

n sense and take
I be going a long
ch has hit the city

aire Sugach

Is the Maigue as silver

elms so sweetly flow-

ant in the early year,
on the banks are blow-

I duck sport on rapid

e alder's leafy awning,
ly there the small birds

daylight on the hill is
ning.

the elms so sweetly
For anybody who has
lared in recent times that
ry sad line. For all the
dare have died, having
en by that dread disease
led off so many millions
ad all over Europe.

s Memoirs

illivreena Community
n recently published an
booklet called Davy's
The Davy in question is
ish, of the Ballinivreena
id though the writing of
may suggest a sepn
n or an octogenarian,
still a long way to go
reaches even the first of
ifications.

inisees about his early
d his schooling, which
he early 1930's. School-
happy days for him; the
he says, being "ever so
nice to me during all those
reason being I suppose,
intained the happy stan-
ing the second best in my
lasses".

certainly affects a very
disyle of writing, as when he
rning to the outbreak of
d World War: "Then the
as rocked by a con-
of desolation with the
of World War II on Sep-
1939. I can still picture
enceful my schoolmates
on that particular morn-
our confidential teacher
he tragic news to us from
ing Press, and how eager
to discover more news
terrible catastrophe".

iments on World War II,
chief figures associated
e recalls local happenings,
and customs - Staker
he Molua Pattern, the
excavations at Cush carried
ean P. O. Riordain. All
parish activities, religious,
social and agricultural are
in this 35 page booklet.
klet is indeed a mine of
rmation and lore, all col-
mparted and told. Copies
each, and can be had from
ish himself, c/o The Post
ilfinane, Co. Limerick.

ili na Firinne

us who, over the years,
ociated in Irish language
with the late Fr. Padraig
raillt, P.P., Cappagh, will
be passing. He was a quiet
io worked unobtrusively,
quietness was matched by
icity, his sincerity and his
sity. Go dtuga Dia
is na bhFlaitheas do! Agus
ga Dia aoihbhneas na
eas freisin don Athar Sean
iobuin, Sagart Poiriste
all an Ghleanntail

fair play to the Civv Guards; they
worked in close liaison with the
patrol and often exchanged
notes in the snug warmth of
Twomey's in the early hours of
the morning.

In short, they looked with forgiving
eyes at the numerous infringements
of the licensing laws. Then the
War ended and everything
changed. Twomey's became a
target for the occasional Sunday
night visitation from patrolling
members of the Garda Síochana.

It was here, I am happy to say, that
Twomey's Kerry Blue, the one
and only Bonzo, entered the pic-
ture.

Sleep

All night long he lay in what

Guards were on their nightly
rounds and would be pausing
shortly outside Twomey's to
determine from patient lis-
tening, certain extra-sensory
characteristics and other intu-
itions whether or not illegal traf-
ficking in liquor was being con-
ducted inside.

Guards could easily deduce from
vague sounds which meant
nothing to other passers-by the
number of drinkers hidden in the
darkness of a premises and even
the identities of the drinkers
from their various stifled groans,
grunts and sighs.

Missioners

The patrolling Guards of the time
were not unlike visiting mis-
sioners of the same period. As

Minutes pass by like individual
eternities. The air grows
clammy. Worst of all, every glass
is empty and there is an unholy
thirst which only the presence of
danger can generate. Twomey
would stand transfixed behind
the counter like a setter waiting
for the game to rise.

There were brave souls driven to
the point of suffocation with the
desire to cough or at least clear a
cloggy throat, but no. They man-
fully held out till, mercifully,
from outside came the pro-
longed high-pitched ululation of
Twomey's Kerry Blue, the one
and only Bonzo.

It was a clear and resonant cry, per-
sistent as any siren of the period.
It was greeted by the trapped
drinkers with prolonged sighs of
relief.

was his undoing. They came on
manoeuvres, and alas Bonzo,
who must have been colour
blind, could not distinguish be-
tween soldiers and Civic Guards.
The result was total confusion. He
would sound the alarm at all
times of the day and night.
Twomey's customers were soon
turned into nervous wrecks.
Many began to suffer from
heartburn and indigestion.
Neighbourhood dogs faithfully
echoed Bonzo's warnings so that
the town was rarely without a
surfeit of canine choristers.

Bonzo was withdrawn from out-
door service and spent the clos-
ing years of his life in Twomey's
backyard, where he supervised
the comings and goings of
Twomey's hens who, it goes
without saying, laid as they never
laid before.

TOM NESTOR

Celluloid fantasies

ON VERY special Sunday
afternoons, we were shown a film
in the empty shell of a gymnasium.
For days before, the word would
have been out and we hoped and
prayed lest the word be another
of those rumours which evil minds
were often spreading. It meant a
couple of hours free from the
study hall, but, more important, a
couple of hours where a person
might lose himself in the celluloid
fantasy of another world.

It was a glamour world, full of
good things, so removed from the
mundane existence of the daily
grind. You had seen films before
you came to this place of learning.
In winters past, a man had come
from Ballingarry to the hall in
Coolcappa, bringing with him
enough equipment, as your
contemporaries were wont to say,
enough equipment to work a
threshing machine.

Under the galvanised roof and
amid the smell of paraffin oil from
the floorboards, you had seen
Flaherty's masterpiece, as the
Aran man wrestled with his life on
the island. You had seen Sexton
Blake lay criminals at bay, and
laughed at the antics of the
audience who sometimes thought
that the great wave would spill out
on the floor and engulf those
nearest to the screen. There were
stoppages of great length,
sometimes occasions when the film

was postponed to another night,
for the film split or the generator

went on the blink. They were old
films, with the soundtracks barely
audible and the noise of scratchings
like an army of mice above the
ceiling in Kilquane in the dead of
night.

