

MEET O'KELLY OF THE MOUNTIES."

Victories for Swinford and Galway.

The open air boxing tournament staged by the recently formed Milltown Club on Sunday night last proved very successful. There was a good attendance, which included a number from Tuam, Swinford and Galway. Though the Milltown boxers failed to win any of their fights, it was skill and experience that beat them, and they deserve great credit for their courage and sportsmanship. The success of the tournament was due in no small way to the organising Committee—Messrs Conroy, Glynn, and Magennis, and also to Mr. John Nicholson, who was the guiding light both in the training of the boxers and organisation of the tournament.

JUVENILE BOUTS.

The first bout was between Basil Kedward, Tuam, and J. Walsh, Galway. From the start these two youngsters went at it "hammer and tongs," and Kedward went down for the count of three. A few seconds later he put Walsh down for six. This round was fairly even. The second and third rounds were a repetition of the first, with Walsh having a little the better of the fight, and he was declared the winner on points.

In the 8 st. 7 lbs. class, Miko Lavelle, Milltown, was matched with F. Parsons of Galway. From the start it was evident that the Milltown boy's lack of skill could only result in defeat, but he gave a courageous display against a better boxer. Parson won on points.

The next fight, between Batty Mahon, Tuam, and J. Hynes, Galway, was stopped in the second round, and the fight awarded to Hynes.

LIGHT WEIGHT.

In this bout, M. Price, Swinford, met M. Daly, Galway, and it developed into a boxer v. fighter contest. Price was a stylish boxer, and in the first round piled up points with straight lefts and rights. In the second round Daly fought back well, but Price met his rushes with straight punches, and only the bell saved Daly from a knock-out. In the third round Daly appeared tired, and Price administered the k.o. without much trouble.

FLY WEIGHT.

In this bout between Jim Donoghue, Milltown, and P. Hynes, Galway, the former was disqualified in the first round.

MIDDLE WEIGHT.

This bout between M. Gallagher, Swinford, and Corporal Kiely, Renmore, proved the best of the night. The Army man somewhat disconcerted Gallagher by his peculiar stance, but the Swinford man fought very well, and won the first round. Kiely was warned for hitting with the open glove. In the second round, Kiely went all out for a knock-out, but Gallagher jolted him with good stiff rights and lefts. In the clinches, too, he had the best of the fight. The third round saw Kiely keeping up a good two-handed attack, but failed to land a decisive blow, and Gallagher won deservedly on points.

FEATHER WEIGHT.

In this class, Matt Lavelle, Milltown, met J. Hynes, Galway. Hynes had it all over the Milltown boy in skill and experience, but Lavelle put up a good show, and put his man down for the count of eight, but the bell saved him. The second round saw Hynes attacking with both hands, and after putting Lavelle down for three, landed the knock-out.

TUAM BOY'S K.O. WIN.

In a special contest, Martin Joe Burke, Tuam, cruiser-weight, met Private Folan, Renmore, welter-weight. Folan attacked first, but Burke countered neatly, and landed several hard ones to the Army man's body. Folan fought back well, but Burke boxing stylishly, landed several times to the body before knocking out his man with a right to the jaw, after about 75 seconds fighting.

CRUISER WEIGHT.

In the last bout, Pat Feerick, Milltown, met an experienced man in Private Ward, Renmore. Ward landed several heavy blows before he put his opponent down for the count of six. The second round saw Feerick taking more punishment, and the fight was stopped and awarded to the Army man.

Through the courtesy of a reader of the TUAM HERALD, who has kindly sent us a cutting from the Sunday Edition (10.5.36) of "The People," an English paper, we are enabled to give the following account from the pages of that paper of a distinguished Galway man, Colonel O'Kelly, of Cooloo, Moylough:—

"O'Kelly of the Mounted!"—the name brings before the mind a character from a Bret Harte romance—a gallant, dashing hero of the pioneering days when Canada was a land of virgin forests, rolling prairies, Red Indian-haunted bush and Arctic snows. Magnificent but of the past.

