

nuachtán Gael



Gaelic Weekly

SPECIAL NUMBER 1957



CUCHULAINN ANNUAL



5 R Luach

1/6

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An Ard-Chomhairle, Cumann Luithchleas Gaedheal, extends to the players of the Association and their numerous supporters the seasonal greetings of Nollaig Naofa, shona agus aith-bhliain fe mhaise agus fe shogha.

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Mumha v. Ulaidh

Connachta v. Laighin

17/3/'58—Na Cluichi Ceánnais i bPaire an Chrocaigh

23/2/'58—HURLING

Mumha v. Laighin

Ulaidh v. Connachta

NATIONAL LEAGUES—Semi-Finals and Finals

13/4/'58—1st Football Semi-Final

20/4/'58—2nd Football Semi-Final

11/5/'58—National Football League Final

18/5/'58—National Hurling League Final

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28/9/'58—ALL-IRELAND SENIOR FOOTBALL and MINOR FOOTBALL FINALS

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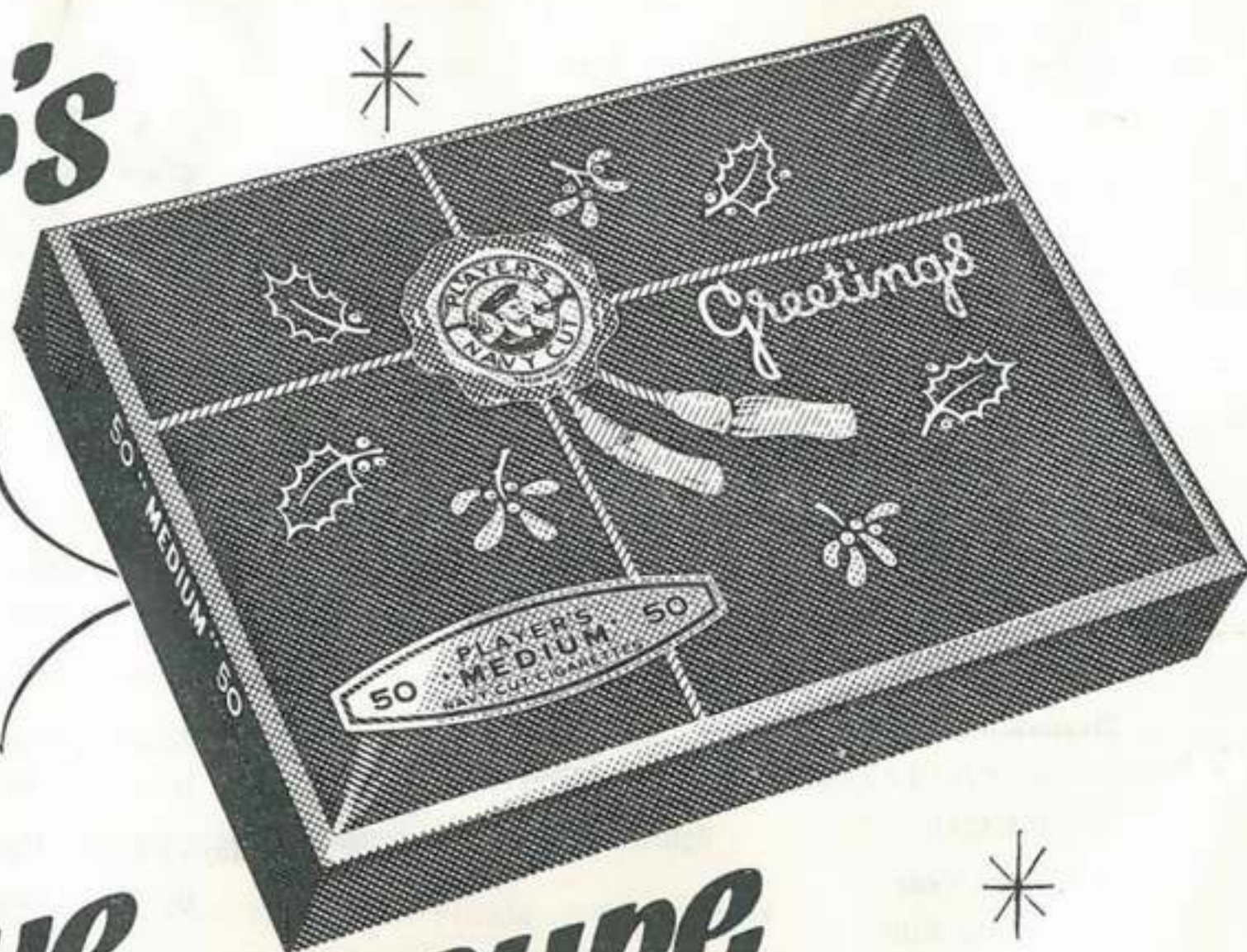
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RÉAMH-RÁDH

Ó SHÉAMUS MAC FEARÁIN, Uachtarán, C.L.C.G.

IS íontach liom chomh gasta agus d'imig an t-am ó anuraidh ach seo chugainn *Nuachtán Gael* ar lorg ábhar don eagrán Nollag arís. Ag amharc siar, b'fhurast a lán rudaí a lua ach cuimhním go bhfuil siad inniste nó luaite go maith cheana féin. Mar sin de, ní chuirfidh mé síos ach ar chorr-rudaí a bhuaileann isteach im aigne agus mé ag scrí liom.

Bhí trua agam arís do pheileadóirí Chorcaigh, agus ag an am gcéanna, bród orm as a bhfearúlacht agus a spórtúlacht. Tá an-spiorad ionntu agus tiocfaidh a réim gan mhoill. Is mar a chéile an scéal atá agam faoi iománaithe Phortláirge ach beidh lá eile ag an bPaorach.



Ach bíodh sin mar atá, bhí rud amháin ann a chuir athás orainn agus a thug sásamh dúinn go léir—bua Lúghbaidhe. Is ró-fhada atá sé i ndán do Chonntae Lúghbaidhe, agus, ní nach íonadh, níl deire fós san gConntae sin leis na honóracha gur féidir leo a bhuachaint amach anso. Ar deireadh thiar, tá Coróinn Pheil na hÉireann, Corn Mhic Uidhir, arais acu i gConntae Lúghbaidhe agus beidh sé doiligh é bhaint uathu an bhliain seo chugainn.

Cuireann sé glionndar croí orainn go léir sár-iománaithe Chill Chainnigh a bheith go hárda i réim arís. Cuirim féin i gcómhnaí an-dúil iontu agus i mbliana chruthaigh siad go bhfuil an dúchas iontu agus an traidisiún préamhaithe iontu. Molaim an dá fhoireann go hárda agus guím rath Dé orthu.

Ní bheadh mo chuid dualgaisí dhá gcóimhlíonadh agam go cuí gan focal molta a fá faoi *An Cúl*, míosachán Gaeilge do na buachaillí agus na cailíní. Molaim díbh féin *An Cúl* a chur in áirithe ar feadh bliana mar bhronntanas, agus chomh maith le sin, camán a cur i láimh gach óganaigh, idir buachaillí agus cailíní i gcóir na Nollag seo. Is fíor na sean-ráite úd:

"Tús maith leath na hoibre" agus "Mol an Oige agus tiocfaidh sé."

Christmas again is nigh and as I dwell in retrospect, this Holy Season of Goodwill prompts me to recall scenes that were brightest in the G.A.A. during 1957; St. Patrick's Day providing glorious football from Connacht and inspired hurling from Munster; happy and unforgettable June memories with Wexford, Cork and Tyrone in New York; home for the Provincial Finals and two surprises—Waterford in hurling and Louth in football—the Decies men just failing in a thrilling episode with tradition-famed Kilkenny; and Louth, the "Wee County" with big-hearted footballers succeeding over hard-luck Cork. All honour and glory to Louth and Kilkenny, the All-Ireland Champions. God bless them all!

The St. Brendan Cup, and "with our bundles on our shoulders" we are off again. This time it is Galway and Tipperary—a happy group which worried little over oil leakages or the Atlantic below. We had happy reunions in New York and a generous welcome from all.

The famed Polo Ground was the setting wherein we saw inspired displays against the hurlers of Tipperary and the footballers of Galway. "Congratulations, New York, on a truly magnificent effort to win both games." It is a pity they had trouble with injured stars. Galway, too, had their casualties due to the Asiatic 'flu. That and the colder weather kept many indoors and away from our games. These factors may also be responsible for loss of pep on this tour—at least, so it occurred to me.

Fond memories will always linger of the receptions to Galway and Tipperary by their County Associations; the boat trip home; and, above all, those generous-hearted, hospitable exiles who refused to sever their connection with the Irish way of life. No, I did not forget Norman Allen's wedding and the reception. It made me feel back in Dublin with St. Vincents. Neither can I forget Michael O'Hehir's fine broadcast home, despite the score-board confusion. Thanks and congratulations, Michael, and particularly Radio Éireann. The same also goes for the New York G.A.A., tour officials and workers.

May the G.A.A. always remain a vital and positive force in the life of Ireland and may the Blessings of the Child Jesus and His Holy Mother be yours during Christmas and the New Year.

Ar son Chumann Lúith-Chleas Gaedheal, guím Beannacht an leinbh íosa oraibh uilig go léir i gcóir na Nollag agus na bliana úire.

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nuachtán gael

GAELIC WEEKLY

Cuchulainn Annual, 1957

A Golden Year

ANURAIDH is ea a tháinig amach an chéad eagrán Nollag de *Nuachtán Gael* agus cuireadh an-fháilte ar fad roimhe, rud a theaspáin dúinn go raibh spéis ag muintir na hÉireann ní hamháin sna cluichí Gaelacha ach i gcultúr na nGaedheal chomh maith. Tá Nollaig eile buailte linn anois agus tá an tarna eagrán Nollag ar fáil chun glionndar do chur oraibh go léir.

Is mó sin rud iontach a thuit amach i rith na bliana ach sé an rud ab iontaí ar fad a tharla, dar linn, ná foilsíú *An Cúl*, míosachán Gaeilge a bhfuil cáil air cheana féin. Ba chómharta é go bhfuil muintir Lúithchleas Gaedheal dáiríre faoi cheist leathnú na Gaeilge.

Another year has passed and, once again, we have great pleasure in offering to the Irish people at home and abroad our second Special Number of the *Gaelic Weekly*. Christmas time for the Gael is a time of rejoicing for young and old but the true Christian aspect of this, our second greatest Festival, is too often forgotten in a veritable plethora of commercialisation. In the pages of our annual we have endeavoured to restore a sane balance and nowhere in the Christmas Number will

our readers find that the traditions of Christmas have been forgotten by our contributors whose special articles will be found to breathe the very atmosphere of Christmas in a truly Christian way.

The annual contains a very comprehensive review of G.A.A. events, including handball, camogie and athletics during the year 1957. Many changes have occurred throughout the year. The reigning champions in both senior codes were dethroned to be replaced by

Kilkenny and Louth respectively. In the pages of our review will be found the epic stories of a year which can be fittingly described as another golden year in the annals of the G.A.A.

Since the establishment of the *Gaelic Weekly* on St. Patrick's Day, 1956, steady progress has been maintained and our paper is going from strength to strength daily. Such a happy state of affairs is due in no small measure to the energy and enthusiasm of our directors, shareholders, readers, contributors, our voluntary workers who laboured indefatigably, and our staff. But without the loyal support of our advertisers all our efforts would have been in vain. We thank each and everyone associated in any way with the *Gaelic Weekly* for their co-operation and assistance and we know that we can rely on their continued goodwill in the years that lie ahead.

Nollaig shona agus bliain nua fé mhaise dhíbh go léir.

ÉAMON Ó FAOLAIN, Eagarthóir.

Beannachtaí na Nollag

Ó PHADRAIG Ó CAOIMH, Árd-Rúnaí, C.L.C.G.

CUIS áthais dom an caoi so do ghlacadh le beannachtaí na Nollag do ghuí ar chomhaltaí uile Chumann Lúithchleas Gaedheal agus ar a lucht tacaíochta—ar na hoifigigh de gach céim a bhí dúthrachtach, dícheallach in a ngnó i rith na bliana; ar na himearthóirí go léir a bhí uasal, fearúil ar pháirc na himeartha; agus ar an lucht leanta líonmhar a bhí dílis, spórtúil.

Bíodh is go n-áirmhím iad mar oifigigh i gcúrsaí riarta an Chumann, is mian liom tagairt ar leith a dhéanamh dár Réiteoirí agus buíochas gach dreama a chuireann spéis i gCumann Lúithchleas Gaedheal a chur in iúl dóibh—is le slacht agus le críochnúlacht a chuireadar bárr-feabhais ar obair na bhfeadhmannach agus ar imirt na n-imearthóir.

Ar ócáid dá leithéid seo tá beannacht agus buíochas speisialta ag dul do scríbhneoirí éagsúla, iomadúla na bpáipéirí nuachta agus na n-Iriseán a

thug poiblíocht chóir, chothrom dár gcúrsaí agus a chuir snas ar mhaise agus ar ghliondar ár n-imeachtaí.

Dóibh san go léir atá luaite agam agus do gach aoinne eile a chabhraigh a bheag nó a mhór i rith na bliana le tábhacht Chumann Lúithchleas Gaedheal a choimeád sa phríomh-ionad is dual dó i saol Náisiúnta na hÉireann guidhim beannachtaí na Féile agus aith-bhliain shonasach, rathmhar fé ghrásta Dé.

In many regards, the year 1957 will be registered in the annals of the G.A.A. as one of special triumph and glory for Cúige Laighean—Cill Choinnigh, Lughbaidh, An Mhídhé and the rapid recovery of Loch Garman all helped to make it so, but each Province, in its own way, added fresh lustre to the good name and fame of the Association.

Every section and group within the Association played their part in strengthening the foundations and adding to the solidity of the G.A.A. struc-



ture in the national life of Ireland—united in purpose, united in method and united in our ultimate aim. Go raibh rath Dé ar an obair sin ins na blianta atá romhainn.

Teachtairéacht na Nollag

FRANK SHEEHY

TÁ tráth na síochána agus na dea-thola buailte linn arís le teacht na Nollag—an dara Nollaig ó saolaíodh *Nuachtán Gael*—agus ba mhian liom ag an dtráth so bliana, thar mo chionn fhéin, agus thar chionn Stiúrthóirí eile an pháipéir, Nollaig shona shéanmhar agus Aith-bhliain fé mhaire agus fé shláinte a ghuí ar ár léitheoirí uilig, orthu san a dhein fógraíocht i rith na bliana atá imithe uainn go deo sa pháipéar so 'gainne, orthu san a d'oibrigh saor in aisce ar mhaithe leis an bpáipéar, ar an Eagarthóir, agus ar lucht na h-oifige, ar na fir agus na mná a scriobh altanna dhuinn, agus ar gach éinne eile go bhfuil dea-thoil aige don Ghaolachas.

The second Christmas since the inception of *The Gaelic Weekly* has come round, and the paper, which was first published on St. Patrick's Day, 1956, has survived the troubles of its infancy, and is now growing into a lusty boyhood. During the year that is now drawing to a close the paper ceased to lose money, as it had been doing for most of the first twelve months, so that we can look forward with confidence to the day in the not-too-distant future

must continue its policy and its work until the last traces of conquest are obliterated."

There is none among us, surely, who would be foolhardy enough to say that the last traces of the conquest have been obliterated. The enforced division of our national territory is sufficient evidence to the contrary, but even were the national territory to be reintegrated at once, and the loathsome unnatural border between one part of our country



such time will the traces of conquest remain unobliterated, and until such time will the *Gaelic Weekly* continue to champion all things Irish against the foreign brand. This we promised at the outset, and we have no intention of departing from that promise.

The founder of our paper in his "Case for a Gaelic Weekly" also promised that "it will be our cherished ambition to co-operate with the Gaelic League in the furtherance of the revival of the Irish language". In this connection our Directors have felt for some time past that not enough space was being given to the question of the language and to the language itself in the *Gaelic Weekly* and have taken steps to remedy this state of affairs.

At a Press conference in Dublin at the time of the launching of this paper, I promised on behalf of the Directors that our pages would always be open to individuals or groups mainly interested in the language aspect of the national revival to use as they saw fit. That offer still stands, and we still guarantee to publish any matter supplied to us.

AN CÚL

The Directors have, however, gone a little farther in their efforts on behalf of the Irish language, and by the time this message appears in print I expect that the second issue of our little paper, *An Cúl*, will have reached its readers. *An Cúl* is a little four-page monthly periodical—entirely in the Irish language—intended to provide interesting reading matter for the senior boys and girls in our Primary Schools, for all the boys and girls of our Secondary and Vocational Schools, and for those other 'teen-agers who are no longer attending an educational institution, but who wish to read of our native games in our native language. May I, at this point, solicit the support of all those connected with the profession of education for this new and important publication. The ambition of our Editor is that only the simplest and most readable Irish will appear in the pages of *An Cúl*.

Realising the need for the raising of money for (a) improving and enlarging *Nuachtán Gael*, (b) provision and equipment of grounds for the playing of our native games (which continues to impose an almost unbearable burden on

(Continued on page 20)



Seamus Mac Fearain admires *An Cúl*.

when the losses on the earlier issues shall have been recouped, and when we will have the wherewithal to enlarge and improve the paper, and make it what we had originally visualised it would be.

OUR POLICY

The policy of our paper remains unaltered, and neither success nor failure in the future will induce the Directors to alter that policy, which was first enunciated by the founder, Very Rev. Michael Canon Hamilton, P.P., when he wrote in his article "The Case for a Gaelic Weekly" these words: "And it will be our specific objective to outline the Gaelic Athletic Association as a movement which has its roots in the resurgence of the national spirit towards the end of the last century, and which

and another removed, the last traces of conquest would still not have been obliterated.

Until such time as our country shall have been sufficiently developed to provide a decent living for all its children, and so remove the cancer of emigration that daily becomes more menacing to our survival as a race, until such time as the Irish language becomes the common language of our people, the language of church and fair and market and playing-pitch, the language of our sorrowing and our rejoicing and our love-making, as well as the language of school and college, until such time as all our people realise that things Irish—games, songs, music, dances and products—are, for Irishmen and Irishwomen, superior and more suitable than the foreign and imported brand—until

Kilkenny's Come-back

By Mick Kelly (Captain of the Kilkenny Team)

AT the outset of the 1957 Championship campaign few, outside the borders of the home county—and not a big majority within its confines—gave Kilkenny a chance of taking All-Ireland honours. Hence “Kilkenny’s Come-Back” has been a favourite topic among sports writers and hurling fans in general since last September. But, taken in retrospect, Kilkenny’s record over the past two seasons should have at least entitled them to be taken more into the reckoning. In the Leinster Finals of 1955 and 1956 they put the All-Ireland Champions to the pin of their collar and their showing in the 1956-57 League series stamped them as likely to be a force in the 1957 championship race. However, when they failed to Tipperary in the League Final in May, many were inclined to write them off as far as the present championship was concerned at any rate.

A BIG OBSTACLE

True, when Kilkenny faced Dublin in the first round, they were expected to have a little—but only that—to spare, but when the Metropolitans held them to a draw, after a mediocre game, only the most sanguine persisted in considering them an All-Ireland prospect. These pointed out that Dublin had always proved a big obstacle, even to the greatest Kilkenny teams. In the replay at Nowlan Park, Kilkenny certainly showed up in a better light, producing an inspired burst after half-time which put paid to Dublin’s chances. Two rather soft goals, conceded near the end of the game leaving the final scores 4-8 to 2-8, made it look a not so convincing victory.

“WORTH TWO MEN”

But the side was gradually taking shape. In goal Olly Walsh was living up to his early promise, “worth two men on any team”. In front of him, the Walshes and John Maher had knitted into a very capable full line, steady and resourceful and giving very little away. With that game Mickey Walsh definitely came to stay a centre-half back, a position which had been a weak link in defence. With the gap down the centre effectively sealed off, two of the “Old Guard,” John McGovern and Paddy Buggy, now able to concentrate their full attention on their respective positions, turned in performances worthy of their reputations.

THE QUICK-SILVER HEASLIP

Satisfied with the rearguard, Kilkenny mentors turned their attention to the positions from midfield. Mick Brophy continued to enhance his reputation as one of the leading mid-fielders in the game. Mick Kenny’s generalship on the “forty” was sending his forwards, particularly the quick-silver Denis Heaslip away on score-getting forays, while his accuracy from placed balls was becoming a feature of Kilkenny’s outings. Sean Clohosey proved he was still a danger to any defence and his early goal from the left corner and not a yard from the end line was reminiscent of the late Johnny Dunne’s famous score in the 1933 All-Ireland Final.

TRIAL GAMES

A series of trial and practice games followed before the side to meet Wexford in the Provincial decider was selected. It is now history that not a sports writer gave Kilkenny a chance in that Final although their performances against the Champions on a number of occasions subsequent to the Oireachtas Final in 1956 should have indicated that they already had the Slaney-siders’ measure. But then, of course, our sports writers have proved themselves anything but the



Mick Kelly, seen here receiving the McCarthy Cup from Seamus Mac Fearain, President of the G.A.A., after Kilkenny’s great victory in the All-Ireland.

keenest of judges on a number of occasions. Their summing-up prior to the Oireachtas Final was hardly any better than their efforts before the Leinster Final.

Anyway, although the Press made us the underdogs, we were not unduly worried by the fact—indeed, many knowing ones regarded it as a good omen—as there was an air of quiet confidence about the team that stepped out to meet Wexford on August 4th. An injury to Seanie O’Brien caused a reshuffle of the team, Billie Dwyer moving into his old position at full-forward, myself moving into my old position on the half-forward line, and John Sutton, after a spell, first in the forwards, then at centre-half back, returning to centre-field which he subsequently proved beyond all doubt to be his best position, and Dick Rockett resuming once again as corner-forward.

THE CRITICS CONFOUNDED

It is interesting that all four had been selected for positions which they had seldom filled, but with the enforced positional changes they occupied much more familiar berths. The details of that game in which we confounded the critics and ran out winners by a nineteen point margin have been so widely discussed that I need not dwell on them here. But the question so often asked is: “Why did Wexford suffer such a heavy defeat?”

KILKENNY’S BEST WEAPON

As I see it, there was a number of reasons. First of all, there was a matter of tactics. Pitted against a bigger and heavier team, the only way Kilkenny could hope for victory was by outwitting them with their superior craft. This has, down the years, always been Kilkenny’s best weapon and it has seldom failed them, when they have elected to use it. Secondly, was the grim determination of every man to bring back the title which had eluded them for three years previously. This was especially exemplified by our defence in their never-say-die stand against Wexford’s all-out effort after half-time and, of course, Ollie Walsh who simply refused to be beaten. With Mick Brophy and John Sutton asserting

such a mid-field pull, the forwards received a service which enabled them to get the Wexford defence running in circles.

KILKENNY INSTALLED FAVOURITES

It is interesting to note that many, as a result of that game, proceeded to write-off Wexford as a spent force, a conclusion which has since been proved very wide of the mark. That victory also brought us something we did not want—favouritism to win the All-Ireland against Waterford. It was generally agreed that the Cork team which faced Waterford in the Munster Final, minus Ring and Philpott, was not by any means up to the usual standard of Cork teams, certainly not "in the same street" as the Wexford team which Kilkenny had so readily defeated. Again, Waterford's form in defeating Galway was not as impressive as our Leinster Final win.

THE BLACK-AND-AMBER DETERMINED

Still, against that, we were taking nothing for granted, well knowing how wide of the mark such reasoning can be where hurling is concerned. We did feel that we should win and considered our biggest obstacle surmounted when the Leinster Final was over, so nothing was left to chance in our preparations for the Final. The spirit in our camp was something on the lines of "having come so far, we will leave nothing undone to get the rest of the way".

PRE-MATCH ENTHUSIASM

And so to the Final Day. We were in high spirits as we left Kilkenny Station—after a great send-off—on the eve of

the Final. Players and officials alike were in jovial mood and there was no evidence of pre-match nerves which might be expected, as only Mick Kenny had previously played in an All-Ireland Final, but otherwise none of the team was a stranger to Croke Park. Whether it was thinking of the morrow or the unfamiliar surroundings prevented their sleeping I do not know, but many were awake earlier than usual on the morning of September 1st.

GALLANT MINORS

Carefully we studied the weather signs and agreed that the day would likely hold. Although the "experts" had predicted that a wet sod would be in Kilkenny's favour—and this time they were right—we felt it would be more rewarding to win without the help of the elements. Arrived at Croke Park, we watched the Minors very nearly bring off the first leg of a possible double—only to be thwarted by Jimmy Doyle in the closing stages, and I am sure I am voicing the feeling of the majority of my team mates when I say we felt more excited during this game than later when it came to our turn.

KILKENNY'S "SIXTEENTH MAN"

The arrival of Kilkenny's "sixteenth man", John Gregson, created a diversion in the dressingroom, and it was only when we were ready to appear on the pitch that I felt any touch of "the willies". Facing out before 70,000 pairs of eyes on All-Ireland day is, any player will tell you, a greater ordeal than the hardest hour's play. You feel swamped in the vast-

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ness of it all, the thronged terraces, the towering packed stands and, looking strangely bare, the great space of verdant green which constitutes the pitch itself.

CUSACK—AN IDEALIST

Then the mighty roar that greets the teams smites your ears and you just begin to realise the magnitude of the Movement started by Cusack and visualise how those who sneered at his early efforts—and his fault is his ideals—would feel if they could but see the results of his labours. Having reached the pitch, the usual preliminaries distract your attention and before you realise it the parade is over, the backs are back and you face the Tricolour for the National Anthem. These last few minutes before the ball is thrown in are again fraught with a tenseness about the coming fray.

JUST ANOTHER MATCH

At last, the referee breaks the suspense with the throw-in and the game is on. Immediately, the crowd, Croke Park, the Final are forgotten. This is just another hurling match, no different from scores of others we have played in. To describe the Final I will not try. When you are taking part in a game, you cannot see it in the same perspective as a spectator can. My impressions of it I will try to give as best I can.

A CAPTAIN'S IMPRESSIONS

During the first 20 minutes I got the impression that we had that little extra which would see us through. After Waterford's initial raids had been repulsed, we seemed to settle down to the task on hand. We were having more of the play and scores were coming, although not as fast as they might have from the chances we were getting from our mid-field pair. The lead we held after 20 minutes' play should have been greater and it was at this stage that the course of the game changed.

