

Reminiscences:

One former member of the club, a certain Oscar Wilde, once said that “the old believe everything; the middle-aged suspect everything; the young know everything”. So, just in case we do not actually know everything, we have invited some of the most “suspecting” members of the club to reflect on their own era. These subjective recollections present a social history of the club, and while not a comprehensive view of their period, they do provide a very personal touch. There is also a brief tribute to Tom Maguire, a man who spanned many of these eras with his guidance and inspiration.

The Twenties

In my time, there was more space for athletics in the College Park. The Moyne Institute had not been built and the long jump pit was where that building now stands. The hockey ground was at the engineering school end and no soccer was played. As there were very few athletic tracks outside Dublin, College Park after the summer term had ended was lent to some other clubs for their annual sports. The Irish Championships were held in Croke Park and D.U.H.A.C. supplied its share of champions. Ladies did not take part in athletics, at least not after they had left school. I recall that a suggestion was put forward in 1927 at the Council of National Athletics and Cycling Association that some events for ladies should be included. It was very firmly turned down. One member said that at the Irish Championship at the R.D.S. grounds in Ballsbridge in 1914, there had been a ladies High Jump "and the sight of women's legs was not edifying".

In the years 1925 to 1928, an outstanding distance runner was Norman Price. On the track, his distances were two and three miles. As a cross country runner, he was first man home against Oxford and Edinburgh in 1925, against Edinburgh and Glasgow in 1926, against Edinburgh and Oxford in 1927 and against Oxford in 1928. He then went to Oxford for a year prior to going to Northern Rhodesia in the Colonial Service. He got his blue for cross-country and was first man home in the Intervarsity match against Cambridge.

In my time, Trinity Week began on Trinity Monday and the College Races were held on Wednesday. The College Races were one of the main social events of the Dublin year. Invitations to it were highly prized and those invited had tea with lashings of strawberries and cream in the Pavilion. The men wore morning coats and top hats while the ladies appeared in a great variety of exotic fashions. Tea parties were held in the Hist and Phil rooms and in many under graduates rooms and there was a marquee where others could have tea if not invited elsewhere.

The Governor General was invited and attended. On his arrival on the ground from the Provost's house, accompanied by the Provost and the Chairman of Trinity Week, the band played "God Save the King" in honour of the King's representative.

Trinity Week 1929 was from June 10th to 15th. I was Hon. Secretary for the second time and all arrangements were going very smoothly. Then came the first signs of an approaching storm. Instead of the usual reply, his ADC came to see me and said that the Governor General, James McNeill, a retired Indian Civil Servant, who had attended in 1928 would not come unless "The Soldiers' Song" was played instead of "God Save the King". I replied that I would have to put this to the Trinity Week Committee, which I did. After a full discussion, it was decided to inform the ADC that the procedure would be as usual. In due course, the Governor General intimated that he would not be present at the Races, giving no reason.

There was no intention of publicising the affair and it was hoped to keep it quiet. Unfortunately, an undergraduate smelt a rat and sold a vague rumour to an evening paper. It was then decided to give the true facts to the Irish Times. They were published in the paper and then the storm broke. Newspapers north and south of the border and in England devoted a lot of space for some weeks to the affair. Many of the articles were in violent terms and varied with the politics of the paper. The Irish Times, The Times and The Sunday Times were, as was to be expected, fair and unbiased. The correspondence columns had many letters, some reasoned and well thought out, others hysterical. An attempt was made to raise the issue in the Dail. President Cosgrave disapproved of McNeill's attitude. Writing in the Sunday Chronicle, he said "the King is King of all (the British Commonwealth of Nations) and King of each".

Two of the Trinity Week fixtures were affected. Bray Boxing Clubs refused to participate and seven of the nine outside Rowing Clubs did not attend the Regatta. However, alternative arrangements were highly successful.

College Races were a huge success with a record attendance. As the newspaper put it "not for many years has such a brilliant gathering been seen in College Park". The events were keenly contested and everybody enjoyed themselves.

The rumblings continued for another couple of weeks and then died down. The Governor General was not invited again.



Figure 21: D.U.H.A.C. Team, 1935

Back Row (l-r): K. V. Comiskey, G. W. Craigie, L. V. Horan, T. Maguire (coach), J. F. Monan, L. H. Braddell, S. H. Polden

Front Row (l-r): H. A. Dougan, P. J. Mullaney, R. Wallace (Captain), G. A. Lewis, R. J. Walker.

