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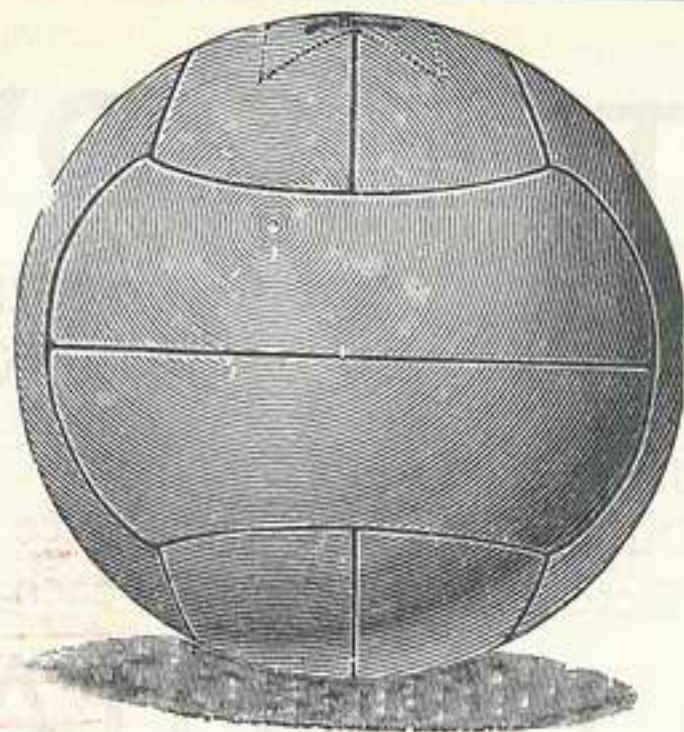
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ῥογήματη, 1933.

Στιρίρεοιρ : ua ῥαολáin (I.D.T.A.),
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The Onward March of Gaelic Triumph

Let "*Stand Erect*" be the Slogan in the work that lies before us

By ΡΑΘΡΑΙΣ Ο ΣΑΟΙΜ, General Secretary, G.A.A.

The cause of our native pastimes marches from triumph to triumph; their popularity creates record after record. At every stage of this year's championships the mounting strength of the Gaelic Athletic movement was demonstrated, to culminate this month in the vast gatherings, seething with enthusiasm, which witnessed the hurling and football finals at Croke Park. Both games shared equally in this manifestation of popular esteem. Their distinctive and intrinsic merits claimed co-equal support. The appeal of native pastimes asserted itself victoriously.

There is a significance in this spontaneous outpourings of devotion to our racial games far beyond the influence of the prosperity and power it provides. It means a great awakening of popular consciousness to the merits of the pastimes and the part they can play in the preservation of our distinctive national existence. It is, moreover, a heartening sign for those engaged in safeguarding each of our national institutions and inheritances. The Gael now marches on a broad front towards one clear objective: *Eire Gaelic and Free!*

There have been those who, in their advancing of "internationalism," and something even more sinister, have preached the doctrine that the origin and character of the sports of a people is a matter of little moment. In the past their specious arguments found much passive approval. Their appeals were always for home consumption only. Ireland was always asked to make the surrender of something in the name of a delusive amity, the fruits of which she was never allowed to taste. Her language was ignored, her flag banned, her aspirations stultified in the name of a contemptible compromise between principle and expediency, between racial self-respect and shoddy gentility.

Bitter experience and the march of events have proved the futility and the falseness of such a policy. That it should ever have secured toleration only proved that vigilance is the only safeguard against demoralisation. The illusion has been

dispelled and young Ireland has realised at last that it must be itself and live its own life, even on the playing fields, or perish. Ireland is not prepared to perish, except in defence of its racial pride, and national integrity. The games of a people pursued in an atmosphere of conscious nationalism are as vital to the race as is the heartbeat to the individual. And the national heart of Ireland is beating proudly and soundly to-day.

For those inspiring evidences of national life which Croke Park has provided twice this month, congratulations and thanks are due to the four counties which, in the pick of their Gaelic manhood, became the cynosures of tens of thousands of admiring eyes. To these Kilkenny, Cavan, Limerick and Galway teams must the greater praise belong. In a scarcely lesser degree must credit and acclaim be given to all the other counties—aye, even to the weakest team in the most remote corner of our island, for having contributed to the grand climax which thrilled us so recently in the National Stadium. Without them the championship finals would have been bereft of half their glamour. It is the co-operation of all Gaeldom that makes the championships *All-Ireland* events in reality and prestige.

Gaels the world over will now enter the Jubilee Year of their National Athletic Movement on a wave of pride and confidence, and fired by a profound sense of gratitude for the men who, by establishing the Gaelic Athletic Association, saved the young manhood of Banba from physical decrepitude, social gloom and the nauseous dead sea fruit of alien pursuits and pastimes. The ideals which inspired the founders of the movement are the life of the nation's soul, and are, and must always be, the inspiration of the nation's culture, activities and ambitions.

At a moment like this we cannot forget the labour and sacrifices of those who devoted themselves to the furtherance of native games in the spirit of Dr. Croke, Michael Cusack and their fellow pioneers of

half a century ago. Nor can we forget the long line of those who took up the same cause and preserved it intact through days of adversity and danger.

Lastly we must recognise the worth of those who have, in our own time, brought the movement to its present hour of triumph. From the chief of the organization right down the ranks, they have played their parts wisely, courageously and successfully.

This triumph of the G.A.A. has sprung largely from the young, and to the young its further progress must be committed. The truth of this was seen in the bound which hurling has made this year, taking its place side by side in popular esteem with its allied pastime. There is no rivalry here; only larger emulation to fashion a wholesome race of self-reliant manhood. The organisation of both games can proceed concurrently. Their objective is the same. Where one is backward it can be fostered and the other will be stimulated. They are the right and left arms of militant Gaelicism.

Flushed and content as we may feel with the splendour of the spectacles and the standard of the games we have witnessed, we must not relax or repose. There are wide areas still to be reclaimed for native pastimes and ideals. There is work to be done for football in the South, for hurling in the West and North, for a predominant Irish-Ireland everywhere. And the menace of alien ideas and corrosive contacts has still to be finally eliminated. Passive nationalism is ever the sleeping partner of treachery. The faith that slumbers is worthless. The hope that finds no expression in action is doomed to disillusionment.

"*Stand erect*" was a favourite cry of Michael Cusack, and in that command he created a watchword for all Gaels. Erect, alert, advancing to a cherished goal. It is still the order of the day; and to-morrow's *reveille* will bring the order to march towards the complete reconquest of the nation in the name of the nation's destiny.



ΡΑΘΡΑΙΣ Ο ΣΑΟΙΜ
 General Secretary, G.A.A.

Now is the brief spell for inspection and preparation. The land can be surveyed and plans for progress perfected. To this duty constructive Gaels will devote themselves and then the great anniversary year will be crowded with pleasure and crowned with surpassing triumph.

The coming drear months need not be idle, however. The championship strain will be relaxed, but the field of honour will not be deserted. The National Leagues will claim energies and attention, and there is admittedly plenty of room for progress in their management and standard of play. To this all the counties concerned can contribute, and to their own advantage. No branch of Gaelic activity can lag behind henceforward, and the Leagues are now an integral and essential part of the national programme.

There is work to be done in the schools and amongst that invaluable mass of incipient manhood in its post-school years. Both sections, boys and lads, are ready to respond. Let us mobilise young Ireland as a tribute to the men whose work for Ireland we will commemorate next Autumn.

We can justifiably exalt to-day in the solidarity of our Association, and the splendid successes it has achieved. They are only the fore-runners of greater success to come, and we face the future with redoubled confidence and enthusiasm, assured of the ultimate triumph of the Gael in his aims and ideals.



ÉIRE ÓG
Cúinne Fíonáin

Δ Cáirde Óga, mo Círoide,

Tá súil agam go maicpró sib dom é imteact uaid is gan fiú a ráó lib go rabas ar tí imteacta. Aét ní raib leigeas agam air, a cáirde. Fanaró go 'neóspad an sgeal oib—tuigpró sib annsin go raib an ceart ag Fionán nuair a d'ubairt sé leis féin guró fearr rit maic ná 'dóc-seasam.

An t-Éan fé n'hear' é ! Uios lá annso san oifig is mé go gnotac ag iarraid na h-aisti a b'fearr a togaró as an mbeart mór acá págta pós tar éis bronnaó na nuaiseanna móra—cuireann sin i gcuimne dom go bfuil roinnt nuaiseanna agam le bronnaó—agus cé buairfead an 'doras isteaé cuigam aét an t-Éan. Uí sé ag féacaint go géal-gáiriteac. Cuir sin iongnadó orm ; is annam a bíonn an t-Éan céadna mar sin.

"An amlaró é do buairóis an scuabín ?" arsa mise.

"Níor buadós go veimín," ar seisean. "Ní raib an t-áó liom an babta seo," ar seisean, "agus, ar aon cuma, ní raib ticéad agam cuige."

"Ní cuirfimm an éist," arsa

mise, "aét go gcuireann sé iongnadó orm com sásta leat féin is a féacann tú."

"Tá cúis agam leis, a buacail," ar seisean. "Deao ag dul ar mo laeteannta saoire i mbáireac."

"Ana-maic," arsa mise, "beao leat. Tá sé i n-am agam laeteannta saoire o'páigil. Fan go gcuairfeao nóta cun mo cáirde óga á ráó leo go mbeao as baile go ceann cúpla seacámam."

"Ní gáó duit é sin a 'deanam," arsan t-Éan. "Tá sé socruigte ag an b'fear easair go b'fanaró tusa annso i b'peigil na h-oifige."

"Má fanaim—" arsa mise. Aét bí an t-Éan imtigithe.

Seipt Fionán.

Duel, a cáirde mo círoide, ní gáó dom a ráó ná gur cuir an sgeal sin ó'n Éan, gur cuir sé ana tré-na-éile mé. Mise annso i n-oifig múcta d'orda agus an t-Éan, is, gan amhras, an fear easair féin, agus iao ag baint saogail na b'fuiqeall as cois fairrige i n'gaoaldact éigin. Ní féao'paim cur suas leis. Do cummigeas ar seipt láitreaé. Níor

leogas aon ruo orm go 'd'í trádnóna go déirdeanac. Do fuaras mo seans annsin. O'éalugeas amac as an oifig gan focal a ráó le h-aoimne, agus as go brát liom. O'airigeas ó soim nár pás an fear easair sráio, póirse, nó tig i m'baile áta Cliaé gan cuardac féacaint a' b'pagaó sé greim orm i n'áon áit oib. Uí sé pánac aige, geallaim oib. Uí áit amáin nár cummige an fear easair air, cúimne gleadite i n'gaoildact an lartair. O'á 'd'cusadó sé agáio ar sin cípead sé Fionán ar a suamneas cois trága díreaé mar a éirdeann sib sa píctiúr annso tuas.

An Teact ar ais.

Uí saogal suaire agam, a cáirde. Aoimne oib a caic tamall san n'gaoildact, tuigpró sé é sin go maic. Aét bíonn veire le laeteannta saoire, fiú san n'gaoildact féin. Uí orm m'agáio a tabairt ar an b'fear easair arís. Aét conus a 'deanpaim é ? O'féioir go ndúnfaó sé an 'doras orm, agó caó a 'deanpaim annsin ? O'fanas tamall ag faire air go b'páigim as baile é. Do b'páda an "tamall" é gan aon vabct. Aét bí an t-áó liom ag veire.

Cuala go raib sé cun sgeit an éluicé peile a craobsgaoileadó ó páirc an Círois—cluitce mór an Domnaig seo caicte. Ar ndóig ba maic liom féin an éluicé sin o'feicsint—an sluaó mór gaoal, sluaó a cuirfeao átas ar aoimne gur geal leis sean-cúis na n'gaoal—na póirne breááta lútmara, gac fear lán-éapta ar an mbuaó a tabairt o'á condae féin—an ceól, an ceól céadna a spreag croiote gaoal ó aimsir 'briam anuas. Uí orm cúl a tabairt leis sin go léir agus fanamaint i n'áice na h-oifige seo ag faire go b'páigeann an fear easair as slige. Duél, cun sgeal gearr a 'deanam' ve, fuaras an éaoi ag veireadó. Sleamnuigeas isteaé tré fuinneóis—agus seo ag scriobadó ar mo d'icéall mé.

Comórtas eile.