Had Sean Clohosey been "firing on all plugs" he would almost certainly have had at least one goal which at that

particular point would have put us in a very comfortable position. Then came that much-discussed twenty-one yards free to Waterford which caught the defence napping. That goal was just the tonic Waterford needed and from that onwards they were a transformed team. Having lost the initiative, Kilkenny found it very hard going to get it back, although at half-time we did not realise that.

TRADITION

Tradition has it that Kilkenny have a better chance of winning if led at half-time. However, as the second half progressed and Waterford went further in front, it became apparent that we must pull out something extra to win. "Did I expect we could do it when we were six points down with less than ten minutes to go?" Frankly, I felt all along we could secure the scores to get us there before the final whistle, provided luck was not against us, but I must confess that I had uneasy moments as time ticked away and we were still well behind, but when Billy Dwyer raised the second last green flag, I felt we were going to pull through and when Mick Kenny worked himself into position, I knew, even as I passed the ball to him, that a goal must come and we were on the road to victory.

THE WINNING SCORE

Sean Clohosey's equaliser made me doubly assured, for when Kilkenny get their tails up and start scoring in the last few minutes, there is no holding them. As to the last point, you will have to take the reporters' account of that. They can recall far more about it than I can. In fact, after the game, I was not quite sure, for a while, who had scored it. The final whistle, the surging throng of excited supporters, the journey to the dressingroom, harder than any game, the subsequent jubilation, are all part of Kilkenny's come-back which I shall ever cherish in my memory.

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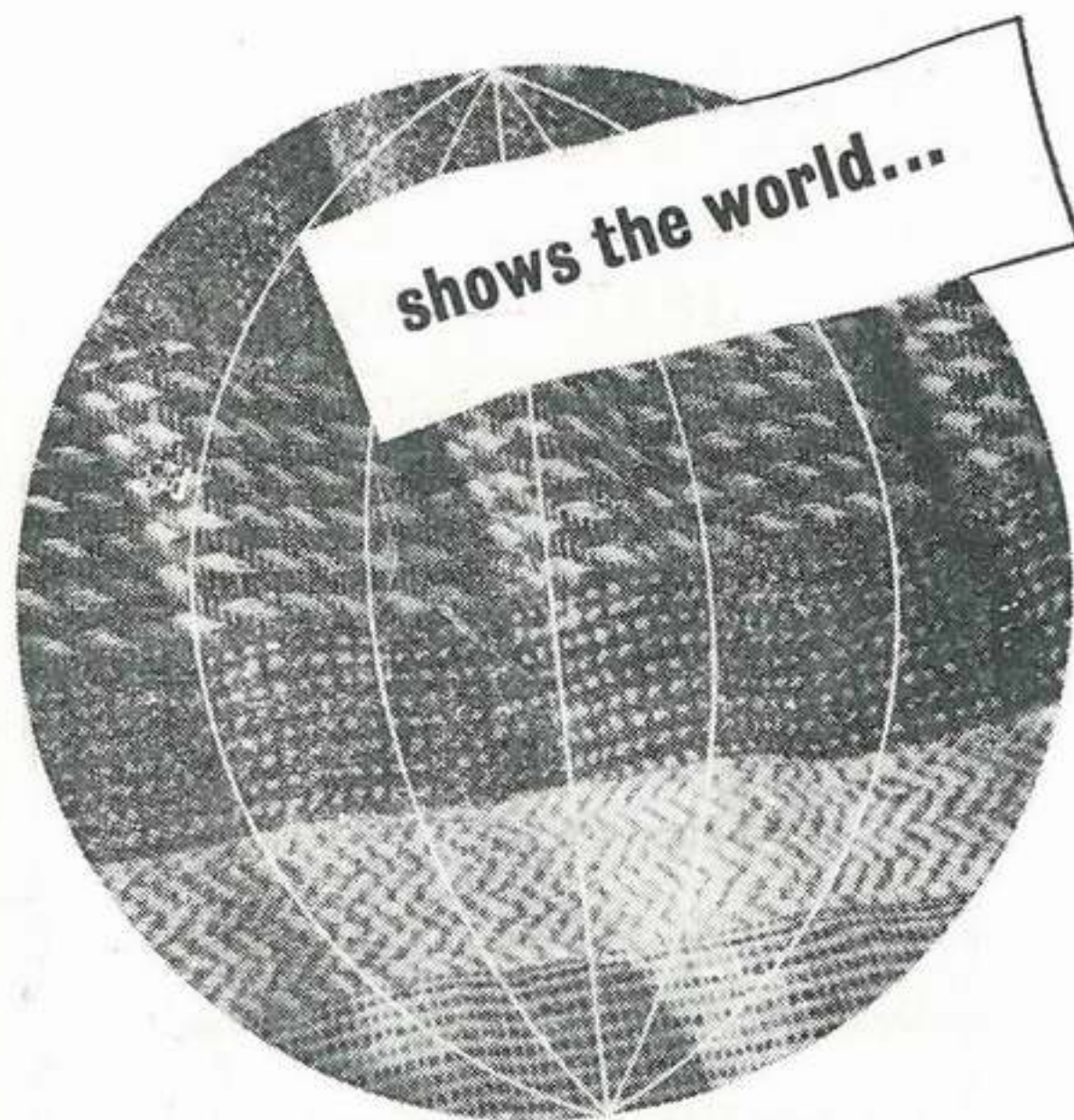
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Mor-Imeachtaí na Bliana

Le Éamon Ó Faoláin

TÁ bliain eile curtha dhinn againn agus ar mhórán dóigh tig le Cumann Lúithchleas Gaedheal a bheith bródúil as imeachtaí na bliana—idir imeachtaí móra agus imeachtaí nach raibh “mór”. Go minic, ní hiad na himeachtaí móra is mó go mbíonn tionchar acu ar aigne an duine; go minic, ní hiad na himeachtaí móra is mó go mbíonn trácht orthu; go minic, ní hiad na himeachtaí móra a bhíonn mór dáiríre ach gurab iad na mion-imeachtaí—na rudaí úd nár chuir an pobal nó na nuachtáin suim ar bith iontu—na neithe is mó tábhacht i saol an duine.

Ach bíodh sin mar atá, bhí sin againn i rith na bliana seo rudaí ar chóir dúinn a bheith mórdhálach astu. Tá árd-chaighdeán bainte amach ag Cumann Lúithchleas Gaedheal maidir le cúrsaí sportúlachta agus fearúlachta ar pháirc na himeartha agus cuireadh leis an gcaighdeán sin i mbliana. Is tréithe iad sportúlacht agus fearúlacht a bhfuil Cumann Lúithchleas Gaedheal bunaithe orthu. Dea-thréithe is ea iad freisin agus nuair a bhíonn tréithe den tsaghas sin in uachtar ní baol don Chumann ina bhfuil siad fé bhláth.

I rith aimsir na Nollag bíonn am ag gach éinne againn bheith ag cuimhneamh ar na neithe a tharla i rith na bliana a chuir áthas orainn. Ach is maith linn freisin rud éigin do léamh a chuirfeadh cuimhne na rudaí úd go glé ós cóir ár n-aigne. Sin ceann de na fáthanna gur cuireadh eagrán Nollag de *Nuachtán Gael* ar fáil.

Um Nollag, is gnáthach linn go léir bheith ag smaoineamh ar an aimsir atá imithe, ar na cáirde atá ar shlí na fírinne ach teastaíonn uainn chomh maith cuid den duairceas do dhírbirt agus níl slí níos fearr chuige sin ná an radio nó an nuachtán. Níl aon chabhair le fáil againn ón Radio um Nollag sa mhéid ná bíonn clar ar bith ar siúl a chuirfeadh i gcuimhne dhúinn imeachtaí na bliana ar pháirc na himeartha. Líonann eagrán na Nollag an bhearna sin dúinn.

Nuair do thosnaigh an bhliain is beag a shíleamar go mbeadh gaiscígh nua Uile-Éireann againn san bpeil agus san iománaíocht ach, fé mar is eol don tsaoil Gaedhealach, sin díreach an rud a tharla. D'éirigh le muintir Lughbhaidh agus muintir Chill Chainnigh an Chraobh-Chluiche do bhuachaint.

Maidir leis an iománaíocht, cheap beagnach gach duine gur ag Loch Garman a bheadh an bhuaidh ach in ainneoin díchill Nici Mhic Riocáird agus a lucht cunta do

bhuaigh Cill Chainnigh orthu go héasca. Do bhí lucht an Duibh agus Ómra ullamh chun túirt faoi gaiscígh na Mumhan san gCraobh-Chluiche. D'éirigh le foireann Chill Chainnigh i gcoinne Phortláirge ach ba ar éigin é.

Chruthaigh lucht Chill Chainnigh gur gaiscígh iad ar chóir dúinn a bheith an-bhródúil astu. Go dtí seo, tá chúig coirn buaite acu—Corn Liam Mhic Charthaigh, Corn Mhuineacháin, Corn Uí Chaoimh, Corn an Bhreathanaigh agus Corn an Oireachtais. Sin record gur deacair é sháru.

Cé dhéanfas dearmad ar an tslí inar imir “Olly” Breathnach i gCraobh na hÉireann? Ba gheall le draoí é! Agus cad mar geall ar imirt Sheáin Mhic Shamhráin agus Mhichíl Uí Chionnaith? Mar an gcéanna, beidh cuimhne go deo ar éachtaí Dhomhnaill Uí Fhaoláin, Philib Grimes agus lucht Phortláirge a chuaigh chomh gar san do Chraobh na hÉireann do bhuachaint.

D'éirigh le Lughbhaidh Craobh na hÉireann san bpeil a bhaint amach. Éinne go raibh sé de phribhléid aige bheith i bPáirc an Chrócaigh an lá sin ní dhéanfaidh sé dearmad a choíche ar an gcúl órga a chuir foireann Lughbhaidh ar an mbóthar ceart. Níor éirigh le Corcaigh ach cé déarfadh nár imir siad go híontach ar fad? Theip orthu ach an dteipfidh orthu san dtríú iarracht? Is maith an scéalaí an aimsir.

D'imir Tír Eoghain i gcoinne Lughbhaidh san gcluiche leathcheannais agus bhí mórán daoine i bPáirc an Chrócaigh an lá sin a shíl go raghadh Corn Mhaghuidhir thar Bóinne don chéad uair riamh ach ní mar sin do tharla. Tá sé de shástacht ag foireann Thír Eoghain, áfach, gurab iad muintir Lughbhaidh a fuair Craobh na hÉireann, mar chruthaíonn sé nach foláir nó go raibh foireann Thír Eoghain go h-an-mhaith agus go mbeidh trácht orthu an bhliain seo chugainn.



In alt beag den tsaghas seo níl spás againn chun trácht a dhéanamh ar na cluichí eile a chuir áthas orainn ach ní mór dúinn cómhgháirdeachas a dhéanamh le mionúirí Thiobraid Árann; foireann na Midhe; Muigheó agus Luimneach.

Mar focal scoir. Istigh in Ostán de Barra a bhíos agus mé ag caint le Seán Gregson, an réalt scannáin a bhfuil de cháil air bheith páirt-each i gCraobh na hÉireann gan camán do luascadh! Bhí an bheirt againn ag caint mar gheall ar an gCraobh-Chluiche. De phreab, do chuir Gregson forrán ar Pheaidí Ó Bogaigh, duine de mhuintir Chill Chainnigh a d'imir chomh maith sin i gcoinne Phortláirge: “A Pheaidi” arsa an réalt scannáin, “cogar mé seo. Cad a dhéanfaidh muintir Chill Chainnigh an bhliain seo chugainn nuair nach mbeidh mise ag cabhrú leo?”

GUSTAL GAOLACH

Bunúigheadh Gustal Gaolach i mí an Mheithimh seo chaithte. Bhí sé soléir le tamall de bhlianta anuas go raibh fás agus borradh ar Chumann Lúithchleas Gaedheal i gcathair Átha Cliath agus ‘san gconntae, go raibh líon na gcumann agus líon na n-imearthóirí ag dul i méid in aghaidh na bliana agus níos mó den phobal ag teacht ag féachaint ar na cluichí ‘ná riamh cheana. D’a bhrí sin bhí géar-ghádh le n-a thuille páirceanna imeartha agus gádh fós le feabhas do cur ar na seanpháirceanna ar mhaithe leis na himearthóirí agus leis an bpobal. Tá éacht mhór déanta ag an Bórd Conntae agus an páirc nua so i gCinnmhuighe—Páirc Lorcáin uí Thuathail—curtha ar fáil aca: tá gach áis innte do’n lucht imeartha agus tá beartuithe ag an Bórd gach compóird nua-aimseardha do sholáthair do’n lucht féachana ann chomh luath agus is féidir. Acht tá an t-airgead gann go leór: agus tá roinnt de cáirde an Bhóird tagaithe le chéile i nGustal Gaolach chum airgid do bhailiú chum cuspóirí an Chumann do chur cinn i nÁth Cliath. Ní obair gan duadh atá romhainn acht táimid cinnte go dtiocfaidh Gaedhil Átha Cliath i gcabhair orainn.

General Review of 1957

By MOONDHARRIG

DOUBTLESS, when the future historian comes to sum up the year 1957, he will write it down as just another record year, one of so many in the forward march of the Gaelic Athletic Association. But for me the year 1957 will always be treasured as one of the most pleasant, the most exciting and the most memorable of all the Gaelic years I remember.

It began well with exciting semi-finals in the Railway Cup competitions. Leinster, of course, were not troubled in defeating Ulster in football, but then an inexperienced Connacht side came down to Limerick and astounded us all by holding the might of Munster's hurling men to level pegging. The replay was not up to that standard, for gallantly though the Galwaymen strove they could not catch the opposition napping a second time and retired defeated by a margin that did far less than justice to their efforts.

WORTHWHILE

That drawn game and replay were worth their weight in gold to the Munstermen for the sharpening up which those two outings ensured made all the difference when they met Leinster in the Railway Cup Final on St. Patrick's Day.

The Leinstermen were firm favourites but they were knocked out of their stride and swept to defeat by a Munster fifteen that, superbly inspired by the one and only Christy Ring, looked far and away the better side once Leinster had squandered chances in the opening quarter.

As is so often the case the Railway Football Cup followed the All-Ireland title and went across the Shannon. In the semi-finals Connacht had won well over Ulster while a lucky last-minute goal had been the cause of Leinster's defeat by Munster at the Athletic Grounds.

FAVOURITES

Therefore, when the final came round, Connacht were looked upon as very firm favourites to score over the Munstermen. But against a strong wind the boys in blue had Western supporters sadly worried as they more than matched the Connachtmen to within five minutes of the half-time whistle.

But then the Men of the West found their feet and, surprisingly, Munster—though aided by the elements—fell away after the interval so that Sean Purcell and Co. were good winners at the close.

Last season another attempt was made to stage a really competitive and entertaining hurling exhibition, the teams chosen this time representing Ireland and The Rest. But, although there was little between them on paper, there was no comparison between the two sides on the field and

Ireland won with consummate ease.

However, this game did give such cranky observers as myself a deal of satisfaction as it enabled us to see for the first and only time Christy Ring and Nicky Rackard in the same forward line. Nicky Rackard earned his first Ireland jersey, as he had always played for the Universities in previous matches of this kind, and the three Rackard brothers playing together for Ireland.

Strangely enough, the annual football game between Ireland and the Universities continues to provide very attractive fare, and it was only in the closing stages of a hard-fought and most entertaining hour that Ireland snatched victory.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

When the representative games were over we got down seriously to the concluding stages of the National Leagues. Kilkenny won through in Group 'A' of Division One, while Tipperary, as so often in recent years, had little difficulty in taking the honours in Group 'B.'

On account of the brilliance of some of their earlier performances, a young Kilkenny side were warmly fancied to beat the Tipperary men and thus earn a trip to New York for the St. Brendan Cup Final.

But Tipperary, playing sound ground hurling, went ahead from the start and towards the end of the first half seemed on the way to the easiest of victories.

Kilkenny then rallied and we saw the most exciting moments of the hour just after half-time when the Noremen, inspired by Sean Clohosey, not only wiped out the arrears but went briefly in front. Luck did not favour Kilkenny's scoring efforts at this stage and when Martin 'Musha' Maher, who had come on as a substitute, regained the lead, Tipperary secured a supremacy that they never again lost.

FOOTBALL

In football Tyrone, Galway, Kerry and Cavan all qualified for the semi-final stages.

Tyrone bade fare to shock the champions with a couple of early goals but Galway fought back slowly but surely and, after Tyrone's bid to regain the initiative early in the second half had been foiled, the Tribesmen came back to gain a narrow and hard-earned but well-deserved victory.

In the other semi-final a young Cavan side left us amazed by the

brilliance of their play through the first half when they often seemed to have Kerry on the run. But the boys from the Kingdom rallied to very good effect after the interval, and snatched victory from a Breffni fifteen that wilted inexplicably at the crucial moment.

The League Final provided the first of the year's highlights, a glorious hour between Galway and Kerry. With captain and goalkeeper Jack Mangan off through injury and Sean Purcell hampered by a pulled muscle, Galway were trailing behind the lads from the Kingdom for most of the hour.

Then a few minutes from time the ball reached Purcell who drew the defence before dropping across a perfect centre to Stockwell who scored the decisive goal.

The Provincial Championships are being dealt with elsewhere in this record, so that the first game that interests us here is the All-Ireland Hurling semi-final at Croke Park between Galway and Waterford.

ALL-IRELAND FINAL

This was the only really disappointing game I saw in the course of the championships for from midway through the first half an entirely unworthy spirit developed which utterly spoiled the game both as a spectacle and a sporting event for the neutral observer.

However, it would be unfair to attribute to the vast majority of the players from both sides the sins of a few. In any case Waterford won without undue difficulty and thus qualified for the All-Ireland in which they met a Kilkenny fifteen which had chalked up a runaway victory over reigning champions Wexford. This was probably the most exciting and see-saw All-Ireland Final that we have seen during the past decade, but then Kilkenny have a remarkable addiction to close finishes in All-Ireland deciders.

Though the star forward, Sean Clohosey, was obviously below peak fitness, the Noremen looked by far the more impressive side right through the first half, and we were waiting for the half-time whistle when a sharp Déise attack ended in the Noreside net. The ball was brought back, however, for a Waterford free which Captain Philly Grimes promptly goaled and a point a moment after left Waterford unexpectedly ahead at the half-time whistle.

Right through the second half the men from the Decies retained the initiative. Time and again they seemed to be pulling away to a decisive lead, and certainly there were

times when they seemed about to hurl Kilkenny out through the Railway goal.

But all the time the Black and Amber forwards kept snatching at the merest of chances and just when it looked as though the Munster champions had the game safe with a four-point lead and time ebbing fast, Kilkenny struck back.

DECISIVE GOAL

A goal from Mick Kenny and a point from the limping Clohosey left scores level, and then all Croke Park went mad as Kilkenny captain Micky Kelly whipped over the leading point with only about two minutes left for play.

Waterford came back and Captain Grimes had a chance to set scores level once more from a close-in free. But inexplicably the man who had scored from all angles throughout the hour dropped the ball short this time, and after a tremendous battle in the Kilkenny goalmouth the attack was finished wide.

The long whistle blew on the puck-out and Kilkenny were All-Ireland champions for the first time in a decade, but Waterford had gained more than a fair share of the honours of the day and with any luck at all might well have snatched the victory.

OIREACHTAS FINAL

But no one had long reason to doubt the worth of the Kilkennymen who followed All-Ireland victory by defeating Dublin in the final of the Walsh Cup, and then qualified to meet

Waterford once more in the Oireachtas Cup final by defeating Clare.

Waterford had come to the Oireachtas decider by means of a devastating win over the holders, Wexford, at New Ross, and were warmly fancied to avenge their All-Ireland defeat.

When the champions had to field without brilliant goal-minder Ollie Walsh, it looked as though a Waterford victory must be certain but instead it looked like the Noremen were inspired by adversity, for they swept into a commanding lead at the end of the first-half and resisted all Waterford's efforts through the second period to win with plenty to spare.

By this victory Kilkenny set up a remarkable record for the hurling year as they won every senior trophy available to them except the League title. They took the Monaghan Cup at London, the O'Keeffe Cup (Leinster Championship), McCarthy Cup (All-Ireland), Walsh Cup and Oireachtas Cup.

On the football fields the championship was no less exciting. The semi-finals were remarkable games of swaying fortunes. Champions Galway, meeting Cork, made changes from the team that had come so far, but when star centre-half of the Leemen, Denis Bernard from Dunmanway, had to cry-off due to injury it looked any odds on a Galway win.

THE STRIKE BACK

And such a win seemed certain when Galway raced into an easy lead

through the first quarter. But then Cork struck back, and from then on the fat was truly in the fire. For a long time through the second half Galway hammered at the Cork posts and it seemed but a matter of time until Galway must pull ahead but the Cork defence held and away came the Leemen to snatch wonderful scores which avenged the previous year's defeat and carried them to the All-Ireland final for the second successive year.

In the other semi-final Tyrone also flattered to deceive when they led Louth readily through the opening stages. But once the Leinster champions began to move with their accustomed confidence the Red Hand representatives steadily fell away and were beaten with surprising ease.

THE FINAL

That brought us to the Final and again we had a sensation a few days before the game when Louth's great centre-half, Jim McArdle, had to cry off with an injured knee.

This meant that the Wee County men had to redress their defence and Cork fielded favourites in the final. For most of the hour it did look as though the earnest Corkmen would take the title at the second successive attempt. Though their forwards let many chances go abegging and though full-back Ton Conlon turned in a brilliant display for Louth, Cork deservedly led through most of the hour, and, though Louth drew level

FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS—LOUTH



midway through the second half, the honours seemed on the way South when 'Toots' Kelleher from Millstreet gave Cork the lead once more with time ebbing.

But Louth never despaired. That football schemer from Ardee, Kevin Beahan, had been threatening Cork's downfall through the previous quarter and now he finally accomplished it.

GRAND DRIVE

From a side-line kick Kevin drove a great ball to the Cork square and Sean Cunningham from Dundalk was there to punch the leather to the net for the winning goal.

With characteristic heart Cork refused to accept defeat and fairly stormed the Louth goal in the closing seconds. But a great defence held fast. 'Red' Meehan came sweeping out with the ball from Cork's last foray and Louth had won the All-Ireland crown for the first time since 1912.

The end of the year was enlivened by the visit of the Galway and Tipperary League champions to New York to take on the exiles in the St. Brendan Cup Finals. There were close contests in both games but the Irish champions came through to victory in the end.

GREAT HURLING FINALS

(Continued from page 43)

packed stands, terraces and sidelines were losing heart at the end of the third quarter.

Then the fur flew. Splintering ash crashed round the Tipperary goalie, Jimmy Maher, who had radar eyes on his wee hurley; "five feet nothing" of the best, coolest and most fearless stuff that ever crouched, eagle-eyed, between hurling posts. Jer. Cornally, crowded round; Devitt, Flor Coffey and Captain Maher swarmed in to help. Full-blooded pulling of ash fair and free. Fit bodies crashed together with resounding thud; Kilkenny "black-and-amber" boys like wasps at a hive; heads went in where huris should be. And what Thomas David called "the matchless men of Tipperary" weathered the autumn storm that battered down but did not destroy their plenteous harvest, won with so much pains and care in Munster and Leinster fields last spring and summer.

Soon the sweeping ashed scythes of these tall, wiry Tipperary backs swept the field. The forwards tore in with right good will. "Mutt" Ryan (no mutt with ash in his hand), Tommy Doyle, the boxer; Gleeson, and six-foot-one spearhead "Antsy" Brennan, of Clonoulty, were "in about" Kilkenny's house for a last vital and decisive Tipperary goal.

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ALL SPORTSMEN WELCOME

Kerry Sloane says

'57 Was a Vintage Cycling Year

As in every other sport, there are good cycling years and there are bad cycling years, but in my opinion 1957 was a vintage year. The reason for this is anyone's guess. It may be that as '56 was pretty scruffy everyone said to himself in the winter: "If I had only half trained I could have cleaned up"—and as a result decided to train really hard for '57. A more likely reason is that the winter was extremely mild and everyone was able to get in those vital training miles in January, February and March.

One way or another there was a high standard of fitness and racing was of a very high order. This can readily be seen from the fact that on the road no one really dominated the scene and a different man won the top race nearly every week.

THE SEASON'S HIGHLIGHTS

Glancing back over the highlights of the season, I think that on the track Frank O'Sullivan really stood out. He won seven Irish Championships and eleven Munster titles. However, he did not have it all his own way and had to ride his eyeballs out to gain some of them. A notable example of this was the three-mile where he got an inches verdict over Frank Baird.

GENE MANGAN

About midway through the season there was quite a stir in track circles when Gene Mangan stole two titles from under the trackers' noses. Gene was having an indifferent season on the road and decided to try a bit of tracking for a change. He certainly shook them. However, I cannot understand why there was so much excitement. Mangan has always had



FRANK WARD

a super sprint and has beaten the fastest trackers in short road races on many occasions. The two titles he won, the go-all-the-way quarter and

the heart-breaking ten kilos point-to-point, were ideally suited for a roadman sprinter. At the other distances, where track experience he was unsuccessful. However, if Mangan decides to stick to the track he will be a thorn in a few sides when he acquires that native cunning which is as important to a tracker as his pair of sprint wheels.

THE ROADMEN

Among the roadmen it is impossible to pick out a man and say he was the best. Anyone of half a dozen merit top rating but no one really stands head and shoulders above the rest. Perhaps the man who impressed me most was Frank Ward, who really stood out in Ras Tailteann. I have never seen him ride so well and of the winners of the five Ras Tailteanns held so far I would rate him as the best. It was really his race and he wore the Race Leader's jersey with distinction.

One of the most notable things about the road season was the number of successful come-backs. Frank Ward suddenly appeared on the scene in June and took the Guinness 100 and then Ras Tailteann. Bernie O'Brien came out of retirement and, after five weeks' training, took three races in a row, Ras Wolfe Tone, Kildare Grand Prix and the 100 miles' Time Trial, while Kit Dunne did a month's gruelling and "snuck" away with the 100 miles' Massed Start.

RAS GAILLIMHE

Of the many races which I either competed in or followed, one race stands out. Strangely enough, it was promoted by a tracker but he certainly showed the roadman how to run a

The Start of Ras Tailteann



road race. It was Ras Gaillimhe, staged by a man I often crossed elbows with on the track—Mick Mannion. The race organisation was super. I never saw so many motorcycle stewards and following cars. Indeed, he made history for the N.C.A. and had two Loudspeaker Vans. Usually we are lucky if we have one. The prizes—all 28 of them—were top class (I never thought I would compete in a race where there were 28 prizes and get none). The entry was magnificent, 75 of the best in the country. The speed was horrible—over 27 miles an hour a the way. However, the real gem was the feed after the race. It was the greatest thing ever.