The Thirties

Living as I did in No. 9, I felt far removed from the cares and crises of the outside world. One's year was assured if the normal term exam were passed, though repeats for the unfortunate were not unknown.

A distinguished doctor (when he finally qualified) coined the phrase "The first ten years in the medical school are always the worst". He enjoyed a legacy to provide for him "so long as he was in college", and consequently was in no hurry to finish his course. He became, in my opinion, a first class physician.

Obeying rules was the norm in those days. If, for instance, one wished to invite his mother, or his sister — or even someone else's sister to tea in rooms, permission had to be sought, and granted (generally) by the Junior Dean. No ladies were permitted on the premises after 6pm under any circumstances.

An amusing story was told about two students who had a disagreement with their lecturer. They threatened to do a certain amount of violence to him at 6.30pm. On the evening in question, two very well dressed young "ladies" called at the Porter's office at the front gate and asked to be directed to the Professor's room. They then of course changed back into their normal (or male) clothes.

Understandably, the porters became alarmed when the "ladies" did not check out at 6.20pm and they collected a "posse" to find out exactly what the professor was doing! They eventually discovered a very frightened lecturer hiding under his bed — and no ladies sharing his room.

Living as I did in No. 9 with my room mate Harold Johnson (now a rector in England), we were close to all college activities. The Phil, the Hist, the choral society which was then in No. 5. The old library was the only library then in which to read. The "new" building was built later, as were the lecture room of today.

All readers and users of the library were obliged to take a solemn oath of silence and behaviour appropriate to quiet study, prior to gaining admission. Each undergraduate wore a gown going to lectures. Once, a youth appeared at his lecture in a gown which was held together by "faith, hope and charity". It had, to say the least, become knotted and was tied across his manly chest. The lecturer in charge ordered him out of the room on the grounds that he was not wearing a gown.

A very downcast young man wandered over to the Dining Room steps, sat down and lit a cigarette. A porter noticing this promptly fined him for smoking "in his gown"!

Lecturers were a race aloof generally from the profanum vulgus of students. They nevertheless had their exceptions. One divinity lecturer was standing with a group of his charges in the front square. The parson in question contributed quite a number of articles on matters of ecclesiastical content to The Irish Times. "There goes a pillar of the church" said the student. To which the Professor replied "Not so much a pillar of

the church as a column of The Irish Times.”

In rugby, we entertained either Oxford or Cambridge University in November and had our colours match in the College Park. This match was the greatest event in the rugby year (surpassing even the Leinster Cup). If fifteen colour members were able to defeat fifteen “blues”, then it was argued that a colour was equal to a blue. I only remember one defeat in these matches at home or on tour during my time in T.C.D.

The “pink” was of course a much sought-after distinction, but it has I am pleased to note survived the attempts to remove it.

Socially, the wearer of a pink would certainly be high on the lists of ladies choice at the Trinity ball.

Students in the 30s were recruited from the Protestant schools, or the North of Ireland or perhaps from English public schools. For the ordinary students from the remaining Irish schools, there were problems ecclesiastical which debarred most from entering Trinity.

Now most of those rules are relaxed and so a more Irish representative generation attends the university.

The Forties

George Bernard Shaw once remarked that reminiscences tend to make one deliciously aged and a little sad.

And I was reminded about that not so very long ago when I turned in at the Lincoln Gate Lodge and walked down towards the Pavilion and looked across to the very impressive Moyne Institute Building.

I remembered, perhaps with a little tinge of sadness and nostalgia, that forty years ago and, of course, for many, many years before that, there had been trees in that quiet backwater in College Park.

And I remembered one tree in particular. . .

Right beside that tree there had been a shot-put circle, well marked out and well-worn from many years of use — and there I had spent many happy hours in the excellent company of a certain Tom Maguire.

Tom was a countryman from Co. Carlow, a gentle soul, quietly spoken and easy-going, old world in his ways and always cheerful and sympathetic and in those, now far-off days, he had been the athletics coach at Trinity for at least twenty years or more.

He had been a fine athlete in his time. Not too long after the heady days of Peter O'Connor, who had set a world record of 24'11.75" in 1901 and Percy Kirwan who had been British and Irish champion, Tom had become Ireland's long jump champion.