Tá, mar a 'dubras éeana, roinnt nuaiseanna le bronnaó agam pós. Tá súil agam go mberó ar mo cúmas é sin a 'deanam' i gceann coicéigse nó b'féioir níos luaithe. Deiró comórtas eile agaimn sar i b'páó. Aét beró a tuille fé sin an t-seact-máin seo cuigaimn. Ó ! seao. Ba 'dóbaír dom é a 'dearmáó. Deiró stéal an-tabaéctac oib—sé, a cáirde óga, annso agam an Saóairn seo cuigaimn.

Slán agáio,
DúR gCára,
FIONÁN.

NA CEÓLTÓIRIÓE ÓGA
EANRAOI Ó GRÁDA DO SGRÍOB
IV.

Annsom tug an clarla leis é go 'd'í captaoin a bí as cionn na saig-uoiríde 'san gceannitar sin, agus o'innis beapo an scéal ceadna 'dósan ar a móó macánta féin, agus móó an t-oifigeac go móó a 'deag-mém is a cuigsint, o'fiapruig sé o'á beapo an mbeao sé sásta dul leis na saig-uoiríde agus an áit i n-a raib na sladairíde i b'polaé a táisbeaint o'óib. Dubairt sé go raóacó, aét á veit 'san márgaó go 'd'uib'páirde aire o'á máctair is o'á 'deirb'siuir o'á n-eirgeóacó aon tim-pist o'ó féin. Geall an clarla ar áit na mbonn go ndéanpáirde sin o'ó, agus nuair a bí socruigte aca leis an oifigeac cuadóar a mbeirt ar ais go 'd'í an teac ósta.

Do réir mar bí leagta amac aca bí an t-oifigeac le n-a cúro fear a cruinniugaó agus veit romh an larla ag bun an céao chuite, tuarim míte ó'n mbaile. Nuair a cíopadó carbaó an larla suas cúca, bí sé le dul ar agáio, agus comh luac is baimfeadó na sladairíde stao as, bí órougaó ag na saig-uoiríde na píleir a scaoileadó púca ní iao a éimcealladó. Uí cleactadó móó ag an oifigeac ar obair o'e'n t-saóas sin, mar bí sé 'n-a sean-fear agus geall sé go mbeao na píir uile pá réir aige. Tug an t-larla órougaó o'á cíománuirde féin, fear a raib muinigin móó aige as. O'pás sé slán annsoim ag a baimcéile agus isteaé leis 'san gcarbaó i n-éim-feact le beapo. Cíomáineadóar leo go gréan agus gan píos a n'gnóca ag tuine ar bíe gur sroicéadóar an áit 'n-a raib an t-oifigeac ag fanacé

leó. Uí cúro ve na saig-uoiríde leis pós ar an mbótar aét bí tuilleadó aca scaipthe ar fuo na gceoc—fear annseo agus fear annsuró—agus órougaó aca fanacé i b'polaé mar bíoóar go gceoisfeadó síao an trompa ag gaoalac órta. Labair an t-larla cúpla focal leis an oifigeac, agus nuair a bí sé réiró leis, tug sé órougaó uairó na d'all-óga a tárramig annuas ar fuinn-eógaib an carboiró i rioéc nac b'peicpróe aon duime istig ann.

Uí beirt saig-uoir i 'dteannta an larla agus airm teineadó aca.—O'págaóar an 'dream eile taob síar o'íob, agus cuadóar ar agáio 'san gcarbaó pá tréórugaó beapo. Níor b'páda go b'fuairéadóar amarc ar an b'pótraé caisleám ag cor a bí ar bótar an t-sleibe, agus dubairt beapo leo gur annsoim a bí na sladairíde. Uí an clarla agus a compánais gac go maic o'o'n caisleám nuair a leigeadó caol-feadó, agus amac as an b'pótraé tar pá is carraig, do léim píce sladairé a laigeadó gur baineadóar stao as an gcarbaó. Ní cúisce é sin 'deanta aca 'na ba léir o'óib an mearbail a bí órta. Séreadó an trompa, agus éruimig na saig-uoiríde a bí scaipthe ar fuo na gceoc gur éimcealladóar na sladairíde agus gíó gur éroiréadóar síó go croóda 'san iarraéc a rinneadóar ar teicéadó, marb-uigeadó nó gabaó a b'furmóó. Ba móó an t-átas a bí ar an oifigeac an 'dream síocmar sin 'do tréas-cairt, mar b'iomóda coir uacébasac a bí 'deanta aca ar fuo na h-íodála, agus 'dar ndóig bí ríméadó ar an

larla freisin go 'd'áimic sé slán ó'n b'peill-beart a 'd'iarradóar mírt air.

O'iomcaradóar beapo ar ais go buadóac, agus móó an clarla agus an t-oifigeac ós áro é ar a éríonnaéc agus ar a meisneac. Cuireadó píos annsin ar dianca is a máctair, agus ní cúram a ráó go raib átas órta gur eirig com maic sin leo i n-agáio'na sladairíde. Ní beao an t-larla is a bean sásta anois gan ruo éigin a 'deanam' o'o'n tríúr, agus túnaóar congnam comh móó sin órta go mba 'deacair an t-airgsin a 'díultadó. Tar éis an eactra sin ba mían leis an mbain-larla pílleadó ar a 'díitce féin agus tug an t-larla an tríúr céoltóir leis gur sócrúig sé dianca is a máctair i 'd'icig beag 'deas. Bronnaó an oireadó airgíó órta gac uile bliadóam is 'do 'deannóacó ar teasóuig uacá agus tuilleadó le n-a cois.

Maróir le beapo, cuir an clarla ar scoil é, agus bí an oireadó sin muinigme aige as i gcomnuirde gur ceap sé 'n-a reacéaire o'ó féin é ar teact i n-aois píir o'ó. Uí thar-asóal maic aige as an b'pósta áro-nósac sin, agus congbuig sé é go raib aois móó aige. Má caic sé laeteannta cruada i measc na gceoc ag dul ó baile go baile i n-éim-feact le n-a máctair agus a 'deirb'siuir, fuair sé a luac saócair 'san saogal seo féin, agus mar is léir ó'n scéal seo, ba maic a tuill sé é.

EANRAOI Ó GRÁDA.
A éríoc so.

Connraó na Saedilge.

Craoó mamisteac na coran, co. corcaige. Cíonólacó cruinnú cinn bliana na craoibe seo le déirdeanaige. Uí sluaó móó gaeóealgeóirí i lácair agus iao an-spríveamail i 'd'caob cursaí na bliana seo

cúgaimn. i gcoil na m'brácair a cíonólacó é agus bí seán ve barrá, uacéarán, i gceannas. Labair sé i 'd'osac ag cur páilte romh éac agus annsan 'deim sé a'pnaócaim ar obair na bliana sep caicte. 'Deim sé com-gáirveacás leis an oire agus na mic léigim ve bárr na h-oibre a 'deineadóar le linn na bliana. Ag molaó obair na craoibe éagair sé 'd'oon cabair iongántac a 'tug an 'Dr. Mac Mácgáimna (uacéarán oimig) agus na bráitreaéca uile. Labair sé ar na tréite gaeóealaca a baineann leis na bráitreaéca agus muna mbeadó iao gur beag an iarraéc a 'deanpáó an coicte.

'Deim sé tagairt 'd'os na cuirm céoil a 'deineadó le linn na bliana agus a féabas is veirig leo. Tugaó turus ar Coláiste 'Deuglán, áro míóó, agus dubairt an t-uacéarán gur cúis ácais o'ó a 'cloisim gur 'deim muinítear an turuis go h-ion-gántac ann ag labairt na gaeóige ar feao an lae ann.

Ag cíonócu' o'ó gírosais sé o'óib go léir cun níos mó a 'deanam' le linn na bliana seo cúgaimn, ag gíóde órta go mba slán agus go mba seact n-uaire níos gaeóeal-aige um an 'd'aca san arís iao.

Tug an rúnairóe cunnas an airgíó agus glacaó iao araon 'd'aoon-gúé.

Tosnó'par ar na ranganna o'íóce veire fógmaíR a 9, agus tá coimne le sluaó móó ag preasóal órta.

Teagmhas na hÍolscoil Coërom Féinne.

Tá fear easair "Coërom Féinne ; S. O'ubhgaill, ag súil le trí sraiteanna o'e'n páipéar sin a 'cúir i gclóó romh veireadó an téarma seo. Deiró obair dian romhe, agus cabair ag teastáil uairó. Cuirfeadó sé páilte romh alt sumeamaíl ó aoimneac, ar aon aóbar gur mían leis. Nó, ma tá abair báiro ar seacrán, 'suíóeadó sé síos, agus 'deanáó sé o'án a cúmaó o'ó.

Cleasa Lúit.

'Duime ve na 'd'aoimne a bí a 'deanam' sgróugaó le déirdeanaige 'do b' é umsom Mac Soóbaírn. Uí sé ag mírt le fuirim 'brepní o'ia Domnaig, agus fuair sé cúl agus cúlín. Bíonn sé ag mírt ar fuirim péile Coláiste áta Cliaé, agus tá sé 'na Sparánairóe ar an gcuamann. FAIRIRE.



The spectacular side of the 1933 G.A.A. season has closed in triumphal fashion. One hundred thousand people at the two finals! Surely we are on the onward march with firm tread and valiant spirit!

These big events are the matured harvest of the earlier sowing of the seeds of Gaelicism in a soil that has been ploughed and weeded and tended in each succeeding year, and in every county in the land.

That process must still go on. New harvests must be reaped, and now is the time for the sowing, so that in due time the full fruition of the earlier labours may be reached.

In this week's issue the General Secretary of the G.A.A. has given us an inspiring message. Last week the General Secretary of the Gaelic League sent forth a clarion call for renewed activities.

Gird yourselves to the work in hand, ye Gaels, and assert in every town and village and district, that heritage that is yours!

Let there be co-operation in effort so that the unified strength may be used to complete advantage; let there be no compromising in the ranks of one or other of the twin Gaelic bodies, but let everyone join in the work of promoting the languages, the games, the dances, songs and music of our country, so that the Irish-Ireland ideal mirrored in the two great gatherings at Croke Park may be reflected in every part of the thirty-two Counties of Ireland!

Organise! Let that be the watchword, and not only the word, but the spirit. Hurling and football clubs, see that a branch of the Gaelic League is established in your area, or if already there, that it meets with your active support.

Gaelic Leaguers who are inclined to be too academic, remember the advice of Pearse and take more robust interest in the movement that is developing the manhood of the nation on athletic lines.

But G.A.A. men and Gaelic Leaguers alike, remember always that "adequate inspiration" that must go to the moulding of the nation's character along distinctively national lines!

The fight against foreignism is a harder and more protracted one than that against the foreigner!

I didn't do so much travelling last week, as nearly all my friends came to town.

I was sorry that Don-egal didn't come with the rest!

If "John saw it through" who lost John?

Sean believes in supporting the Gaeltacht in the spirit as well as in the letter, and after all, 'tis only right to give the mountain its due!

"What tiny feet Mick has, if that's his shoe!" was what I heard someone exclaim in the bus on Sunday. And gloves, too! He does do some collecting, doesn't he?

The Erin's Own minors and juveniles were sadly neglected last Sunday, and although I wouldn't say I saw the Secretary with the hurling ball in his pocket at Croke Park, it looked mighty like one!

Only for the kindness of a friend, both matches might have been lost. A friend in need, is a brother indeed!

The best "man" on the juveniles could afford to look down on the others.

Paddy Bell (senior hardball champion of Ireland) received a rousing reception from handball enthusiasts in Ceannanus Mor on Sunday night.

Which reminds me that there's a cranky know-all, self-styled "cainneach" who has been very querulous lately about the "Official G.A.A. Organ."

Knowing too much of one thing more often than not means not knowing enough of anything!

I'd like to give a wee word of advice to the Cashel Camoguidheacht Club, that more "Cahir" should be taken to prevent jazz tactics at the Cilidihthe.

Some of the erring ones can view the Galtees through Golden-rimmed glasses—but jazzing at a Ceilidhe doesn't make a nice spectacle.

What did the Limerick man say when he "listened-in" to Big Ben after that collision in what I'm ashamed to say was a fox-trot. Mind those short-circuits, Fitz, and see that your Harness is in order!

Along the Owenabue Valley these nights, one hears some strange sounds of running and skipping and other training exercises. My guess is that the Camoguidheacht cailini are preparing for their next match. What's your's?

What happened the goal-umpire at the S. E. Minor football final? If Tadhg had a grievance against Maurice, why couldn't he obey the referee until after full-time?

I'm told Carrigaline field was very presentable on Sunday, with the black-and-white posts and the wire pailing. All that was missing was dressing room accommodation.

When a Rathcormack man goes to Mallow he shouldn't pretend that he came from Kilmallock.

Who shortened the tale of the Maidrin Ruadh at Tig a' Droichid?