FUTURE CHAMPIONS

Regarding champions of the future, I am prepared to bet that at least two made their debut this year. Handily enough, one was a roadman and the other a tracker. The tracker was Joe Keane of the Glinsk C.C. He is related to the fabulous Johnnie Keane who staggered us all last year when he rode into second place in Ras Tailteann on virtually no training. I came across this character at Moore Sports in Roscommon. He had not much opposition but really showed class. He is as strong as two horses and when he develops a bit of trackcraft will cause many an upset.

A DISCOVERY

The roadman discovery is a club-mate of mine—Des Moran. He is definitely the outstanding beginner of the year and has the makings of a great road-rider. He is a marvellous hill-climber and could almost ride a bike up the side of a house. Watch out for his name next year. It will crop regularly in Monday morning papers.

HARD LUCK STORY

The hard luck story of the year was certainly that Bohermeen rider, J.

Lawlor, who clocked 57 mins. 25 secs. to win the Meath 25 mile Championship. This beat the existing Irish Record by 1 min. 21 secs. but, as the course, when checked, was found to be 80 yards short, he will not be credited with it.

It is a pity that his time could not be corrected to give him the record. It would have only taken him six seconds to cover the extra eighty yards so if his time was corrected to say, 57.35 everyone should be satisfied.

By the way, can any man really measure a course that accurately so as to say that it is eighty yards short in 25 miles? That is measuring to an accuracy of 1v550th. Have we apparatus that will measure that accurately?

THE YEAR'S RESULTS ALL-IRELAND TRACK CHAMPIONSHIPS

440 Yds.—G. Mangan (National).
880 Yds.—F. O'Sullivan (Fermoy).
1 Mile—S. O'Reilly (St. Vincents).
2 Miles—S. O'Reilly (St. Vincents).
3 Miles—F. O'Sullivan (Fermoy).
4 Miles—F. O'Sullivan (Fermoy).
5 Miles—F. O'Sullivan (Fermoy).
5 Miles pt. to pt.—G. Mangan (Natnl.).
10 Miles—S. O'Reilly (St. Vincents).
1,000 Metres—F. O'Sullivan (Fermoy).
2,000 Metres—S. O'Reilly (St. Vincents).
3,000 Metres—F. O'Sullivan (Fermoy).
5,000 Metres—N. J. McArdle (Kilcurry).
10,000 Metres—P. Mannion (Laught).
10 Kilos pt. to pt.—N. J. McArdle (Kilcurry).

Best All Round Champion—F. O'Sullivan (Fermoy).

ALL-IRELAND ROAD CHAMPIONSHIPS

25 Miles Time Trial—J. Clarke (Natnl.); Team, National.
50 Miles Time Trial—J. Clarke (Natnl.); Team, National.
100 Miles Time Trial—B. O'Brien (Nth. Kildare).

50 Miles Massed Start—G. Keogh (National); Team, National.

100 Miles Massed Start—C. Dunne (Harp); Team, Clonmel.

50 Kilos Junior M.S.—F. Starr (Harp); Team, Gate.

National League—S. Abbott (Clann Brugha); Team, Clonmel.

50 Kilos Youths—J. Grant (Waterford); Team, Clonmel.

STAGE RACE RESULTS

Ras Tailteann 8-Day—F. Ward (Dublin); Team, Dublin.

Ras Mumhain 3-Day—P. O'Meara (National C.C.).

Ras Uladh 2-Day—M. Campbell (Newtownhamilton C.C.).

Ras Portlairge 2-Day—T. Kiely (Clonmel); Team, Clonmel.

CLASSIC RACES

Ras Gaillimhe—F. Starr (Harp).

Ras Cildara—J. Crowe (Midland).

Ras Luimnighe—S. Abbott.

Ras Muigheo—J. Gearon (Clonmel).

Ras Uí Fháighle—P. Flanagan (Midland).

Tour of Louth—R. Williams (Tailteann).

Tour of Donegal—S. Abbott (Clann Brugha).

Meath Grand Prix—J. Clarke (National).

Kildare Grand Prix—B. O'Brien (Nth. Kildare).

Tour of the Mournes—S. Abbott.

Ras Wolfe Tone—B. O'Brien (North Kildare).

Ras Gleannmaghair—D. Barry (Barrs).

Tour of Wexford—G. Byrne (St. Christophers).

Castlebar Races—J. Moran (Westport).

Four Counties Race—J. Landers (Kingdom).

Guinness "100"—F. Ward (Harp).

Ras Cill Choinnigh—T. Whelan (Clonmel).

Drogheda Traders Cup—R. Williams (Tailteann).

Ras Beal An Atha—P. Walsh (Galway).

(Continued on page 55)

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LOUTH'S GREAT WIN

By **DERMOT O'BRIEN**
(Captain of the Louth Team)

SEPTEMBER 22nd, 1957, has come and gone, the tumult and the cheers have died, but in the minds of Louthmen everywhere the memory of that day is as fresh as ever and will remain fresh for many years to come. That was the day, the wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten day when the senior footballers of Louth won the All-Ireland title and the pent up emotions of 45 years were let loose.

The very fact that Louth's last win was in 1912, long before many of us were born—in fact only the old-timers can recall it—made this victory all the greater and sweeter. Many of us had even begun to think that Louth would never win the All-Ireland, that there was some "jinx" on the team. Others, and I have often heard this said, maintained that Louth would never win in the red jerseys and in this respect it should be noted that we did win in green. I am not saying I'm superstitious but it is extraordinary, isn't it? Anyway, all the critics and bemoaners and pessimistic characters were confounded and the manner in which the Sam Maguire Cup was brought to Louth for the first time is now history.

LOUTH'S YEAR

It is also an extraordinary fact that as far back as last May when we had drawn with Dublin in the League, been beaten by Meath only after extra time in a replay of the first round of the Byrne Cup, and beaten Carlow in the first round of the Leinster Championship, the feeling was ripe in Louth that this was our big year. This is extraordinary but it is a fact. I can recall speaking to Stephen White after we had beaten Carlow and Wexford, and he too had "that

feeling" that at last we would win through. For myself, I can only say that I also felt this very strongly. I just can't explain it but somehow I was sure that nothing was going to stop us and as one victory followed another, and our displays became more convincing and polished, my confidence and optimism grew and grew. In fact, during the whole year my only uneasy moment was during the All-Ireland Final when with only eight minutes or so left for play Cork were going great guns and leading us by two points, but more of that anon.

TEAM SPIRIT

I suppose one great reason for our confidence was the wonderful team spirit which was achieved early in the year. I first played for Louth in May 1952 and have played on and off since then, but never have I seen such evidence of team spirit and loyalty as this year. We were from the very beginning one big happy family with a great sense of loyalty to the team. I think this loyalty and team spirit played an extremely important part in our successes. During the whole year, in training spells, challenge games, championship games, etc., I didn't hear one word of complaint or argument from the players, selectors or County Board officials. I would say we were one of the happiest teams ever to win an All-Ireland. Looking back on the year from a player's point of view, I can say that it was a very happy year for us, and for this we must thank our selectors and officials who encouraged us in every possible way and left no stone unturned to have us fit and to keep us contented.

ALL-IRELAND DAY

To get back to the game, many people have asked us since, how does it feel to win an All-Ireland senior medal. Well, the answer is always the same, there is nothing like it. There is nothing to my mind that can compare with an All-Ireland Final. The wonderful feeling when you step on to the lush green sod of Croke Park and see the thousands round you is something I feel very fortunate to have experienced. And a wonderful sight—the green of the sod, the bare posts and empty nets waiting to receive the ball, the sea of faces, the Artane Boys' Band and the Tricolour waving over all—all these are taken in in a matter of moments. The referee calls the teams together, you eye your opponent up and down and feel nervous, the toss is won and lost, the band strikes up and the biggest ordeal of all, the parade, commences. As this takes place the crowd lets itself go, banners, flags, favours are waved and the noise is deafening. The players react differently. I have always envied the player who can stroll nonchalantly (like Red Meehan!) on to the field and take part in the parade as if he were walking down the street of his home town. As for me, I am usually very nervous and my mouth is parched, while my leg muscles which have been trained to the last are taut and tired. However, the parade ends and all stand to attention for the National Anthem. Who can describe a player's feelings at this point? Not even the player can do it adequately to illustrate fully the sensation of pride. You feel proud of yourself, of your team, of your county and as you listen to the band and watch the beloved Tricolour you become aware of an intense pride in your country and your nationality.

(Continued on page 23)

Dermot O'Brien being chaired by Louth supporters after receiving the Sam Maguire Cup on that never-to-be-forgotten day.



Christmas in Gaeldom.....

And time for a stroll down Memory Lane

ONCE more it is time for Christmas greetings, and to all readers I send the wish that peace and joy, the precious gifts of Christmas, may remain within their hearts and bring happiness to all their days.

Christmas is a special time for memories. It is associated with people, places and events of the past. As we get on in life, there grows a tendency to look back. For youth there is the glamour of the future. But when the years roll on, memory is in the ascendant, to become the rich deposit in the bank of declining years.

At Christmas especially memory goes on its own and the past lives again. I remember an old hurler who had gone down in the world a bit and was spending his closing days in the County Home.

Always fond of a "little drop," he met a kindly doctor and suggested that a "sup of the craythur" would do him "a world of good."

"But, my dear man," said the doctor, "I can't prescribe whiskey for you unless I am sure from your symptoms that you need it."

"Well, what symptoms would you suggest, doctor?" answered the old caman wielder.

Christmas With the Archbishop of Cashel

It was Christmas evening in the Archbishop's Palace at Thurles two years after the founding of the Gaelic Athletic Association.

The guests at Dr. Croke's table included the Irish patriot, William O'Brien and Dr. Charlie Tanner. I will leave to the former the task of giving a brief pen picture of the occasion:

"Our Christmas dinner party was as simple and joyous as the circle around his Grace's table was always sure to be. 'The victuals,' as he loved to call them, were of the best, and so were the wines within a modest compass; but all else was of minor account in the glow of his own bulk and big assemblage at the head of the table, genial, appreciative, overflowing with high spirits and unwinding railery—a schoolboy and a great man gloriously combined to give his guests the sensation of a summer sun, warming up a little firmament of our own, while the frost and snow were

By Seamus O'Ceallaigh

making the world howl and shudder outside.

"Between Charlie Tanner and His Grace—both of them models of physical strength, which, under the chisel of an Athenian sculptor might have lived in miracles of marble—their common passion for athletics would have been an all sufficient bond. They were both fanatics for handball. But hurling was the Archbishop's grand passion in the matter of Irish sports. It had all the intoxication of battle and had kept Irish soldiery alive during the penal ages, when the people were stripped of their last battle axe or gun. Even the faction fighting of old he spoke of not without softness as a sort of battle exercise, where there was no better to be had."

Wrote Too Big

They were discussing an objection at the County Board meeting.

Chairman: "Were the substitutes' names on the official list?"

Delegate: "No, the man who wrote the names wrote too big and had no room for the remainder on the list."

A Cursory Read

"Did you read this objection?" asked he Chairman of 'Wee Micky.'

"I did, but not very carefully."

"Just a cursory read, I suppose?"

"Well, I cursed it good and plenty, anyway!"

Look At That For Dribbling!

Said an ardent follower of one of the football teams at a famous All-Ireland Final: "Ah, Paddy is a grand player! Isn't he now? Look at that for dribbling!"

"A pity he did not put on a dribbling bib, then," drily remarked his next-door neighbour, whose accent showed he came from the "Kingdom."

Archbishop Croke Won't Forget Us!

Archbishop Croke, first Patron of the G.A.A., will never be forgotten while Ireland has a sense of her nationality. In Dublin the Association's headquarters, Croke Park, recalls his Grace's letter to Michael Cusack, an imperishable character. The people remember him. I have heard a Kerryman say: "Yerra, man, we'll have a fine day to-morrow for the All-Ireland Final. Sure, Archbishop Croke won't forget us."

The late General Eoin O'Duffy, a former secretary of the Ulster Council G.A.A., has left this record of striding days:

"When we refused to take a permit for the Ulster Senior Football Final at Cootehill, fixed for July 7, 1918, the match was 'proclaimed,' and when the game was due to begin the field was in possession of a big detachment of military, fully armed. It was impossible to play owing to the danger of tripping over some 'Tommy's' feet, or of falling on a bayonet, so we refixed the match for July 18 at the same venue, and it duly took place. This time it was a force of armed R.I.C. men who attended, but they were rather fewer and less formidable, and there were no projecting bayonets.

"But another line of action had been decided on. Dan Hogan and myself, with some thirty odd companions, cycled from Clones to the match at Cootehill. As we pedalled along, on the return journey, we saw that an 'escort' of R.I.C. men, also mounted on bicycles, had been sent after us. The temptation to have a little fun at their expense was irresistible.

"Instead of taking the direct homeward route out of Newbliss, we took a little bye-road which led back eventually to the village. The R.I.C. men toiled after us, on their heavy official machines, less athletic than were the Clones lads for this or any other sport, under the warm sun of July. Three times the unfortunate constables found themselves doing a circular tour of Newbliss after us. But they had their *revange*.

"Like any cycling club, the Clones contingent obeyed whistled orders from Dan or myself—for instance, as to mounting or dismounting on hills.

"At six o'clock next morning Dan and myself were taken from our homes by R.I.C. supported by military, and solemnly charged with 'unlawful assembly, by leading a procession of cyclists from Clones to Cootehill and back and blowing whistles as signals for mounting and dismounting.' We both refused to give recognisances for future 'good behaviour' to the would-be reasonable resident magistrate, and duly spent a couple of months in Belfast Prison.

"The last match organised before the British left was between the 'Kaffirs' of Clones and the 'Hotten-

tots' of Newbliss. Again, a permit was not sought, and hundreds of troops in full war regalia were drafted into Clones to prevent the game. It was played—but in a field some distance from the advertised venue. Dan Hogan captained the 'Hottentots.' Afterwards, both teams paraded proudly through Clones' streets in their togs to the amusement of the townsfolk, who crowded after them, and to the obvious displeasure of the heavily-armed minions of the law.

"These attentions were really most complimentary to the G.A.A. The British realised the Association was helping through its games and its national outlook, to produce the bravery and the energy which, turned to the arts of war, smashed their garrisons throughout Ireland.

"Barrack training could never produce such men as those who harried and broke the morale of the 'Crown Forces' in these years. Hardened and vitalised by Gaelic games, our men could wear the enemy out in speeding across country, in braving the weather's worst rigours of rain or cold, through long nights and tiring days.

"The Army Athletic Association was inaugurated at a meeting over which I presided, not only as Chief of Staff but as representative of the G.A.A.'s Central Council. Later my old friend of Monaghan G.A.A. and I.R.A. days, Dan Hogan, became General Hogan, Chief of Staff, and continued the task, imbuing his men everywhere with the fine spirit of the Gaelic games he knew and loved so well.

"Just a glance back memory's lane to a Monday night in November, 1920, when Dan Hogan and myself, much wanted men at the time, reached Draperstown in Co. Derry. Our kindly host had the *Irish Independent* which displayed on the front page:—'Yesterday was Bloody Sunday in Dublin. Machine guns turned on footballers in Croke Park. Captain of the Tipperary team killed.' Having read the shocking news, I said to Dan: 'Did you know Mick Hogan of Grangemockler?' 'Yes,' said Dan, 'he is my brother; what about him?' I hesitated and then handed him the paper. He read the report, but said nothing for a time. Then: 'Can I go to the funeral?' 'No, Dan,' I answered, 'one tragedy is enough for your mother to bear.' He accepted my decision. We told the people of the house. We knelt down and said the Rosary for the repose of Mick Hogan's soul."

Beirt Eile Anso!

Overheard at the Mansion House Ceile on an All-Ireland Final night. M.C.: "Beirt eile anso!"

Visitor No. 1: "Who's he?"

Visitor No. 2: "I don't know. Whoever he is, they're looking for him all night."

A Long Journey

He was returning to Miltown-Malbay the night of the 1932 All-Ireland Hurling Final. There was a long delay near Limerick. He looked out the window and entered into conversation with a young railway official who was standing on the permanent way.

"How long have you been on this line?" he asked.

"About two months," answered the railwayman.

"Good gracious," said the passenger, "you must have got in at Belfast. I only joined at Dublin."

Why Didn't You Stop That Wan?

It was Munster Hurling Final day with all its life and colour. The game was thrilling and thousands were cheering their favourites, but between full-back and goalkeeper of one of the sides a little wordy argument was being waged (about hits and misses).

"Did you see how I stopped that one?" the full-back asked after he had burst his way through a surge of forwards, but 'ere the goalkeeper had time to reply, the sliotar came sailing with deadly accuracy to the goal-mouth.

The full-back swung on it but missed, and straight to the net it sped.

"Why didn't you stop that wan?" from the disgusted goalie, as he picked the sliotar out of the rigging, but . . .

"You didn't stop it yourself!" was all the satisfaction he got from a grinning half-back.

The Matter Sub-judice

The referee's report had been read.

The club delegate protested against the punishment of one of his team.

"That will do," said the Chairman, "The matter is *sub judice*."

"Subdued, my eye!" said Bill, when the news was brought back to the club.

The Sea-Divided Gael

In 1901 London played and won the All-Ireland Championship. In 1910 a Chicago team toured the Emerald Isle, meeting with success. In 1911, Irish teams travelled to the European Continent, playing exhibition games on the historic battlefield of Fontenoy.

During the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco in 1915, three days were devoted to Gaelic games and pastimes; Rev. M. J. Walsh being President of the G.A.A. of California at the time.

Hurling is extensively played in South Africa. Hundreds of teams are scattered over the United States from coast to coast. Canada also has its quota. England, Scotland and Wales have figured in important tests, whilst hurling teams are to be found throughout South America, New Zealand and Australia.

Keep Alive the Parish Enthusiasm

"I have always stressed the importance of the local hurling and football matches," said the late Canon

John Hayes, Founder of Muintir na Tire.

"The big games serve a very useful purpose, but in themselves will lead to nothing if the parish enthusiasm is not kept alive. Muintir na Tire is closely allied to the G.A.A. Both have the same ideals, and in the ranks of Muintir na Tire you will find the best men are those who have given service to the national games.

"Muintir na Tire is founded on the parish unit, and I believe that in its efforts to revive the social, economic and cultural life of the parish it must ensure that the national games play a big part in its programme. The national games are essential for the revival of a true civic spirit in this country. They teach co-operation, manliness, cleanliness and courage. There is no place in them for any of those doubtful things that are often associated with other forms of amusement. They represent the young manhood of Ireland filled with unselfish enthusiasm for Irish idealism. Whoever then goes on the road of a complete revival of a Christian and Irish spirit must take with them on that road the spirit of the G.A.A."

A Corkman in Glasgow

On the occasion of the visit of the Celtic hurling club to play the Cowal Shinty team many years ago, there was among the travelling players a Cork hurler who had an adventurous career on sea and land, a lad ready for any devilment or emergency.

There was also in the company another native of the Leaside, whose hurling days were over, but whose playboy days were at their height. By nature a wit and a fomentor of harmless mischief, he found the few hours before the match likely to hang on his restless spirit in the City by the Clyde and bethought himself of some innocent relaxation at someone's expense. The prospect was too much for him and he planned.

He enlisted the help, only too readily given, of a Wexford Gael, and bided with him to "Paddy's Market"—something like Mary's Lane in Dublin or the Coal Quay in Cork. His Wexford accomplice was a lad of more than "father's height" and had feet in ample proportion. A hand-me-down shoe shop was chosen, and the "big son" brought in to be fitted, with instructions to frustrate any such feat. By dint of "cocking his toe" the Wexford giant exhausted the stock of the instaking dealer without getting what he wanted and the tired attendant, who had all the attributes, if not the blood, of Israel, at last realised that he was being hoaxed. He ushered them out without good wishes. But he was not done with the playboy. It was only act one.

The next step was to bring along the other Corkman for whom they had generously (?) offered to provide much needed footwear. Stephen, for so he was called, had bought boots and other things in such places before

and knew better than to take the first "bargain" offered or pay the price demanded. He went in and the process of choosing began. It was naturally prolonged on both sides but might have resulted in a "fitting" had not our schemer put in his head to know "If Steve was going to stay there all day?"

The shopman saw his earlier tormentors and his gorge rose. He ordered Stephen out and threatened the police. Steve remonstrated, first gently, and then forcibly. The floor was covered with "misfits." The air was thick with expletives, in Glasgow Doric and Cork "Blas," and Steve emerged amid a shower of old shoes.

Keep Off the Pitch

"There's something different about the swimming championship from any other form of sport in Ireland."

"What's that?"

"The crowd can't invade the pitch."

I'm the Coward

"Show me an Irishman and I'll show you a coward," shouted the soapbox orator in Hyde Park one Sunday afternoon almost half a century ago.

Dan Horgan, captain of the London-Irish hurlers, a huge, sixteen-stone giant, stepped forward.

"I'm Irish," he said, beginning to take off his coat.

"And I'm the coward," the orator stuttered, as he beat a hasty retreat through the crowd.

Pity the Poor Referee

As most readers are aware, the railway loopline runs close to Croke Park.

It was one of those matches when the referee was far too easygoing. Foul after foul, the game degenerated. Then, after one particularly flagrant foul, a train just passing let forth a piercing blast on its whistle.

In the silence that followed one loud-voiced fan shouted to the referee: "Open your eyes, ref, even the blinkin' engine driver saw that one."

Timed by the Publican's Clock

The shortage of a time-piece at a Gaelic football match in County Clare was responsible for an occurrence which must be unique. It took place at the little village of Belaha, about three miles from Kilkee, when Carrigaholt and Miltown met in the final of the Clare Minor Football Championship.

When the teams lined out, the referee had no watch, and a search amongst the spectators failed to locate one. The game was held up until a spectator got a bright idea that the referee appoint a man to go to the local public-house, which was only

fifty yards away, and that he return after thirty minutes and inform the referee that it was time to blow the whistle for half-time.

This suggestion was adopted and the game started, the appointed time-keeper having left to keep vigil in the public-house. All went well for about twenty minutes, when the match got exciting and the official timekeeper, sitting in the public-house, could hear the cheers and the jeers of the crowd. Torn between devotion to duty and an anxiety to witness the game, he was at his wit's end to decide what to do, until he also had a bright idea.

Securing the publican's permission he carried a large eight-day clock up to the pitch, and, sitting on the grass, he placed it in an upright position. Soon after, he called out: "Referee, it is half-time." The official then blew his whistle for the interval.

The game was won by Miltown-Malbay, and the Clare County Board sanctioned the decision, although Congress turned down a motion some time earlier that an official time-keeper be appointed for all games.

GAELIC GAMES

IN BRITAIN

(Continued from page 25)

equally divided and all monies in excess of this figure will be shared, 60 per cent. to the G.A.A. and 40 per cent. to Wembley. On top of other expenses, the G.A.A. expect to pay £2,000 as the cost of bringing the teams to Britain.

NEW ELTHAM GROUND

The second major decision taken this year, to extend the New Eltham Ground, was not taken lightly either. It means an expenditure of £15,000. For London players and supporters the result will be five excellent pitches and a first-rate pavilion. More important, there is plenty of room for development and the Stadium, situated as it is, 30 minutes from London's West End will, when fully equipped, make an ideal G.A.A. Headquarters for all Britain. As a first step towards financing the project, all London G.A.A. Clubs have been asked to make special contributions to the "Ground Fund". Circular appeal letters have gone also to leading Irish businessmen in Britain and at home. Irish County Boards have been asked to help; three have responded—Kerry, Cavan and Tyrone.

RENEWED CONFIDENCE

The fact that two such important decisions have been taken by the G.A.A. County Board in London, supported strongly by the Provincial Council, is an indication both of their own confidence and of their confidence that the Irish population in Britain will give them their full support. I am sure their faith in the loyalty of the Gaels of Britain to their native games will be fully justified.

TEACHTAIREACHT NA NOLLAG

(Continued from page 6)

clubs, District and County Boards and Provincial Councils throughout the country), the Directors of the *Gaelic Weekly*, in conjunction with "Gustal Gaolach", have made all arrangements to inaugurate a fund-raising competition in the paper in the early part of the year 1958. Our readers will thus for a very small weekly outlay have a chance of winning very substantial prizes, and the nature of the competition is such that most G.A.A. followers will enjoy doing it. In this way the *Gaelic Weekly* hopes to make available for the provision and equipment of fields much more money than is now being collected for that purpose with so much hard work.

OUR APPRECIATION

Before bringing this message regarding the position of the paper to a conclusion, I must offer the sincere thanks of the Directors—

- To Séamus Tomás Mac Fearáin, Uachtarán Cumann Lúth-Chleas Gael for his invaluable help and advice, so often sought, in all matters concerning the interests of *The Gaelic Weekly* and *An Cúl*;
- To Pádraig Uasal Ó Caoimh, Ard-Rúnaí, Cumann Lúth-Chleas Gael, for his interest in the work, and especially for his help in connection with *The Gaelic Weekly* (1957) Tournament;
- To the officers and members of

Tyrone, Cork, Dublin and Kerry County Committees, and to the members of the Senior Football teams of those counties for the kindness and goodwill they displayed in participating in the *Gaelic Weekly* Tournament;

- To those people who have used the *Gaelic Weekly* and *An Cúl* as an advertising medium;
- To our many contributors, all poorly paid, and in many cases entirely unpaid;
- To our shareholders, who by their generosity first made possible the publication of this paper, and its off-shoot, *An Cúl*, and last, but by no means least,
- To our readers, whose numbers are increasing week by week.

It is still under two years since *The Gaelic Weekly* was first published, but its Directors feel that it has already justified all the work and worry that has gone into it. It has, as was promised at the outset, "spoken with the voice of Ireland. . . . To those whose words or actions are opposed to the accepted national objective, it has given criticism, whether they were within or without our organisation (the G.A.A.), but that criticism has been kept within the limits of justice and charity." Mar sin, le cúnamh Dé, a leanfaidh sé go dtí go mbeidh an tír seo 'gainne fé mar ba mhian le Gaeil í bheith.

PROINNSIAS MAC SÍTHIGH,
Cathaoirleach.

Meath's First Minor Title

WHEN Meath annexed their first-ever Minor All-Ireland Football title this year, it was but a just reward for the patient endeavours of the preceding seven years, because it was in 1950 that plans were first laid to bring home the only football title which had so far eluded the Royal County.