And as far back as 1910, he had been good enough to represent Ireland in the then annual international match against Scotland at Ballsbridge.

But he was more than just a long jumper. In most athletics events, he was an accomplished all-rounder, and in the fateful year of 1914, he had been nominated as a possible Decathlon competitor for the Olympic Games due to be held in Berlin in 1916.

The first World War, however, ended that dream for Tom. By 1916, he was in France with the Irish Guards, served with distinction throughout the war and, in the grim battle at Passchendale, was honoured with the Military Medal.

After the war, Tom returned to athletics and, although he was to win runners-up medals in the long jump, triple jump and javelin at the Irish championships, his great days of competition were over.

Gradually, he turned to coaching — and this, of course, was to lead to his life-long and passionate love affair with the Trinity Athletic Club.

And it was under that tree, where the Moyne Institute Building now stands, that I first met Tom Maguire in the early 1940's.

Perhaps the initial thing that impressed me about this remarkable man was, of all things, his pipe — and the loving care and diligence with which he prepared it for a smoke.

It was a ceremonial ritual with him. He would clean out the pipe, then press the

tobacco in gently and lovingly, light the tobacco slowly and with relish, take maybe a minute or even longer to get the whole operation moving smoothly — and then we would get down to the serious matter of training.

I would putt the shot from the makeshift circle and Tom, with smoke billowing around his head, would roll it back to me and perhaps without a word between us that would go on and on, for three-quarters of an hour or even an hour.

Whether Tom ever knew anything about proper shotputting technique I will never know — but he had his own methods of making one train.

I might feel a certain weariness, might be inclined to make a halt but Tom, puffing away contentedly, would quietly suggest another six throws. Then another six throws — and I gradually came to realise that with few words, he was exerting a definite discipline on me all the time.

Afterwards, sometimes under that tree, and at other times across a table in a little teashop in Nassau Street that has long since disappeared, Tom and I would talk — always about athletics and always about the great and fine sportsmen he had known during his time as coach to the Trinity Club.

Some of those men were champions, others were good competitors, and there were many who just made up teams — but he remembered them all with pride and affection and quite a lot of laughter.

Twice in his career Tom Maguire was coach to Ireland's Olympic teams; at Amsterdam in 1928, and London 1948 — and of all his Olympians, Denis Cussen of Newcastlewest, Co. Limerick, was of special and enduring joy to him.

With his fifteen international caps, Denis is better remembered nowadays as one of Ireland's most memorable wing-threequarters — and, of course rugby was always his major sport.

But, under the coaching of Tom Maguire at Trinity, Denis also became the first Irishman to break 10 seconds for the 100 yards, and his 9.8 seconds, although equalled by Freddie Moran in the 1930s, was to remain an Irish record for over a quarter of a century.

Tom, who always talked proudly of him, firmly believed that had Denis applied himself to running with the same enthusiasm he had shown for rugby, he might easily have won an Olympic medal — or, at the very least, have reached an Olympic 100 metres final.

But Denis, for whom athletics was the casual summer sport to prepare himself for the rugby season, was coming towards the end of his sporting career when he finally competed at the Olympic Games at Amsterdam in 1928.

There he got through his preliminary round in effortless fashion, but in the quarter-finals of the 100 metres he got away to a bad start and, despite a tremendously strong finish, was eliminated.



Figure 22: D.U.H.A.C.'s David Guiney putting the shot for Ireland in an International in Landsdowne Road.

That was a disappointment for Tom Maguire — and I think, too, there was another major disappointment for him some years later when World War II, which brought about the cancellation of two celebrations of the Olympic Games, prevented another of his favourite sons, Len Horan, from representing Ireland at the Games.

Len, for me, was one of the great commanding personalities of Trinity athletics. In the solid company of R. N. Coote, Jim Moran, George Craigie and D. H. McNeill, he carried the fine Trinity tradition of athletics from 1930s into the 1940s.

Len, a good friend for many years (and he may not forgive me for putting it into print) was the most recognisable figure of Irish athletics in those years, perhaps even a throwback to the lofty Corinthian champions of early sport.

Not only was he an admirable champion, he looked the part — tall, fit, bronzed, handsome and always impeccably turned out.

Indeed, one of my earliest memories of him is a Len Horan in a whiter-than-white track suit with the word “Ireland” emblazoned in green across the front.