A night of nights surely! Gortroe hurling club dawnce at the Strand Palace recently, with string band, etc. And the Youghal Gaels would allow nothing but a Ceilidhe!

"Support Irish games" in Castlebar is a slogan well upheld—but why support foreign dawnces?

How many boys were on pint duty on the train that left Dublin for the West on Sunday night?

"The other address will do in the King's English," spake the runaidhe. Vote of censure passed!

I am sorry to have to decline the Virginia Camogie Club's invitation to their First Annual Dawnce, despite all the alluring attractions set forth in their circular.

So AN CAMAN is not thick enough to provide adequate protection against the wet at Croke Park, and therefore the man I'm talking about paid his tuppence for an English Sunday paper—and, like the sensible man he is, sat on it!

I met Pandy on Saturday night. "Is there a special coming from Tralee to-morrow?" I asked him. "Oh, yes," said he, "only five or six hundred came up on the one this evening. There'll be another to-morrow for the working fellows!"

Next time you get some turf in your eye remember the excellent advice tendered to the Secretary of a Western County Board: "Close your eyes and blow your nose." Isn't that right, Paddy?

I hear the popular Secretary of the Lurgan and District Hurling League will take up new duties as manager to the Annaghmore Camogie Club shortly.

Faith then, John, if those shoes were Irish-made, they'd have kept out the wet far better than the ones you had on!

Advice about stewarding arrangements, especially in Armagh, on the occasion of the Dublin v. Clare match, are liable to be misinterpreted, as Seumas may have round out by this time.

I stood you a drink the other night, J.J., and if you had that salt in your pocket, you never produced it. Bird-lime is no good, I tell you, for I know the sprigs too well!

I overheard in "The Shop" that Jim played a great game for the Town Reserves and "The Master" never told me a word about it.

Is it true that the same Master administered a caution with the razor strop to the foreign game devotees at the Old School?

The Secretary says that if he'll touch the "fast dog" with it, he'll report him to "The Sergeant."

Who bought AN CAMAN last week to see what I had to say, and he laughed so much "Dobe" had a "narrow shave!"

Following on that, "The Master" and his "dog" have given an order for the paper to be delivered weekly. I must ask them if they've got the worth of their money this week?

Going home on Sunday night I saw "Rabbit-foot" spread a misere with four aces, and he was so jubilant over the victory that he didn't even "grouse" when caught on the first lead.

I heard "Herch" asking where Cavan kept their jerseys. Don't worry, lad, Gus and yourself won't need many more new jerseys!

When appointing referees at the Council meeting on Saturday last, who held tough on the southern appointment?

No wonder petrol was short in Co Kilkenny, if what Johnny says is true! But I'd'n know!

Judging by the number of youngsters in the Press Box on Sunday, I expected a special column for children in at least one daily.

Poor Toby! I wonder did he hear any echoes of the shouting far away. Nonchalance isn't any protection against the tempestuous longing to be with the Gaels on the day of an All-Ireland Final!

However, with all the talk of the U.S.A. tours, I am sure that I can manage to stow myself somewhere on the next trip!

My plumage is beautiful, though not all green, and I have a sweet tooth, being fond of caramels!

You don't want to be a "peer's son" (although then again, perhaps!) to have any person of frank lin-eage accompany you!

Being forward and playing forward are quite different, you know; and maybe to de-fine bars and goals may not be such a service after all!

I hear there's to be a new Gaelic League Branch in Dublin, and not far from Croke Park, either!

I'm debating with myself about joining, but maybe I'd be too light-headed for the heavy arguments.

Perhaps I'd do better in the dancing-class—as I've the "legs of a lark!"

I offered a Galway man a cigarette on the side-line on Sunday. "May the smoke of poverty never g' up your chimney!" said he.

'Twas something worse than that the apple-woman said to me when I asked her to move on!

Who was keeping his eye on an escort who was keeping his eye on somebody who wasn't there? Ask the steward!

D'airiúcas, a séaim, go raib' saogal na scaorac asail in "Dútais" an piasais éiar. Ní fólar nó tá an' saorúil go pras asat fé seo.

Saó, leis, agus bí curseáca méiréacá id ceannta, nuair a bí "Séamas á Dáimín" agus Diarmuid ó Saoréais parat.

Dála an sgeil, a Diarmuid, mura "Cuirsiú" Seán é seo, ar míste leat é míniú do? Is "Cú-éuis"—eann go maíe cao ro go bfuilim as tásairt!

ARE YOU SMOKING O'SULLIVAN'S COUPON PLUG? The cool and lasting Tobacco AND OBTAIN OUR FREE GIFTS Manufactured at The Red Abbey Tobacco Factory, Cork

NEW RECORDS MADE IN ULSTER v. CONNACHT FOOTBALL FINAL

Cavan Gain Coveted Title from Gallant Galway

Filled to fullest capacity on Sunday last, Croke Park was the scene of a stirring football duel in which the steadied experience of Cavan overcame the rugged, virile dash of Galway in the concluding minutes of a hard-fought game.

The official records give the attendance at 45,188 and the gate receipts at £4,037, figures which give renewed evidence of Gaelic triumph and of the indefeasible right of Gaelic games to reign unchallenged and unchallengeable in a free unpartitioned Ireland.

By "SLIABH RUADH"

Sunday's game was not a classic display; it could not compare with the Kerry and Kildare contest of two years ago; but, and a big BUT, it was good, homely healthy fare, from beginning to end; fine robust tackling, manly endeavour, and all the elements that can constitute rivalry in athletic prowess and physical endurance.

Writing as an old footballer, with years of experience behind me, I enjoyed every moment of last Sunday's game. It was genuine Gaelic football—robust tackling, sound delivery, good passing, and such dour defence that thrilled us, until the unhappy ball found sanctuary in the net or over the line.

Personally, I was rather pleased that Kerry passed out. The Kerry men are

evidently a soft seat in the saddle, can not quite understand their mentality. But Ulster is as true as steel—just as true as when Jimmy Hope travelled the South for the United Irishmen in Ninety-Eight, and found his way back to join in the fight at the battle of Antrim.

Cavan's colours were all over Dublin on Saturday night. They came to win, and made no disguise about it. Then, on Sunday morning, from noon onwards, thousands poured out of the Broadstone, and the green and white colours gave healthy token of Galway's keen rivalry and support.

Dublin on Sunday was a busy, bustling place. Gaelic Ireland had taken possession and no one dared dispute their right to their own capital.

perhaps, secretly for such rich days of harvest, when our Black Northern friends wont recognise the sentimental side of our efforts for a Gaelic Ireland, the material interest may bring them to line after all!

At Croke Park.

The parade of the teams on Sunday last was one of the most impressive and colourful scenes I have witnessed for years. Both teams marched with military precision, and Mick Donnellan, the Galway skipper, bearing aloft his little child on his shoulders, struck a chord in the hearts of the thousands present that will live for many years in the history of Croke Park. And how these thirty stalwarts marched! Each one felt that the destiny of a nation—not alone of a

The Big Guns.

Croke Park was packed when the big guns took the field. Excitement and enthusiasm were well blended when thirty splendid specimens of Irish manhood stepped behind the Artane Band and marched in battle array for the great contest. Martin O'Neill was ready on the mark, and the ball was thrown in amidst a hurricane of cheers and excitement.

After ten minutes we had summed up the situation. It was good honest, homely football—no give or take—stubborn stuff from end to end. In spite of a greasy ball, the fielding was next to perfect, and the passages were brimful of clean and clever football. Score for score was recorded, and with two points each we had a manly and muscular display. Then Cavan asserted their football craft, and Smith's goal gave Cavan their first green flag. Cavan came on again and playing perfect football, scored another goal. The interval came with Cavan leading well on a register of 2-3 to 2 points.

The Curtain.

When Galway resumed, they showed that they were not downhearted. Each man played with grit and they swept through the Cavan defences as a Western hurricane sweeps over the thatched homes of Connacht. From a free close in, the men of the West scored a neat point per Donnellan, and then excitement reigned supreme. Only one goal in the difference! Cavan came away from the kick-out, and a fast point put them four points ahead. Galway again returns the compliment and a goal again divides the contestants.

Hard, fast football follows. Both sides are giving their best. Close duels, good fielding, perfect passing, dour defence and almost faultless forward work constitute a finish to a fast and fiery game. This is typical Gaelic football. To my mind, a perfect exhibition of the native code—man to man and shoulder to shoulder. The rain is falling fast, but nothing now can damp the earnestness of the players, nor the enthusiasm of the spectators. Patsy Lynch is injured and after a long delay this noble scion of the O'Reilly country is taken off on a stretcher. Cavan are a goal ahead, and they mean to keep it. Fast, fiery football concludes the contest, and with another great point, Cavan are hailed as All-Ireland Football champions for 1933.

Final Scores: Cavan 2-5; Galway, 1-4.

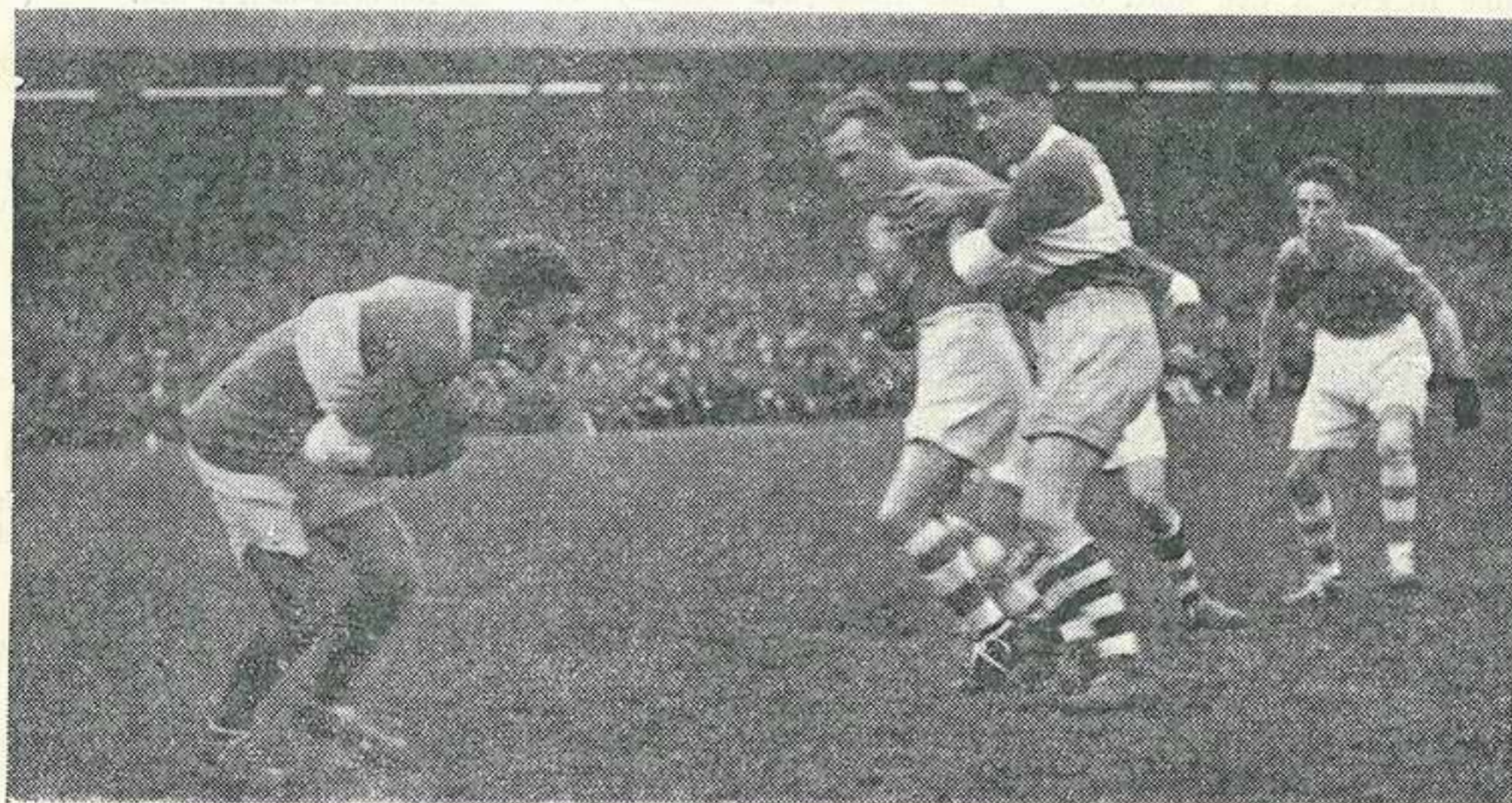
Friend Martin O'Neill capably refereed, and did his job with unbiassed judgment.