The Minor Board, then in its infancy, started a real livewire campaign to promote greater interest in Minor grade football, and the enthusiasm generated was soon reflected in an ever-increasing number of teams participating in the County Minor Football Championship.

By **LIAM CRAVEN, Sec., Meath County Board**

our players, who certainly co-operated in every way right to the final whistle. They entered the fray with a rare spirit a spirit of true sportsmanship and good fellowship, but it was the bond of friendship that existed, the comradeship that was really the kernel of all our future successes.

Having seen Longford conquer Dublin, it was with some fear and doubt that we journeyed to Newbridge to oppose them in the Leinster semi-final, but, again, we had a very



THE MEATH MINOR TEAM WHICH DEFEATED ARMAGH IN THE ALL-IRELAND MINOR FOOTBALL FINAL

Soon a pretty high standard was set and maintained, and slowly but surely the potential county players began to make their presence felt.

CREDITABLE DISPLAYS

Trials were then inaugurated and the resultant teams gave very creditable displays in 1950, 1951, 1952 and 1953. However, it was not until 1954 that the first team, with really great potential, emerged. Soon they had battled their way to the Leinster Final, but were then narrowly beaten by Dublin, the ultimate All-Ireland winners that year. The following two years brought bitter disappointment. The Leinster Final was twice reached but victory was snatched by Dublin on both occasions by the minimum of margins and, of course, Dublin went on to set up their "four-in-a-row" Minor All-Ireland titles record.

With the dawning of 1957, enthusiasm, which should have been dampened by the exasperating set-backs of the previous years, was never higher. The good work continued and with the approach of the championship campaign pulses began to quicken, and cherished hopes, we felt, must surely be realised at last. With eight experienced players from the previous year's championship available, it was comparatively easy to name our fifteen v. Laois at Athy in the first round of the Leinster Championship. We emerged victorious and it was obvious that our potential was really above average this time. However, as yet we had but a ragged combination and we knew that it would take endless patience and the whole-hearted co-operation of the players to field—a team.

Here I would like to pay a richly deserved tribute to all

convincing win and so for the fourth successive year we were in the Leinster Final.

With Offaly, the conquerors of brilliant Carlow, our opponents on this occasion, we knew we had our stiffest hurdle to date to cross, and this was proved in no uncertain fashion when, after a very stern struggle at Mullingar, we emerged victorious but with our backs really to the wall. Offaly were a grand team, and it was the unanimous opinion of Meath mentors that had they won they would have won out as readily as Meath did later.

So we had now won our first-ever Minor Leinster Football title and the ice, as it were, was broken. Success surely begot confidence for us, and we entered the All-Ireland series fully confident that we would extend the best the other Provinces had to offer.

We crossed the Shannon to meet Mayo in the All-Ireland semi-final, and although they came highly recommended as Connacht standard-bearers we easily overcame their effort.

THE ALL-IRELAND FINAL

Now to the greatest day in Gaeldom—All-Ireland Final Day in Croke Park, Sunday, 22nd September, 1957. We had prepared for this day not for the two preceding weeks only, but for the seven long years since 1950. Armagh, who had overcome the mighty Kingdom, were our opponents, but as our green jerseys merged with the green sward of Croke Park, all fears were forgotten and the only thought was to finish another glorious chapter in the history of the G.A.A. in Meath. How that chapter was finished has been adequately

(Continued on page 39)

Hurling and Football League Champions of '56-'57

By JACK MAHON

TIPPERARY lived up to their reputation as League specialists of the last decade, when they outpointed Kilkenny (the present All-Ireland Champions) in a great League decider, on Sunday, May 12th this year.

In the end Tipperary won by 3-11 to 2-7, but there was a time in the second half when a Noreside resurgence seemed about to overthrow the Premier County men, but two lightning points by youngster **Jimmy Doyle**, in as many minutes, spelt Kilkenny's end and set Tipperary on the road to **Broadway**.

I saw Tipperary open their League campaign against Galway in Ballinasloe in Autumn, 1956. They seemed intent on crossing the Atlantic even then. These Tipperary boys certainly take the League seriously. It is nothing new to a Tipperary team to train collectively for even a first-round League game. That day against Galway, Tipperary were the much fitter side and won convincingly.

The Tipperary men did not experience much difficulty in qualifying for the decider. In the Divisional Final against Clare, their hurling was not very impressive. Yet they triumphed by a good ten points. But it was in the Final

So Tipperary kept up their League-winning tradition. Shortly afterwards, however, they were beaten by Cork in their 2nd round Munster Championship game. Admittedly, Cork have been their championship bogey team over the past five years, but surely a team that has done so well in League encounters in that time is capable of winning an All-Ireland in the same period. I discussed this at length with some members of the Tipperary party on our journey from the States. We agreed on one thing. If a team concentrates too much on the League, it can be detrimental to championship prospects.

Does winning a League lessen a team's edge for championship fare? The Mayo footballers of the 'thirties and the Dublin footballers of the 'fifties seem to bear this out. Winning the League did not help Galway in this year's championship or for that matter Cork footballers in last year's championship, but I suppose we cannot have it every way. Be that as it may, somebody must win the League and in recent times, both Wexford hurlers especially and Galway footballers have shown that both can be done together.

Since returning from New York, Tipperary have been beaten by Limerick and it looks now as if they will relinquish their title, so we will look out for a keen Tipperary side in next year's championship.

GREAT AMBITION

Dealing with our own League success (the second ever for Galway) comes easier. The coveted double was a great ambition of ours and to win a New York trip was an extra incentive from the word "Go". Even after the team had heard last Christmas that they were sure of the Transatlantic visit, win or lose the League, there was still the same spirit and will to win for a number of reasons. Firstly, it would be so much nicer to travel to America on a champion's ticket rather than on the consolation invitation ticket as All-Ireland Champions of 1956. Secondly, some of our players, principally **Mattie McDonagh**, were not assured of permission to travel on a June trip, and lastly, there were our opponents of the League Final—the mighty Kerry.

Much of the glamour of our 1957 title win would fall away, were we to lose to the "Kingdom". There would always be the unanswerable questions posed. What would have happened in '56 if Kerry had beaten Cork? Sure it is not an All-Ireland unless you beat Kerry on the way. But it ended well, as you remember.

Galway beat Kerry in the League Final on May 19th by 1-8 to 0-6. The second half of that game will long live in our memory.

Nineteen minutes of superhuman football without a score is a long time, but when the game is level pegging it is a long, long time. The ball did the work—it was lashed about with venom. Eventually it came. It is famous now—the



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proper they played their best hurling of the whole competition. The whole fifteen turned in superb performances, but if I single out the tremendous displays of **Tony Wall**, **John Hough**, **Sam Devanney** and **Jimmy Doyle** for special honour, it is because these were especially acclaimed by all privileged to have seen them.

Purcell-engineered Stockwell-finished goal that set Galway aflame. I can still see the piece of leg interlocking between Jack Kissane and Tadhg Lyne on the verge of the touchline, but that is only one of many memories.

BEST FOOTBALL PLAYED IN LEAGUE

That was the Final. Like Tipperary, Galway played their best football of the League in the decider. Before that, Galway had their frights. Roscommon nearly upset us at Castlebar in our very first game after the All-Ireland triumph, but then they almost did likewise to Louth at Roscommon this year. Offaly held us to level pegging three-quarters of the way at Ballinasloe and Dublin were all square with five minutes to play at Tuam. It seemed everybody gave of their best against Galway—Laois at Portlaoise and Wicklow at Athenry. But there we were again—up against Tyrone in another semi-final.

Tyrone started well—7 points up in 15 minutes. That first defeat had come at last, I thought, and I did not begrudge it to our northern friends. But no, Sean Purcell's best-ever goal brought us there again. I will never see our mid-field play so well together as in that semi-final. And so we came to the Final . . . Kerry . . . America.

Both teams acquitted themselves in the best fashion in America, emerging victorious in the St. Brendan Cup Finals after hard battles. Last of all, there was our boat-trip home on the s.s. Ryndam. We, the Irish, as I have previously

stated, were one big happy family, there being free inter-mixing between G.A.A. officials, teams, and team officials, Pressmen Mick Dunne and John D. Hickey and the few like Jim Ryan or Micko Kelly or J. Healy who travelled over specially to see the games.

YES, I WOULD LOVE TO WIN ANOTHER AMERICAN TRIP. I WOULD ALSO LOVE TO WIN ANOTHER ALL-IRELAND.



Homebound: S. Colleran, M. Greally, J. Mahon, J. Coyle.

LOUTH'S GREAT WIN

(Continued from page 17)

I remember experiencing all these sensations last September. I don't propose to give an account of the match as everyone knows what happened and who won. But I do recall my despair as the minutes ticked away and we looked booked for defeat. Were we going to go down again? Was it to be poor, gallant, unlucky little Louth again? But no, the Cork posts were stormed, Paddy Driscoll averted the danger but we were awarded a sideline free. Our great place-kicker, Kevin Beahan, steadied himself, sent the ball across the square, forwards and backs rose for the ball, there was a flurry of arms and no! it couldn't be but it was! the ball was in the net and we were in the lead! Those last few moments of delight, despair and apprehension will never be forgotten as the Cork forwards swept down the field. At times it seemed as if they must score but great work by Stephen White and a typically daring clearance by "Red" Meehan kept them out. Then, suddenly it was over! Just like that. The whistle blew and we were All-Ireland Champions.

It is hard to describe one's feelings during the minutes immediately following the final whistle. The sound of the whistle pierces your brain. You wonder is it really over and then the incredible truth that you have won dawns on you. I shall never forget those minutes as our delighted supporters, happy at last after years of disappointment, swarmed on to the pitch to carry us off. Neither shall I forget the action of Paddy Driscoll, my opponent, who followed me through the throng half way across the pitch to the Hogan Stand so that he might shake my hand and congratulate us on our win. It was the action of a truly great sportsman and a great player who is a credit to the game and to Cork.

THE SPORTSMEN OF CORK

In fact, one of the things that stands out in my mind about the final is the sportsmanship shown by the Cork players and followers. They took their defeat like men—a defeat that was particularly galling by reason of the fact that it was their second successive defeat in the final and both by small margins. It is my sincere and earnest wish that before

they hang up their boots such men as Paddy Driscoll and Neilly Duggan will get that coveted medal.

HEROES ALL

Well, the weeks after the final were very busy and exciting ones. We were acclaimed throughout the length and breadth of Louth. We were heroes all and we felt and feel very proud of the fact that it was our 1957 team that brought the Sam Maguire Cup back to Louth. We realise, too, that we are fortunate to have done so when we consider that such great players as Eddie Boyle, Jim Quigley, Sean Boyle, etc., never got that elusive medal.

And what of the future? Well to set all minds at rest, we are not going to lie on the oars. This is a good team and most of the lads are round the 24/25 mark. We have proved that a Louth team is fit to win the All-Ireland and we now aim to prove that we can win it two years in succession and maybe more. Since the final we have bitten the dust in Tuam. Not wishing to detract from Galway's win, I honestly say here and now that we were not the same team that won the All-Ireland and several players were not at peak fitness and at least one was very ill. Come Spring we will be all fit again and as they say, rearin' to go. We now look to Dublin to halt Galway and then we will be back with a chance, and this time there will be no slip up. So as we look back on our very successful year we feel very pleased at our achievement and as we turn to 1958 we are very determined to be just as successful during the coming year and we make no secret of the fact that we are out for another big win.

WONDERFUL SUPPORTERS

Before signing off, I feel I can't let the opportunity slip to thank our wonderful band of supporters who have stuck by us all year and haven't been deterred by the disappointments of '43, '48, '50 and '53. You have played a great part in our win by giving your support. We knew that last year every Louthman and woman was behind us and this was an added incentive to us to redouble our efforts. We ask you to give us during the coming year the same support, and on our part we promise to do our best to see that you will not be disappointed.

Finally, through the medium of the *Gaelic Weekly*, may I wish all Gaels everywhere a very happy Christmas. Nollaig shona dhíbh uilig agus bliain nua fé mhaise freisin.

Successful Year For Dublin

WHEN the history of the Camogie Association comes to be written—and it is high time someone did something about that same history—1957 will surely go down in the annals of the game of the girl-Gaels as a year of great achievement and outstanding advances.

The spread of the game continued through the year in all four provinces and it is as well, as a preliminary, to take the provinces in turn and see how they fared.

CONNACHT, and I think very deservedly, too, must bear away the laurels as the outstanding province of the four for now all counties in the West have active County Boards and are affiliated to the Central Council, a standard of achievement of which no other province can boast.

NEW CO. BOARDS

Roscommon, who had come back to the fold in 1956, competed in the

the championship was divided into two groups with Kilkenny, Wexford, Wicklow and Laois competing in the Southern section, and Louth, Longford, Kildare and Meath in the Northern group.

Meath were unable to field a team, but it is to be hoped that the county will soon be re-organised, while there are also administration difficulties in

Clontarf, after a thrilling play-off with the holders, Maryfield.

UP NORTH

ULSTER as usual was wide awake, though Down were far less conspicuous than in previous seasons, but a grand Derry revival made up for this decline in the Mourne country, St. Louis Convent, Kilkeel, were defeated in the Ulster Colleges Final by worthy opponents in Loreto, Coleraine, while Antrim retained the Maguire Cup without undue difficulty. As last year, a junior championship was run, a step which Leinster might well copy.

DOWN SOUTH

MUNSTER did not present as happy a picture as the other provinces. True, the game is making

THE TITLE HOLDERS



championship this year, and County Boards have now been formed in Sligo and Leitrim.

Congratulations to Provincial Chairman Mrs. McKernan from Gort, to Secretary Miss T. Keenan from Frenchpark, Co. Roscommon, and Vice-Chairman Miss V. McDonnell of Mayo for a grand year's work.

As regards expansion and re-organisation, Leinster, too, had a very successful year. Laois and Longford both reappeared in the championship, while Kilkenny, too, have set up a County Board. As is now customary,

Wexford which should be soon ironed out.

Dublin continues to lead the way in the province, but it is hoped to get a Schools and Colleges League going throughout Leinster in the near future, a move which would be of inestimable value to the game.

The Dublin Colleges League continues to do grand work in the Metropolis, though it is surely a terrible pity that some schools, long famed for camogie, cannot see their way to take part. The championship was won by Holy Faith Convent,

good progress in Waterford and Tipperary, while Cork holds its usual high place. But enthusiasm seems to have waned in Limerick, and Clare and Kerry show little signs of life.

As in Dublin, the Schools and Colleges League is a bulwark of the game by the Lee, and the annual game between the Cork and Dublin school-girls provided good fare at a Dublin venue.

For the first time a Camogie player was eligible to compete for the Cuchulainn award and the choice of

(Continued on page 52)

Donal Foley Reports on Gaelic Games in Britain

MICHAEL CUSACK would not have been entirely pleased with the news that in Britain, the Association which he founded can boast 145 Clubs spread over six county boards with a membership of 6,000 odd. For Cusack would have been somewhat saddened by the fact that the strength of the G.A.A. in England only underlines the heavy toll which emigration is taking of Ireland's young manhood. But he would have found satisfaction also that many of the young men who leave Ireland join the G.A.A. and are not, therefore, entirely lost to their native land. Indeed for thousands of Irishmen, emigration serves to sharpen youthful idealism, too often blunted by cynicism and disillusion. In the ranks of the G.A.A. in Britain they come into contact with virile pockets of Irish-Ireland life which restore their faith in their country.

1957 will go down as one of the most successful years in the history of the Association in Britain. Games were keener, attendances greater and in general the spirit prevailing in all games was excellent. The inter-county championships provided exciting fare with London (hurling) and Warwickshire (football) taking the provincial titles. London did not do as well as expected against Limerick in the All-Ireland final. The old failing, lack of stamina, was very obvious in the second half. The London County Board will have to take the training of teams much more seriously if they are to take the All-Ireland title across the channel. Warwickshire, on the other hand, put up a great fight against Mayo and were only beaten by two points in a game which delighted the greatest crowd ever to attend a game in the British Midlands. The marshalling was done in the professional manner with the result that the crowd responded with good humour which made the occasion pleasant for all.

WARWICKSHIRE'S SUCCESS

No entrance fee was charged, but £480 was taken from the sale of programmes. Warwickshire's success (due by the way in great measure to the great work of Secretary Gerry Flanagan from Roscommon) should be a spur to the other counties both to increase their membership and improve their standards of play. In this direction the incoming Provincial Council should take notice of a suggestion thrown out by Jim Conway, the retiring President, that a Winter League should be inaugurated among the six boards affiliated. This would certainly be of immense value to the weaker Boards, Derby (7 Clubs), Gloucester (12), Yorkshire (14), Lancashire (14), who lack the stimulant of hard competition.

One of the best features of the G.A.A. in Britain over the past twelve months is that not once had the Provincial

Council to discuss a bad report of any games by referees. "The spirit amongst the players has never been better for twenty years," Provincial Secretary Dan Murphy told me. Another important matter was the big increase in the cash subscribed at matches.

LONDON THE BULWARK

London with 63 Clubs remains the strongest bulwark of the games in Britain. Throughout the city and its environs G.A.A. games are played every Sunday and players travel very often 30 miles in order to turn out. This loyalty to their Clubs has made for keener games with few "walk-overs" and a healthy rivalry is always evident. Many London Clubs have benefited by the inclusion of former inter-county players in their sides. A notable example of this were the Brothers Pearse, one of London's oldest clubs. The three Galway players, Billy Duffy, Fintan Spillane and Paddy Egan turned out for "The Pearses" and were responsible in no small way for the fact that the team captured the Senior Hurling Championship and League. Joe Ryan, Young Irelands, and Eamonn Murray, the former Wicklow star, and Tommy Morrissey of Sarsfields, were other London hurlers to play exceptionally well throughout the year.

Football in the Capital reached a new high standard this year. Shamrocks, the Champions, were undoubtedly the best side seen here for some time. Naomh Mhuire, St. Monica's, Sean MacDermott's, Taras and St. Joseph's went all only a shade behind. Outstanding in a championship in which some excellent football was played were Paddy Christie (Sligo), Kit Carroll and Mick Freyne (Shamrocks), Paddy Whelan (Kildare), Jim Keeling (Skerries), St. Monica's; Paschal O'Connor (Kerry), Round Towers; Sean Vesey (St. Mary's) and Seamus Furlong (St. Joseph's).

WEMBLEY STADIUM

Two major steps were taken this year by the London County Board, which will have an important effect on the future pattern of the Association in Britain. The first was the decision to take over Wembley Stadium, the finest of its kind in Europe, for the annual Whit Bank Holiday Games; the second, the acquisition of the extra eight acres of ground at New Eltham as a step towards the fruition of the London plan for equipping a National Stadium for G.A.A. purposes in Britain.

Wembley as a G.A.A. venue has often been suggested here. But its vastness—it holds 100,000 (40,000 under cover)—made previous Boards loath to take this big step. The idea was finally taken up seriously because of the failure of Bank Holiday Games at Woolwich Stadium. The south-east London ground did not prove as popular with G.A.A. supporters as Mitcham Stadium, and as a result the attendance at the Bank Holiday Games shrunk by 7,000.

Last July, London County Board officials decided to see the Wembley authorities for tentative discussions. On 16th July a contract was signed and Whit Saturday, 24th May, was fixed as the date for a double-barrelled Inter-County Programme. Qualifying rounds between nominated counties in Ireland are now being contested for the honour of appearing at Wembley.

EXCURSION FROM DUBLIN

The hiring of the famous Stadium is the most important decision ever taken by the London Board, and all G.A.A. authorities in Britain are being asked by the London Board, AV pmddf wr to co-operate in a nation-wide advertising campaign early in the New Year. British Railways have been requested to run special trains and they will be asked also to run an excursion from Dublin to London in the hope that many Irish G.A.A. supporters will wish to be at Wembley. The holding of the games on a Saturday instead of the Bank Holiday Monday will, it is felt, be an advantage, because it will give fans time for a week-end in London. Saturday is also the accepted day in Britain for big sporting events.

The financial arrangements made with Wembley give some idea of the vastness of the undertaking. Of the first £2,000 gate receipts, 80 per cent. will go to the Wembley management, 20 per cent. to the G.A.A.; the next £2,000 will be

(Continued on page 20)

Another Successful Colleges Season

By
LIAM FOLEY

ANOTHER year of Colleges' activities is about to end. And a glance back over football and hurling games played in the past twelve months shows that once again it was a successful season.

Come back with me to October 1956, to an evening gathering in the Croke Park offices of the delegates to the All-Ireland Colleges' Council. On the agenda is a subject on which every delegate holds very definite views. It's a question that has been cropping-up quite frequently in recent months; the question of whether the All-Ireland Individual Colleges' Championships should be re-introduced after a lapse of eight years.

THE DISCUSSION

Let me fill in the background to this discussion. In 1946, '47 and '48 the All-Ireland Council sponsored official Individual championships. They were highly successful. But due to what seemed insurmountable obstacles these competitions had to be abandoned in 1948. And many folk inside and outside the official colleges' circle regretted their passing. These people year after year examined ways and means of re-introducing the competitions.

But the passing of a year further emphasised the decline in public interest in the inter-provincials, and last year the Individuals were voted back into favour for a trial period of four years.

Now one of those four years has gone. And while the re-introduction of the Individual competitions will be judged in the light of what happens during the four-year period we can examine what happened this season.

BRILLIANT HURLING FINAL

The hurling final between St. Kieran's (Kilkenny), the winners, and St. Flannan's (Ennis) was a brilliantly exciting affair which produced hurling of a very high standard. But the football final in which St. Nathy's (Ballaghaderreen) beat St. Colman's (Newry) was a disappointment.

And the reason for the difference seemed to be the choice of venues for the finals. The football final was played as a curtain-raiser to the Galway-Tyrone National Football League semi-final at Croke Park, and these young college boys from St. Nathy's and St. Colman's found themselves playing before



Chief difficulty was the fact that the Individual competitions and the inter-provincials were played at the same time. This meant that the Individual competitions meant extra games around April and May, a time when most schoolboy hurlers and footballers were busy preparing for their Leaving Certificate examination. It was felt that the games were cutting across the boys' valuable study time.

INTER-PROVINCIALS

In 1955 the All-Ireland Council also had this question before it. It was emphatically pointed out that the Council had to make a clear choice between the Individual competitions and the inter-provincials since it wasn't feasible to have both. Then the Council voted 7-6 in favour of retaining the inter-provincials.

some 20,000 people in all the excitement and pent-up atmosphere of a big Croke Park occasion.

The hurlers, on the other hand, played in Thurles before a reasonably big crowd, but without any of the glamour background that is Croke Park on big days. Therefore, the hurlers were not affected by nerves to the same extent as the footballers.

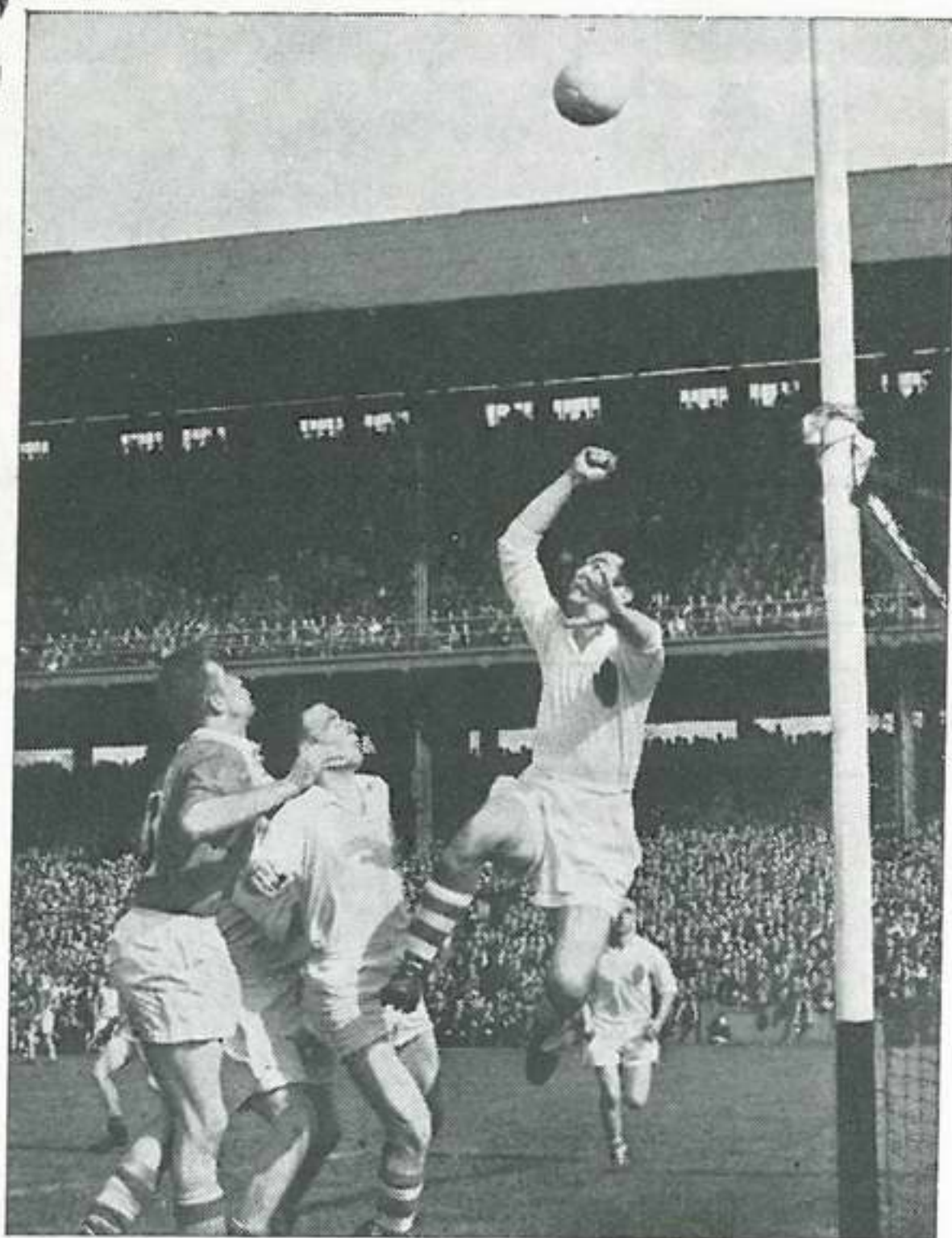
In the provinces Patrician College (Ballyfin) won the Leinster senior football title for the very first time, while the Leinster senior hurling title moved out from Ballyfin and back to St. Kieran's.