This he had worn back in 1938 when, in the first of the new series of the Triangular International matches between England, Ireland and Scotland at Lansdowne Road, he had tied for the first at 46’ with R. L. “Bonzo” Howland of Cambridge University and England.

I have to confess that I envied and admired Len Horan quite a lot in those days of the early 1940s. At a time when I was struggling a little, trying desperately to master a shot-putting technique and then unable to putt more than 41’ or 42’, he was extremely remote from me with distances of over 47’.

I watched him closely, studied him carefully, absorbed quite an amount of the technique he was using so effortlessly and easily — and he eventually was more than indirectly responsible for the improvement that was later to take me to an Irish record.

The 1940s, due to the war in Europe, were unsettled days in College athletics, but gradually, as the decade wore on, and with the influx of foreign students and quite a few others who were returning to study after their years of war service, the standards began to pick up again with promise.

Jan Hoffmeyer, a South African, came along to give a badly-needed impetus to college high jumping, and he was in good company with George Mitchell and George Hollywood.

Jan was over 6’ regularly and had he been just a little more committed in his training, he might have gone much higher, perhaps even close to the 6’5” which was the Irish record in those days.

George Mitchell was also a first-class hurdler, was unquestionably the best in Inter-Varsity competition in those years and over several seasons, he came through with thoroughly impressive performances in both the A.A.U. and all-Ireland championships.

Trinity in the 1940s had some excellent sprinters and quarter-milers, particularly my

old friend Harry Booker who, these days, is better known for his long involvement with rugby, and the two very exciting brothers, R. C. and Elliot Jephson, who, if the old memory has not failed me, came from Co. Waterford.

R. C. Jephson was the college champion in both the 100 and 220 yards, and he went on to win several A.A.U. and Irish championships and also to represent Ireland in the Triangular International Championship.

His brother Elliot had an extraordinary talent but never really fulfilled it. A larger-than-life and rumbustious character, his interest in serious training was little above minimal.

Yet, for all that. he ran magnificent times in the 440 yards and Tom Maguire always maintained with a sad emphasis that Elliot, had he trained seriously for just one season, could certainly have been in Ireland's Olympic team in London in 1948.

But I suppose that man I remember most from those fading days was a man who was never a champion but whose enthusiasm and dedication to athletics and to the Trinity Club above all else were little removed from immense.

This was Dick Taylor, a divinity student then from the North of Ireland who, as I heard later, went on to great stature in the Church. Dick was a high jumper, always the No. 2, perhaps even sometimes the No. 3 on the College team — but that never mattered the slightest to him. He loved athletics passionately, loved the Trinity Club even more passionately — and just to be a part of it all was more than enough for this truly remarkable man.

But as George Bernard Shaw remarked so many years ago: "Reminiscences tend to make one feel deliciously aged and a little sad". But it's nice to be back ... to think again about old friends, sunny days in College Park, those long leisurely chats with Tom Maguire and times that are now long gone.

And even for only a few moments, perhaps sad ones, to think again about that tree in College Park where the Moyne Institute Building now stands.

I wonder what happened to it?

The Fifties

As a look at the college records will show, the 1950s should be remembered for the performances in the field events. Part of the strength of the teams then were the outstanding all-rounders, Vico de Wet from South Africa in the earlier years and later Tyerunde Lunde from Norway. To anyone competing in those years, 24th May 1958 at Cherryvale, Belfast was a special occasion when for the first time in the decade, Trinity won the annual Londonderry Trophy Relays from Queens after many unavailing efforts, under the captaincy of John Oladitan (Nigeria). 1954 was the end of an era with the death of Tom Maguire, club coach for over thirty years. In his memory, a silver salver for the throwing events and the Tom Maguire Trophy for the javelin in College Races were presented to the club, also acknowledging one of his last and greatest club athletes R. D. W. Miller from Donaghadee, college and later Irish record holder in the javelin. With the split in Irish athletics preventing domestic competition in much of the country and against U.C.D., the main university competition was on tours to the universities in Scotland, with varying results, and some individuals annually representing the club at the British Universities (U.A.U.) Championships. On one occasion also, 1957, four club members competed in the World University Games, then held in Paris where they found themselves “out-gunned” in a mini-olympics type competition; the one Irish competitor who would have made an impression, Ronnie Delaney (Villa Nova) being absent due to injury. The high-point of the club year then was the still well attended College Races with the handicaps and the events open to all in college, ensuring large entries and keen competition in all events, whether serious or not so serious, and the prize fund (contributed to by past members and those invited to the races) was such that the prizes awarded were supplied by Weirs of Grafton Street and well worth winning. With the pavilion guests wearing formal attire, the Garda Band playing during the afternoon and the President of Ireland welcomed by the Chairman and Secretary of Trinity Week and escorted to the pavilion, it was a continuation into the 1950s of a change and changing way of life with the occasional conspicuous non-conformist in his lounge suit amongst those in the pavilion, whereby the traditional strawberries and cream were served. At the annual club champions held in those years (sans spectators), the winners received handsome silver medals with the college crest in enamel on one side with similar medals in bronze for runners-up. In the latter part of the 1950s, the club secured the services of Jack Sweeney as its coach for some years, notwithstanding his heavy involvement in schools and other athletics coaching and administration. A final thought on the 1950s is to wonder if the end of that decade brought one of the club’s best results in the then All-Ireland (A.A.V. and N.I.A.A.) Championships held in Belfast in 1959 with wins:- 440 yards — R. V. Francis (50.4), 440 yards hurdles — B. D. Hannon (56.9), Pole vault — T. T. Lunde (12’), (also third Long jump, 21’5¼” and 3rd High jump, 5’8”), Shot —