Victors and Vanquished.

It was a fine clean game—sound football from start to finish. Jim Smith must have felt a proud man as he was shouldered from the field, and showed the Sam Maguire Cup to his legion supporters and admirers. It was a heartening scene.

Carey of the Galway team, "a bullock of a man," as a Northern friend expressed it, struck me as a typical Gaelic footballer.

Both sides gave of their best. There was no slacker on either side, and when I say that the All-Ireland Football Final of 1933 was a great Gaelic game of football, I am paying tribute to every man that took part in it. Gaelic Ireland will speak of them in years to come!



BRENNAN, THE GALWAY GOALKEEPER, SAVES A HOT SHOT.

This fine action picture is inserted by the courtesy of the *Irish Press*.

tired of winning All-Ireland medals, and bringing home cups to the Kingdom. Then, Galway came on to defeat a great Dublin team, and for the first time in G.A.A. history, we had Connacht and Ulster disputing Ireland's football title.

And worthily they upheld the tradition of Gaelic football! Last Sunday's final made a stronger appeal to me than many of the finals I have witnessed for the past ten years. Except on a few occasions, this debatable hand-passing was absent, and we had John Lynch's old time policy vindicated: "Go up for yer ball and flog it." John Lynch of Waterford was one of the Old Rathgormack team that represented Waterford in 1911 and that defeated Kerry in a great game at Mallow in the same year.

Dublin Invaded.

Dublin suffered another invasion on Sunday. Ulster came over the border with the Red Hand floating defiantly on the breeze, and took possession of the Capital without firing a shot. They are an earnest lot, those men from the North. In their stern fight for nationality, the iron has entered their souls, and they mean what they say, and act accordingly. Those of us in the South who have

The Night Before.

We travelled up from the South on Saturday night. The genuine pleasure of the finals is to be had on Saturday evening when you meet old Gaelic friends from the four corners of Eire. Kerry was strongly represented. The football tradition of the Kingdom is the reason of their presence here to-night.

Wexford, Kildare and Cork has sent representatives, too, and this football final of 1933 holds an interest and attraction of its own. Both teams have proved their worth; they have defeated the best in Munster and Leinster, and now for the first time in Gaelic history, Connacht and Ulster dispute Ireland's title in the native code.

Before the Fray.

Ireland, of the plain people, with the homely hearts and undying hopes, is well represented at Croke Park to-day. These Gaelic finals bring Irishmen together, and there is no distinction of class or creed or clan. This is the great reunion of Gaeldom. No border or boundary to-day! The Northern Railways and buses are even pleased to afford special facilities to this Gaelic crowd, and wish,

county or a province—depended on his individual effort.

Why write at all for the public or the press?—for every Gael worthy of the name must be here to-day to see the football final.

The Minors.

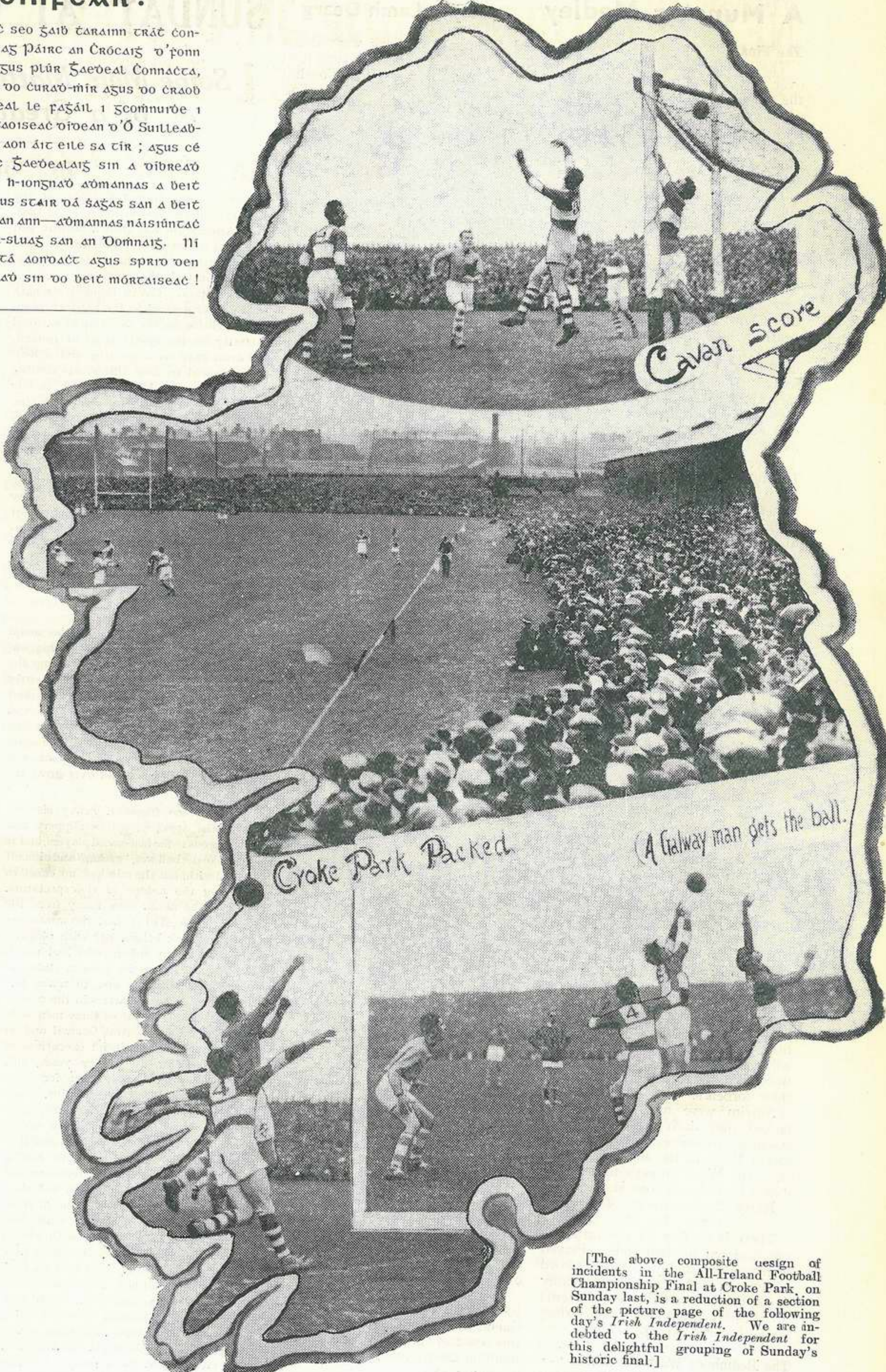
As I am keenly interested in Gaelic football, I watched with close interest, the display of the Antrim and Kerry minors on Sunday. Those Antrim lads were stylish ball players, but they never seemed to realise that they were playing a championship game. They dilly-dallied with the ball and gave their more active opponents every opportunity of robbing them. Time after time, their midfield men delayed in delivery, with the result that when they parted with the ball, the Kerry backs had full control of the situation.

We had some good individual displays, especially from the Kerry backs and halves, and they always punted with a perfect sense of direction. Antrim could easily have done much better, and the score at the finish against them was entirely due to the fact that they put no pep or punch into the work. Kerry were worthy winners.

breifne na ucréinfean!

Da mór an lá as Gaedhaib é an Domnag seo saib tarann tráe con-
 naetas 45,188 duine cruinnite ar don láthair as páirc an Crocais 'o' fonn
 curraíde na n-Ultae, ó Breifne adtuair, agus plúr Gaedhal Connaeta,
 ó Gaillimh ainiar, 'o' feiscint sa treis le céile 'o' curad-mír agus 'o' craob
 peile éireann. Bí croíde ceart na n-Gaedhal le faáil i gcomnuidé i
 mbreifne—cruíuigeadar san nuair a tug a 'staioisead' 'o' fochan 'o' 'o' Sultleab-
 sám b'earra nuair nár sábalta 'o' i g'lacad in don áit eile sa tír; agus cé
 h-iaó na Gaillimh ac slioct an tsean-stuic Gaedhalais sin a 'o'ibread
 tar Sionainn siar fé forpogra Cromail. Ní h-iongnad admannas a beit
 ar Gaedhalais as teactai an dá 'o'itca san agus stair dá sazas san a beit
 as baint le 'na g'cime. Ac bí admannas seacás san ann—admannas náisiúntac
 Gaedhal, agus ba éirid sin a tácluigead mór-sluag san an Domnais. Ní
 baogal coróde 'o' 'o'f'readct ar n-atar faid atá aon'adct agus sprid 'o'en
 tsazas san imeasc ar muinntire. Ní h-iongnad sin 'o' beit mórtaisead!

Da plúe an lá é, agus ba luí-de,
 dar nois, meanma, eac; ac bíod
 san mar atá ní measaim féin gur
 braitcas fós sprid 'o'en tsazas a
 braitcas amesc comhionóla an
 Domnais 'a noctad féin i bpáirc
 an Crocais. 'o' braitcaé dáirireadct
 imeasc na muinntire ann 'o' sazas
 nac taiteac sinn uirte ins na blian-
 taib deireannaca so. Da ciúna 'o'e
 sluas iad ná sluaigce eile a énuas-
 uigead ar an láthair sin, ac 'o' bí
 croíde go b'p'aspaí beit muinseanac
 as 'a noctad tríd an siosón iseat
 cannte sin a bí le clos tart ar
 duine. Da maic ab fiú iad an
 sluas san tuac a b'p'igne 'o'e cluice
 'o' tabairt 'o'ib, agus 'o' dáilead
 san ortca. A duine liom, connus mar
 'o' éaluig an uair a cluig sin tarann
 —ní h-uirte a bí ar n-aire ac ar
 g'niomarda na b'fean san a bí as
 dáil gaisce agus laocais oraimn.
 I bpáirc an cluice féin, ba veas
 é buad don fúinne aca ar an b'fuirinn
 eile, agus cé go 'o'arla 'o'e fearaib
 Breifne a beit seact g'cuilín cún
 tosaig ar a g'céilí ionuiocta fé
 'o'eire an éad leat-cluice ní
 measaib san 'o' beit 'o'e breis aca
 san imirt. Ac ba san tarna leat-
 cluice a connaetas barr na n-iarract
 uúinn. Bí muinntir an larcair 'a
 cur cún séin uúinn, sa tsuige 'o'uit
 ná radadar ac don báire amáin cún
 'o'eirid i g'cionn seact neomat véas
 tréis at-cosnuite 'o'ib. 'o' brait-
 ead dá luct leanamna an lá 'o'
 beit leo—'o' braitcaé uúinn féin
 mar an g'céasna . . . 'o' ráinig
 stad; 'o' g'ortuigead loingseac
 Breifne, agus ar at-cosnú 'o'on
 glei 'o' bí fuarta ar faáirt na
 g'Connaetae . . . I g'cionn céitre
 neomat eile táinig an 'o'eire—bí
 curad-mír an lae agus craob na
 n-éireann as feara Breifne, agus
 coméaspaio síú seib bliana, ar a
 luigead 'o'e, ar "Corn na m'buad."
 I 'o'tír Ulaó na lann mear,
 Na scaé, na n-eac, na 'o'créinfean.
 Ac níor caitlead ar na Connaetaig
 agus molaim dá cionn iad. Ní
 abram a tuille mar "Tá Connaet
 molta dá mbeinn 'mo t'osc."



[The above composite design of incidents in the All-Ireland Football Championship Final at Croke Park, on Sunday last, is a reduction of a section of the picture page of the following day's Irish Independent. We are indebted to the Irish Independent for this delightful grouping of Sunday's historic final.]

FOOTBALLS USED IN SUNDAY'S BIG GAMES

The Footballs used in Sunday's All-Ireland Football Final and Minor Semi-final were very kindly presented by Messrs. J. W. Elvery and Co., 45 Lower O'Connell St., Dublin, and Chas. O'Neill and Co., 94 Capel Street, Dublin.

A Glorious Day for Ulster "By Mochta."

Players, from two counties, of two provinces, who had never played against each other in an All-Ireland senior football final, were contesting the 1933 final. The attendance inside Croke Park numbered 45,188, and the gate receipts were £4,037 11s. 5d., or, in other words, there were 12 people more at the football match than were at the hurling match three weeks ago. and the receipts were £27 more than those received at the Kerry v. Kildare 1929 final, which figure stood as the record takings. The Gaels of Ulster had participated in what must have been for them a glorious day.

Evacuation of Ulster.