(Continued on page 54)



ABOVE—Jack Mangan, the Connacht goalkeeper, jumps in vain for a shot by Munster in the Railway Cup Final at Croke Park. Other players in picture are, left : M. Murphy (Munster), D. Kelleher (do.), W. Casey and J. O'Dowd (Connacht).

RIGHT—The Tyrone goalie, Thady Turbett, punches clear a Louth attack in the All-Ireland semi-final. Looking on is Sean Cunningham (dark jersey) and Jim Devlin (partly hidden), and Brian McSorley of Tyrone. BELOW—Christy Ring (15) engages O. Walsh, the Rest's goalkeeper, in an aerial combat as a shot from Nicky Rackard travels goalwards. Des Ferguson (Rest) watches on.



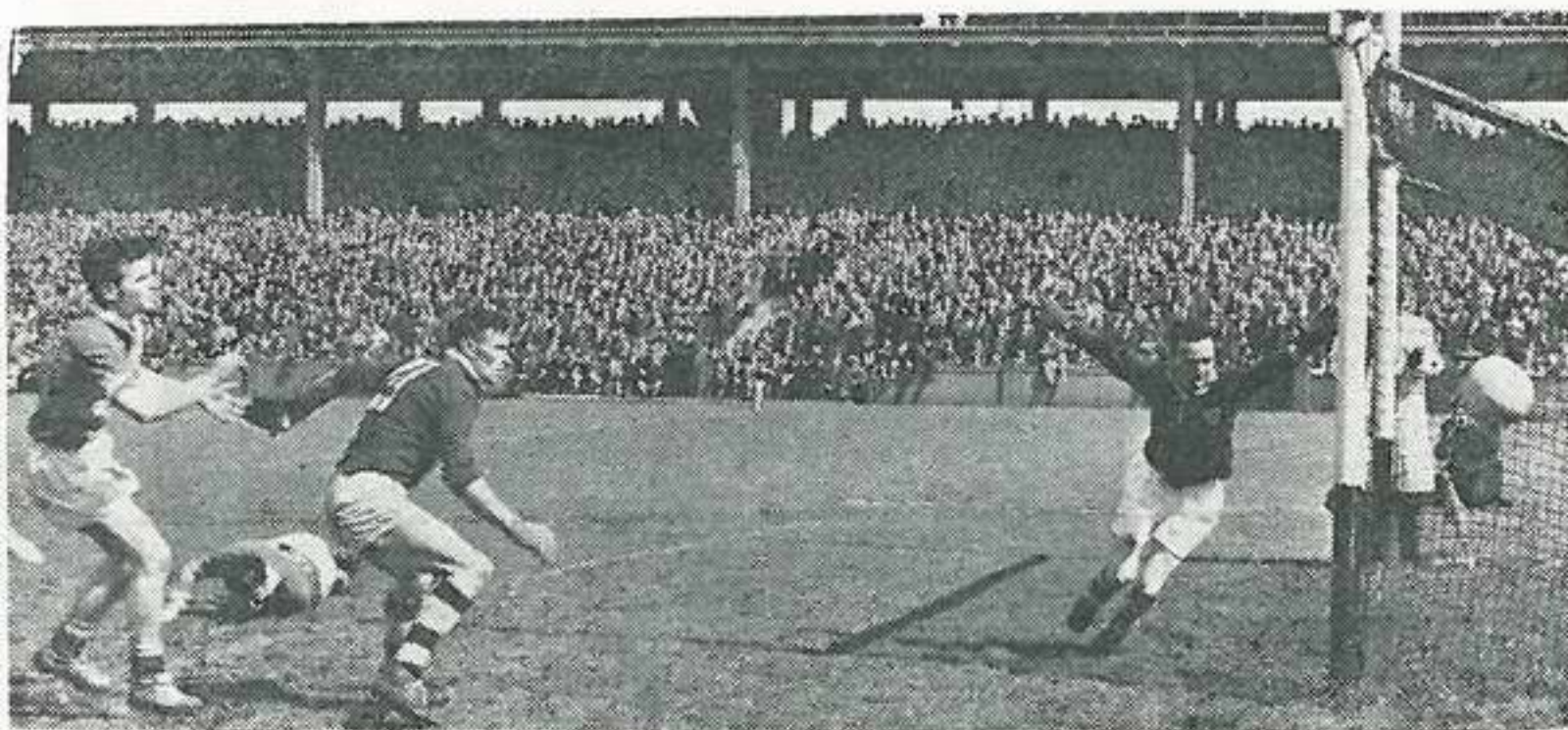


AS THE CAUGHT

PHOTOS BY "GAELIC WE

THE FINAL SCORE

LEFT—Brilliant Ollie Walsh stops John Maher struggles to keep out T



TOP RIGHT—Jack Mahon, captain for being presented with the League Cup by MacFearain, President of the G.A.A., after had beaten Kerry in the final.

LEFT—Joe O'Neill, Galway's goalkeeper, attempt to stop this shot, but luckily the wide in the N.F.L. Final at Croke P

RIGHT—Watching anxiously is Tyrone's Thady Turbett, as Paddy Corey clutches a ball during a Galway attack. Rushing in is right full-forward, Gerry Kirwan.

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ter from Wexford's Nicky Rackard, while



Tom Conlon, Louth's star full-back, rises high to gain possession in the All-Ireland semi-final.

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**Sunday
Review**



Jack Mangan, Connacht's captain, tips the ball wide in the Railway Cup final with Munster.



ABOVE—Tom Furlong scores Cork's first goal in the All-Ireland Final against Louth. Other players are, from left: J. Meehan, Dennis "Toots" Kelleher, Ollie O'Reilly and Sean Flood. BELOW—"Blackie" Keane (Tipperary) makes a first-time clearance against Cork in the Munster Championship final. Rushing in is Cork's Paddy Barry. AT RIGHT—Dick Roche, Waterford's goalie, in action in the All-Ireland Final.



BELOW—Denis Heaslip (not in picture) scores for Kilkenny against Wexford.



Dátheangachas in nDeisceart Aifrice

Le PÁDRAIG MAC CONMIDHE

INS an bhliain 1486 tháinig Diat as an Phoirtingéil i dtír san áit ar a dtugtar Rinn an Dóchais anois, ach b'as an Tír-fo-Thuinn do'n chéad scaifte a shocruigh agus a rinne comhnaidhe annsin. Ar Aibreán 6, 1652, threorúigh Ian Van Riebeck scaifte annsin. B'as ceannatar Amsterdam a mbunadhas, ach níorbh ionann teangaidh dóibh uilig. Bhí trí nó ceithre canamhaintí den Deutch aca. Fuair nó ghlac na Sasanaigh seilbh ar an tír in 1806, ach eadar 1652 agus 1806, tháinig athrú ar theangaidh na mBórach: rinneadh teangaidh úr, Aifricaans. Tháinig níos mó athruithe ar an teangaidh taobh istigh do chéad go leith bliain ná tháinig ar Fhraincís Quebec i dtí chéad bliain nó ar Spainis Deisceart Mheiriceá i gceithre chéad.

Teangaidh Labhartha a Bhí ann Ar dTús

Ach teangaidh labhartha a bhí sa teangaidh úr. Ní rabh de leabharthaí ag an náisiún úr ach leabharthaí Deutch nó Gearmánaise. Díreach mar tharla i nÉirinn rinne na Sasanaigh a ndithcheall tabhairt ar na daoine uilig Béarla a labhairt. Ní rabh teangaidh ar bith eile i n-úsáid ins na scoltacha. Eadar sin agus a lán rudaí eile d'éirigh na Bóraighe iongantach mí-shásta agus chinn siad ar imtheacht ó thúaidh—rud a rinne. Eadar 1835-8 bhí an trek mór ann trasna an Vaal agus na h-Abhann Oráistighe gur chuir siad dhá phobacht úra ar bun—An Transvaal agus an Saorstát Oráisteach.

Bhí Daoíní In-Éadan an Aifricaans

Rinneadh an chéad iarraidh Aifricaans a scríobhadh sa bhliain 1860. Bhí dhá dream go láidir i n-a éadan—na Sasanaigh, cinnte, ach chomh maith leo bhí cuid mhaith de na Bóraighe féin—daoine a shíl nach rabh ins an teangaidh úr ach "patois". Ach aimhdheoin gach constaic chuaigh an teangaidh úr ar aghaidh. Annsin tháinig an Cogadh i n-éadan na Sasanach 1899-1902. I dtaca le teangaidh de Aifricaans a labhair Kruger, Aifricaans a labhair na saighdiúirí faoi. Buadhach ortha ach neartuigheadh spiorad na náisiúntachta agus glacadh leis an teangaidh úr mar chuid den náisiúntacht. Cuireadh tús ar litridheacht le linn an chogaidh féin, agus i 1909 bunuigheadh Acadamh Dheisceart Aifrice.

I 1910 h-aontuigheadh na Ceithre Stáit, an Cape, Natal, Transvaal agus an Saorstát Oráisteach agus mar chuid de shocrú an Aontuithe dúradh i nAirtigéal 137—"Go mbeidh dhá theangaidh oifigeamhla—Béarla agus Aifricaans—ar chomhchéim i saoghal puiblidhe an Náisiúin." Ach mar sin féin níor glacadh le Aifricaans ins na scoltacha go dtí 1914, agus níor glacadh leis sa

Trí Chineál Scoltacha

Tá trí chineál scoltacha ins an Stát.

(a) Scoltacha 'na dteagascar na h-adhbhair uilig fríd teangaidh amháin agus ins an dara teangaidh ach adhbhar.

(b) Scoltacha 'na mbíonn an dá theangaidh ar chomh-chéim ach scartha ó chéile—rud beag cosamhail leis an tsocrú i gColáiste Iolscoile na Gaillimhe—adhbhar á theagasc fríd an Bhéarla agus an t-adhbhar céadna i seomra eile faoi mhúinteoir eile i nAifricaans.

(c) Scoltacha dhá theangthacha—an dá theangaidh i n-úsáid ag an mhúinteoir amháin—cead ag na mic-léighinn nótaí a scríobhadh i mBéarla nó in Aifricaans.

De réir móráirimh na ndaoine i 1936, seo mar bhí an scéal,

Béarla Amháin	19.0%
Aifricaans Amháin	16.4%
Béarla agus Aifricaans	64.4%
Gan Ceachtar Aca	0.2%
Ins an Mhóráirimh 1918 ní rabh an	

dá theangaidh ach ag 42.1%. Nach mór an t-athrú in ocht mbliana déag, agus an chuid is mó den bhuidheachtas ag dul, do na scoltacha.

I gcunntas oifigeamhail ó Aireacht an Oideachais 1941, deirtear go bhfuil an dara teangaidh an-lag i scoltacha den chéad déanamh, i bhfad níos fearr ins an dara rang cionnus go mbíonn an dá scaifte ag súgradh agus ag cainnt le chéile taobh amuigh den scoil, ach is ins an triomhadh cineál atá airtigéal 137 den Bhunreacht dhá choimhlíonadh. Cuidigheann teangaidh amháin leis an teangaidh eile: tá an dá theangaidh níos fearr ins na scoltacha dhá-theangthacha. Smaoitigh ar an Gheinearal Smuts—cainnteoir dúthchais Aifricaans ag scríobhadh feallsamhnachta i mBéarla.

Toradh Suirbhéireachta 1938

Ach ní amháin go gcuidigheann teangaidh amháin le foghlaim na teangtha eile ach cuidigheann an dá theangaidh le foghlaim na n-adhbhair eile comh maith. In 1938 rinne an Bureau Náisiúnta Oideachais agus Athcuartaighthe Suirbhéireacht bheacht chruinn ar an cheist uilig. Cuireadh 18,773 páistí faoi scrúdú ins an tsuirbhéireacht is iomláine dá dtearnadh ariamh ar an dátheangachas i dtír ar bith. Chomh maith leis an dá theangaidh féin rinneadh trial ar tíreolaidheacht agus uimhridheacht. Mar thoradh na suirbhéireachta sin cruthuigheadh go cinnte go rabh na páistí i scoil dhá-theangthaigh deich mí i dtíreolaidheacht agus sé mí in uimhridheacht roimh páiste de'n aois agus intleacht chéadna ins na scoltacha eile. Cruthuigheadh fosta go rabh Béarla agus Aifricaans ní b'fhearr ins na scoltacha dhá-theangthacha, agus go rabh an biseach le feiceáil níos soiléire ins na páistí ba laige—na páistí chaighdeánacha. Caithfidh g a n dearmad a dhéanamh nach dearnadh an tsuirbhéireacht seo ag cumann náisiúnta ach ag cumann ealadhanta agus go bhfuil sé bunuighthe ar fhiogúirí ó gach cineál scoltach agus páistí. Fosta cuimhnimis nach bhfuil tír ar bith sa domhan comh dtá-theangthael le Deisceart Aifrice. Amharc ar líon na gCúige,

Dhá theangthach

Rinn an Dóchais	66%
Natal	44%
Transvaal	66%
An Saorstát Oráisteach	69%

Ins na tíortha eile atá i n-ainm a bheith dhá-theangthach tá teangaidh amháin i limistéar éigin, agus teangaidh eile ins an chuid eile den tír, agus níl dhá-theangthachas ach eadar an dá limistéar.

Ceacht Le Foghlaim Againn

An bhfuil ceacht ar bith le foghlaim againn as an chunntas seo? Más fiú rud mo bharamhail, sílim go gcruthuigheann sé

- Go gcuidigheann foghlaim teangtha eile leis an chéad teangaidh.
- Go gcaithfear na h-adhbhair a theagasc fríd an teangaidh; go gcuidigheann sin leis an teangaidh agus leis an adhbhar.

Mayo's Junior Football Title

By SEAN FLANAGAN

FOR us in Mayo, this will be remembered as Josie Munnelly's year. However, the selectors who chose him earned a little record of their own, since they called on a total of thirty-nine players for what was nominally the same team. Some kind Solomon is badly needed to decide who will get the medals!

In the earlier rounds, Mayo staggered along winning matches they might have lost. In particular, Galway were somewhat careless in failing to win the Connacht Final. Afterwards, Seamus Colleran felt inclined to blame his personal hoodoo where Mayo are concerned. That aside, he was certainly unfortunate,

to follow, an earned increment for a player of majestic, if sometimes harnessed, ability. He was not our only star, but this is not a critical report, and I shall leave it so.

THE HOME FINAL

The Home Final was a most exasperating affair practically all of the time. Neither side seemed anxious

limited and scattered resources, they nearly gathered a winning side.

MUNNELLY THE STAR

In both his games, Munnelly showed his wonderful sense of position and anticipation. The way he slipped away from goal for the outward pass that so seldom came was a lesson for seniors to learn—if they had the eyes to see and the wish to learn!

The interesting question from a Mayoman's point of view is whether much lower than is usual; while their

WORTHY ALL-IRELAND CHAMPIONS



The Mayo team which defeated a Warwickshire team in the All-Ireland Junior Football Final at Warwickshire.

for his own play was impressively competent and resourceful.

THE SEMI-FINAL

A much-changed Mayo side took on Louth in the All-Ireland semi-final; much changed and much improved. This game was certainly the best in the entire Championship and a better spectacle than the Senior semi-final on the same afternoon.

The casual brilliance of John McAndrew was, perhaps, the deciding factor; an unearned increment for those whose eyes were on the game

to play football or to try to escape from the ragged tempo of the opening minutes. Instead, they seemed content to flog the ball aimlessly, not always even in the intended direction.

Fortunately, Mayo finally broke the spell. One might say that Johnny Bresty happened to be knocking around at the right time. Little need be said of the Final, which reflected great credit on Warwickshire. From and strong Senior team. Certainly, the average age of the Juniors was we have found the nucleus of a new

two games in Croke Park will help in years ahead. Yet there is a vast—if indefinable—difference between Junior and Senior football.

To bridge it requires study, patience and a certain mental attitude even more than exceptional natural ability. Whether the many outstanding players on this year's winning side will eventually bridge the gap, I would not dare to prophesy. I will say that I think the natural ability is there.

Counties Sharing G.A.A. Honours

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Compiled By Seamus O'Ceallaigh

A LIVELY topic of G.A. discussion has always centred on the honours won by the respective counties since the formation of the Association.

The senior championships will celebrate their seventieth birthday next year, and it is of interest at this stage to recall the various counties which have gained renown in championship or league competition during that period.

The widespread appeal of Gaelic games can best be judged from the knowledge that twenty-seven counties appear on the Honours Roll, whilst titles have also crossed the seas to London and New York.

The five counties—Antrim, Carlow, Donegal, Fermanagh and Leitrim—who have not gained All-Ireland renown have all won provincial titles, so that all the counties can claim a share in the honours of Gaeldom.

A complete list of All-Ireland and National League winners will be treasured by keen students of the games.

ARMAGH (2)

Junior Football—1926.
Minor Football—1937.

CAVAN (8)

Senior Football—1933, 1935, 1947, 1948, 1952.
Junior Football—1927.
Minor Football—1927.
National Football League—1947.

CLARE (4)

Senior Hurling—1914.
Junior Hurling—1914.
Minor Hurling—1929.
National Hurling League—1945.

CORK (46)

Senior Hurling—1890, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1902, 1903, 1919, 1926, 1928, 1929, 1931, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1946, 1952, 1953, 1954.
Senior Football—1890, 1911, 1945.
Junior Hurling—1912, 1916, 1925, 1940, 1947, 1950, 1955.
Junior Football—1951, 1953, 1955.
Minor Hurling—1928, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1941, 1951.
National Hurling League—1925, 1929, 1939, 1940, 1947, 1952.
National Football League—1951, 1955.

DERRY (1)

National Football League—1946.

DOWN (1)

Junior Football—1946.

DUBLIN (40)

Senior Hurling—1889, 1917, 1920, 1924, 1927, 1938.
Senior Football—1891, 1892, 1894, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1901, 1902, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1942.
Junior Hurling—1932, 1937, 1952.
Junior Football—1914, 1916, 1939, 1948.
Minor Hurling—1945, 1946, 1954.
Minor Football—1930, 1945, 1954, 1955, 1956.
National Hurling League—1928, 1938.
National Football League—1952, 1954.
GALWAY (12)
Senior Hurling—1923.
Senior Football—1925, 1934, 1938, 1956.
Junior Hurling—1939.
Junior Football—1931.
Minor Football—1952.
National Hurling League—1931, 1950.
National Football League—1939, 1956.
KERRY (36)
Senior Hurling—1891.
Senior Football—1903, 1904, 1909, 1913, 1914, 1924, 1926, 1929, 1930, 1931.

1932, 1937, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1946, 1953, 1955.

Junior Football—1913, 1915, 1924, 1928, 1930, 1941, 1949, 1954.

Minor Football—1931, 1932, 1933, 1946, 1950.

National Football League—1927, 1928, 1930, 1931.

KILDARE (4)

Senior Football—1905, 1919, 1927, 1928.

KILKENNY (22)

Senior Hurling—1904, 1905, 1907, 1909, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1922, 1932, 1933, 1935, 1939, 1947, 1957.

Junior Hurling—1928, 1946, 1951, 1956.

Minor Hurling—1931, 1935, 1936, 1950.

National Hurling League—1932.

LAOIGHIS (2)

Senior Hurling—1915.

National Football League—1926.

LIMERICK (19)

Senior Hurling—1897, 1918, 1921, 1934, 1936, 1940.

Senior Football—1887, 1896.

Junior Hurling—1935, 1941, 1954, 1957.

Minor Hurling—1940.

National Hurling League—1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1946.

LONDON (4)

Senior Hurling—1901.

Junior Hurling—1938, 1949.

Junior Football—1938.

LONGFORD (1)

Junior Football—1937.

LOUTH (8)

Senior Football—1910, 1912, 1957.

Junior Football—1925, 1932, 1934.

Minor Football—1936, 1940.

MAYO (17)

Senior Football—1936, 1950, 1951.

Junior Football—1933, 1950, 1957.

Minor Football—1935, 1953.

National Football League—1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1940, 1948, 1953.

(Continued on page 34)

A Goal For Tipp. In The Minor Final



OIREACHTAS FINALS

- 1939 (HURLING): Limerick, 4-4; Kilkenny, 2-5.
 1941 (FOOTBALL): Dublin, 3-3; Kildare, 2-6 (Draw).
 1942 (FOOTBALL): Dublin, 1-6; Cavan, 1-3.
 1943 (FOOTBALL): Roscommon, 1-6; Louth, 0-6.
 1944 (HURLING): Dublin, 6-6; Galway, 3-6.
 1945 (HURLING): Tipperary, 4-6; Galway, 4-3.
 1947 *Comortas Aghas Established* (HURLING): Kilkenny, 2-12; Galway, 2-6.
 1948 (HURLING): Dublin, 3-6; Waterford, 2-6.
 1949 (HURLING): Tipperary, 2-8; Laois, 1-6.
 1950 (HURLING): Galway, 2-9; Wexford, 2-6.
 1951 (HURLING): Wexford, 4-7; Kilkenny, 3-7.
 1952 (HURLING): Galway, 3-7; Wexford, 1-10.
 1953 (HURLING): Wexford, 5-11; Clare, 4-5.
 1954 (HURLING): Clare, 2-8; Wexford, 2-8. *Replay—*
 Clare, 3-6; Wexford, 0-12.

- 1955 (HURLING): Wexford, 3-11; Kilkenny, 3-4.
 1956 (HURLING): Wexford, 0-16; Kilkenny, 1-9.
 1957 (HURLING): Kilkenny, 4-10; Wexford, 3-5.

THE THOMOND TOURNAMENT

Four Counties participate in this, the oldest established G.A.A. Competition still running, outside of the Championship, and the winners to date are:

LIMERICK: 1913, '20, '22, '25, '28, '32, '33, '34, '35, '37, 40, '44, '45, '47 (Fourteen titles).

TIPPERARY: 1915, '16, '24, '27, '30, '31, '49, '51 (Eight titles).

CORK: 1914, '26, '36, '41, '48, '52, '54 (Seven titles).
 CLARE: 1929, '46 (Two titles).

CUMANN LÚITH-CHLEAS GAEDHEAL COISDE CHÚIGE CHONNACHT

CALLING GAELS OF CONNACHT



PLEASE NOTE FOLLOWING DATES:

1st and 2nd ROUNDS SENIOR FOOTBALL
 CHAMPIONSHIPS

JUNE 15TH & JUNE 22ND



SEMI-FINAL
 JUNE 29TH



FINAL
 JULY 13TH

T. KILCOYNE,
 Rúnaí,
 Ballymote, Co. Sligo.

(Continued from page 33)

MEATH (10)

Senior Football—1949, 1954.
 Junior Hurling—1927, 1948.
 Junior Football—1947, 1952.
 Minor Football—1957.
 National Football League—1932, 1945, 1950.

MONAGHAN (1)

Junior Football—1956.

NEW YORK (1)

National Football League—1949.

OFFALY (2)

Junior Hurling—1923, 1929.

ROSCOMMON (6)

Senior Football—1943, 1944.
 Junior Football—1940.
 Minor Football—1939, 1941, 1951.

SLIGO (1)

Junior Football—1935.

TIPPERARY (48)

Senior Hurling—1887, 1895, 1896, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1906, 1908, 1916, 1925, 1930, 1937, 1945, 1949, 1950, 1951.
 Senior Football—1889, 1895, 1900, 1920.
 Junior Hurling—1913, 1915, 1924, 1926, 1930, 1933, 1953.
 Junior Football—1912, 1923.
 Minor Hurling—1930, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1947, 1949, 1952, 1953, 1955, 1956, 1957.

Minor Football—1934.
 National Hurling League—1927, 1948, 1949, 1951, 1953, 1954, 1956.

TYRONE (2)

WATERFORD (5)

Senior Hurling—1948.
 Junior Hurling—1931, 1934.
 Minor Hurling—1929, 1948.

WESTMEATH (2)

Junior Hurling—1936.
 Junior Football—1929.

WEXFORD (9)

Senior Hurling—1910, 1955, 1956.
 Senior Football—1893, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918.
 National Hurling League—1955.

WICKLOW (1)

Junior Football—1936.

CHAMPION MEN OF '57

Writing of the "best men of the year" is a very hard job and one which is hardly fair to either players or writer, for the journalist's opinion which gains such a big audience is still only one man's impression often gained with far too little experience of the hero's merit. So let's just talk of a small bunch of men, all of whom are, without doubt, very good and a few of whom appealed very much to the fallible taste of a scribbler from Cork.

And to be a real Corkman I'll start with a 37-year-old man from Cloyne. Christy Ring didn't have a great year, you'll say, for he was out of it for so long with that broken wrist. But look at what he did while in it!

THE MAN FROM CLOYNE



CHRISTY RING

In that great Railway Cup Final against Leinster he scored on his own exactly one goal more than the complete Leinster total of 2-5. Then and after his long lay-off he came back to play an important League game against Waterford.

"Ring is a fool," said some of his admirers. "He'll only get hurt again." The Cloyne man's answer was short—



FRANK STOCKWELL

three goals to be exact, and though the fine player whom the years can't rob of speed, power and craft, was seen but little, we cannot omit him from the roll of '57's great ones.

The All-Ireland Final was not Phil Grimes's greatest day, but think of the tall athletic midfielder's prowess on the way to the final. Six points against Cork in the Munster final, and a great game; nine against Galway and 1-6 in the final. Add to that the power and confidence the big rangy captain's play put into the Decies effort and mark Phil Grimes up there with the best of them.

Mick Kenny, now soldiering in Clonmel, has been a long time chasing that All-Ireland medal. Years ago he gave



MICK KENNY

some fine displays in Cork, then came his sojourn in Tipperary club hurling with some games for the county and now how gallantly and efficiently he plays in the black-and-amber. His glorious goal from 50 yards in the second half of the All-Ireland and his 2-5 total are Mick's admission fee to top ranking of '57, and Corkmen still wonder what would have happened a few years ago in Limerick, had the Tipp men played reliable Mickey Byrne in his own place at right full and let Mick Kenny take on Christy Ring.

How can one omit Olly Walsh, the Cúl Baire from the Nore—the man who broke many a player's heart and sent poor fellows in the stands tearing their hair out? No doubt Olly Walsh took too many chances, seemed to be over-spectacular at times and ran into danger when seeking those long, soaring clearances. There's no doubt also but that

omit his grand display in the League Final against Tipp, and several truly magnificent saves in the All-Ireland the three goals scored by Waterford in the final are question marks which one must place on the Kilkenny man's ability. Still, for sheer merit we can't

By Eamonn Young



final. When either on his feet or his knees, Walsh was still the hawk-eyed custodian of Noreside hopes that his brilliance guarded to flourishing reality.

