

**ALL-IRELAND CLUB IFC SEMI-FINAL**

# Templenoë left to rue the one that got away

ALL IRELAND CLUB IFC SEMI-FINAL

**Oughterard 1-12  
Templenoë 0-12****DAMIAN STACK**  
Fitzgerald Park, Kilmallock

WHEN they come, you have to take them, it really is as simple as that sometimes. If you don't you always leave yourself open to what happened Templenoë in a particularly squally Kilmallock on Saturday afternoon.

Templenoë had three clear-cut goal-scoring chances in the game and several more that, with a little bit of luck, could easily have been and from them the sea blues failed to find the back of the net once. That was the killer.

There were times in the match when it looked as though Temple could cut through the Oughterard rearguard at will. A couple of times in the opening ten minutes it felt that way at least. Josh Crowley-Holland assisting Cian Hallissey for the game's opening score inside the opening sixty seconds.

Adrian Spillane finding Brian Crowley for Temple's second two minutes later – sandwiching a first of the day from Oughterard danger man Matthew Tierney from the placed ball – and everything appeared to be moving nicely for John Rice's side.

Those lovely lines of running, the pace of their attack, the support runners off the shoulder, it was possible to imagine Templenoë establishing a beach-head and pushing on from there to victory. A move at the end of the first ten minutes certainly left one with that impression.

Adrian Spillane finding Stephen O'Sullivan with an exquisite pass, Oughterard at sixes and sevens, scrambling to get back. O'Sullivan hesitated just a little and passed off to Hallissey, who was blocked down by Oughterard's Ciarán Hanley. Chance lost.

At the time it didn't feel altogether that significant. Yes it would have allowed Temple to push on more decisively than they did, but the Kerry and Munster kingpins were clearly the better side in the game and over the next twelve minutes went about proving it, opening out to three point advantage – 0-6 to 0-3 by the twenty second minute.

The quality of Templenoë's scores in this period were out of the top drawer, which is of no surprise to anybody who has followed their progress over the years. The one on seventeen minutes when Killian Spillane skinned his man – Hanley – and fisted over the bar certainly got the crowd purring.

Brian Crowley, meanwhile, seemed to have a license to thrill with his brilliant individual effort on twenty one minutes and then when the two corner-forwards combined for their side's sixth score of the day on twenty two minutes all felt well in Templenoë's world.

Temple had established a lead, established their superiority, nevertheless the game was far from won. Oughterard are a fine side themselves. They were doggedly determined and stuck to their task, chipping away at Templenoë, never letting them get too far out of sight.

Oughterard finished the half strongly enough and there was just two points in it at the break – 0-7 to 0-5. All to play for with Oughterard coming more and more into the game at the start of the second half with the breeze such as it was favouring them into the scoreboard end.

The longer the game went on the more assertive the Oughterard half-back line became, epitomised by Cian Monaghan's point on thirty one minutes. Even so that two point gap from half-time proved persistent with the Kerry men

striking back every time Oughterard whittled the gap down to a point.

Templenoë were comfortable in a way and not in another. Two points is always a dangerous lead. The longer the game went on the more precarious a position they would find themselves in. Simply put Templenoë needed to convert their chances.

In the second half they missed far too many chances – eight, two shots dropped short, five wides and a shot saved – which robbed them of energy and momentum and gave Oughterard even more confidence.

Probably the most significant missed chance for Templenoë came on forty one minutes when Killian Spillane fed Josh Crowley-Holland and the wing-forward blasted agonisingly wide. Six minutes later we realised just how significant it was when Oughterard struck for their goal.

It was a messy sort of goal from a Templenoë point of view. Tadhg Morley – probably Temple's top performer on the day – had done really well to mop up an Oughterard attack and passed off to Dan Cahalane the Temple keeper. Cahalane's clearance unfortunately found Paul Walsh and Walsh finished to the back of the net with a dipping shot.

For the first time in the game Templenoë found themselves behind as Oughterard surged in confidence as evidenced by Patrick Walsh's point straight after his namesake's goal. From two points in front, Temple were now two points down.

Rice's side did their best to fight back, but found themselves in the same position as Oughterard had done before the goal. Each time they'd close the gap, their rivals pounced for a score down the other end.