From early morning they might be seen wending their way over the Boyne on their trek to Dublin. It was a spectacle in all appearance as if the evacuation of Ulster was taking place. Cavan footballers have had the proud distinction of winning the first Senior Football Championship for Ulster, and incidentally have placed their own County's name on the roll of honour. Jim Smith, the captain, has

realised the ambition of his life. These were a few, and only a few, of the many factors that contributed to make Sunday's story the brightest page in a book of forty-nine chapters. It was an unpropitious day for football, drizzling rain left the playing pitch very slippery and a greasy ball was difficult to hold. I have seen many better games of football, but few in which the result was in doubt so long. As a matter of fact,

it was not until the closing minutes when Cavan, per Devlin, scored a point and gave his side a goal and a point lead, did the issue look safe for Cavan. Cavan were on the whole, the better combination, and deserved their victory, but Galway enjoyed more of the play for the hour than their opponents, and Galway may attribute their defeat to an erratic forward line.

Jim Smith rendered yeoman service to Cavan; he was ably backed by Dennehy Lynch (until injured) and Phair. At mid-field Cavan were predominant, and, on the whole their forwards were more penetrative and accurate than their counterparts. Galway were best served, in my opinion, by their left defence, O'Sullivan and Fox; Donnellan, Kelleher, Nestor and Higgins were the pick of the forwards. The teams were level with two points

after the first quarter, when to the surprise of everyone, Smith (Cavan) sent a placeball, fully 50 yards out, straight through to the net for a goal. Cavan retained the lead all through, although at times it was by the merest good luck they did so.

Both sides made many mistakes, and at times the football was crude, many players on either side might be seen fly-kicking air. Cavan were better fielders than Galway, and there was purpose in all Cavan's movements. Galway, lacking cohesion, were fitful and individualistic. The conditions prevailing could have been responsible for many of those faults, and of course the players were bound to display some nervousness in a game in which the outcome meant so much to them. If the game lacked the polish of other finals, and it did, it imparted a greater number of thrills and held one's interest to the end.

A Munster Medley

By "Lamh Dearg"

The Final.

The Football final for 1933 is over and gone. It belongs now to the past, and history will record it as a great exhibition of Ireland's football code. It was worthy of our greatest football exponents, played in a splendid setting and in a splendid spirit of sportsmanship.

Taking it all round, it was a magnificent demonstration of Gaelic strength and enthusiasm.

In the Capital.

Gaelic Ireland came in force to the Capital on Sunday. They were here from the Reeks of Kerry to the Glens of Antrim; from the heathery hills of Mayo to the model county, from Cork to Donegal. Every class of the community was represented—lawyers and labourers, doctors and dockers, farmers and farriers, cowmen, ploughmen, townsmen and countrymen: all mingled in a merry Gaelic medley.

If economic depression exists in Ireland, there was certainly no trace of it at Croke Park on Sunday. Buses, brakes, bikes, trams and trains brought enthusiastic thousands, and Dublin was a hub of bustle and hustle coming on to two o'clock. It was the yearly hosting of the Gael.

The Game Itself.

As the game is described in another column, my comments will be brief. The game all round was fast and good. The tackling was keen, and the pace was a cracker. Cavan had the best of the argument in the first period, but Galway never showed sign of slacking even when Cavan scored their second goal.

The second half was a period of powerful football. Manly clashes, splendid passing and punting, great close attacks and stern defence. When the sturdy men of the West drew within a goal of their opponents, the game caught the crowd in a maelstrom of interest and excitement, and we had as fine and as fiery a finish as ever I have seen to a football final.

Cavan, 2-5; Galway, 1-4.

The Minors.

The Kerry Minors played true to tradition on Sunday. Some of those lithe, active lads from the Kingdom will soon figure in senior ranks and worthily uphold the proud record of their forbears.

Antrim were neat players, but lacked that dash and delivery so essential to success. Kerry now meets Mayo in the final, and news from the West conveys to me that it will be a classic contest.

Kerry, 2-9; Antrim, 4 pts.

There is no fear for the future of our national football code. Played as it was on Sunday, before a record crowd, it is a magnificent manly game, bringing out the best elements of physical fitness and demanding strength speed, and self-control.

The Redmonds Walk the Plank.

After a gallant fight, the famous

old Redmonds of Cork went down before Carrig in the senior semi-final of the Cork hurling championship on Sunday. Typical Cork hurling was served up fast and lively from end to end. The duels were close and hectic, and not a few players bore scars from the conflict. It was a dour determined battle, and the weight and striking power were the deciding factors in favour of the countrymen.

Carrig passes on now to meet their old rivals of last year—the Barrs—and it is generally accepted that the man from the Barony of Barrymore will bring home the bacon on this occasion.

Carrigtwohill, 5-4; Redmonds 1-1.

Rockies Defeated.

A young team of Rockies, strengthened by some of the old brigade like Paddy Delea, Coughlan, Garrett and Gah Ahearne, visited Waterford on Sunday, to try conclusions with Erin's Own, in the final of the Dominican Church tourney. A neat set of gold medals were the spoils for the victors, and a fast, lively game was the result. There was a large crowd present, who were rewarded with a fast and skilful display of hurling.

The visitors had the best of the closing stages, but they failed to bring down the substantial lead of the locals, who pan out winners on the scores:—

Erin's Own, Waterford, 4-5; Blackrock, 3-2.

Mr. Dick Dunphy, Waterford, was referee.

Munster Results.

In the Cork Intermediate Football Championship.

Kilmurray defeated Bantry, 2-3 to 6 pts.

Limerick 1916 Memorial Matches.

Kilkishan (Co. Clare), 4-6; Young Irelands (Limerick), 3-3; St. Finbarrs, Cork, 4-6; Moycarkey, 3-3.

West Limerick S.H. Semi-Final.

Newcastle-West, 8-4; Kilfinny, 2-0.

S.W. Cork Junior Hurling Championship, B. Grade.

Barryroe, 2-5; Timoleague, 3-0.

S.E. Hurling Final.

Kinsale, 5-4; Rochestown, 1-2.

Minor Football.

Passage, 3-2; Kinsale, 2 pts.

West Cork Hurling.

The figuring of Barrymore and Timoleague in a hurling final in West Cork is another proof of the progress of the national pastime in this area. Both of these two districts were strong football centres in the old days, and produced some good exponents of the code. Father Dick Carroll, a Mooncoin man, and friend Liam Deasy have much to say to the development of the stick game in West Cork and hurling clubs are springing up like mushrooms over this wide area.

From Cork City west to Bantry to-day, there is a great galaxy of Gaelic talent, and the hurlers from this quarter give promise of out-valling their famous forbears of the football code.

bí p'réastal maíe ar gac cruinníú. 'O' pás an g'asra ó seactar go triúr is triocá (33) coim'altai san am san, agus baill de óraoib an óeitinneis iad go léir, nac mór. Is cinnte go leanpar de'n b'pás i mbliadna mar tá roinnt maíe páinneac sa óraoib ná fuil com' éangailte leis an n'g'asra fós, agus tá a lán gaeóilg'eóirí sa óraoib a b'fuil súil acu leis an páinne a g'nótu sar i b'pad. Scrútuigead beirt is triocá (32) duine pásta agus g'nótuig triúr is píce víob an páinne óir. Scrútuigead céad is cúigear ósan pé bun 16 mbliadán is o'eirig le 54 víob. Tá socair ag an gcoiste com'ar ceóil (pé éuram stiúr-

Cruinníú Cinn Bliadna
DE G'ASRA NA G'ÉITINNEAC.
Bí istead is amac le leac-éad gaeóilg'eóirí ar cruinníú cinn bliadna g'asra na g'Éitineac dia h-aoine seo im'eis éar-ainn. Cuir tuarasgabáil an Reactaire, Liam Ó Luanaíde, ácas croíde ar éac. Bíl ac trí ráite ann ó cuiread an g'asra ar bun agus ní h-áonbréas a ráó gur eirig go maíe leis an obair. Cuiread víospóireact is claisceadál ar siubál i n-ágaib na cois'éirise ó mí na feabra agus go teact an tsamraio agus tugaó roinnt léigeadt insp'eise com' maíe agus

SUNDAY AT CROKE PARK

Some Men, Matters, and Memoirs of a Great Occasion

By "Vigilant."

Cavan came into the ranks of the Gaelic Athletic Association in May, 1885. The Association was then a healthy and vigorous infant of seven months old and was fighting a fierce battle for its existence against all the combined forces of West Britain. Cavan brought strength and encouragement to the patriotic manhood fighting for the assertion of national identity on the sports fields of Ireland. "Cavan gave us a greeting and a help that showed us how Ulster was coming into line," wrote Michael Cusack, in less than two years after. Cavan has been true to the Association ever since. Cavan has been strongly identified with football, but Gaelic hurling was in days of old as prominent as Gaelic football. Cavan has been a long while in pursuit of the blue ribbon of Irish football, and on Sunday a record crowd thronged the streets of Dublin and pressed and packed themselves around the spacious arena at Croke Park to witness a thrilling victory for the virtue of an insuppressible perseverance.

Jupiter pluvius was not in affable mood on Sunday, but no amount of his unsparing rain could in the least damp the enthusiasm of this multitude of over 45,000 people that cheered Galway and Cavan in the well contested game, and no amount of paper and printer's ink can convey any sort of appreciable sense of the atmosphere of excitement and enthusiasm so evident all over great the open air

The all too frequent, heavy showers made the arena of action slippery and treacherous to the fast-paced players, and it did make the ball wet, "greasy" and difficult to deal with, but the rain had no effect in damping the ardour of the spectators. Around the arena were many from the North and West of Ireland who were never in Croke Park before, but with pleasure I noticed many others who had raised the Association to its present status of power and influence and to make this fine venue its headquarters in the capital of the country. Some of these men were members of the Central Council and of their respective provincial executives of the Association in earlier years, but, though they have made room for other and younger blood and brains, their interest in the work, to which they gave so much time and attention in earlier years, is in nowise diminished, and it is good and heartening to move among such men and hear their interesting and refreshing reviews of the past, and their views on present progress. One of these men, an old Co. Monaghan Gael, was telling me of his first trip to Drogheda, forty-five years ago, to see Monaghan play Cavan in their tie of the Ulster football championship and how a fine game ended in a draw of 2 points each. I told him of a much earlier football contest in which Cavan figured against Monaghan nearly 200 years ago, with 23 players aside and that Cavan won by 2 goals. "But

Vigilant," he replied, "I saw the Cavan versus Monaghan match of forty-five years ago, but did not see the Cavan versus Monaghan matches of two centuries ago!" Of course, he was right. He enjoyed the "atmosphere" and the "fusion with friends" in that early G.A.A. fixture at Drogheda, just as he enjoyed the same pleasures on Sunday at Croke Park. There is an indefinable something about these big Gaelic gatherings that is not to be found at any other form of outside enjoyment: whatever the weather does that feeling is always present, and it was never more in evidence than on Sunday.

No county in Ireland has played a more prominent part in bringing the G.A.A. into existence than Galway. It was the hurlers of Galway and of Dublin that gave the Association its start, and it was the heroic but almost forgotten Bishop Duggan, of Clonfert, who was the first patriotic Churchman who encouraged the starting of the G.A.A. and gave its pioneers his blessing when they first waited upon him. It was this Most Rev. Dr. Duggan who first advised Cusack and his friends to approach Archbishop Croke, who was then the young and vigorous occupant of the famous chair of Cormac of Cashel, and had given very pronounced evidence with the national cause and popular feeling while he, Bishop Duggan, was growing old but still in very active sympathy with national aims and aspirations. Well may the West in general and the ancient diocese of Clonfert in particular feel proud of the memory of the great old Bishop who, in the face of many difficulties in strenuous years, never hesitated to make common cause with his people in defiance of his country's oppressors. I fervently trust that during the Golden Jubilee year the Western Gaels will make some worthy effort towards honouring the memory of Clonfert's outstanding prelate and patriot who was the first Bishop to encourage the rise of the G.A.A.

Galway's hurlers were "runners-up" to Tipperary in the first All-Ireland hurling championship, and since then they have attained championship honours in All-Ireland football and hurling, and they will again repeat their victories in both games, for Galway has splendid material in the playing of both games, and Sunday's fine display will give a further impetus to the enthusiasm of Western manhood. The splendid spirit in which the game was contested by both teams was the best proof of how closely both counties are in unison with the true Gaelic ideal. The game all the way from start to stop was much more closely contested than the scoring indicates, but victors and vanquished fought out the issue until the final whistle, and made the task of Mr. Martin O'Neill (Wexford), who refereed in such capital style, an easy one. My congratulations to all.

ann agus a cáirdeas agus an g'ealghaire ácas croíde air.
"Oo tosaó 'Diarmaid Ó h-Álmain mar aodaire arís, agus b'iad 'so rosa' an g'asra do'n coiste: Ceármeil 'ní g'rianna, Reactaire; Liam Ó Luanaíde cisteóir; Seán Ó Tiománuide, Seóirse Ó Uraonáin, Miceál Ó Siocpraóda agus páoruig Breacnac.
Tiocparó an g'asra g'coinn' a céile gac aon 'Dardaoin' as so amac. Cuirim céoil is Socruídeact a béas acu 'Diarmaid' seo éugáinn, agus tácar ag súil le lán an áruis.

