in 1941, the provincial decider had to be postponed because of the ravages of cattle plague. Cork won the Blue Riband, but afterwards failed against Tipperary in the Munster Final.

Ten times he won Munster honours, eight times the All-Ireland medal came his way—in between he collected every honour the game had to offer.

The most talked of hurling artist in the game and one of the most colourful figures to grace the arena. Ring's skill and dazzling solo runs through opposing defences with the sliotar looking as if it was glued to his Caman, marked him a hurling wizard if ever there was one. And on that happy note I leave you.

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WHEN WEXFORD PLAYED FOR KING WILLIAM

HURLING history goes deeper in Wexford than anywhere else in Ireland. In fact the saffron band they wear should really be an orange sash for it was first used almost three hundred years ago when a famed English nobleman, Sir Caesar Colclough, brought a team of forty Wexford hurlers across the Irish Sea to play the "Gentlemen of Cornwall"

in a match watched by none other than King William of Orange and his Queen.

The monarch of "glorious and immortal memory" was highly pleased with and loudly applauded the deeds of the men from the Slaney and complimented them on their Orange favours "which he knew they had donned in his honour".

This was not the only occasion in the old days that the Wexfordmen carried the Irish Caman over the seas, and it is on record that one such trip ended in tragedy, when a boat carrying a number of players was shipwrecked and many lives were lost.

Well if the men of three hundred years ago sported the Orange Sash, it is also a well known fact that many of the heroes of 1798, who used a pike to good effect, developed their muscle and stamina on the hurling fields.

Of course it was a different game than the one we know to-day—the old form of "hurling home" that often ranged over a wide countryside and embraced very many players.

So it is only natural that when the G.A.A. was founded Wexford was one of the first counties to rally to the call. The Slaneysiders participated in the first All-Ireland hurling championship, losing to another traditional county—the men from the Corrib.

Dublin, represented by the renowned Kickhams, won the second All-Ireland crown, and Castlebridge, the Wexford champions, created a sensation when they beat them in the second round of the struggle for the 1890 championship, going on to capture their first Leinster Senior Hurling title.

This opened the road for the first ever Cork-Wexford hurling encounter. It was in the All-Ireland Final and the gathering place was Clonturk Park, Dublin—the date 16th November, 1890. It was a barefooted final for

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neither side wore any type of footwear.

Sweeping all before them the Castlebridge men played with reckless daring, using their weight and superior physique to literally mow down their lighter and speedier opponents. Cork did not remain to complete the hour but the Central Council, on the report of referee John Sheehy of Limerick, awarded them the title "because of the excessively rough play of their opponents".

Crossabeg were Wexford standard bearers the following year and they retained the Leinster crown and again advanced to the All-Ireland final, in which Kerry were their opponents.

Many old timers maintain this was the hardest final ever played. Certainly it was the only one in which extra time figured. The hurling was fast and exciting with many brilliant patches and the close nature of the exchanges kept the fine crowd on their toes.

The sides were level with time ebbing away and Wexford were awarded a free in the closing second of play. It went between the posts for what seemed the winning point but the referee refused to allow the score on the extraordinary grounds that the time was up before the ball actually crossed the bar. Extra time was played, and Kerry, heartened undoubtedly by their escape, went on to win 2-3 to 1-5.

Although Wexford again contested the All-Ireland final of 1899, when they lost to Tipperary, 2-12 to 1-4, they had to wait until 1910 before putting their inscription on the All-Ireland Cup.

That occasion was a notable one at the National Stadium. It was the first time side line seats were provided and it marked the introduction of new rules concerning scoring and the parallel-gram. Many hold it was the most sensational game in the history of

● TO PAGE 64

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● FROM PAGE 63

hurling—certainly it was the most controversial.

The contestants were Wexford and Limerick—the date 20th November, 1910. Wexford were in sparkling form in the opening half and were worth their interval lead, 6-0 to 3-1.

A great Limerick recovery whittled this down to a solitary point by the three quarter way stage and a battle royal developed. The Wexford backs defended heroically and the finish was one of the most exciting ever experienced. Wexford were victorious, 7-0 to 6-2, the only team ever to win a hurling Blue Riband without scoring a point.

The Slaneysiders turned to football following that sterling success and in the years from 1915 to 1918 they set amazing records with the big ball.

They were the first county ever to win four successive All-Ireland finals, and Sean O'Kennedy and Paddy Mackey, who had figured in the stirring hurling win of 1910 secured added renown when they joined the small select band of players who have gained All-Ireland medals in both hurling and football.

It seems incredible for a county of the sterling worth of Wexford that they should be forced to wait forty-five years until another hurling triumph rewarded their long spell of devotion to the code.