R. H. Taylor 46'11" and Discus — R. H. Taylor 158'2".

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The Sixties

A number of things come to mind sharply in writing about running at Trinity in the late 60s. The tours, and the generosity of D.U.C.A.C., the social events which stemmed from the tours and the characters involved in D.U.H. and D.U.H.A.C.

Running before the running boom had its own different qualities. It seemed that the only runner the children had ever heard of was Ronnie Delaney whose name would be shouted at us when we trained. In those days, we trained from the old gym and ran towards Sandymount and on to the Merrion Road and maybe even Leopardstown for a fifteen mile run. I can't recall running much more than forty miles per week though we had heard of Lydyard. I thought that the running shoes were terrible, road shoes it seemed hadn't been invented and unless you had very narrow feet and could fit into the few brand names around then one had to make do with tennis shoes. How things have changed! Of particular benefit to the runner I find is the accessibility of good shoes and good advice on running injuries, and — for the psyche — far more liberated comments from those who feel inspired to comment on the runner's person (it used to be just hairy legs)!

Remembering is part of what these pages are about; so the Merrydown Cyder in Oxford during the Easter vacation of 1968 and Hillend Camp, the Director of which was a London-Brighton competitor; the mud in Cardiff and in Exeter during the Easter of 1966 and Rod Anderson's rugby songs; and the athletics trips to London in 1966, W. Germany in 1967, Scotland in 1968 and W. Germany and Switzerland in 1969. I remember the magic of the 200 feet mark for Chris Butterworth's javelin, the surprise of Simon Stubbings who simultaneously played cricket in Spain and beat his personal best in the shot in Glasgow on the same day (or so the paper said), and the dedication of so many who trained, organised and competed during those years.

To dwell on the lighter side of the tours would be to neglect some of the memorable opposition we faced which including John Boulter, the 880 yards English international. Other internationals who we competed against in that era included the decathlon silver medallist in the Mexico Olympics who we competed against in Mainz in 1969, and Heidi Rosendahl who showed us around Keil in 1967 (she won the pentathlon in Munich in 1972). Neither can I forget Dr. Harold Lee who accompanied the London Hospitals cross country team in 1969 who ran ten miles daily in spite of osteoarthritis.

In honouring individuals, I must beg forgiveness for not mentioning enough people, but I would like to mention Tim Macey specially because he measured the marathon course out to Maynooth for the initial College races marathon. He also ran the Belfast-Dublin race long before ultra-marathons were well known. He was part of a group which included Keith Warnock, John Keyes and myself who ran together on school and college teams right through the decade and ran through their years in Trinity. Finally, I would



Figure 23: President deValera and Provost McConnell arrive at the College Races of 1961

like to finish on a note of thanks to D.U.C.A.C. for helping financially with our trips, and a moments reflection for absent friends and for the importance of participation — winning is not all.

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The Seventies

Athletics is a great melting pot. It is not confined to one gender, one social class or one type of school. Not surprisingly therefore, D.U.H.A.C. in the 70's contained a very broad mix of social backgrounds, despite the transformation of college over the period into a predominantly Dublin catholic university. By 1980, when D.U.H.A.C. won the mens Intervarsity cross country title for the first time in many years, four of the scoring six on the team were "Brothers boys".