Boyer and Beyond

By Mochta

Antrim's Creditable Fight Against Kerry.

Kerry minor footballers inflicted a heavy defeat on the Antrim minors on Sunday at Croke Park, prior to the senior football final. Kerry, who have won this title on the past two occasions, will now meet Mayo in the final, which has been fixed for Croke Park on October 8th. The score by no means reflects the run of the play, as Antrim gave a very creditable account of themselves and fought every inch of the ground. Kerry, who however, were more crafty in front of their opponents' goal, turned every opportunity to good account. For twenty-five minutes Antrim led Kerry a merry dance. Then Kerry, true to tradition, began to field and kick in faultless fashion, forced Antrim to take a back seat, and after crossing over with 1-4 to 0-3 lead, increased this before the end to 2-9 to 0-4. Antrim's forwards got several glorious chances, which if availed of, would have reduced the margin considerably, and given a truer reflection of the general run of the game. However, Kerry were the superior team and deserved their win. Many will be anxious to see Kerry against Mayo, as it is known that Mayo has a great team awaiting them for final honours.

Mr. J. Doyle (Dublin) was referee.

Teams.

Kerry—B. Reidy, W. Meyers, D. Griffin, E. Buckley, T. O'Leary, L. Crowley, J. Fitzgibbon, J. Brosnan, W. Dillon, P. Kennedy, B. Cronin, M. Gorman, J. Counihan, M. MacCarthy, J. Sullivan.

Antrim—D. McKenna, J. O'Connor, W. Cunningham, D. Kerr, D. Leddy, B. Gilfedder, A. Murphy, M. McWilliams, W. Monaghan, R. Rabbett, S. McKeown, M. McKenna, E. Nash, G. Colbert, P. McFarland.

The Endless Chain.

Now that the championships have been decided, we may focus our interest on the National Leagues, hurling and football. The fixture of more than ordinary importance is that between Meath and Cavan in the final of last year's football league, which has been fixed for Croke Park on October 22nd, with Mr. Martin O'Neill (Wexford) as referee.

Cavan will have assumed the mantle of champions, and will have a prestige to maintain.

The following are the dates and venues for the 1933 National hurling League, as announced at the Central Council Meeting on Saturday last.

October 15th.

Dublin v. Cork, at Croke Park (S. Jordan, T.D., Referee). Kilkenny v. Laois (S. Hogan, Waterford, Referee). Offaly v. Galway at Birr (J. Gleeson, Tipperary, Referee). Limerick v. Tipperary, at Limerick (Sean Og Murphy, Cork, Referee).

October 22nd.

Clare v. Offaly, at Ennis (W. Gleeson, Limerick, Referee).

October 29th.

Laois v. Waterford, at Portlaoighise (Sean Robbins, Offaly, Referee). Cork v. Kilkenny, at Cork (W. Gleeson, Limerick Referee). Tipperary (h) v. Clare (Sean Kelly, Limerick, Referee). Offaly (h) v. Limerick (J. Kennedy, Tipperary, Referee).

Co-operation All That's Needed.

A cursory glance at the above fixtures will reveal the feast of hurling that will flood the country within the next few weeks. The connoisseur may close his eyes and make his selection from the list, aware beforehand of the excellence of the fare and the proved standard of each of the contestants.

County Boards should co-operate earnestly with the higher Council, so that these League matches may accomplish all they have been inaugurated to accomplish.

They Read Well.

Tentative groupings in the National Football League were made, and it is highly probable that the draws, dates and venues will be definitely made for early in November at the next Central Council Meeting:—

No. 1—Longford, Roscommon, Leitrim-Westmeath, Sligo.

No. 2—Kildare, Dublin, Laoighis, Wexford, Kerry.

No. 3—Galway, Mayo, Cavan, Meath, Louth.

No. 4—Kilkenny, Carlow, Wicklow, Offaly.

Northern Grouping to be arranged by the Ulster Council.

Discharging a Debt.

When Kerry visited Meath last March, to fulfil their engagement in the National League, it was arranged between the representatives of the two County Boards that Kerry should come back again at an early date and play a return match. It was hoped to play this match before Kerry would sail for America, but due to causes, over which neither County had any control, a suitable date could not be found, and the game was shelved for the time. Much water has flowed under the bridges of An Uaimh meantime, but even so the popularity of either county team has not in the slightest diminished, as will be seen when these two teams meet each other at An Uaimh on Sunday next, and be greeted by the thousands of Meath Gaels. Meath have had two wins over Kerry to their credit, and incidentally the only team to lower Kerry's colours within the past five years, until Cavan beat them in the semi-final of the All-Ireland in August last, and are very determined to put their claim to be Kerry's masters beyond all doubt on Sunday. Kerry are assured of a royal welcome from the Gaels of Meath.

About Turn.

Kerry will have only reached home after their visit to Meath when they will be obliged to pack their togs and set out for Castleblaney, where they will play Dublin on October 8th, in a challenge match, organised by the local Gaels to raise funds

to equip their new grounds. An ever-green draw, Dublin and Kerry, will be fittingly received by the Gaels of Farney, who may look forward to a pleasant time while in the County of the little hills.

The Approaching End.

The Central Council are making commendable strides towards the completion of their different championships, and by the end of October the champions for 1933 will be known, unless there is a draw in the final. Here are the full particulars about the games still to be played:—

October 8th at Croke Park.

Mayo v. Donegal (J.F.), Martin O'Neill (Wexford), Referee.

Mayo v. Kerry (M.F.), J. Doyle (Dublin), Referee.

At Portumna.

Tipperary v. Galway (J.H.), J. Considine (Clare), Referee.

Tipperary v. Galway (M.H.), J. Considine (Clare), Referee.

Britain (London H. and F.) will meet the winner of the home championships on October 29th at a venue to be named.

The Saul Memorial.

Although I have had no official word I have been informed from a trustworthy source that the Saul Memorial Tournament will be started on October 8th or 15th. Last year this tournament, which was run under the patronage of his Lordship the Bishop of Down and Connor, the Most Reverend Doctor Mageean, lay between Louth, Armagh, Down and Antrim. It was played on the knock-out system, and proved a financial success, being won by Louth. This year it has been decided to admit Monaghan, who will get a bye in the opening round. The proceeds go to the funds now being established for the purpose of erecting a suitable memorial to commemorate the coming of St. Patrick to Ireland.

A Louth Final.

Young Irelands (Darver) and Gaels (Dundalk) have reached the final of this year's junior final, which has been fixed for Sunday next at Castlebellingham. Reports to hand would go to show that these teams are well matched, and that a traditional Louth final will result.

GAELOGRAMS

A Slogan For Sligo.

The progressive note in Sligo Gaeldom is well sustained but a local Gael informs me that the progressive note would be much more pronounced if more promptitude was insisted on with regard to teams and fixtures, and a good slogan would be, "Get on the field sharp to time!"

* * *

There is nothing more disgusting to those who come to see a match than to have to wait for a half-an-hour, and sometimes an hour, before the teams take the field. The same sort of thing has, in some counties, succeeded very quickly in destroying all prospects of "gates," as the public will not patronise fixtures where such disappointment has been experienced.

* * *

The County Board should insist on such discipline as will ensure the good reputation of the G.A.A. matches should start promptly to time, and if matches were awarded to the teams ready to take the field at the advertised hour, it would soon cure an evil that will kill the games if allowed to persist.

* * *

Realizing Cusack's Project.

Some time ago, when the proposed establishing of a great central G.A.A. Club in Dublin was revived, I gave a short review of the different efforts to bring the project to fruition, since it was first mooted by Michael Cusack in 1885 among a little group of patriotic Irishmen, who met in the harness-making establishment of the late Mr. G. Smith, in Marlborough Street. Mr. Smith, who was a scholarly man, shared with Cusack a great enthusiasm for the cultural side of the national

movement just started by the Gaelic Athletic movement. Mr. Smith had made the first hurling balls for the G.A.A. pioneers, who revived the game in the Phoenix Park, and was just as anxious for the training of the minds of Ireland's manhood as he was for the developing of their muscular prowess, and felt that sound national guidance were in Davis's lines:

"Mind will rule and muscle yield
In senate, ship and field:
When we have skill our strength to wield,
Let us take our own again!"

* * *

The internal troubles of the Association and the "split" in its ranks in 1887, gave a very definite set-back to the project, and it was not heard of again for some time after, and then the project lapsed again. It now seems that the Club will become an actual fact, and will be another splendid achievement by the Golden Jubilee year of the Association. Everyone knows that such a central headquarters for the Gaels of Ireland and abroad, when visiting the city is most desirable, and the organizers deserve all possible help and co-operation in the good work.

* * *

Dublin v. Kerry.

Dublin will soon have an opportunity of testing its resources in football talent against Kerry. On Sunday week, the following selection will line out against the "Kingdom," at Castleblaney: Quinn, Nolan, O'Shea, Kelly, Fitzgerald (Geraldines), Synott, O'Brien, Leonard (O'Tooles); Dowling, Hickey (Round Towers); Brennan (Kickams); Kavanagh (2) Dolphins; Keating, Lambe, Brennan (Garda);

Hughes (Army); Flood (U.C.D.); Beggs, Markham (St. Josephs).

* * *

The next opportunity will be offered when Dublin meets Kerry on Sunday, October 29th, or November 5th, at Croke Park, in the match organised for the Associated Easter Week, 1916, men.

* * *

A Good Year's Work.

Though Dublin has no senior championships to credit in provincial or All-Ireland championships, the past twelve months have been a period of encouragement and satisfaction, and when the Gaels will meet in annual convention on this Saturday evening, at 41 Parnell Square, they will hear a good account of the year's work.

* * *

There is no less than 15 motions on the agenda, so a prompt start at 7 o'clock is essential, as some of the motions will give rise to much discussion.

* * *

The motion to make it compulsory on all senior Dublin championship players to declare for Dublin, is pretty certain to be adopted, and it is expected that it will have a good chance of meeting with the sanction of the All-Ireland convention.

* * *

The Howth St. Laurences Football Club is responsible for this motion, and also for a motion to give the right of selecting championship teams to clubs winning the county football and hurling championships.

* * *

Good For Waterford.

It speaks well for hurling in Waterford city when it can produce a team to defeat Blackrock, which has been for generations not only a great centre of

hurling in Cork, but one of the greatest homes of caman craft in Ireland. In Sunday's tournament final, Erin's Own defeated the "Rockies" on a score of 4-5 to 3-2.

Mooncoin Get Through.

The boys from the great hurling stronghold in South Kilkenny got through their engagement with Urlingford in the county senior hurling-tie, at Callan, on Sunday, winning on a score of 5-4 to 2-3.

Carrigtwohill's Win.

Two veteran Cork teams met in the senior hurling semi-final, on Sunday. Carrigtwohill proved triumphant over the Redmonds, by a score of 5-4 to 1-1.

Across The Seas.

Representatives of Gaeldom in the United States present at Saturday's meeting of the Central Council gave good report of the progress made by the games of the Gael among our exiles and of the work done for the further development and spread of the G.A.A. The Association furnishes the brightest and strongest link between Gaels at home and in exile, and the celebration of its fiftieth birthday next year is certain to bring it more and more into prominence among Irish exiles and their friends in other countries, where it is not so well patronised at present.

New Ground.

Munster has broken new ground in G.A.A. competitions by the starting of a Secondary Hurling League, with inter-divisional as distinct from inter-county matches. The three other provinces are likely to follow this lead.

Famous Irish Athletes of the Past. By "Celt"

No. 20—THOMAS F. KIELY OF CARRICK

Having devoted so much space to the achievements of Tom Kiely, many may think the subject exhausted. This is far from being the case. A tithe of what he accomplished has not been told; no more than a glimpse of what he personified has been revealed. The further one delves into the life of this splendid prototype of all that embellished the heroic epochs of Irish manhood, one finds the task grow more and more comprehensive and alluring.