Sunday 4th September, 1955 will hold happy and abiding memories as long as that generation of Wexford folk survives. It opened a new era for the game in the county, and gave to hurling some of the most colourful figures the arena has known.

Other Senior All-Ireland wins followed in 1956, 1960 and 1968 and these, coupled with the great progress made in the under age grades ensures Wexford's position amongst Ireland's top hurling counties.

HANDBALL NOTES

By ALLEYMAN

THE big tests are over and Ireland's representatives for the October World championships are known.

Joe Maher, the great Louth player will represent us in Singles and the Wexford combination of Richie Lyng and Seamus Buggy will play in the doubles.

If they had been hand picked, a more competent trio could not have been given the Irish singlets.

They will do us justice not alone by the quality of their play which is beyond question, but by their general sporting decorum in and outside the alley.

They are supreme sportsmen. There is not a handball fan in the country who is not delighted that Maher has won the opportunity to defend the World crown he won in Toronto three years ago.

When he returned to Ireland shortly after that achievement, having spent a couple of years in the Canadian police, there was widespread speculation as to what his immediate intentions were. He did not keep us long in suspense.

Maher would be hoping to win representation for Ireland in the next world series and so defend the title he won for Canada, this time in Ireland's colours.

Thus commenced a deal of discussion at the different levels of administration as to whether Maher would be given a clear passage into the next World games or be required to prove his mettle in our own national championships.

Well, eventually the latter course was accepted and so Maher got the message at the beginning of the season that he must win the 1970 Irish championship to get the opportunity of

defending his World crown.

It was hardly necessary. The exuberant Maher, who seems to ignore the strains of age, accepted the challenge and knocked it cold.

In his wake lies the ambitions of such recognised campaigners as Jim Doyle, Des McGovern, Richie Lyng, Murty McEllistrim and Seamus McCabe.

And Joe Maher now faces up to the task of accounting for the champions of the U.S.A., Canada, Mexico, Australia and West Africa.

We are certain that Maher, the greatest handball ambassador ever to leave our shores and singles champion supreme at home, will do us proud.

By way of an aside, Joe will also be entertaining our playing guests during World Week, for he is a recognised balladeer, who makes a habit of completing the evening in social fashion for his fans after major games.

The one gnawing factor that
● TO PAGE 66

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● FROM PAGE 65

haunts me about these World games is that handball's greatest supporter, and an accomplished player himself, will not be here to see them.

Willie Lyng from Ballyanne in County Wexford passed on at the beginning of the month. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam. He played, talked and literally lived handball.

However, it is fitting that his contribution to handball will be commemorated in this World championship by his brother Richie who, in partnership with Séamus Buggy, will play in the Doubles.

There is no point in retracing their exploits towards this achievement, other than to say that they had to win out in a round robin tournament, which necessitated a play-off and then a final against Paddy Hickey and Pat Sheeran.

There is a unique touch about Buggy's appearance in this World championship in that he has never won an individual title, either junior or senior at national level.

Three years ago, as a member of the Clonard Club in County Wexford, he was veritably a handball nonentity. Then Richie Lyng, in search of a partner, chose him for the right corner.

It was a judicious bit of work on Lyng's part as evidenced by their present rating. Richie, himself, needs little introduction as he holds the distinction of being the only player ever to have won minor, junior and senior All-Ireland titles.

He took the minor soft doubles with Pat Lennon in 1961, the junior singles in 1963 and the senior singles when he beat Paddy Bollingbrook in the 1965 final.

Lyng has also won three All-Ireland national league titles with Wexford in two of which Buggy also participated.

TOP TEN

AS regards games, there was a limited field to choose from this month — the Munster and Ulster football finals and an All-Ireland semi-final in football (1) and hurling (2)—but what was on offer provided a fair proportion of star payers.

The lists are compiled from July 26 to August 16 inclusive.

FOOTBALL

- (9) S. O'Connell Derry

- (9) M. O'Connell Kerry
 (9) P. Reynolds Meath
 (9) M. O'Dwyer Kerry
 (9) T. Prendergast Kerry
 (9) K. J. O'Sullivan Cork
 (8) M. McAfee Derry
 (8) S. McCormack Meath
 (8) T. Keenan Galway
 (8) V. Lynch Meath

