



## Leitrim's Republican Story 1900-2000

Cormac Ó Súilleabháin  
(Revised and enlarged edition)

THIS BOOK IS generally regarded as the most significant Leitrim publication ever printed. An iconic book, which sold out very rapidly when it was published in 2014. Fortunately, the author, Cormac Ó Súilleabháin, has now produced an enlarged and revised edition. One of the key features of this reprint is a listing of over 3,000 Leitrim men who joined the IRA in the fight for freedom during the War of Independence. Leitrim people whose parents, grandparents or relatives are included will want to get this book as a historic family record which proves their families contribution to the achievement of Irish independence. The book runs to 520 pages with over 500 photographs and documents.

# 1932 LEITRIM FOOTBALL TEAM IN NEW YORK



*Beneath the photograph above is a citation as it appeared in Irish America magazine*

*Edward McGuire wrote:*

MY FATHER PLAYED Gaelic football most of his life. He was the captain of the County Leitrim team that won the New York GAA football championship in 1932. Sundays during the spring and summer months were a big day in the McGuire household. Mass in the morning was followed by a hearty breakfast and then off to Gaelic Park where Dad would either be playing or checking out the rival team. The park was, and still is, located just west of Broadway in the northwest section of the Bronx.

The Minor games started around noon and were followed by the Senior games—football and hurling. As the last game was being played at around 5 pm, you could go into the dance hall area and get a full-size, old-fashioned Irish meal of meat, potatoes and vegetables, which was never short in quantity and always superb in quality. An Irish band would start up a little later and dancing would go on until late in the evening. If Leitrim had been on the card early in the day, Dad would stay to discuss the game

with his buddies. If not, the McGuire family usually headed home after the Senior football game.

We lived on the third floor of a walk-up in the Spanish Harlem section of Manhattan, but all our neighbours were from Ireland. Our apartment was in the back, which made for great socializing as the laundry was being hung out to dry. If Dad had played the day before, you could be sure that the jersey and togs (shorts) were part of the first wash on Monday. If Leitrim had fared well, Dad would proudly take the chair next to the kitchen window and with uncanny accuracy perform a call-by-call of the game. If the outcome hadn't been successful, he'd tell Mother to come away from the window and let the nosy neighbours alone. By mid-afternoon the jersey and togs had been reeled in, ironed, carefully folded and stored away for the next battle.

*Recommended Citation*

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