Where can one stop? What of John Sutton of the tall frame and beautiful hurling, or young Jimmy Doyle's artis-

CÚL BAIRE FROM THE NORE



OLLY WALSH

try and poetry of motion? Remember Mick O'Connor's speed and clean, hard hurling, with Séamus Power's fiery vigour and neatness; Joe Salmon, that grand striker from Galway; Willie Rackard, Tony Wall, Jimmy Smyth, Paddy Kenny and the darling back from Blackrock, Jimmy Brohan. One could fill a book, but space and time are stern masters. May they thrill us again in '58.

(Continued on next page)

One might think it hard to pick the footballers, yet for me the choice is easy and I go no further than the small man with the hair-trigger brain and dancing feet from Tuam, Frankie Stockwell. When Kerry and Galway fought a tough, unyielding battle in the second half of the League final, when Kerry backs hung on with the real Kingdom grit and it seemed that they might pull through, remember Sean Purcell's dash to the corner, his pass towards goal and the way Stockwell cut in like a snipe to send to the net.

Remember, too, his swiggling, swerving and all-out dashes towards goal when playing Cork in the semi-final, when only Dan Murray's brilliant anticipation robbed the Galwayman.

Remember, too, his wriggling, swerv-battle of wits and football between Paddy O'Driscoll and Sean Purcell.

GALWAY WIZARD



SEAN PURCELL

Before the game, great as our opinion of Paddy was, we wondered if he would do the job. We wondered more when the first ball came out of the air twenty yards out of O'Driscoll's position and the wiry Garda player tore out, leaped and didn't fetch. I groaned and thought Paddy had lost his head, but as he said to me afterwards: "I was determined that any ball that dropped within twenty yards was my ball." Stout words, mind you—and from a stout man. It was the efficient shepherding of Purcell that robbed Frank Stockwell of a lot of help and pulled us through.

Many of us regard Eddie Devlin of Tyrone as a veteran because the dentist retired and then came back. Yet Eddie at 26 is in the height of his form and here we have a small man with a big heart, a cool head and grand football ability. Devlin is the quicksilver type of footballer who brings imagination into his play—Kevin Beahan is another—and can change his mind effortlessly in a split second, when deciding perhaps to carry the ball instead of kicking it. And so many fail to carry it at the right time. So few also have the all-round mental and physical ability to play back and forward. Tyrone's Eddie Devlin can do both well.

Heartbreaking as it was for me to see it, I can't forget the dying minutes of that All-Ireland. Many, many are the reasons, and some of the feelings in my breast just then had nothing to do with the subject of this column. But one of those reasons simply must recall a fair-haired Louthman, who has given years of service. They call him Stephen White. Remember when that awful goal was scored and our men knew it was a race against the clock. Remember how they stormed madly up the field, each man praying silently for just another few minutes. But one man truly must have seen that the game was won if—if only he and his men could hang on and put just that one little extra effort into their play. He was White, and the way he rose, gripped, swerved and kicked it down field into our teeth once more put an end to 45 years of waiting. Men cried in the Cork dressingroom



KEVIN BEAHAN

after; the tears were of joy in Louth, and there was well-won praise for Stephen White, the man who packed hours of brilliance into four minutes of an All-Ireland final.

How long it would take to discuss the others! What a fine centre-back is Gerry O'Malley of Roscommon—though he does over-hold it! Jim MacKeever, Kevin Beahan, whose value to a team is even greater perhaps than we think; Sean Purcell, who when fit—as he was in New York—is a joy to watch; Tom Dillon, Jody O'Neill, Thady Tub-

rett, that great little fellow Gerry O'Reilly . . . all are good men and there are more. Let's not forget our own down South—John Dowling and Mick O'Connell of Kerry, bounding Niall Fitzgerald and the loose-limbed Eric Ryan of Cork.

These are a few of the men who made us shout or groan during '57, and please God we'll see them again in '58.

They are the leaders of our games, the men whom people throng to see, for they show us what training, enthusiasm, brains and courage can do when the body is strong and the feet are fast.

Apart, too, from their playing ability, aren't they playing Irish games in an Irish way, joyously bright in the virility the good God gave them, and out there on our playing-fields straining nerve and muscle in the way taught to them by the followers of Cusack and the lovers of Ireland?

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CO. MEATH

The Ale
for
The Gael
SMITHWICK'S ALE

R. A. Dillon gives

Review of the Handball Season

THE two most notable events in the past year's Handball were, first of all, the emulation of John Joe Gilmartin's great record of four senior All-Ireland titles in the one season, by John Ryan of Wexford, and secondly the visit of the American handballers in September.

Handball generally in this country has shown a definite improvement in the past year. All four provinces competed in both codes in the All-Ireland Championships, and although all the titles went to Munster and Leinster the other two provinces were never outclassed. Ulster turned out some very good performers who will surely bring honours to their province in the near future. The twelve National titles were divided between five counties, Wexford and Limerick sharing eight, Kildare taking two, and Clare and Tipperary sharing the other two.

RECORD EMULATED

John Ryan once again proved himself to be the outstanding player in the country. Playing devastating handball all through the National Championships, he never looked like being beaten in any of his matches and went on to win all four titles. He thus achieved his life's ambition to emulate the great "J.J."

Last May, Ryan went on a short tour of America. Playing three matches, he won the first, drew the second and lost the last. This was a very creditable performance when one considers that Ryan had to play in stifling heat, under American rules and in ballcourts much smaller in dimensions than ours.

In Ryan's game with the American Junior Champion, Harry Hyde, he actually led the American 17-12 in the first game of the rubber, playing with the American ball.



JIM RYAN (Wexford)

Due more to the heat than anything else he could not keep up the pressure and Hyde broke through to take the game and eventually the match. The U.S. sports-writers paid glowing tributes to Ryan's stylish play, and the Chairman of the A.A.U. said the

of the season. He was successful in Junior Hardball Singles and Doubles and went very near to winning a third title, being beaten in the Junior Softball Doubles final. Doran is a two-handed handballer whose "kills" from the back-wall were a treat to watch. His covering of the alley left nothing to be desired and, indeed, his all-round fitness was a delight to see. Kildare should have a great hardball doubles pair next year in Doran and

MESSAGE FROM

**Very Rev. W. J.
CANON CARROLL,
P.P., V.F.**

*President of the Irish Handball
Council.*



THE 1957 Season has finished as far as national championships and big games are concerned, and while, generally speaking, the year provided nothing very startling, it had features that raised it above the ordinary, and there were some encouraging signs of progress. An instance of the latter was the fact that all four provinces provided competitors in the hard-ball code.

The promotion of handball all down the years has been a difficult task for officials, and still is, and will continue to be, uphill work. The game does not and cannot attract really big crowds, and cannot hope to stand on its own financially. During 1957 it has got a lot more publicity and for that best thanks are due to the Press. Every boy has played handball either in a ball-court or against any suitable wall that offered. Hence every man and boy in Ireland can appreciate the skill of the expert. Continued publicity will help to arouse widespread interest in this grand Irish game, and can help to get more and more young people to play it, which really is more important than having a comparatively small number of skilled players competing in championships. In every area, where there is a ball-court, there is sure to be a few old handballers who could organise the game and get it going in their parish. And, lastly, more covered ball-courts are needed if the "Alley Cracker" is to be popularised.

Irishman, if he had some practice in the American ballcourts would beat all and sundry.

OUTSTANDING PLAYERS

Young Martin Mullins of Limerick proved himself to be the outstanding up-and-coming handballer by winning four All-Ireland titles, three minor and one junior. Displaying amazing strength for a lad of 18 years, he also proved he had a temperament ideally suited to the game. Mullins is a name we will be hearing a lot of in the coming season.

Willie Doran of Ballymore-Eustace, Co. Kildare, was the hardball "find"

Grattan, who will really test the champions of the past few years, Ryan and Doyle of Wexford.

Clare are to be congratulated on winning their first All-Ireland handball title ever during the season. Pat Kirby took the Junior Softball Singles in effortless style from Fintan Confrey of Louth. And young Paddy Hickey of Tipperary clinched the Minor Hardball Singles against S. Kelly of Kilkenny.

AMERICAN BALL PLAYERS

In September the three American handballers, Tom Ginty, Harry Hyde and Bob Hyde, and manager Charlie

O'Connell, paid a two-week visit to our shores. They did not disappoint the fans who had heard so much about them. Displaying a style of handball completely alien to the Irish, they played at venues in all four provinces. They employed a strange half overarm stroke in serving, and when "killing" they used the same stroke, bringing their shoulder down to within a foot of the ground. Their wholehearted way of playing was a thing to marvel at. They played at times as if there

final game saw the American putting everything he had into holding on to the initiative, but Ryan came with renewed energy to forge ahead and take the game and match.

TRIBUTES

The other two Americans, Tom Ginty and Bob Hyde, won many friends on this side of the ocean by their fine playing and their sportsmanship in and out of the alley. Their manager, Mr. Charlie O'Connell,

doing so showed himself to be a really high-class player. Curragh won the two doubles titles and thus emerged level with Southern in the over-all score. The standard of play all through was well up to the standard of previous years and praise must be given to Tpr. Matt Kelly of the Curragh for the enthusiastic way he supervised the running of the very large number of matches.

RESULTS

All-Ireland Champions 1957

SOFTBALL

Senior: John Ryan (Wexford);
Doubles: John Ryan and Doyle (Wexford).
Junior: Paddy Kirby (Clare);
Doubles: Tom McGarry and Martin Mullins (Limerick).
Minor: Martin Mullins (Limerick);
Doubles: Martin Mullins and G. Mitchell (Limerick).

HARDBALL

Senior: John Ryan (Wexford);
Doubles: John Ryan and John Doyle (Wexford).
Junior: W. Doran (Kildare);
Doubles: W. Doran and S. Curran (Kildare).
Minor: P. Hickey (Tinnerary);
Doubles: M. Mullins and P. O'Connell (Limerick).

GAEL LINN TOURNAMENT (S.B.S.)

D. Dillon (Dublin).

BRAY MINERAL WATERS TOURNAMENT (S.B.D.)

J. Maher and O. Maher (Louth).

ALL-ARMY HANDBALL CHAMPIONSHIPS

HARDBALL: *Singles*—Sgt. F. Moloney (Southern Command); *Doubles*—Sgt. R. Maher and Pte. J. O'Neill (Curragh).

SOFTBALL: *Singles*—Sgt. F. Moloney (Southern Command); *Doubles*—Cpl. C. White and Pte. J. O'Neill (Curragh).

HANDBALL IN THE U.S.A.

OVER in the U.S.A., Bob Brady, of the San Francisco Olympic Club, took the A.A.U. Senior Four-Wall Singles title for 1957, beating Jimmie Jacobs of the Los Angeles Athletic Club in the final. Vic Hersh-kowitz, the 39-year-old Brooklyn Central Y Club handballer, made light of his years by taking his 23rd National title, the 1957 U.S.H.A. Senior Three-Wall Championship. The aforementioned Jimmie Jacobs was again the beaten finalist, in a very one-sided match, the scores reading at the end: 21-9, 21-5. Jacobs had earlier conquered the veteran from Brooklyn in the U.S.H.A. Four-Wall Singles Championship. The U.S.H.A. Three-Wall Doubles title was won by Oscar and Ruby Obert from Brooklyn. They beat Jimmie Jacobs and Jack Gordon in the final by two games to one. This apparently was not Jacob's year. He won all three—the A.A.U., U.S.H.A. and Y.M.C.A. singles last year.

The most important rule brought out at the year's Irish Handball Council's Annual Congress was the power given to referees to declare a foul wilful or unnecessary delay by a player during a match.

was a million dollars at stake. They were feted at nearly all the venues in which they played, local dignitaries and county G.A.A. officials and handballers paying them deserving tributes. Harry Hyde was the most successful of the tourists, a defeat at the hands of John Ryan being his only singles default during the tour. This match, incidentally, was the most thrilling game of them all. After beating Ryan rather easily a few days previously, Hyde faced him again at the Talbotts Inch ballcourt in Kilkenny. Played at a terrific pace, the first game went to Ryan. Hyde made it one each by taking the second. The start of the

Chairman of the A.A.U. and the New York Athletic Club, paid many tributes to the handballers he had met during the tour, and to the hospitality of the officials, especially Canon Carroll, President of the Irish Handball Council, and Mr. Joe Lynch, Secretary. Mr. O'Connell said he would like to see the international games of old being revived between the two countries.

ARMY CHAMPIONSHIP

Chief honours in the All-Army Handball Championship went to Sgt. F. Maloney of the Southern Command. He took both singles titles and in

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Meath's First Minor Title

(Continued from page 21)

dealt with by others already, and there remains but for me to say sincere thanks to all who made 1957 so memorable for the boys of Meath.

THE FUTURE

And now the inevitable question: What of the future of these boys? Some of them are already debarred from Junior inter-county competition next year, having taken part in Senior club competition within the county this year, and not being mature enough, as yet, for Senior inter-county competition, they must stand idly by instead of progressing through junior to senior ranks. Thus these boys are penalised for helping their own clubs in senior grade and we feel that senior inter-county competition suffers as a result. If Minor county teams could progress naturally through Junior to Senior grade, both grades would benefit immensely and the standard of football in each would be raised 100 per cent.

Then perhaps the question, What happens these Minors? would no longer require an answer. From Meath's point of view we find this question answered inasmuch as at least half of the present Senior side figured prominently in Minor grade during the last three years.

THE MEN OF TO-MORROW

And now to introduce the boys of 1957, the men of to-morrow who will most assuredly make a brave effort to bring the Sam Maguire Cup to Meath.

In goal stood fearless P. J. Reilly from Donaghmore. Fronting him were three boys big in stature and football ability, high-fielders and long kickers—"Toss" Gibney from Ballinlough, Don Kelleher from St. Mary's, East Meath, and Bertie Cunningham from Ballivor. The half-back line comprised Jack Fagan and Tom Fitzsimons from the famed Navan

De La Salles, and Mick Clerkin, the tenacious Moynalty boy. This trio generally blunted every opposing attack at its source. At centre-field was the maestro himself, Jimmy Halpin of Millbrook. A footballer to his fingertips, Jimmy possesses two dazzling feet and a football brain to match. His partner was Seamus Clynch, another member of the Salles and the "baby" of the team. Seamus can play Minor next year, and although scaling a mere fourteen-and-a-half stones, has an amazing burst of speed, and, of course, the "high ones" are his speciality. At right-half-forward was the tireless, unselfish Paddy Hanley from Clonard, who is at present figuring prominently at centre-field for Ballyfin College team.

On the "40" was the giant of this gigantic team, Jack Grey from Enfield, standing six-feet-three and carrying dynamite in both feet.

The captain and "flyer" of this team, Brendan Cahill, of Navan De La Salles, manned the left-half-forward position. Brendan certainly could get up with the best, and once in possession showed a clean pair of heels to all and sundry. The corner-forward positions were manned by the smallest men on the team, Larry Drumm of Kilberry and Tommy Monaghan of Kells, but what a merry dance they led the opposing backs! Both were lightning off their marks and then raised the white flags from every angle. Heading the attack was Mick Greville, the "sharp-shooter" from Enfield, and Mick had his name on many important scores in every game.

THE SUBSTITUTES

Ready and willing to take up their positions if required were the substitutes, whose ability equalled that of the actual playing members of the team. They were: "Teddy" Byrne (goalie) of Navan De La Salles; "Lockie" Sullivan (back) of Donaghmore; Paddy Barry (back) of Kilberry; Eugene Keenan (centre-field) of Kells; Charlie Farrelly (forward) of St. Kieran's; Harry Ratty (forward) of Navan De La Salles; Sean McGuirk (back) of Navan De La Salles; Jimmy Reilly (forward) of Ballinlough, and Matt McCabe (back) of Notber.

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An Old Army Gael

Remembers

By Seana Gael

AS one of the old school of Army Gaels, my thoughts often go back to the very early days of our Gaelic activities. I ponder on the glories of those years, on our enthusiasm, our pride in the knowledge that we were making history, and the pleasure we took in replacing an Army of Occupation that had brought such ruin and demoralisation on so many generations of our people.

Looking back on those memorable years, it seems only yesterday since I witnessed the hauling down of the British

was represented by the General Secretary, Mr. Luke O'Toole, and the N.A.C.A. by Mr. Andy Harty. Later the President of the G.A.A., Mr. Dan McCarthy, T.D., presented two massive cups on behalf of his Association for competition in hurling and football. These trophies have been competed for every year since and the holders for 1957 are Curragh Training Camp and Air Corps respectively. It is of interest to quote from a newspaper report of that time on the attitude of Ireland's Army towards foreign games. On a motion to introduce Rugby and Soccer, General O'Duffy said:

ALL-ARMY CHAMPIONS



THE CURRAGH CAMP TEAM WHICH WON

THE ALL-ARMY HURLING TITLE THIS YEAR

flag in many of our barracks and its replacement by our own Tricolour, the substitution of Gaelic goal-posts for soccer ones in military play-fields, and the disappearance of several other emblems and symbols of foreign rule in our country.

HISTORIC MILESTONES

The early months of 1922 were indeed a milestone in the history of Ireland and to those of us who were brought up in a National atmosphere with a love of everything that belonged to our country, they were proud days to participate in the last scene of foreign domination.

The Civil War brought all Gaelic activities to a halt for a year, but they were intensified in the spring of 1923. In those years all were young, unmarried men, and everybody, regardless of rank, appeared to be active participants in our games. The playing of foreign games then was regarded as heresy and, indeed, this situation lasted right up to 1940, when foreign games were first officially introduced.

The first Convention of the new Army Athletic Association was held on 31st March, 1923, with the Chief of Staff presiding. The Central Council of the Gaelic Athletic Association

"The Army should lead the way in fostering and promoting Gaelic pastimes and it would be a sad day if the Irish Army left aside their own games for those of foreign origin."

The Convention unanimously decided not to cater for foreign games.

OLD COMRADES

The years that followed proved the sincerity behind that patriotic statement of General O'Duffy. Within a short time the rifle was forsaken for the hurley and Army personnel—many with distinguished service records against the British—appeared on the teams of nearly every county in Ireland. Old comrades who had taken different sides in the 1922 split were now together again on the hurling and football field. In passing, it can safely be said that no factor contributed so much to the healing of the deep wounds caused by the Civil War as the re-association of old comrades-in-arms in the ranks of the G.A.A. Many of my best and most sincere friends down through the years were men who took an opposite side to me in the Civil War.

In the summer of 1923 we participated in a seven-a-side tournament consisting of eight Galway teams. All matches were to be played on the same Sunday and at the same venue. After winning the first and second matches, we reached the final, but our opponents refused to play because they disliked our green uniforms!

In the first All-Army Championships in 1923 the Limerick Command hurling team went into training at Rockbarton under the command of Colonel Tom McGrath and Sergt.-Major Browne (who afterwards trained the great Limerick team of the 1930s). The first official hurling match played in the Army was staged at Croke Park on 15th July, 1923, in aid of the Wounded Soldiers Comforts Fund. The teams were Cork Command and Limerick Command. Even though Limerick were defeated by 6-1 to 4-1, they subsequently went on to win the first All-Army Hurling Championship of that year under the captaincy of Tom McGrath.

AMUSING INCIDENTS

I can recall many amusing incidents of these early years on the hurling field. On one occasion in 1923 my battalion team was playing a neighbouring unit in a certain Galway town. During the game, the battalion chaplain was the mainstay of the opposing team but was forced to retire through an accidental injury from which he bled profusely. There was no dressing accommodation and he proceeded to the sideline where his clothes were parked. A local sympathetic crowd followed him and there was consternation when he was seen to dress in clerical garb. One old farmer was heard to exclaim: "Janey, I often heard of the devil among the tailors but I never heard of the priest among the soldiers!" That priest is now a Domestic Prelate of the Vatican and one of the most outstanding personalities of the G.A.A.

The Mayo County hurling team of 1925 consisted of nine soldiers, three Gardaí and three civilians. It was the Army that first introduced hurling into such places as Castlebar and Ballina. An amusing incident took place during a match against Ballyheane which was played in Belcarra on the day of an Aeriocht. The civilian team had only fifteen hurleys and when one was broken and the owner proceeded rather downcastedly to the sideline, the goalkeeper—an old Tipperary hurler named Paddy Rainsford—immediately threw him his own hurley and grabbed a shovel that had been used earlier in the day for digging holes for goal-posts.

Paddy, with his shovel, proved himself a wizard between the posts for the rest of the match, and earned the plaudits of the crowd for his many brilliant saves.

Then there was the final of the Westmeath Championship of 1927 at Castlepollard when we were fortunate to have left our clothes in the lorry that brought us to the venue. After winning a rather robust match we (there were only 18 of us) were obliged to fight a delaying action with our hurleys to the lorry and then drive away to dress en route to our barracks in Athlone. Jim Houlihan, of immortal Clare fame, was the match-winner that day.

Later, when associated with the Limerick County Board, I received every kindness and consideration from players and

officials. The County Board Treasurer, Charlie Holland, had, however, little use for non-natives, to whom he used refer as "windfalls". In Limerick there was a tendency to win matches in the council chamber on technical objections, after loitering on the field of play.

THE ARMY METRO CLUB

The highlight of G.A.A. success in the Army during the 1930s was the brilliance of the Army Metro Club in Dublin. It was like a breath of fresh air to Gaeldom. This highly-organised club, in addition to many other minor victories, won the County Senior Hurling Championship in 1933, 1935 and 1938. The team was powered by such household names at the time as Mick Daniels, Dinny O'Neill, Martin Power, Jim Houlihan, Christy Forde, Tom Feehan, Tim Delaney, Steve Hegarty, Jimmy O'Brien, Arthur Murphy, Jerry O'Connell and Paddy Roche. In those days the Army team was most popular with Dublin Gaels because they felt that an Army victory was the forerunner to Inter-County success. This was borne out in 1934 when Dublin, with nine Army players, was unluckily defeated in a replay of the All-Ireland Final by Mick Mackey's great Limerick team. In 1938 Dublin won its last All-Ireland with a strong Army Metro selection captained by Mick Daniels, who rendered valiant service to his adopted city.

One incident in the 1933 Dublin County Championship final is worth recalling. Army Metro was playing Young Irelands and forced a "70" in the last minute when a point behind. I shall never forget Jim Houlihan setting himself for that "70", and sure enough he drove it straight between the posts. The Army won the replay the following Sunday morning and Houlihan was rushed in a taxi to Kingsbridge, where a special train awaited him for Thurles. He later in the day helped his native Clare against Limerick in the Munster Championship. It was the first and last time a special train was chartered for a single player.

ARMY PLAYERS

My memory brings me back to some of Ireland's greatest hurlers and footballers who served in the Army during the past 35 years—of the peerless Con Brosnan of Kerry, brilliant Paul Doyle and Jack Higgins of Kildare, Jim Houlihan and Jimbo Higgins of Clare, Tommy Hanley of Mayo, Eamon Young of Cork, Johnny McDonald and Mick O'Brien of Dublin, Danny Douglas and Danny Walsh of Laois, and last but not least the late lamented John Joe O'Reilly, who was one of the greatest sportsmen in the Association's history.

The Army of to-day continues to provide many outstanding and physically fit hurlers and footballers to the various county teams. We have Billy O'Neill, Jim Fives, Joe Young, Kissane and Kirwan of Galway, Cathal O'Leary of Dublin, Mick Kenny of Kilkenny, Patsy Devlin of Tyrone, Frank Kelly of Roscommon, Jim Harold of Longford, Colm Madigan of Clare, Mick O'Shea of Limerick, Eamon Goulding of Cork, and many others. They are proud to follow in the footsteps of their great predecessors and are building up a tradition of which future generations will feel proud.

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GREAT HURLING FINALS OF THE PAST

By P. D. MEHIGAN

WHEN we read current evidence of Hurling's growth and popularity in our schools and colleges, as well as amongst our rural communities; when we have watched some hectic game between high-class opponents; when the cheers have not yet left our ears as we sit around Christmas fires, our thoughts sometimes turn on the great hurling finals of the past. Time cannot dim their vivid memories, nor current enthusiasm cloud the brilliancy of the epic games of the past.

Two outstanding All-Ireland finals of the early century will live in old-time memories.

No. 1. Perhaps the earliest, as it was the most thrilling, of my "final" memories carries me back to Croke Park—then Jones's Road—when Tipperary (home champions) met London-Irish in the 1900 final. Tipperary, thrice champions, led by the tearing, sweeping herculean forward, with arms like the pillars of a gate—one Mike Maher, of Tubberadora—were then in the zenith of their powers. Tom Semple, of Thurles, tall, deer-like, handsome as a Greek god, was left-winger. Hayes, Riordan, Gleeson, and a round dozen stalwarts from mid-Tipperary made an apparently invincible team of super-men.

We had heard sufficient of the prowess of London-Irish to hope for a good contest, but in reality, crowds gathered to welcome the exiles who had built a Gaelic outpost in England's capital—an outpost which lives lustily to-day.

About that time, extensive street-paving contracts were being pursued in London, and lucrative employment awaited powerful, physical men. One good Irishman brought over another, and soon half a dozen hurling teams were flourishing in London—Emmets, Brian Borus, Hibernians, Desmonds, Dalcassians and Shandons. Hurlers of high home reputation were brought into the field—Seán Og Hanley, of Kilfinane, Co. Limerick, one of the greatest hurlers of all time, who could drive a ball a whole field's length; Dan Horgan, of Aghabullogue, a giant with a back like a ball-alley and a chest like a gnarled oak-trunk; Jack O'Brien, of Blackrock, prince of step-dancers, a tall, graceful expert hurler of the Ballinure school; Dan Roche and Tim Doody of Limerick, sturdy, polished ash-men; the Barry brothers of Glanworth, whose fame spreads to more than one continent; King brothers; McMahon and Sugrue of Clare, skilled caman men; big Ned Barrett of Kerry; Crowley of Cork; with scores of useful men in support.

'Twas difficult to get a place on a London-Irish team then. Despite a rough crossing overnight, the visiting team surpassed themselves. A ding-dong struggle ensued. So soon as spectators saw the dash, skill and determination, cheer and counter-cheer rang high. As scores crept up on level terms your calm,

reserved Dublin men on the lines grew wildly excited.

I was a "small boy" then, but active as a cat. Accommodation was limited; I was crowded out. At half-time, not satisfied with my stifled view of the game, I essayed a climb of the crowded balcony. A friendly hand overhead helped me up a supporting-post, and I watched the thrilling finish from a perilous position in mid-air with foot and hand gripping a swaying span of slender wood.