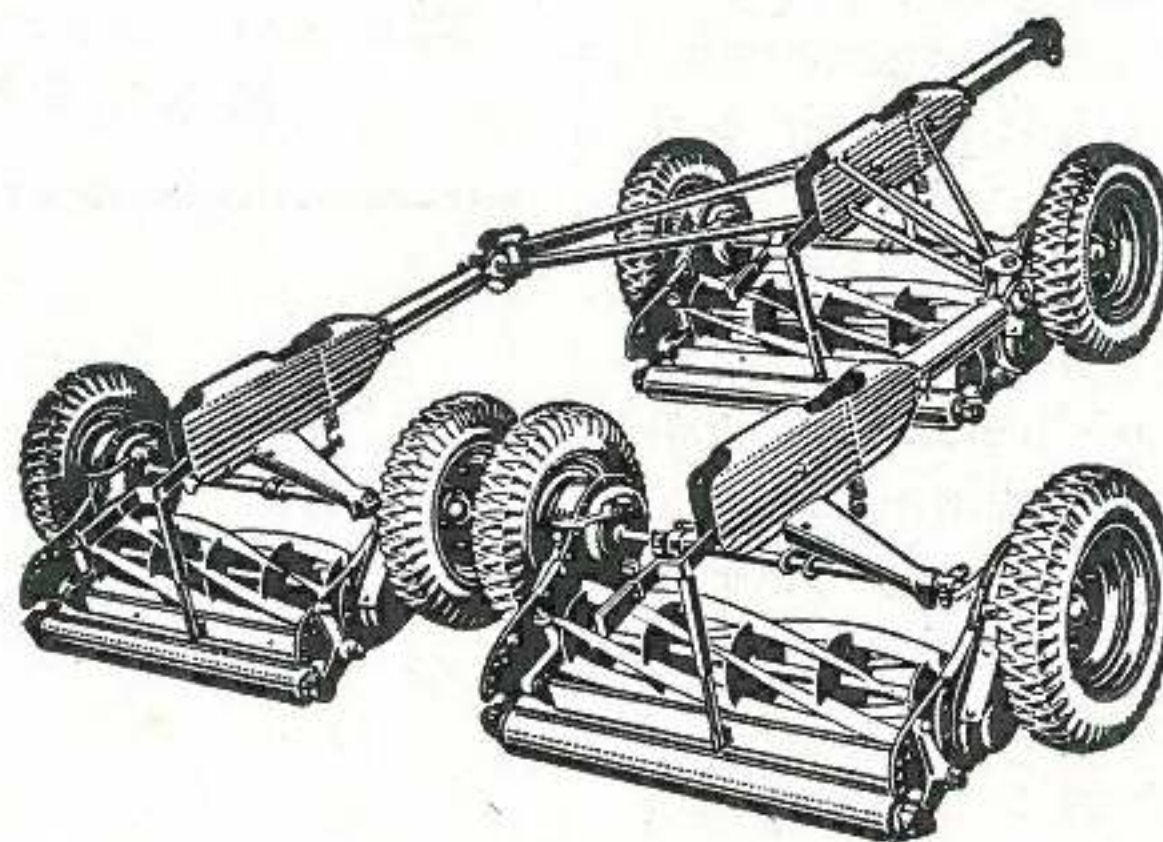
HURLING

- (9) T. Ryan Galway
 (9) P. Nolan Wexford
 (9) D. Bernie Wexford
 (8) P. Mitchell Galway
 (8) T. Ryan Cork
 (8) P. McDonnell Cork
 (8) M. McTigue Galway
 (7) R. Cummins Cork
 (7) T. Byrne Wexford
 (6) M. Coleman Cork

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● FROM PAGE 15

The midfield caved in during last year's All-Ireland, and a job of patching was called for to temporarily ride out the storm of defeat. The "Good old Gerald..." philosophy brought McCarthy up to centre-field at last. And given a few games there in the happy chance of no other obvious candidate emerging, he showed that here he could impose the real physical influence of his play on the side, as well as the mythological influence of being a lucky mascot, or something like that.

Of all the Cork young men who have come and gone and come again (some of them) Gerald McCarthy has been the most satisfying, first of all, because of his complete consistency. He never let the side down when that was what the side demanded of him. But, since he has emerged as the powerful drive-shaft of the side converting the combustion of the defence to the wheels of the forwards, he has stamped himself as one of the finest midfielders in the game.

Consistency, stamina, skill, the fruits of dedicated practice, and the ability to read a game so well that he can ease his game a little when the rest of the side are riding high, and then raise it, both in power and in speed, when the rest are tending to relax and court the danger of counter-attack. A maturity, too, I suppose, which knits those qualities into a nearly complete player.

I had looked forward more than anything this year to the clash between himself and Mick Roche, the aesthetic and arrogant genius of Tipperary; I thought the balance between Roche's artistry and refined grace against McCarthy's infinite ability to take pains would have been intriguing. What a shame injury prevented the complete working out of the denouement.

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Brindley Adv.

● FROM PAGE 33

greatest ovation I have ever seen accorded to a winning All-Ireland side.