In a study of Kiely's athletic career one passes through a gallery of arresting pictures, a maze which, at every turn, presents new attractions, a journey on which each step reveals pleasing visions, of bodily symmetry, strength, and skill. It was possible only to concentrate upon the more notable events. Those which have had to be ignored all expressed that quality of consistency that has been our champion's outstanding characteristic. Exceptional conditions rendered many others far more meritorious in reality than normal assessments would indicate.

The ancient Gael demanded, and the modern Gael expects, more in their champions than mere redundancy of effort. Fire, spirit, and a capacity to excel, not only himself, but the prowess of potential antagonists, are implied in such a designation. No honours were ever won or retained at Tara by simple repetition of former deeds. The edged blade laid across the forked poles was as significant a token of Fiannic progress in the high leap as the mechanical devices to perfect that test, now engaging the attention of modern experts.*

A Champion Feat.

There were circumstances associated with many of Tom Kiely's normal achievements that lent them a value far above the ordinary criterion of merit. Of such was his impulsive victory in the long jump for Ireland against Scotland. He had won his allotted events when the whole issue of the contest was jeopardised by Scotland's unexpected superiority in the broad leap. He then literally "rushed into the fray" again and saved the day for his country. It was not his longest jump, but it was his greatest. Mettle, as well as muscle, were demonstrated in that action.

To recite in detail his victories and otherwise remarkable performances would simply be to reproduce monotonously bald figures of deeds which have already illuminated this review. At every sports where he appeared he was the cynosure of all discerning eyes. He gave a glamour to every event which he contested. Grace, nervous energy, natural strength, commanding presence and concentration upon the task in hand were aspects of his mien and methods which none could fail to note and admire.

Above all, there was the confidence and courageous spirit manifesting itself in calmness and courtesy. There was the inex-

haustible reserve and vigour that the proficiency of no antagonist could daunt. There was the pride of race and personal prestige that would bow to nothing less than superlative worth.

The Greater Qualities.

Fashioned, as it were, in the invisible mould of past generations of Irish athletes; tempered, as one might deem, in the ardent atmosphere of traditional emulation, he stood forth in an age of much artificiality as the embodiment of an ideal which those who have caught the spirit of Fenian epochs feel must have been the highest conception of many attributes amongst our race in its plenitude of power and dignity.

A pupil of men who, in their day, possessed those qualities and who yearned in the generosity of their nature to impart and foster them as a saving element amongst their countrymen, Kiely interpreted their ambitions and our dreams. Because of that we call him up for honour, for study, and for imitation.

His active life and competitive experiences would be an epic of endeavour and conquest. It would be, moreover, an invaluable text book for generations ahead, because he thought as well as acted. His opinions on men and methods in the athletic arena were as virile and individualistic as the man himself.

His mature estimate of the present position and apparent trend of native and world athletics would be beyond price, for, of all modern contenders, he has seen and encountered exponents such as no immediate generation will witness. His testimony and criticism would be those of one whose senses were quickened by the exigencies of many trying contests; and, as the range of his activities scarcely knew a limit, the scope of his commentary would cover the entire realm of feats in which men are still proud to excel.

His opportunities and aptitude for observation were unrestricted. He had the athlete-artist's eye for vital symmetry; the Celtic love of nature; the manly man's admiration for seamliness; the strong man's regard for chivalry. We hold he owes to his countrymen—or rather to the generations yet to claim men's estate, for whom we know he has anxious cares and high aspirations—that the lessons he learned while acquiring and bestowing renown, should be transmitted to them.

Official Tribute.

In his report to the World's Fair Executive in 1904, the Chief of the Physical Culture Department wrote:—

"The all-round championship, scheduled and contested successfully on July 4 last, was the best all-round competition that has ever been held in America. For the first time in the history of this competition, and it has been held successfully in America since 1884, the honours went to a foreigner, Thomas Kiely, of Carrick-on-Suir. The contest was held in a driving rainstorm. . . . On such a day and under such conditions—rain all the time—it is to be wondered at that four

men went successfully through the programme. . . . Had the competition taken place on a day at all adapted for athletic sports, Kiely would certainly have scored 7,000 points and easily have made a new world's record."

Three weeks after that ordeal he won four events—16lb. hammer, running two hops and jump, throwing 56lb. and putting 42lb. weight, in the same arena, and came second in the broad jump.

The representative of the St. Louis "Globe and Democrat" interviewed Kiely immediately after he had wrested the World's Championship from American hands, and describing the Irish champion, he wrote:—

"Kiely, an athletic marvel, is a man nearing middle age. He has reached the mark of 34, when most American athletes have long since retired from the track and field, and yet on the field of competition he is able to carry off honours from men ten and fifteen years his junior, and is as active as any. More wonderful still, he is able to go on the field with no apparent training, enter ten or a dozen events, and exert himself to the utmost in all of them with apparently no ill-effects to himself."

Even the alert Yankee Press expert did not penetrate the secret of Kiely's prowess. The obsession of training from which transatlantic athleticism suffers, obscured the real source of the Irish victor's ability—natural health and inherited character and aptitude. He did not leave them in any doubt as to his own opinions on the subject when invited to give his views.

"I am 34 years of age, and have been in athletics as long as I can remember. The secret of retaining my activity and vigour is that I have *lived a regular life and have never dissipated*. The same may be said of the larger number of English and Irish athletes. They start training at an early age and keep it up for the rest of their lives. Only in moderation, however, in which the great difference between them and American athletes is to be found.

"The American trains hard when the season for athletics rolls around, and is in the finest of condition when he steps on the track. But before the season is over he is likely to be found over-trained and stale. When the season is over he relapses into his loose methods of eating and drinking, and does not put on a spiked shoe until next spring.

"The Irish athlete keeps in training all the year round, but never does much heavy work. When he enters a meet, he does it, not for the medals or for the purposes of breaking or establishing records, but to have all the sport out of it that he can have. If he makes a fairly good showing he is satisfied. This has been my experience and general method, and to this I attribute my unflinching good health. I train in moderation the year round, and need very little work to get in shape for a meet. Nor do I feel any ill-effects after my exertions, because of my perfect condition."

Veni, Vidi, Vici.

We have here the frank speech of a man who had no use for flattery or the suppression of

honest opinions. He had *come and conquered*; and had also *seen* the strength and weakness of the transatlantic system of making champions. He preferred, as well he might, the natural customs of his own country; and he certainly represented their merits as no other man of his time could have done.

Here are some pregnant extracts from another American appreciation of the man who vanquished the pick of the new world in 1904, and repeated his performance with even greater distinction two years later.

" In 1892 at Durrow he won the broad jump with 22' 9"; 56lbs. between legs, 26' 4"; 16lb. shot, 38' 6"; 28lb., 32' 0", and also secured places in several sprints. On the same day he won the hop, step and jump, clearing 50' 9", a world's record, which was not allowed, as there was a slight fall of ground. A few weeks after Kiely won seven Gaelic championships, and in the hop, step and jump almost equalled his performance at Durrow.

"He cleared 49' 7", but was fully 6 inches behind the trig when taking off. He won his first all-round championship the same year by such a margin that he has since been reckoned as one of the world's greatest athletes. . . . He won the English hammer championship five times, the Irish championship seventeen. At the international meeting, Ireland v. Scotland, in 1897, he won the hammer by a throw of 137', beating the Scottish record by over 20'. He won this event in those international contests for seven years.

In 120 yards hurdles his best performance was at Limerick in 1892, 16 seconds. He has won nine hurdle championships. He was broad jump champion six years. He holds the Scottish record, 22' 2½", off grass. In this event his best effort was at Aherlow, 1900—23' 2". He won many championships throwing 28lb. and 56lb. weights, putting 16lb. shot and 7lb., and was unbeaten in the running hop, step and jump or five years.

"The all-round championship was revived in 1898. Kiely repeated his former victories. In fact, he has never been beaten in an all-round athletic contest. During all those years Kiely was a persistent enthusiast for the sport. His individuality and his prestige have done more to uplift athletic Ireland than any man, excepting Maurice Davin.

"Kiely's wealth of laurels has been no detriment to the sacrifices he has made in the interest of one of the heritages of his race—the instinct of sport. His admirers have often wished to see him devote his attention entirely to the weights, as it is impossible for a man to excel at weights, runs and jumps, or had he trained specially and abandoned the weights, he would certainly have made records in the hurdles, hop, step and jump, and broad jump. He now (1904) holds 20 gold record medals, 80 gold championship medals, and 1,500 prizes.

" Kiely has all the tricks of the game reduced to a science, his style at the weights being incomparable. How a man of his slight build can accomplish such feats with hammer and 56lb. weight is marvellous. He stands over 6' 1"; weight, 189lbs., chest, 42 inches; calf, 15 inches;

*See Pursuit of "Diarmuid and Grainne."

arms, outstretched, 78 inches. He owes his prowess to his extraordinary nervous energy, determination, and adaptability rather than to great strength.

The Complete Athlete.

Thus Tom Kiely has been written of and cited as the personification of the *Complete Athlete* throughout the bounds of the modern athletic world. Eloquent tributes have been paid to his performances in the arena, and to his upright and chivalric qualities as a man. In these articles superlatives have been freely used. I could find no other terms to convey my meaning or the truth. For those conversant with athletics, there would be no need to elaborate the theme. My endeavour has been to present his achievements to the youth of Ireland so that they might be impelled to say to themselves:

"The feats of this man have commanded universal applause and deserve above all else the most profound national admiration. The traditions, the customs, the mode of life, the moral qualities, and the physical endowments that combined to yield such a standard of performance and endurance must be of inestimable worth.

"The champion's feats cannot have been triumph of the body alone. He was not abnormal in height or girth. There was nothing humanly monstrous about him. Yet he surpassed all other men in his day. The secret lies within.

"CELTA" (P. J. Devlin) will be glad if his Gaelic correspondents and national friends will communicate henceforth with him at his home address:

73 Bulfin Road,
Inchicore,
Dublin.

It is apart from and superior to the mortal frame. It is a fire in the blood, a pride in the pulse, a rigour of will, a thrill in the higher senses, that quickens the physical being and flings around it the protection of a salutary environment emanating from the soul."

The Champion To-day.

Tom Kiely still lives his happy, healthy, rural life on his farm. Behind and around lie the storied mountains and valleys still redolent of native speech, spirit, and customs. He is happy there — the living champion in the midst of legendary heroes whose renown he revived and whose fame he made intelligible to our modern conceptions.

The last tribute to Kiely's athletic career will be that of a writer upon Irish athletics, who knows the man and the arena which he adorned. "Carbery," a Munster athlete and hurler of distinction himself, has written: "I wrote of Tom Kiely as Ireland's best all-round athlete of modern times. His performances at home and abroad merit this honest verdict of supremacy. *Kiely of Carrick-on-Suir was the greatest all-round performer that Ireland has sent into the athletic arena.*"

No more could, or need, be said.

SIMPLE LESSONS IN ECONOMICS FOR GAELS

III.

We have seen that National Economics is the science of efforts to satisfy the wants of all our people; to obtain the most wealth for them at the cost of the least labour. We have taken a bird's eye view of the meanings of Wealth and Value; and also of Money by means of which values are measured and exchanged and through the medium of which Effective Demand is expressed. We have seen that it is Consumption or Demand that calls Production into life—production of a supply of the goods or wealth demanded; i.e., of all the things which have value-in-exchange.

We have now to study that division of Economics which is included under the head of Production; to examine the conditions under which supplies of wealth are produced with the least labour; and to discover how our natural resources can best be made to satisfy our requirements. In this production of wealth we do not create materials; we merely create values by making valuable what was before of no value, or by causing something of small value to have greater value. The change is effected by (1) altering the arrangement and form of matter or materials; (2) by altering their position or situation; or (3) by holding them until the available supply becomes less or the demand for them becomes greater. This altering of values described under (3) is strictly speaking, not production, and we shall have reason to refer to it later.

The Factors of Production.

The primary factors of Production are (1) Land, or raw materials and natural forces; and (2) Labour, or the work of man by hand or brain.

The secondary factors of Production are (3) Capital and (4) Organisation.

Before describing each of the factors of production in detail we must first consider the division of productive occupations and take a bird's eye view of the rewards given to the suppliers or owners of these factors. There is a distinctive difference between the nature of the work performed by the farmer, miner, manufacturer, doctor, labourer, wholesaler, retailer, etc. These occupations may be divided into three classes:

(1) The Industrial Class engaged in the growing, extracting, or manufacturing of material goods. These may be engaged in

(a) The Extractive Industries—extracting raw materials from nature, such as farming, coal mining, fishing etc.

(b) The Manufacturing Industries—Making raw materials into finished commodities. Some finished commodity, such as leather and cloth, are regarded as the raw materials of other manufacturing industries.