At four minutes to go, pandemonium reigned. Tom Semple hit the railway wall with a lightning catch and swing. Seán Og, Horgan, King and O'Brien broke back Tipperary's desperate assaults. The exiles were one point in front on the score of six points to five. Just when victory was in sight and the hour-sands running out, a crawling ball stopped in a rut at Horgan's feet. In his eagerness he touched the ball on the sod with his hand, the whistle blew for a foul, and poor Dan (Dia go deo leis!) swore and gesticulated fiercely, though his worst swear word was, "D—n it, man".

From fifty yards out, I think 'twas Hayes took the resultant puck; it landed in around the house, and a forest of hurleys swept the ball through the gap of the goal. The eager puck-out was short. In tore Mike Maher and Co.; London's defence was overwhelmed for a second Tipp, goal, and as the final whistle screamed, thousands of thrilled spectators cheered victors and vanquished alike. London-Irish in their defeat had covered themselves with glory, and came back in the following year to win the highest honours in the gift of the Association. But that is another story for another day.

No. 2. A bright midsummer's day in 1908. The old borough of Dungarvan is packed to overflowing with joyous, happy crowds of Gaels. The liquid accents of the Decies country came in sweet harmony across the salt-laden air of the spacious square. Men, women and children from the coast to the south-west keep brisk conversation in honeyed Irish. Thousands of stalwart, wiry Kilkenny men, with their typically lean Celtic faces, have come across the gentle

Suir river since early morn. They sport their familiar black and amber colours, and are buoyant. Western trains crowd in. They must halt far below the station. Out on the rail tracks and on the green meadows sweep teeming Cork-men, bringing their quaint, alluring, accented cadence to Leaside speech, bubbling over with good cheer and confidence. Soon the converging streams of humanity blend in one dark, swift, human river, which sought its "sea" in Dan Fraher's spacious enclosure. Music and sunshine, sunshine and music, every itinerant fiddler, piper, balladeer and gadgeteer of South Munster is here.

The tree-lined pitch is peopled with an orderly, well-dressed community. In a special seat is Father Dollard (Slievenamon), home from America to see his loved Moondarrig men at play. The veteran Gael (Dan Fraher) is host. His dark eyes flash welcomes as rich as the Gaelic of his tongue. Pat McGrath and bands of willing workers keep the surging crowd in control. Merry jest and ready repartee. The Gaels' holiday. What an occasion to feast the memory on, and what a game!

James Kelleher, Dungourney's greatest captain, had called on the choicest hurlers of Blackrock, St. Finbarr's, Redmonds and Sarsfields to his aid. They were a sturdy lot of born hurlers. Mooncoin, Tullaroan, Three Castles and Kilkenny City had built a well-balanced, polished group—fleet as deer, and eager as bees round a hive on a June day.

Looking back through the years I sometimes feel that hurling reached its peak of excellence on that memorable day at Dungarvan. 'Twas a white ball. It flew at lightning pace. Bouts of superb overhead striking, interspersed with classic ground hurling and severe tackling. All was clean as a whistle, but stern as an ancient battle between the clans. At four minutes to go the teams were level in a game of alternating fortune. The tally read 21 points each. "A draw, a draw," was on everybody's lips, in the hope of seeing another hour such as this. Then Anthony, of Piltown, lifted a ball midway on Kilkenny's right wing. His delightful wrist work enabled him to send the sphere sailing goalwards. Jem Kelly, the Mooncoin scoring machine, raced out to meet its fall; an accurate sweep "on the drop", and the ball flashed above the bar for the odd point in 43, and Kilkenny's triumph.

Twenty-two years later the same classic counties met at Croke Park in the 1931 final, which needed three meetings to bring the title to Cork. Many have compared the quality of the new games with the old, in the perpetual debate of

youth and age, without loss to either. One thing is certain. Our budding champions have a high tradition to emulate, and master-craftsmen to guide and inspire their best endeavours.

There is a third Hurling final—a later one—which I rank with the best. It is the Tipperary-Kilkenny final of 1945.

Tipperary's Great Win

"When I think of Matt the Thrasher's strength

And Nora Leahy's grace,
I love you Tipperary though
I never saw your face."

—Brian O'Higgins.

Many the exile that repeated these words of the Dublin balladist, when far from home. Many an exile born of Tipperary parents far across the sea re-echoes the words. And, perhaps through the charm of Kickham's mind and pen, many a man and maid with no connection at all with the wide county of Tipp, have a soft corner in their hearts for its blue mountains and emerald vales, not to speak of what Thomas Davis calls—"the matchless men of Tipperary".

All this was running through my mind as I watched that splendid phalanx of Tipperary's six tall backs at Croke Park that Sunday in the 1945 All-Ireland Hurling Final against Kilkenny. Led by John Maher—a cool and brilliant leader—we had Devitt, Cornally, Flor Coffey and the wing halves, Murphy and young Purcell. From end to end they stood straight as lances—averaging 5 feet 11 inches high—wiry, square-shouldered whippy men ready to do or die. And these Tipperary backs are first-class hurlers, everyone. I have always admired the distinctive swing of Tipperary backs when they meet or whip a ball. They favour ground play, they like it "on the floor", a dying hurling art much to be regretted. Off left and right hand every one of the six named above can drive a ball with power and accuracy—they can hit the leather an inch outside their toes. And the present lot are as good as Arthur Donnelly, Johnny Leahy, Widger Maher, Frank McGrath or Stephen Hackett at their best. Behind them, Jimmy Maher is a goalie almost as good though not quite so "commanding" as "Skinny" Meara of Toomevara.

Lt. Gouldsboro and Tommy Wall held their own at centre, but the surprise to me was the improvement in Tipperary's attack. In the Munster games and against Antrim, Tipp's front line was so poor that I did not think they would pull through against such clever hurlers as Kilkenny invariably holds. But the "light behind the throne" shone brilliantly when James Maher and his colleagues, Capt. John Leahy, John Joe Callanan, Joe Loughney, T. Semple (jr.) and Tommy Butler put their wise heads together. Young Gleeson was a real success as wing; Tommy Doyle and "Mutt" Ryan made a fast moving and shrewd attack, whilst Anthony Brennan, Sweeper Ryan and young Coffey put in quite a creditable finishing work which brought very few wides. But it was the

elfin art of little Jimmy Maher in goal, and his stately, fearless backs in front that brought a grand All-Ireland to Tipperary, marking successive wins over such stalwart hurling counties as Waterford, Cork (holders), Limerick and Kilkenny. Well done, Tipp!

Kilkenny showed flashes of all their Leinster brilliancy and recovery. Yet their backs were wide open as an empty barn door before the corn is threshed. This was particularly true in the second quarter when Gleeson (2), Coffey and "Mutt" Ryan flashed in for goals that paved the way to victory. Kilkenny's half-back line was never happy or confident, and Walsh, though he saved some good shots in the Noreside goal, was at fault in that disastrous Kilkenny spell approaching the half-hour—for they had a brilliant opening when T. Maher (a great collegian winger), Mulcahy and Langton gave them flying opening points.

'Twas a gallant second half of close sabrework and sword play between well-matched men. Kilkenny were not yet beaten, and they treated us to some delightful wristwork. Grace, Kelly and Blanchfield were holding up every dangerous Tipp move with skilful ash; Dan Kennery and Tommy Murphy opened their shoulders and it was only the straight steel of Tipperary backs that held those weaving forwards. Mulcahy came outfield; Walton and Wall exchanged minors with well-hit cuts. Kilkenny's weaving forwards at last got an opening. T. Maher raced to centre, swung a deadly ball to the net for Kilkenny's first major. In a bout of grand weaving hurling, the ball glanced from wing to wing for Walton to shoot a lightning ball to the net. When Shawny O'Brien fastened on another and rammed it home for Kilkenny's third goal, the 70,000 crowd surged and swayed and roared.

Then it was that Tipperary's grand backs girded their loins in deadly earnest and set about stemming the tide of these wasp-like and elusive Kilkenny forwards, now busy as bees around a hive. Cool and straight and strong was Tipp's tacklings and straight, honest hitting. Once again they took control. Brennan pointed out and when "Mutt" Ryan whipped a perfect ball to the square, the tall Clonoulty spearpoint, though well covered by Kelly of Mooncoin, turned the ball to the net. That was the clinching score. Kilkenny staged a grand finish, but Cornally, Devitt, Purcell (who put in a great hour's work in mastering Gargan) and the two Mahers were rock-like in defence. Tipperary had weathered the last autumn gale and were worthy winners of a clean, hard-fought and honest game against gallant losers. A long time ago I wrote this sentence: "Hurling lives on and is indestructible because of its stern, naked grandeur"—as true in 1945 as when first I penned it in early manhood.

A thousand congratulations to Mr. P. O'Keeffe, G.A.A. Secretary and General Manager, and his efficient staff. I have no hesitation in saying that the 1945

All-Ireland was the greatest triumph of organisation in the whole progressive history of our national games. The perfection of detail and masterly production of a brilliant national spectacle was the talk of every spectator with an open mind. Here we had all the dignities of State and Church in active participation. We had capable stewarding and music and ceremony alike touching and inspiring. We had bright minor hurling by Dublin Christian Brothers' boys, ending in a late and unavailing rally by the unbeaten Tipperary striplings, and we had all the evidence of a reawakened nation scenting and thriving in its recently won though partial freedom. It was a great national and heartening day in Ireland's capital, that had a gay cavalier air, with clean, wide streets, rattling outside-cars, badges galore, wit and humour, flowers on the lamp-posts, and joy in the hearts of our people that God had brought us safely through a searching period in world history.

In Lighter Vein

One of seventy thousand spectators at Croke Park that Sunday was a keen-eyed wiry man in the high sixties. He doesn't look his age, as round a hurling critic as ever was—John Rochford, of Three Castles, Co. Kilkenny, who holds the honour of playing a masterly full-back for his county, and took a good man's part in winning seven All-Ireland Championships within nine years! It is a record never surpassed, nor likely in our time.

He is one of four select men—all from Kilkenny—who hold seven All-Ireland medals, four only amidst hundreds of thousands of crack hurlers—John Rochford of Three Castles; Sim Walton of Tullaroan; Drug Walsh and Dick Doyle of Mooncoin.

Jack Rochford, hero of the 1904, '5, '7, '9, '11, '12 and '13 finals, is as good-humoured and merry-eyed as ever, and we love to "rise" him.

"You met bad forwards, Jack, in your time; easy for you to hurl well," a wag ventured.

"No, boy," said Jack; "I met the best of forwards—only I made them look bad!"

As that Sunday's game developed at Croke Park, I thought of the old Three Castles man beneath me in the sunshine, dreaming of his past triumphs, to be sure. Kilkenny forwards were good; it was Tipperary's high-grade backs, cool and resolute and strong, confident, accurate, ambidextrous hurlers, that made these stocky Noreside speed merchants look moderate betimes. Not all the time, of course; for we saw the most brilliant diagonal pattern-weaving of the hour when Kilkenny staged the rousing rally in the second half; when college boy Tom Maher of St. Kieran's and soon of Maynooth, Shawney O'Brien and young Walton (name to conjure with in Kilkenny hurling) crashed home three lightning goals to get within four points of the leaders, as Black-and-Amber followers in the

(Continued on page 14)

1957—A Progressive Year

IT was yet another great year for the ONLY All-Ireland athletic association in the country, the N.A.C.A. That is quite the customary way to open any review of the activities of an association. In this instance, however, the N.A.C.A., now in their 35th year, have got the necessary facts to substantiate this.

Suspended from international competition since 1932, this Association which commands the respect of the Irish people—North, South, East and West—continued to grow in Ireland during 1957, but one of its greatest triumphs was the formation of a County Board in London—the first time in the history of the Association that it established roots outside of Ireland.

This new addition was certainly welcomed and showed to the full that the boys who had to emigrate still retained their love for an Association which has done much for Ireland and Irish athletics.

Brian Bell, a former member of Metropolitan Harriers and Dublin City Harriers, was the prime mover in this respect, and with the holding of a London versus Louth athletic match in London this year, Bell and his co-workers showed to the full that they were not just a County Board in name.

These boys, from what I have heard, mean business and if they can establish several clubs in London then the Association as a whole owe them respect—respect in competition form—by bringing them to Ireland for club or county fixtures, or, better still, following the example of the Louth Co. Board by taking teams to London.

THE HOME FRONT

On the home front it was yet another record-breaking year, with the accent this year on youth. Following the departure of the Louth long-distance star, Peter McArdle, to America at the latter end of last year, it looked as if it would be a lean year in the matter of records.

This assumption was, of course, incorrect. The records still came and came certainly in fields which were never dreamed of.

Now cast your minds back to that glorious sports held by the redoubtable Cork City Sports committee early in July. The pole vault is going on; the boys on the track including the cyclists, are thrilling a grand and appreciative crowd. Then the track is forgotten as the doyen of Irish pole vaulters, Carlow senior football player Denny Hyland, has the officials working overtime putting the lath up.

THE POLE VAULT

His Irish record of 12 feet 2 inches is broken. Will he go higher? Well, the suspense is desperate, but Denny, unruffled by the gaze of everyone on the ground, checks his run up.

Methodically he measures those paces, back again for another trial run. Then the supreme effort, he comes down that long run—the suspense now is spine tingling—he places the pole in the chute . . . you could hear a pin drop now, the only thing to break the silence is the noise of buses on the Western Road . . . but within seconds

this noise is drowned by a spontaneous outburst from a delighted public on witnessing the dark-haired Carlow lad become the first Irishman ever to clear 12 feet 5 inches in the pole vault. Thank you, Denny, you added to the history of your great Association and gave us our thrill of the year.

At the same meeting the young Dublin City Harriers (Dublin) runner, Christy Brady, excelled himself in establishing a new Irish record of 3 mins. 58 secs. for the 1,500 metres. Indeed, in the early stages of this race Brady looked just another runner. However, his devotion to training eventually told and he came through his field to make this a memorable evening in the Southern capital.

The mile record was also broken, but not before its time. Joe Cunningham of Metropolitan Harriers performed the feat at yet another great athletic occasion, the Jubilee sports meeting of the Phoenix Harriers club held at Iveagh Grounds, Dublin. With a time of 4 mins. 13.8 secs. he at last obliterated from the Association's books the 4 mins. 17 secs. record held by John Joe Barry for quite a number of years.

A PROBLEM

This performance by Cunningham poses a little problem. Over the past decade we have seen remarkably good milers in the Association, but apparently they were never big-hearted enough to go out and "have a go." Instead, they trailed behind their handicapped field until the final furlong and then came with a flourish to win.

These athletes, who will remain nameless, could have—had they tried—brought this record down in 1957 to at least 4 mins. 5 secs.

Apparently, they lacked the broad outlook and were more content to win for their clubs rather than their great Association.

Joe Cunningham, a little hesitant in the early part of the year, decided to exploit his great ability. He has now done it, and more luck to him. The men who could have done it some years ago are now past their best and I bet they are regretting the fact that they did not have a genuine "go" rather than have waited for the great ovation awaiting them at the finishing line when pipping a limit man on the line, when in fact they should have been "a street in front."

LONG DISTANCE RECORDS

Long distance track records, following the great 1956 year of Peter McArdle (Louth), who is now hitting the high spots in America, were thought to be safe. The Limerick athlete, Jimmy Cregan, had other ideas. Running in his bare feet over the undulating Army Grounds track in the Phoenix Park on Sunday, May 12, he slashed the 10 miles best with a time of 52 mins. 28.2 secs.

Mention of Limerick and Cregan brings to mind the great performance of the County's cross-country runners. Headed by Benny O'Sullivan, who finished second to Cregan in the ten miles, they showed that the Galway and Tipperary runners, who have dominated the sphere for years now, can be beaten.

The Limerick boys, after displaying their strength in

Munster, came to Saggart, Co. Dublin, where they displayed an over-all strength which left the other counties sprawling in their wake.

THE DOUBLE

Against the might of Tipperary and Galway over the tough Garristown, Co. Dublin, course on the last Sunday in March, O'Sullivan again triumphed and Limerick brought off the coveted double in the senior championship.

The various athletic championships were, as usual, run off and, again, provided some very fine competition with the youth's title tests at Dundalk this season proving the record-breaking one.

What a happy ground Dundalk is for the Association! The records came in the 440 yards, long jump, hop, step and jump and the 12 lbs. shot, while the 220 yards and pole vault records were equalled.

Of the lot, the most impressive was, of course, the long jump and the hop, step and jump of young John O'Reilly of the Green Cockade club, Belfast. Provincial champion O'Reilly and the holder, Eddie O'Dwyer of U.C.D., had a great duel in the hop, step and jump before O'Reilly, with a prodigious leap of 46 feet 8 inches, won the title. In the long jump he topped the 22 feet mark on five occasions and won it at 22 feet 9 inches—two remarkable performances.

On the track Jimmy O'Neill, U.C.D., set the quarter mile record at 51.6 secs., while the local hero, Gerry McShane, equalled the furlong time of 23 secs.

THE YOUNGER PERFORMERS

Along with these wonderful performances the standard of the younger performers was such that we can look forward in these championships in particular to plenty more records. In this respect, I have in mind the two 16-year-old athletes, Denis Toomey, a son of former N.A.C.A. president Sean Toomey, and Ronnie Martin of Cork. Young Toomey won the javelin title, while Martin had quite a battle with George Gerathy before going under by one inch when clearing 5 feet 9 inches.

Youth was also served in the decathlon championship where a new and worthy champion, Pat Naughton (Nenagh Olympic) was crowned. Indeed, the Tipperary boys were very much to the fore in this test.

In the senior championships at the Iveagh Grounds, Limerick's great record for the year was carried a stage further when All-Ireland senior and junior cross-country champion, Bennie O'Sullivan, literally walked away with the four miles. Generally speaking, the championships were well up to standard with, of course, the finish of the 60 yards dash providing the real works.

THE "WEE" COUNTY

Throughout the country the provincial councils duly carried out their programmes to the letter of the law and if we have to single out any one county then it has got to be the "Wee" County—and the town, Drogheda.

Drogheda is certainly hitting the high-spots these days. During the season it staged very successful Leinster championships, then an international contest in the town between athletes from the various countries which took part in the Catholic Students Games, and, later in the season, held in Annual Sports.

Finally, a review of the year would not be complete without reference to the loyal and staunch friends of the Association who passed away during the year, and in this respect we had the great Peter O'Connor and the equally well known Billy Flynn who ran their last race.

Cumann Lúith Chleas Gaedheal

Clár Laighean 1958

Iomáint agus Peil Sóisear

- 1—Áth Cliath v. Lúghbaidh*—Droichead Átha
- 2—Loch Garman v. Cill Mhanntáin—Guaire
- 3—Longport v. Uabhfháilghe*—Longport
- 4—Iar-Mhí v. An Mhíde—Ceannanus Mór
- 5—Cill Choinnigh v. Ceatharloch—Cill Choinnigh
- 6—Cill Dara v. Laois—Áth-í

Gach cluiche ar siubhal ar 30/3/'58. *Peil Amháin.

Babhta 2: $\left. \begin{array}{l} 7-(1) \text{ v. } (2) \\ 8-(3) \text{ v. } (4) \\ 9-(5) \text{ v. } (6) \end{array} \right\} \text{ ar } 15/4/'58$

Iomáint Mionúir (Speisialta)

- 1—Ceatharloch v. Cill Mhanntáin
Mainistir an Bhealaigh—6/4/'58
- 2—(1) v. Cill Dara
Mainistir an Bhealaigh—20/4/'58

Iomáint Mionúir agus Sínnsear

- 1—Uabhfháilghe v. An Mhíde—
Portlaoise 27/4/'58
- 2—Iar-Mhí v. Laois—Tulach Mór 4/5/'58
- 3—(1) v. (2)—Tulach Mór 18/5/'58

Leath Chraobhacha

$\left. \begin{array}{l} 1/6/'58 \text{ agus } 8/6/'58 \\ \text{Idir (3): Cill Choinnigh} \\ \text{Áth Cliath: Loch Garman} \end{array} \right\} \text{ An Chraobh } 6/7/'58$

Corn Uí Broin—Babhta

- 1—Loch Garman v. Ceatharloch—Loch Garman
- 2—Laois v. Cill Choinnigh—Portlaoise
- 3—Cill Dara v. Cill Mhanntáin—Droichead Nua
- 4—Áth Cliath v. Iar-Mhí—Áth Cliath
- 5—Uabhfháilghe v. Longport—Tulach Mór
- 6—An Mhíde v. Lúghbaidh—An Uaimh
Ar 20/4/'58

Peil Mionúir agus Sínnsear

- 1—Ceatharloch v. Cill Mhanntáin—Áth-í 4/5/'58
- 2—Loch Garman v. (1) —Ceatharloch 18/5/'58
- 3—Laois v. Uabhfháilghe—
Droichead Nua 11/5/'58
- 4—Cill Dara v. (3) —
Tulach Mór nó Portlaoise 25/5/'58
- 5—Iar-Mhí v. Lúghbaidh—An Uaimh 11/5/'58
- 6—An Mhíde v. Longport—
Muilleann Cearn 4/5/'58
- 7—Áth Cliath v. (6) —
M-Cearn nó Droichead Átha 25/5/'58

Leath Chraobhacha

- 8—(2) v. (7)—15/6/'58
- 9—(4) v. (5)—29/6/'58
- 10—(8) v. (9)—An Chraobh—13 nó 20/7/'58

John "Lefty" Devine reviews

THE GAMES IN AMERICA

Each year the New York G.A.A. since 1926 has had the pleasure of welcoming the outstanding exponents of hurling and football to compete against New York selections at the Polo Grounds to see who would carry off the greatly coveted title of International Champions. This competition should continue to grow as time marches on. No matter what ideas people may have, it helps to promote interest in the future of Gaelic games. As a native-born New Yorker, I am in favour of such tours.

G.A.A. HIGHLIGHTS FROM NEW YORK

John Farrell, a native of Dingle, County Kerry, has been selected to be guest of honour at the annual New York G.A.A. Banquet to be held in January, 1958.

Jerry O'Malley, the noted Roscommon football player, enjoyed his six weeks' stay in New York as a guest of the Roscommon Society and the Roscommon Senior Football Club.

County Kilkenny were declared the 1957 New York senior hurling champions. The winning point against their worthy rivals, Tipperary, was scored by Terry Leahy, a former All-Ireland player whose name in hurling circles a few years ago was known throughout Ireland. Some 4,000 people witnessed this final on a cold, dreary day at New York's Gaelic Park, 240th Street and Broadway. The full-time score was: Kilkenny, 13 pts.; Tipperary, 12 pts.

P. J. O'Dea, the Clare county footballer, is now a permanent resident in New York and has signed up to play with the Kerry senior football team for 1958. Before leaving Ireland, P. J. was well known around Dublin football circles.

Art Foley, the famed Wexford county hurling goalie, is now living in Boston with his uncle, John Walsh, a former President of the G.A.A. in that city.

Norman Allen, the colourful Dublin county player, is now a happily married man in New York. Norman completed a successful season playing hurling and football with Cork seniors in the league championships. He also starred with New York Selected hurlers against Tipperary at the Polo Grounds in the Saint Brendan Cup international series.

Doctor Patrick Carney, the well-known Mayo and Connacht football

star, is now located in Detroit, Michigan. The good doctor keeps in trim by playing in the Mid-West G.A.A. league. He plans to visit his native land this summer with his wife and family.

My wife, Cecelia, wishes to send bank holiday greetings to the following people in Ireland:

Danno Mahoney, Chairman of the Dublin County G.A.A. Board; Canon Michael Hamilton, Nenagh, Co. Tipperary; Father Corry, Clare County G.A.A.; Sean Purcell of Galway football fame; Michael J. Woods, Blackwater, Co. Clare; Patrick Curry, Finglas, Co. Dublin; Mr. and Mrs. John Daly, Bundoran, Co. Donegal; Darby Goode, Cappataggle, Co. Galway; George Mulvey, Editor of the *Clare Champion*; Dr. Jim Brosnan, Kerry football player; Dennis Cunnion, Annaduff, Co. Leitrim; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nichol, Mohill, Co. Leitrim; and to the staff of the Staff of the Malahide Hotel in Dublin.



JOHN "LEFTY" DEVINE

Here is what the New York G.A.A. contributed during the year 1957 from field days held at Gaelic Park for worthy appeals:

	\$
Canon Michael Hamilton Church, Nenagh, Tipperary	1,000
Roger Casement Park, Belfast, Co. Antrim	3,000
Christy McHugh Memorial Fund	1,000
Kerryman's Association for Building of Hostels in London	1,000
Patrick Pearse Building Fund, Galway	1,000
Fund to take care of Injured Players with affiliated clubs in the New York G.A.A. League	8,000
Bishop Quinlan Fund in Korea to assist Columban Fathers	500
Taking of teams from Chicago and Toronto	2,000

St. Patrick Missionary Fathers, Camden, N.J.	1,200
Cardinal Spellman Misericordia Hospital Building Fund	1,000

For broadcasts of the National Football League final in April, also All-Ireland hurling and football championships direct from Ireland to New York over Radio Station W.N.Y.C., the actual cost to New York G.A.A. clubs totalled a sum of ... 1,800
Miscellaneous presentations and other items of over \$1,000 are not included in this list.

The members of the New York Selected hurling and football teams put on a splendid display at the Polo Grounds and won the admiration of the Gaels in America in the Saint Brendan Cup international series against gallant Tipperary and experienced Galway, despite the uncalled-for reports that appeared in Irish daily newspapers by visiting journalists, whose job should be to give credit to the exiles for the job they are doing on and off the field to keep alive interest in Gaelic games no matter where they are played.

The players who competed came from the following counties:

HURLING:

Patrick Fleming (Capt.), Tipperary.
Martin Minogue, Tipperary.
James Carey, Tipperary.
Peter Roche, Kilkenny.
Dave DeLoughery, Kilkenny.
Thomas O'Sullivan, Cork.
Kevin Long, Limerick.
Norman Allen, Dublin.
Declan O'Sullivan, Offaly.
Ralph Prendergast, Limerick.
James O'Grady, Limerick.
Sean O'Dwyer, Tipperary.
Frank McLysaght, Kilkenny.
Michael Furlong, Offaly.
Patrick Salmon, Limerick.

(Continued on page 51)

CLANCY'S
FOR
FOOTWEAR
THE SQUARE, CALLAN

Tyrone First Winners of Gaelic Weekly Cup

BY
MOONDHARRIG

TYRONE of the Red Hand, how gallantly they strove for honours in both League and Championship, and how narrowly major honours evaded them in both competitions.

But though they failed so narrowly in both semi-finals, yet 1957 was really the greatest year ever in the history of football in Tyrone.