And who can forget that nerve-tingling final of 1967 between Kilkenny and Tipperary, so contrastingly tinged with triumph and tragedy, or that 1968 upset, when Wexford went to their half-time dressing room seemingly as well-beaten a side as ever I have seen straggle from the field at an All-Ireland interval, and yet came back, giants refreshed, to shatter an astounded Tipperary?

Nor can last year's Kilkenny resurgence to avenge that 1966 defeat by Cork, be ranked as the least of the many great finals we have seen in the last twenty years.

Oh, I am willing to admit that the all-round standard of hurling is not what it should be and I am willing to concede that the worthwhile championship games tend to get fewer every year, but in all fairness to the teams that reach the All-Ireland finals, they very, very rarely fail to give us full value for our money on the first Sunday in September.

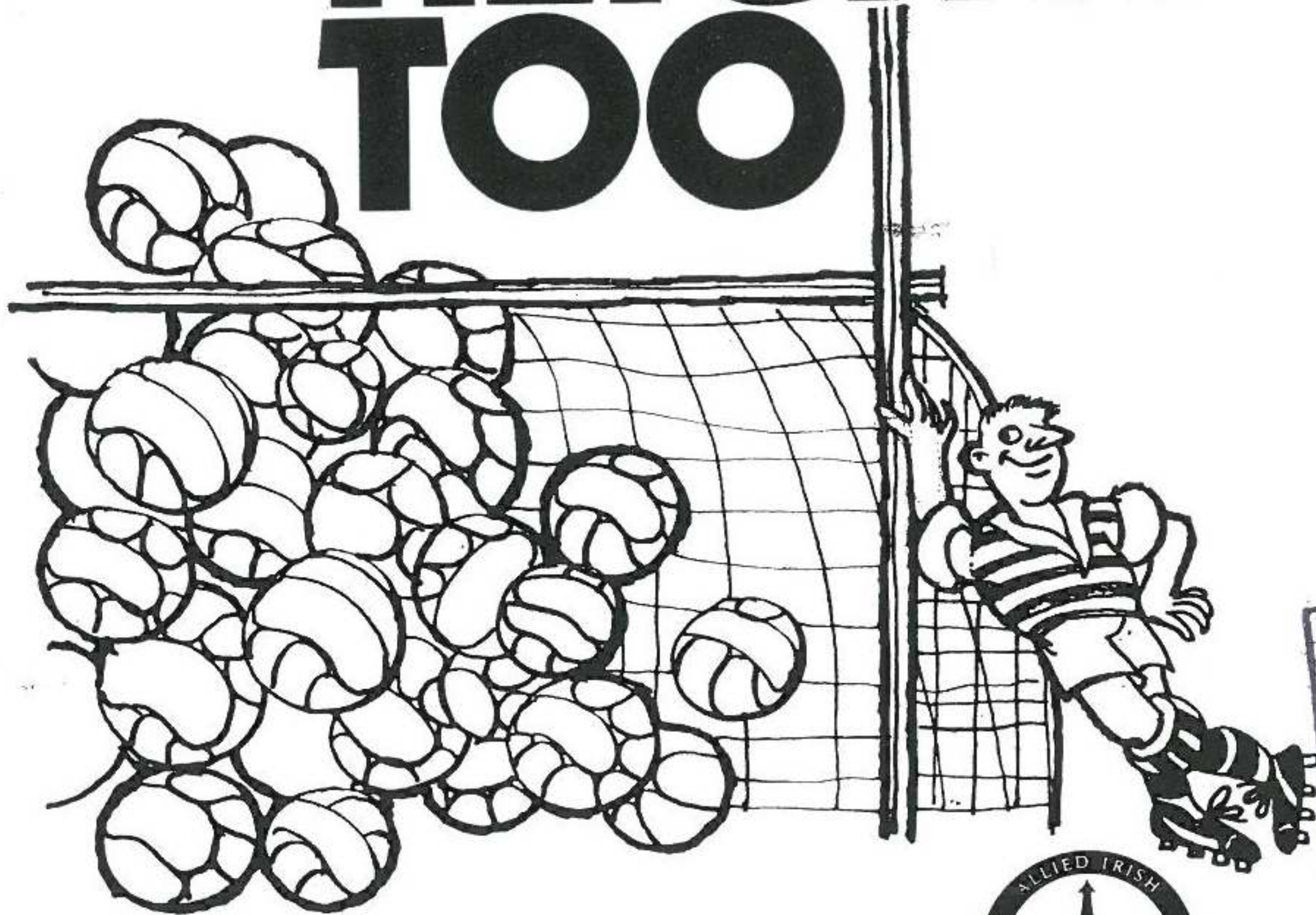
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