But O'Kelly, with whom I talked in his spacious office, hung like an eyrie far above the turmoil and the traffic of Trafalgar Square is, happily, very much a man of the present.

Colonel Andrew Nolan O'Kelly, D.S.O., who is assistant director of emigration for the Canadian Government in London, now advises people on the prospects of life in the Land of the Maple Leaf—and advises them with a very special authority.

For, has he not himself assisted, as it were, at the birth of modern Canada, and has seen it evolve and grow through the years to its present giant stature among the great countries of the world?

The life story of this tall, erect, soldierly-looking Irishman has been closely interwoven with that of the history of Canada from the turn of last century to the present day.

There are parts of that life story that read like the most breathless and sensational fiction—but of these chapters in his career the Colonel is disappointingly reticent.

"Who wants to listen to the tales told by an old soldier?" he said to me with a deprecating smile.

"I've had my little bit of excitement—perhaps a few grains more of it than most men—and I've done my best to extract all the zest and enjoyment I could from life up till now. But—well, why talk about it?"

But you cannot mention the subject of soldiering, or indeed of fighting of any description, without luring Colonel O'Kelly out of his silence.

"I was born," he told me, "at Cooloo, Moylough, about eight miles from Tuam, in County Galway.

"My boyhood was as happy a one as any youngster could wish for. Galway, as every Irishman knows, is a horse-lover's paradise. And as I was passionately fond of horses, I practically lived in the saddle.

"When I was round about nineteen or twenty, I began to wrestle with the problem of a career. I had read a great deal about the vast opportunities that existed in Canada for lads who had courage and ambition, and I decided to go out there and try my luck.

"I arrived in Canada, and joined the world-famous North-West Mounted Police. I remained in the Force for some eight years—years filled with thrills and adventure, which taught me more about life 'in the raw' than I ever could have learned from books.

"The Dominion of Canada had barely been formed in those wild, exciting days, and we 'Mounties' were frequently engaged in desperate encounters with Red Indians, who resented the advent of the white man and the seizure of their territory.

"But while my life in the North-West Mounted was packed with excitement, Fate had still more memorable things in store for me!

"The war broke out in South Africa, and a regiment recruited from the men of the 'Mounties' was ordered to the front. I went with this regiment.

"I served all through the South African war, and had many narrow escapes from death. My brother, Gerald, was killed fighting in a desperate engagement at Klip River. This was one of the great sorrows of my life, for I was devoted to my brother, and had arranged with him that when the war was over we would go back to Ireland together.

"But I had to return home to Galway alone. I remained there for nearly two years, when the 'call of the wild' sounded for me once more, and I hit the trail for Canada again.

"I went in for civil engineering, and later entered the Government service.

"Then came the great war. I could not remain out of the fighting. I joined up with the Second King Edward's Horse, as captain and adjutant, and fought in France throughout the whole of the war."

Although he himself does not talk of it, all who know Colonel O'Kelly know, too, of the gallant part which he played during those grim years—and how he earned the D.S.O. for conspicuous bravery in the field.

It was for the wonderful way in which he manoeuvred the tanks of the special corps which he raised and commanded, at a critical period of the fighting, that Colonel O'Kelly received his D.S.O.

In the words of the official report, the decoration was conferred upon him:—

"For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. Owing to his skill and foresight his tanks rendered most valuable assistance to the infantry in carrying out our local attacks and covering our withdrawal.

"When his tanks became derelict and his men were organised into a Lewis gun corps, he held his line against repeated attacks, showing splendid energy and inflicting severe casualties on the enemy."

When he left the Army to return to civil life, he was Colonel in Command of a battalion.

"I am chairman in London of the North West Mounted Police Veterans' Association," Colonel O'Kelly told me. "We hold a banquet for our members every year, at which I have the honour to take the chair.

"It is a reunion to which I always look forward with pleasure, for all around me I have men who went through stirring days with me in the past, and we exchange reminiscences and live our battles over again.

"Practically every man who served in my Tank Battalion was wiped out during the war. They were brave, selfless fellows, and I knew every one personally, and grieved his loss."