For 1957 was the year in which they brought off the great Ulster treble, winning the Dr. Lagan Cup, the Ulster Championship and the Dr. McKenna Cup.

And as well as that and of even more direct interest to us here is the fact that Tyrone became the first ever holders of the beautiful "Gaelic Weekly" Cup.

GOOD START

This was, of course, the first year of this competition, specially approved by the Central Council, and Tyrone had got off to a good start by defeating Dublin in the semi-final, while Cork qualified for the decider from the South by defeating Kerry in the other semi-final.

So that left Cork and Tyrone to meet in the decider on Sunday, October 13 at Croke Park.

Tyrone came South under something of a cloud for in all previous engagements their famed senior team had failed to win a match at Croke Park. The nearest they ever went to victory there was a drawn game against Kildare last Autumn.

Owing to illness or injury, the Northern champions had to field out without some of their stalwarts, notably inter-provincial and Ireland full-back, Jim Devlin. But the

Tyrone mentors brought Mick McLkenny back to this vital post and the former Western Command star showed us just how he used to play there for the Gaelic-speaking battalion during his Army days.

Anyway, we saw another hard-fought hour with, as seems to be the custom with them, Cork looking all over winners with a few minutes to go after Nial Fitzgerald and Joe O'Sullivan had put them ahead with points apiece.

GREAT EFFORT

But Tyrone, having seen the honours taken from them by late Croke Park rallies too often already, made a great effort to retrieve their seemingly failing fortunes.

With Jody O'Neill, Mick Cushenan and Patsy Devlin all to the fore, they unleashed a last fierce foray on the Cork goal, and seemed set for victory when Eddie Devlin beat goalie Liam Power with a glorious shot.

There was a moment of consternation among Tyrone followers, however, when that ball struck the post and came back into play. But incoming Frankie Donnelly secured the rebound

and swept the leather to the net and that set Tyrone on the pleasant road to victory. Eddie Devlin added a point soon after and, when Frank Donnelly added another minor, Tyrone had not alone become proud first holders of the "Gaelic Weekly" Cup but had broken at last that Croke Park bogey.

PROUD MOMENT

It was a proud moment for Iggy Jones when G.A.A. President Seamus MacFearnain presented him with the magnificent trophy, and the Dunganon wizard had in this victory ample compensation for previous disappointments.

Others to shine in this Tyrone victory, a truly historic one, were Jody O'Neill and Mick Cushenan at midfield, Mick McLkenny and Paddy Corey and Patsy Devlin in defence, and Eddie Devlin and Frankie Donnelly in attack.

But the best score of the game, and one that everyone who watched will long treasure, was a second-half point by Tyrone forward Sean Donnelly. The former Omagh St. Enda's man, now with the Dublin Sean McDermotts, came through with the ball at his feet, dribbled beautifully down the wing, and then, without ever attempting to lift, flashed the ball over the bar with a perfect ground shot.

Cork lost once again, but they did supply the outstanding man of the

(Continued on page 52)



THE YEAR IN LEINSTER

By JIM CROWLEY

JUNE apart, it was a long wet summer for most of us in the eastern province. It would have seemed much longer but for our games. Wet or fine, they hurry along the Sundays, for participant and spectator alike. Looking back, May to September conjures up a fantasy of sweet, embrocation, goals and points, near misses, triumphs, failures, and roaring crowds. But now 'tis quiet and the mantle of sobriety has fallen on us again. The records unfold the tale and you can't change records. We must be patient for yet another while until championship time comes around again in 1958.

CHAMPIONSHIP HOPES

From the calendar it would well appear that the year opens in January, but for me and thousands more it only really begins around late May. Months beforehand, the draws have been made, memorised, and by some optimists even forecasted confidently. Poor fools—there's many a slip between the cup and the lip. Old favours like blue-and-white, black-and-amber, green-and-gold, appear again, are dusted diligently and worn with pride.

As usual, the Leinster Football championship looked wide open, but the Hurling title looked destined for Wexford or Kilkenny territory. Thus came shock No. 1. Kilkenny, travelling confidently to Croke Park, were held to a draw by underestimated Dublin. They owed much to Mick Kenny and Mick Brophy for survival. In the meantime, Westmeath, Laois, Meath and Offaly (who gave Wexford a hard run) lost interest in the hurling race. The stage was now set for a Wexford v. Kilkenny or Dublin final. Meanwhile, the footballers were not idle. Kildare set about retaining their title and to show just how determined they were they shattered Offaly's hopes in Portlaoise in the first round. Louth, almost unnoticed, did likewise to Carlow. Another Sunday saw the Wicklow men return happily home with Laois still sighing for a few more Delaneys and another Tommy Murphy. Dublin were waiting for a Midland result between Longford and Westmeath to know their opponents in the second round. A draw and more waiting.

FOOTBALL FORTUNES

Louth, again, and the tall heavy men from Wexford were faced on a beautiful summer's day. Until Stephen White's shock goal it was all Wexford. After that it was all Louth and they were in the semi-final. Now Dublin took a hand and travelled to Mullingar. Longford fought hard after the interval but a lovely cross-field pass from Des Ferguson found Sean Boyle and that was that.

John Timmons! How that name ran like a meteor across the Wicklow sky when the big full-forward crashed home vital scores to put Meath out of the running for yet another year. Newbridge, all agreed, would hardly hold the crowd for their next clash with Dublin.

Kildare followers were sad. Larry wouldn't be playing. With the McCormick touch missing, through injury, Louth drove lanes through the Kildare men. Qualifiers No. 1 for the Leinster final, the 'Wee County' were jubilant, especially as Jim McDonnell was back and playing better than ever.

Next spot, Newbridge, and the other semi-final. A lightning start saw Dublin gain a big lead which they never relinquished, with Roger Conroy giving an exhibition at top of the right. And so the stage was set for a neighbours' battle between Louth and Dublin in the provincial decider and it promised to be a thriller.

It was a thriller all right, but only for Louth men, I'm afraid. Rain and wind are not conducive to good football and it was a case of each team taking a battering for a half-hour—Louth in the first period and Dublin in the second. The 'Wee County', who took even the half-chances, had cause for a two-fold celebration at the long whistle—their title as Leinster champions and their first senior win over the Metropolitans in seven years. With football hopes buried for another year, Dublin now looked to their hurlers for compensation. It was their turn now to

travel to the Marble City. Kilkenny hurlers at this stage did not look unassailable, but unassailable they proved. However, the critics agreed that much improvement would be required to overthrow the All-Ireland champions, Wexford.

THE BLACK-AND-AMBER

The August Bank Holiday crowd had swelled to unusual proportions in the Capital for the meeting of the Big Two for the Leinster crown, which this year also meant free entry into the All-Ireland itself. Wexford, holders and not long returned from the States, were an unknown quantity, while Kilkenny to date had shown little or no sign of greatness. But how unpredictable is the black-and-amber! From the word go, Sutton, Brophy and Co. moved like clockwork. The ball, to the detriment of the Slaneysmen, was swung from wing to wing. In a glorious fifteen minutes' spell Wexford lost their Leinster and All-Ireland crowns. Though the result was a foregone conclusion long before full time, few moved away, so superb was the hurling. And let us all take a lesson out of Wexford's book on how to take a beating like true sportsmen.

So there we had it, Louth, football champions; Kilkenny, hurling champions. It's another glorious chapter in our G.A.A. history how both counties carried Leinster's flag successfully to great All-Ireland victories. Meath minors, with the mighty Clinch and Halpin midfield partnership, added more lustre to a great Leinster year by beating Armagh in the curtain raiser on football final day. For the records, Louth had a football double in Leinster, their juniors winning out as well. Kilkenny had likewise in hurling, their minors being successful, while Wexford took the junior Leinster hurling title. ROLL ON '58.

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Here's To The Champions

On September day, we went our way, to dear old Dublin Town,
To see the Black and Amber, a team of great renown,
Line out against the Decie men, on Croke Park's mossy green,
Where oft before, in days of yore, great battles we have seen.

The scene was right, the sun shone bright, as our heroes came to view,
To-day they'll meet with sure defeat, those lads in White and Blue.
Our men are fit and fast to hit, all eager for the fight,
One will and thought, to set at nought, the Munster champions' might.

The teams line out 'midst a mighty shout, the backs fall into place,
'Twas our Captain's loss, to miss the toss, the Railway goal we face.
The thousands stand as the Artane Band strikes up "Amhrán na bFiann,"
What a glorious sight, as the sun shines bright, on that field of emerald green.

The whistle goes, a siren blows, the ball travels thro' the air,
My heart it thumps, as Cheasty jumps, to drive it to the square.
But sure as Sprin on Grennan's Ring, Ollie Walsh soars up to catch,
None can deny, that for hand and eye, his likes we ne'er will match.

The O'Connor true of the White and Blue, sends in a dropping ball.
The "Link" is there, like a hero rare, clears men and ball and all.
The play is on the twenty-one, Mick Kenny takes a shot,
The flag of green waves o'er the scene, for a goal no man can spot.

But those gallant men from many a glen, 'neath the Comeraghs' misty veil,
As in the days gone by, when the foe was nigh, were never known to quail.
Like the Suir's swift tide come the Munster side, as they rally to attack,
But our backs are sound, they yield no ground, as they hurl forwards back.

The ball's in play, young Grimes' away, his shot soars thro' the blue,
But Pat Buggy's there, none can compare, with that lad from sweet Slieverue.
A flying ball to the forwards fall, bold Dwyer is calmly set,
He side-steps twice and in a thrice, the ball is in the net.

They can hear that roar by the silvery Nore, as our flags fly high to Heaven,
And by my side, an old man cried, "Another Forty-Seven."
But full of fight, the Blue and White's not beaten yet by far,
John Kiely picks, the wrist he flicks, the ball is o'er the bar.

As on time goes, the battle flows, o'er that pitch of emerald green,
In the fields of play, for many a day, no finer test I've seen;
As the hour runs out, I can hear a shout, "This will surely end a draw."
"Ye've the cat's nine lives, if ye can survive," quips a man from fair Portlaw.

But the game's not o'er, we've a minute more, of this titanic fray,
Whose will be the lot, of a lucky shot, to carry off the day;
Maher's mighty stroke 'mid the forwards broke, then Mick Kelly, brightest star,
Collects a pass, and in a flash the ball soars o'er the bar.

What a sight to see, as the referee calls up the end of play,
A mighty cheer echoes in my ear, our lads have saved the day;
Ten years have passed since we won it last, ten years of heart-breaks sore,
Now what joy to bring the Cup again, to the City by the Nore.

Here's to these boys, who took the prize, from dear old Dublin Town,
The bonfires blaze along the ways from 'Comer to Fiddown;
And in many a pub and many a club, from Crosspatrick to Slieverue,
For years they'll speak of that Autumn day, when we beat the White and Blue.

Ballads

of

the Gael

A Toast To Waterford

TOM COLFER,

86 St. Pappin's Rd., Ballymun, Dublin.

Now poets in the past, with proud verses extolled,
The wars of the gallant, the deeds of the bold,
Yet is there an artist or pen to remember,
How our gallants played Kilkenny on the 1st of September.
Yet, if poets are shy about telling the story,
Of Waterford's deeds in that great hour of glory,
Our rejoicings in memory remain to content us,
And Croke Park re-echoes that hour so momentous.

From seventy-odd thousand the cheering resounded,
As a thrill-packed game had supporters confounded,
And Waterford's followers shouted for more,
As we saw our forwards strike score after score.
But the picture I couldn't convey with a pen,
Like a leader in battle, Grimes mustered his men,
At each charge our backs the enemy cleft,
Tom Cunningham on the right, John Barron on the left.

Grimes's plan for a victory was determined and grim,
For there also was Johnny O'Connor, Morrissey and Flynn.
While Roche from our goal and sliotar he kept,

Mick O'Connor like fire through the enemy swept,
Like the hero he is, Seamus Power was there,
At midfield he proved there was none to compare,
Flannelly on the right, Frank Walsh as well,
Kept fighting like trojans whatever befell.

In the centre was Cheasty, all set for the strife,
With Guinan and Whelan playing the game of their life,
While often the Noremens' goal was imperilled,
From veteran John Kiely, still fresh and unrivalled,
But just as we felt that victory was near,
With the All-Ireland crown so cherished, so dear,
Five minutes from time with the crowd shouting more,
Kilkenny came through and levelled the score,
And then with a point, a bolt from the blue,
The boys from the Nore had won their way through.

Praises and plaudits true and sincere,
For our fifteen stalwarts we'll stand by and cheer,
But what of that man, so quiet but so shrewd,
Whose skill and experience long since has been proved,
The immortal John Keane, the great and the bold,
Yes, the name is enough our mentor to behold.
Still in our memory the echoes are ringing,
A game to remember, in defeat we're still singing,
A toast to the boys—long may they play,
And with spirits ne'er daunted, may they carry the day.

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Tipp's Teen-Age Triumph

By TERENCE ROYNANE

TIPPERARY, whose dominance in minor hurling has been so marked a feature of this competition in recent years, took the title for the third time in succession last September, but on this occasion they were very close to defeat indeed against a very promising Kilkenny fifteen which matched the champions in everything except experience.

Indeed it is no reflection on the winners to say that but for the craft of Jimmy Doyle, who had won a National Hurling League medal for Tipperary earlier in the year, the Noremen must have won. Certainly it was the Thurles

their way to the 1957 medals, but they were shaken for a period in the second half by Cork in the Munster semi-final. On that occasion a rather poor Cork team had showed little promise in the first half, but staged a rally after the

here's the sequel. When Jimmy came out again to play in the senior match he never seemed to reveal his true form and it could be that his minor excursion took too much toll, and possibly cost Tipperary their passage to the senior Munster Final.

Anyway, Jimmy Doyle was thus fully released for service with the minors and not till the final did we see their supremacy challenged. But they rose

The Record Makers



lad's cuteness in attack, defence and around his own midfield post that made all the difference, for though, over the hour, Kilkenny looked the better hurlers in many parts of the field, they had no answer to young Doyle's field-craft and generalship.

And yet looking back over that hard-fought and often brilliant hour, one is forced to the conclusion that even Jimmy's greatness might have gone for naught had not the Kilkenny defence twice conceded saveable goals in the second half, while there was a very obvious weakness in the Leinster attack.

GREAT ACHIEVEMENT

But, considering that Tipperary had to come short-handed to the fray, victory in the last analysis rested where it belonged.

For Jimmy Doyle this was a great personal achievement for not alone did the Thurles lad win his third medal in succession but he was actually playing in his fourth consecutive All-Ireland minor final.

Jimmy played on the goal for Tipp. against Dublin in the Final of 1954, so that he now has four consecutive Munster, All-Ireland medals and three consecutive All-Ireland awards.

The All-Ireland final was far and away Tipperary's hardest battle on

interval and looked like whittling down Tipperary's long lead.

Jimmy Doyle, who had been picked to play in the senior game, was not listed on the minor line-out, but as the holders' margin dwindled the Premier County mentors sent Jimmy in to save the day. This he did, hurling very hard indeed for fifteen minutes or so. But

superior to that challenge and set up a new record by taking the All-Ireland title for the eleventh time in the minor grade.

Incidentally, I have been asked if three successive victories in minor hurling constitutes a record. The answer is No, for Cork accomplished this feat in 1937, 1938 and 1939.

GAMES IN AMERICA

(Continued from page 46)

FOOTBALL:

Timothy Sheehan (goalie), Cork.
 Vincent Collins, Cork.
 Thomas Gallagher, Donegal (born in Philadelphia).
 Thomas Crean, Kerry.
 Patrick McTeague, Leitrim.
 Patrick Casey, Offaly.
 Patrick Lynch, Kerry.
 Seamus Scanlon, Roscommon.
 Michael O'Sullivan, Limerick (born in New York).
 Dr. Patrick Carney, Mayo.
 Edward O'Sullivan, Limerick.
 Michael Moriarty, Kerry.
 John Foley, Kerry.
 Vincent Clarke, Cavan.

Dorothy Hayden, Cudahy, the director of the largest listening Irish radio programme in America, which features G.A.A. results every Sunday evening over Station W.E.V.D., enjoyed her visit to Ireland with her son, Sean, and husband whose late parents came from Miltown-Malbay, Co. Clare. Her show over the air-waves is called "Irish Memories."

The New York G.A.A. were unable due to a heavy schedule to complete the 1957 championships in junior hurling, junior football and senior football as the season here expires on second Sunday in November; this was due to adverse weather conditions. Final play-off will commence in April, 1958, at Gaelic Park.

Camogie Review

(Continued from page 24)

the *Gaelic Weekly* readers very fittingly fell on Maeve Gilroy who had helped Antrim to All-Ireland victory in 1956.

SAME CHAMPIONS

Strangely enough, all four provincial champions of the previous season again won through this year, and Mayo set the All-Ireland ball rolling when they crossed to London and had a good win over the exiles at New Eltham. Next, Antrim, who had been hard pushed by Derry in the North, travelled down to Castlebar and were a trifle lucky to oust the home side by a late score.

Meanwhile, Dublin, who had been hard-pressed by Wicklow in the Leinster Final, had recorded a good win over Munster champions Cork in the other semi-final.

The All-Ireland decider was another triumph for the camogie organisation, and the 7,000 spectators, the second largest crowd ever to patronise a camogie game went home well satisfied that the game of our own Irish girls is beyond compare in Ladies sports.

Certainly it was a thrilling game and, while the luck of the day ran against Antrim, no one will begrudge victory to Dublin who fought so gallantly and came from behind when all seemed lost.

FACTS AND FIGURES

All-Ireland Champions—Dublin.
Leinster Champions — Dublin.
Runners-up—Wicklow.
Ulster Champions — Antrim.
Runners-up—Derry.
Munster Champions — Cork.
Runners-up—Tipperary.
Connacht Champions — Mayo.
Runners-up—Galway.

All-Ireland Titles won—Dublin, 16;
Cork, 6; Antrim, 4.

CHAMPIONSHIP RETURNS

LEINSTER: Louth, 5-4; Kildare, 0-0. Wicklow, 7-3; Wexford, 1-0. Laois, 4-2; Kilkenny, 2-0.

Second Round: Louth, 7-2; Longford, 0-0. Wicklow, 4-2; Laois, 0-2.

Group Final: Wicklow, 6-2; Louth, 2-0.

Provincial Final: Dublin, 2-3; Wicklow, 1-1.

CONNACHT: Galway, 9-3; Roscommon, 0-6.

Final: Mayo, 4-3; Galway, 2-2.

MUNSTER: Cork, 7-5; Waterford, 2-1. Tipperary, 10-5; Limerick, 1-2.

Final: Cork, 4-5; Tipperary, 2-4.

ULSTER: Antrim, 9-1; Cavan, 0-0.

Final: Antrim, 4-0; Derry, 2-1.

ALL-IRELAND GAMES:

Preliminary: Mayo, 4-2; London, 0-0, at New Eltham.

Semi-finals: Antrim, 2-1; Mayo, 1-2, at Castlebar. Dublin, 5-4; Cork, 1-3, at Parnell Park.

Final (September 29 at Croke Park): Dublin, 3-3; Antrim, 3-1.

Ashbourne Cup: Won by University College, Galway.

Cronin Cup: Cork, 5-4; Combined Universities, 3-2.

Maguire Cup: Antrim, 5-3; Armagh, 1-1.

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Central Council: President, Miss Lily Spence (Antrim); Secretary, Miss Shiela McAnulty (Down); Treasurer, Miss Noreen Murphy (Cork); Trustees, Miss I. O'Kelly (Dublin), Sean O'Duffy.

Leinster: Chairman, Miss K. O'Sullivan (Kildare); Vice-Chairman, Miss M. O'Farrell (Louth); Secretary, Miss Patricia Meade (Kildare); Treasurer, Miss I. O'Kelly (Dublin).

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nan (Galway); Secretary, Miss T. Keenan (Roscommon); Vice-Chairman, Miss V. McDonnell (Mayo).

Munster: Chairman, Miss K. O'Connell (Limerick); Secretary, Miss N. Murphy (Cork).

TYRONE FIRST WINNERS


(Continued from page 47)

hour in Paddy O'Driscoll who gave a perfect exhibition of polished and effective defensive play.

And here for the record books are the names of this Tyrone team which won the "Gaelic Weekly" Cup and whose names will ever hold the proud initial position on our trophy.

I. Jones (capt.), T. Turbet (goal), B. McSorley, M. McIlkenny, A. Connolly, H. Donnelly, P. Corey, J. J. O'Hagen, J. O'Neill, M. Cushenan, H. Donnelly, S. Donnelly, T. Fox, F. Donnelly, E. Devlin.

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CYCLING

(Continued from page 16)

LEINSTER CHAMPIONSHIPS TRACK

- 1 Mile—N. MacArdle (Mountpleasant).
3 Miles—N. MacArdle (Mountpleasant).
5 Miles—S. O'Reilly (St. Vincents).

ROAD

- 100 Kilos—B. O'Brien (Nth. Kildare);
Team, Harp.

ULSTER CHAMPIONSHIPS TRACK

- 880 Yds.—V. Quinn (Roddy MacCor-
ley).
1 Mile—G. Treacy (Omagh).
1,000 Metres—P. Quinn (Dungannon).
2,000 Metres—P. Quinn (Dungannon).
3,000 Metres—P. Quinn (Dungannon).

MUNSTER CHAMPIONSHIPS TRACK

- 440 Yds.—P. Barraghy (Tipperary).
880 Yds.—F. O'Sullivan (Fermoy).
1 Mile—F. O'Sullivan (Fermoy).
2 Miles—M. Murphy (Castleisland).
3 Miles—F. O'Sullivan (Fermoy).
4 Miles—M. Cahill (Harp).
5 Miles—F. O'Sullivan (Fermoy).
5 Miles pt. to pt.—F. O'Sullivan (Fer-
moy).
1,000 Metres—F. O'Sullivan (Fermoy).
1,500 Metres—F. O'Sullivan (Fermoy).
2,000 Metres—F. Leahy (Ballymore).
3,000 Metres—J. Murphy (Blarney).
4,000 Metres—F. O'Sullivan (Fermoy).

- 5,000 Metres—M. Cahill (Harp).
6,000 Metres—M. Murphy (Castle-
island).
7,000 Metres—J. Murphy (Blarney).
8,000 Metres—F. O'Sullivan (Fermoy).
9,000 Metres—F. O'Sullivan (Fermoy).
All Round Track Champion—F. O'Sul-
livan (Fermoy).

ROAD

- 25 Miles Time Trial—T. Lavin (Glan-
mire); Team, Clonmel.
50 Kilos M. Start—Triple dead heat be-
tween S. Ryan (Tralee), F. Leahy (Ballymore), P. Hickey
(Barrs); Team, Barrs.
100 Kilos M. Start—G. Rea (Barrs);
Team, Clonmel.
100 Miles M. Start—J. Gearon (Clon-
mel); Team, Clonmel.

CONNACHT CHAMPIONSHIPS

TRACK

- 1 Mile—P. Mannion (Laught).
2 Miles—M. Palmer (Westport).
3 Miles—M. Palmer (Westport).
4 Miles—M. Palmer (Westport).
5 Miles—M. Palmer (Westport).
5 Miles pt. to pt.—M. Burke (West-
port).
2 Miles Junior—M. Burke (Westport).
1 Mile Novice—P. Grady (Westport).

ROAD

- 25 Miles Massed Start—M. Palmer
(Westport).
50 Miles Massed Start—P. Walsh (Gal-
way).

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ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL COLLEGES SEASON

(Continued from page 26)

In Munster, St. Flannan's (Ennis) captured the Dr. Harty Cup. In football, Coláiste Iosagáin (Ballyvourney) took Corn na Mumhan after a two-year lapse.

COLLEGES' FOOTBALL FINAL

St. Nathy's College (Ballaghaderreen) had to wait a long while for their success in Connacht. But when that wait ended they recorded a wonderfully successful year and after taking the senior football title for the first time since 1949 they went on to win the All-Ireland title. A few days later the school's junior team captured the Connacht junior title.

In Ulster the football titles went to Newry town—the senior title (MacRory Cup) to St. Colman's College and the Ranafast Cup (junior) to the Abbey C.B.S. In a separate senior competition played between three schools, St. Patrick's (Cavan) took the honours but lost in a provincial play-off to St. Colman's.

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1957

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4. The result will be announced in our issue of January 25th, 1958.
5. Our prize of £15 will be awarded
- to the competitor who correctly forecasts the five winners of the CUCHULAINN AWARDS. Should there be no all-correct entry, the prize will be awarded to the competitor whose forecast is nearest the result of the Ballot.
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Lorcan O'Toole

An Appreciation

Of the many suitable suggestions proffered to the Dublin County Board for a name for their new Grounds at Kimmage, none was more worthy of acceptance than Pairc Lorcan Uí Thuathail.

When I first met Lorcan close on forty years ago, I confused him with the General Secretary of the G.A.A., Luke O'Toole, his county man, who died in 1939, but while Larry, as he liked his intimates to call him, was Wicklow born, he preferred to be labelled a Dubliner.

Lorcan O'Toole was born in Kilclonan, Aughrim, Co. Wicklow, and when eighteen years of age came to the Metropolis, where for almost half a century he laboured unremittingly in the cause of Dublin Gaeldom, which was saddened by his rather sudden passing at Christmas, 1951.

In the early days of the century he was one of a small band of willing workers who kept the G.A.A. flag flying in the Capital of the Pale. A member of the County Board from 1901, and Secretary from 1915 until 1940, he was one of the best-known administrators in the county.

An established authority on all matters appertaining to the Association, he guarded its interests jealously. Like many of the early workers in the G.A.A. in Dublin—John Wyse Power, P. P. Sutton, Frank Dineen, Stephen Holland, M. T. O'Malley, K. McLoughlin and P. O'Kelly—he had journalistic connections and pushed G.A.A. affairs in "The Observer" and "Dublin Saturday Post" all he knew—and without monetary reward.

A life-long abstainer, he was almost close-fisted where County Board coffers were concerned, but was most liberal with his own finances—he befriended many in various ways, and his benefactions were never intended to be made public. Indeed, his benevolence, guilelessness and trusting ways and his devotion to G.A.A. work to the detriment of his insurance business, left him with very little of earthly goods in his declining years.

To all clubs Lorcan was a kindly guide and capable mentor, but he was more closely attached and connected with St. Lawrence O'Tooles and Peadar Mackens.

A member of the Corporation from 1908 to 1933, he was amongst the first representatives of a local authority to repudiate the British administration.

It is fitting that his memory should be perpetuated in a Dublin playing field for National Games.

C. P.

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