Oughterard were the more energetic side in the wake of the goal, confidence and momentum now with them, but the game remained an end-to-end, frenetic affair, much to the delight of all the people packed into the stands in Fitzgerald Park.

With the clock ticking towards sixty minutes there was still two points in it – 0-12 to 1-11 – and with each passing minute and failed attack Templenoë's need for a goal became that much more desperate, especially so when Matthew Tierney gave Oughterard a three point lead for the first time two minutes into time added on.

Temple had one last chance of a goal with Adrian Spillane being blocked down by Eddie O'Sullivan in the Oughterard goal mouth and out for a forty five. Indeed Templenoë had two forty fives in a short space of time, but nothing came of them, Oughterard stood firm.

Sometimes it just isn't your day and, despite doing so much right, this clearly just wasn't Templenoë's. On another day, on a different pitch, in better weather, they may well have stuck those all-important chances, but there's no room for hypotheticals in sport, just cold hard facts, just the scores on the board.

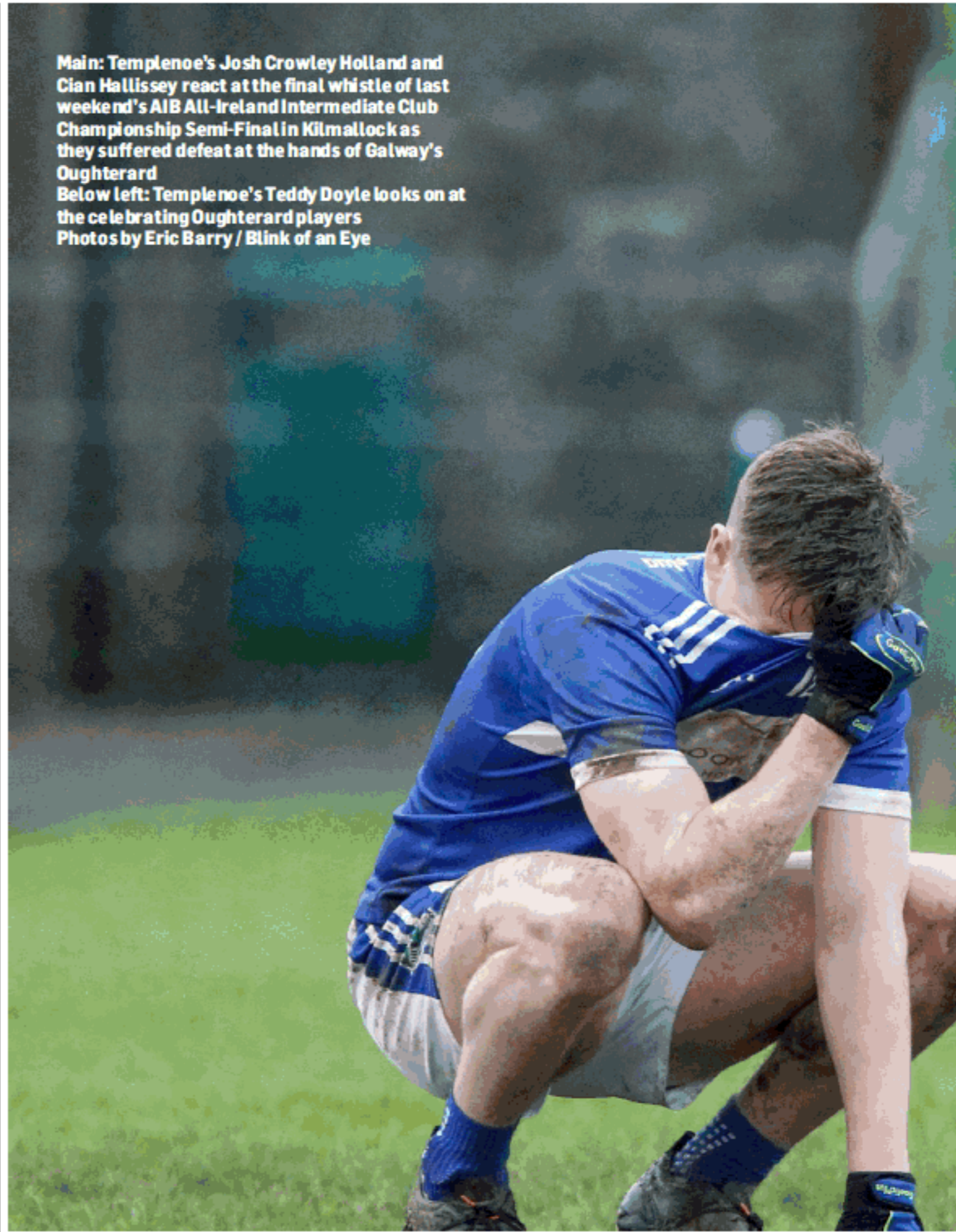
Temple go out. Beaten but unbowed. Pride in tact. They'll be back.