(2) The Commercial Class engaged in the buying and selling or exchanging of goods, and the services which link up the producer and the consumer of his products. These include:

(a) Transport Services—railways, shipping and road transport, and the clerical, mental, and manual work involved therein.

(b) Distributive Services—including the functions of commercial travellers, commission agents, advertising agents merchants, accountants, shop assistants, etc.

(c) Banking and Insurance—services which make for the growth of industry and commerce on a large scale.

(3) Direct Services to Consumers and the Public Services which are neither commercial nor industrial, but which assist the producers of both of the two principal groups, such as the services of teachers, lawyers, doctors, etc., and the work of civil servants, local government officials, civic guards, etc.

Now in the production of the various kinds of wealth and in the performance of all the work indicated here Land or natural resources and the Labour of Man are the two fundamental factors. Man, however, with his hands alone, can do little. He requires tools to lighten the work of producing his wants, and much time and labour were involved in the work of fashioning and improving his tools and his machinery. The food, clothes, and shelter that supported him while he was engaged in the work of making and improving these tools and machinery, as well as the tools and machinery themselves when completed, constitute what is termed Capital by economists.

The growth of Capital from the primitive stages of man's existence was at first a slow and difficult process, and as a general rule the part played by Capital in production is not clearly or fully understood. Although Capital is Wealth there is a distinction between Wealth and Capital, in so far as we should speak of Capital when considering things as factors of production and Wealth when considering them as results of production.

Capital is the result of Labour as applied to Land or raw materials. The other elements which go into its making are *saving* and *waiting*. It has been variously defined as that part of a man's property which he uses for the purpose of obtaining an income, and as Wealth used to produce more wealth. It is best understood, perhaps, by considering its functions in assisting Labour (1) by sustaining the labourer while production is in progress; (2) by supplying him with seeds and materials; and (3) by supplying him with suitable tools and machinery. It includes not only money which a man has

invested and for which he receives interest, but also the stock in trade of merchants, and the factories, machinery, and raw materials of manufacturers.

It is called *circulating capital* when its function is that of being of use once only by the same person, as, for example, the seeds and manure used by a farmer, the stock-in-trade offered for sale by a merchant, the fuel and raw materials used in a factory. *Fixed capital* can be used by the same person many times over for producing an income, as, for example, tools, machinery, factories, etc.

Later on Capital must be examined more closely under other headings.

The fourth factor of Production is Organisation, which under modern conditions has become very important. Before the development of large-scale industry the producer of goods used to manage his whole business for himself. His capital was small and it was therefore not difficult to organise and manage successfully. Now, however, under modern conditions with the growth of machinery and factories, railways and shipping, banking and insurance, as the property of joint stock companies with large capital owned by multitudes, business management has become more difficult. Machinery and raw materials are often brought from overseas and customers of the business are scattered over a wide area. Consequently it is essential that there should be some man or body of men at the head of affairs to provide the best machinery, buy the raw materials, organise the work, pay the workmen, and secure a market for the product.

This Business Management or Organisation is undertaken by a class of men which economists call *entrepreneurs* or *business promoters or organisers*. They undertake the risk of business and arrange for production to follow what they consider the most profitable lines.

This factor of Production must be considered much more fully later on. Under modern conditions this has almost become the most important factor of production. It is this branch of the world of business which is mainly responsible for the economic chaos so widespread over the world of to-day. It demands, therefore, the most careful study.

The Rewards of Production.

We have now to consider very briefly the rewards given to the suppliers or owners of the factors of production. They are:—

- Rent for Land;
- Wages for Labour;
- Interest for Capital; and
- Profits for Organisation.

The money distributed under these heads forms the connection that exists between Production and Consumption.

(To be continued).

Donegal Hurling League.

The final match in the North Donegal Hurling League was played at Carndonagh on the 24th September, between Carndonagh and St. Eunan's, Letterkenny. Carndonagh won comfortably; the final scores being, Carndonagh 7 goals 3 points; Letterkenny 3 goals 5 points. The result does not, however, affect the position of Letterkenny in the League, which they head, with Carndonagh as runners-up, these being closely followed by Burt, Buncrana and Carrowmore. At the same venue Letterkenny (St. Eunan's) Juveniles beat the Carndonagh reprentatives, the scores being, Letterkenny 4 goals 1 point; Carndonagh 3 goals 1 point; the outstanding feature of the match was young McDevitt's ingenious goal-keeping for Letterkenny.

After the matches a meeting of the Hurling Board was held. A vote of congratulation was passed to the Cavan Co. Board on the success of the Cavan Football team and on having the unique distinction of being the first county in Ulster to bring Senior All-Ireland honours to the province.

Arrangements were made for the County Hurling Final between Letterkenny and Ballyshannon. The match

will be played at Letterkenny on Sunday, 15th October. As Hurling has made great progress in Donegal during the year it is expected that there will be a record crowd present and that the fare served will excel the best Hurling yet seen in the county. *The Derry People Cup* goes to the winners.

In the first round of the Cardinal O'Donnell Hurling Cup the following draws were made: Letterkenny v. Inch Island, Burt v. Buncrana and Carrowmore v. Carndonagh. The competition will be played on the single league system. The Juvenile Competition for the Toal Hurling Cup will run concurrently with the Cardinal O'Donnell Hurling Cup. The following teams have entered: Letterkenny, Carndonagh, Buncrana, Inch Island, and Burt.

Out and About.

I Hear—

That Skibbereen will be the venue on Sunday for the replay of the South-West Cork Junior football final between Enniskean and the local team.

That O'Callaghan's Mills will meet Feakle in the Intermediate final at Tulla, on Sunday.

That Kilkenny County Board has decided that two additional medals of the 1933 All-Ireland hurling championship will be added so as to supply each of the twenty-two players trained for the championship with a medal each.

That each of the hurlers on Kilkenny All-Ireland championship team is to be presented with the black-and-amber jersey in which he won the great game as a souvenir of the great victory.

That down in Enniscorthy, the C.B.S. League is doing excellent work in "teaching the young idea."

That a great game is confidently expected at Clonmel on Sunday, when Waterford and Kilkenny will meet in the replay of the hurling contest for the Father Dollard Cup.

That the 1916 Memorial tournament at Limerick on Sunday was a big success.

That Clare (Kilkishen) defeated Limerick (Young Irelands) and Cork (St. Finbarrs) defeated Tipperary (Moycarkey).

That the fund for this deserving Limerick memorial to brave men is growing and the G.A.A. is helping splendidly.

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THE GAP O' THE NORTH.

Now that the long nights are with us again, the Gaelic League comes to the forefront of things and in Newry will formally commence the season's work at a general meeting early next month—the ninth, to be exact.

In reviewing the year that is past, it may be regarded by those in close touch with Irish Ireland affairs as the turning point in the Gaelic revival in Newry. There has long been a branch of the Gaelic League in the town, but one would have had to look closely to find any trace of its work for a few years. That the work was being done, however, is proved by the fact that during this summer nearly thirty children went from here to Rannafast, and most of them went at their own expense.

Classes were conducted for several years but were dropped through lack of interest on the part of the public; now enquiries are being made as to when the classes are going to start again.

The small numbers that the Gaelic League was able to send on scholarships to Rannafast served to leaven the mass of the school-children to the extent of making them want to know Irish, while those who have left school with a meagre knowledge of the language are beginning to realise that they have missed something worth while and to seek a remedy.

A great stimulus has been given by the revival in Gaelic games and dancing. A few years ago the ceiliidhthe were the duty of the faithful few; now they are the joy of an enthusiastic crowd, while hurling sticks have become so common on the streets of Newry as to seriously upset the equanimities of some of the sports who spend their own spare time and the mugs' not-so-spare money in their endeavour to provide employment for overseas and over-border cast-offs in the sadly mis-named Newry Town Football Club.

It appears that the dream of affluence through a professional football contract and the deluding snare of football coupons, together with the exaggerated publicity given to the International (sic) game of soccer has so befogged the minds of the once highly Gaelic-minded people of Newry, that they are unable to see the treasure that is to be had for the taking, the treasure of live, active manhood and womanhood they have lost themselves and are in large measure keeping from their children. If they could be brought to see the difference that has been wrought in a few years among those of their young people who have thrown in their lot with the G.A.A.; if they could only sense the manly bearing of the teams competing in the Juvenile Gaelic Football and Hurling Leagues just finished; if they could only realise that some new force has come into the lives of their children, something that makes life worth living: if they could do this, I could imagine an awakening in this dull town which would place it in a short time in the front rank of Irish Ireland.

Meanwhile the wedge is being driven home day by day. Irish games, Irish dancing, Irish Language, all are coming into their own, and it is no small encouragement to know that at intervals a large group of Irish speakers come together and

spend an evening around the fire whiling away the hours with many a tale and song and jest, so spontaneous and untrammelled by restraint, that dispersal brings regret and one is shocked to emerge into the cold light of the unfriendly streets.

It is intended in the coming season that these gatherings shall be more frequently arranged and varied by an occasional lecture or debate without, however, taking anything from the informal nature of the venture which is really the secret of its proved success.

At the general meeting of the branch plans will be submitted for competitions in language and history for primary and secondary schools so as further to stimulate the interest of the young people and set their feet more surely on the road.

The recreative side is not being forgotten either, and Hallow E'en will see the Town Hall filled to overflowing with young Newry people, and some not so young, in a Ceilidh Mor

MY OLD IRISH CLAY.

(Air: "The Stone Outside Dan Murphy's Door.")

By PHIL O'NEILL.

I.

They talk of the pipe of contentment— 'Tis the rich man's and poor man's delight; And the devil a better investment For a cold day or long winter's night. When I go to my work in the mornin', I'm happy, light-hearted and gay: For all trouble and sorrow I'm scornin' As I'm foggin' my Old Irish Clay!

Chorus:

Then, here's to my own darling dudheen, That keeps my old heart young and gay; Let them say what they will, my wan comfort is still A smoke from my old Irish Clay!

II.

They talk about meerchaums and briars, Of calabash, too, I've been told; And them pipes with the new patent driers, Ornamented with silver and gold. To be sure, everyone has his likin', And they're welcome, of course, to their way; For my own part, I'd rather be strikin' A match to an old Irish Clay.

Chorus.

III.

When I sit by the fire in the gloamin', And when I no longer can read, My thoughts on the old days go roamin', As I watch the smoke rise from the weed. And I thank God for all that He gave me, And the good things He placed in my way,

Yet, for all that, I hope long He'll lave me To enjoy still my old Irish Clay!

Chorus.

NOTE.—At the request of an old friend, I have pleasure in giving above to the editor of An Caman for publication.

SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS

cumann lúic-éileas gaeleal

Teach an Chrocaigh, Bothar Cluain Life, ATH CLIATH.

M. Foghmuir 26ad., 1933.

The Central Council, at its meeting on Saturday, September 23rd 1933, made the following Championships and National Hurling League fixtures, and all County Boards are requested to regard this notice in AN CAMAN as official.

CHAMPIONSHIPS.

October 8th.

J.F.—Mayo v. Donegal, at Croke Park (M. O'Neill, Wexford), at 3.15 p.m. M. F. Mayo v. Kerry at 2 p.m. (J. Doyle, Dublin).

J. H. Final and M. H. Final—Tipperary v. Galway (T. Considine, Clare) M.H. at 2 p.m., and J.H. at 3.15. Both at Portumna.

The Junior Finals—Britain v. Home Champions—were fixed for October 29th; venue to be selected later.

NATIONAL HURLING LEAGUE (Eastern and Western Divisions).

October 15th.

Dublin v. Cork at Croke Park (S. Jordan, T.D., Galway). Kilkenny v. Laoighis at Kilkenny (Sean Hogan, Waterford). Offaly v. Galway at Birr (J. Gleeson, Templemore). Limerick v. Tipperary at Limerick (Sean Og Murphy, Cork).

October 22nd.

Meath v. Cavan at Croke Park (League Final). Waterford (Eastern) and Clare (Western) have byes in the opening round.

October 22nd.

Clare v. Offaly at Ennis (W. Gleeson, Limerick).

October 29th.

Laoighis v. Waterford, at Portlaoighise (Seán Robbins, Offaly). Cork v. Kilkenny, at Cork (W. Gleeson, Limerick). Tipperary (h) v. Clare (Seán Kelly, Limerick). Offaly (h) v. Limerick (J. Kennedy, Tipperary).

In connection with these fixtures the home County in each case is to notify me of venue selected and the hour of match. Also to notify opposing County at least eight days prior to date of match.

p. ó CAOÍM, ÁRD-RUNAÍO.

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Fe ó sa tSeactmáin

Dul 1steac Sgillins