The presence of so many Dubliners in D.U.H.A.C. also led to a conflict of interest as many athletes discovered dual demands for competition imposed by college and clubs — a problem that has not yet been sorted out. Training runs with the college team were superseded by training with outside clubs and the comradeship born in the shared misery of ploughing into the wind and rain along Sandymount (followed by refreshment upstairs in the Pav afterwards) has faded. These days, the only runners from the Pav are the graduates at lunchtime.

The appearance of tartan tracks in the 1970's, first in Belfast, then in Dublin and Cork had the beneficial effect of raising the standard of Intervarsity competition but the unfortunate side-effect of hastening the demise of College Park as a venue for major track and field meetings. Even that 'alternative' competition for which College Park is so suited — the 'gallon ten' has died and, according to anecdotal evidence, was last completed in 1974. For the uninitiated, the 'gallon ten' is a ten mile run around College Park (two large laps per mile) with each mile being interspersed with the drinking of one pint of beer. One of the great achievements of Irish athletics took place in College Park in the late 1970's however, when a well known Irish international 400 metres runner, with considerable sums of money wagered on the outcome, successfully broke 50 seconds for the 400 metres nude.

The generous support of D.U.H.A.C. played a significant part in establishing the longest-lasting memories of D.U.H.A.C. in the 1970's — the trip! The tours to Scotland, Holland, France and other places were always unforgettable for the participants. Athletic competition was always of very minor importance and was confined to whatever the locals could muster on the day. Considering more planning usually went into finding places to eat, drink and sleep than people to actually compete against. The tales of drinking exploits that returned from these tours have now reached legendary proportions while athletic achievements are long forgotten.

Trips to Northern Ireland were always looked forward to with enthusiasm, combining as they did the opportunity of cheap drink together with the vague hint of slightly dangerous foreign travel. For many members of D.U.H.A.C., their first visit to Northern Ireland took place on an athletics trip although, sadly, one or two refused to travel for fear of being exposed to any danger.

Well under half of those who competed seriously for D.U.H.A.C. in the late 1970's are now, only five years later, still actively involved in athletics. The friendships and rivalries born in competition however, have endured a lot better than individual motivation.

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Tom Maguire

Tom Maguire was probably the greatest man I ever met to manage and inspire and instruct young men. He was loved by all and by those who did not have his knowledge and coaching ability — he was respected. For me, he always told me that next year “a great big nigger” was coming in to putt the shot — it worried me the first year but later on, I took it in my stride.

A famous statement of Tom’s was “If exams interfere with athletics, then give up exams”.

Tom was a great all-rounder in athletics and from what I could gleam, would have been a great decathlon man. He often told stories of 1914–1918 war in which he fought and that out of the trenches, the O.C. would sometimes arrange for an athletic meeting for the troops.

In the 440 yard on one occasion, the British officers were saying how they had run this race and that race and, of course, had won. Tom ran in the races and kept his eye on the two “greats” and when they were busy watching each other, he bolted in and beat them all! Then followed the remark “I say, Maguire, do you run!” It illustrates his mind and modesty and ability and sincerity.

I could never say enough about Tom. In the early days. I got colours in rugby first term and he kept “haunting” me: “Try the shot, try the shot!” I was clumsy and awkward but he kept on (I was doing 29 feet). Tom said that I would do forty feet! However, that day eventually came and what was for me a wonderful time in athletics. Distances those days were far below modern performances but none the less, competition was keen. Tom finally promised that I should do fifty feet (the then ideal putt). One day in April 1942, I hit a tree and the shot went on to forty-nine four. Well so much for my own case.

Many others would probably have the same tale to tell. Roderic Coote (now a bishop somewhere) improved remarkably in the 100 metres hurdles and could perhaps tell the same story. We all went in to see Tom in the pavilion years after he left college. Some colleagues of mine said that they “saw” Tom in every corner of the College Park. One day as we met at the Races, he gave us all a “rub down” after training and I often feel that I would toss the shot any impossible distance after his massage. All the while, Tom entertained us with yarns and kept the “party” going.

Tom Maguire remains one of the major figure-heads of D.U.H.A.C., and is fondly remembered by all those athletes who knew him.