**OUCHTERARD:** Jordan Weller, Ciarán Hanley, Eddie O'Sullivan, Liam Moran, Cian Monaghan (0-2), Ronan Molloy (0-1), Ryan Monaghan (0-1), Enda Tierney (0-1), P.J. McGauley, Patrick Walsh (0-1), Matthew Tierney (0-4, 2f), Eric Lee, Brian Lambert, Niall Lee (0-1f), Paul Walsh (1-0) **Subs:** Daniel Kenny (0-1) for P.J. McGauley, half-time, Cian Harte for B Lambert, 48

**TEMPLENOË:** Dan Cahalane, Michael Hussey, Tadhg Morley, Kieran O'Neill, Gavin Crowley (0-1), Tom Spillane, Patrick Clifford, Seán Sheehan, Adrian Spillane, Teddy Doyle (0-2, 1 '45), Brian Crowley (0-3), Josh Crowley-Holland, Stephen O'Sullivan (0-2, 1f), Killian Spillane (0-3), Cian Hallissey (0-1) **Subs:** John Spillane for P Clifford (inj), 40, Kieran McCarthy for T Spillane, 52, Pat Spillane for T Doyle, 54

**REFEREE:** Barry Tierman (Dublin)

Main: Templenoë's Josh Crowley Holland and Cian Hallissey react at the final whistle of last weekend's AIB All-Ireland Intermediate Club Championship Semi-Final in Kilmallock as they suffered defeat at the hands of Galway's Oughterard  
Below left: Templenoë's Teddy Doyle looks on at the celebrating Oughterard players  
Photos by Eric Barry / Blink of an Eye



## Galway strike

**Damian Stack**  
Oughterard's coup doesn't detract from a fantastic season from a brilliant Templenoë side



Templenoë to triumph. To win is sweet, to win as underdogs is the sweetest of all.

Galway teams at this level don't fear Kerry. Nor should they. Oughterard's are the third Galway team to take down a well-fancied Kerry side at this stage of the All Ireland championship.

The Tribesmen don't have an Indian sign over the Kingdom in this competition, but they do have a better record than anybody else.

It's developing into a little bit of a rivalry between Kerry and Galway at this level and, you know what, there's no harm in that. For these championships to thrive that's what you need, close games, unexpected winners, nothing taken for granted.

Saturday afternoon was a great occasion. Stands heaving, crowds cheering, everybody on edge as the game reached a real crescendo in the final quarter of an hour or so. It was an advertisement for what these championships are and what they can be at their best.

None of which will make it any easier for Templenoë to

**T**HE look on their faces as they trudged off the muddy pitch and into the dressing room said it all. They knew. Knew what it meant. Knew how it felt. Knew it wouldn't have taken much for them to turn the tables in this game.

A little more composure on a handful of occasions. An inch or two here or there, half a foot at most, and they and not their opponents would have been preparing this week for a trip to Headquarters for an All Ireland final.

That's football for you. The margins are fine. For them a week or two of gut-wrenching disappointment, regret, loss and longing. For their opponents a world of possibilities opens out in front of them, the chance to dream another day.

In stark contrast to the

Templenoë boys, there was a giddiness to the Oughterard lads as they skipped off the pitch. More than one of them seemed to lose their bearings in the grip of excitement and made for the Templenoë dressing room, before being guided back to their own by helpful stewards.

It's easy to forget the little things when your mind is elsewhere, in the clouds, focussed on Dublin 3 and the bright lights of All Ireland club final night. The guttural cheer of exultation when all the Oughterard boys got back to their sanctum told you all you needed to know.

The men from the West had pulled off something of a coup. They were rank outsiders with the bookmakers, whose odds seemed far too dismissive of Oughterard's chances even to those of us who expected