The quality of film in the college
was far removed from the days of
the first showings in the hall of
Coolcappa. The priest with the
handsome features and the benign
expression was an expert on the
movie, as he called it. He had a
couple of cronies from out the town
who shared a similar interest in
this new celluloid world, and the three
hovered behind the projector at
the end of the gymnasium like
expert scientists watching a console
at Cape Kennedy. One was a car
dealer of great standing in the
community, the other a merchant
prince. To your knowledge neither
had gone to the college, but had
been drawn to it in later life. There
wasn't a youngster in the college
wasn't glad that it was so.

You could see the expression of
interest in the way the audience
reacted to the showings. Up at the
very front, a few feet from the
screen, were those whose years and
status in the college merited only
the front seats. You were there and
a young man from the shores of the
Shannon and another from a
provincial town in the heartland of
Tipperary. You and the others who
shared those seats were the
romantics and the day-dreamers;
you would be whisked away in the

next few hours on the winged horse
of fantasy and forget where it was
your world existed. You would be
Drake looking out from Dover
across the Channel, or Douglas
Fairbanks making war on the
pirates of the Spanish Main.
Behind you, tiered by status and
privilege, came those with standing
in the place.

Right in the middle were those
with the greatest status of all, those
in the last years or those without
the benefit of years, but you
inherited privilege because of
background or prowess, either
aesthetically or academically. The
middle was the place to be, but, for
you and the others like you, others
were welcome to their position.
You wanted pirate ships and
galloping chargers, homespun
honest cowboys or sheriffs of great
integrity.

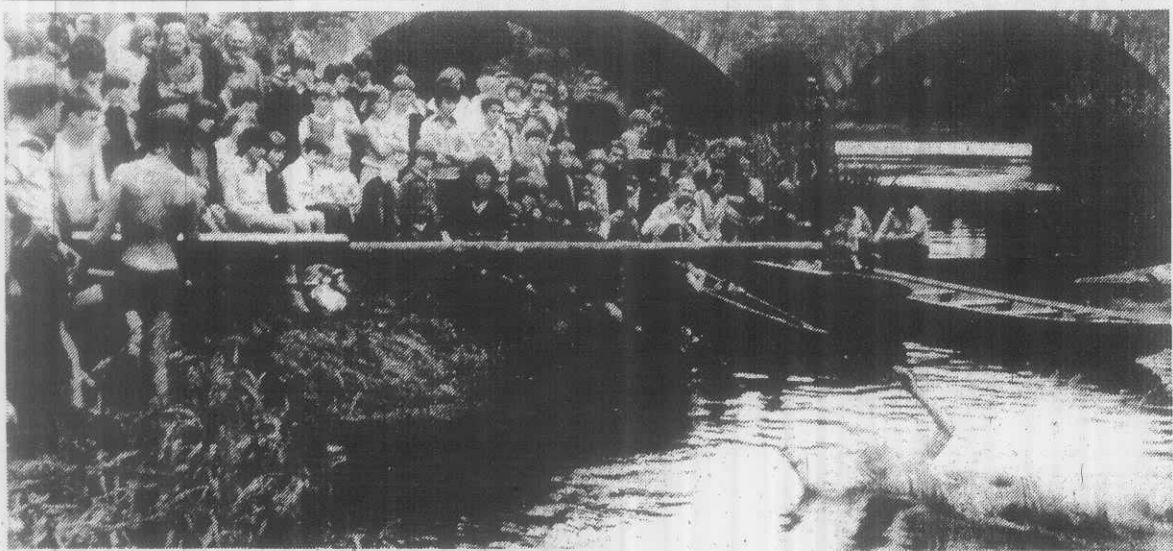
In the middle there were other
wants. To those down there, the
film was useless unless there was a
woman or two to be seen and a
romantic interest to be viewed and
conjectured upon. You would hear
the noises that emanated from
there as the film progressed and
when the nice Mr. Chips kissed his
bride-to-be, or Jean Harlow
looked with sultry eyes that had
intent written all over them, there
came a chorus of oohs and ahhs
from the middle band.

Sometimes when the chorus rose
above decent proportions, or
someone couldn't vent his feeling

without automatically whistling,
the lights were suddenly switched
on and the benign priest was
red-faced with embarrassment and
set-faced with anger. And it spoiled
it all for those of us who would
inherit that middle band of status.
In later years, when the mechanics
of the equipment and the
knowledge of the movie deepened,
all those pieces were tastefully
erased.

The equipment would break
down when the lady was lowering
her face to the hero of the day.
Sometimes there was just a blur
where there should have been a
clinch, sometimes nothing, just a
flash of white and a mechanical
movement from the nice priest who
knew bloody well there was
nothing wrong with the equipment.
But in those early years, you were
just as pleased when the blur
showed or the film jumped as if
alive. All those were merely
distractions to the story, and none
caused more distractions than the
all-suffering women who hovered
in the background, and every now
and then threatened to interfere
with the action.

You developed a great affinity
for the Marx Brothers while you
were in that school. Above all the
others, perhaps they provided the
greatest escapism of all. There is
nothing so effective than laughter
amid misery, and whenever the
Marx Brothers came to the
gymnasium, you could feel your
heart lifting. Lifting more than
Jean Harlow could ever do in those
years.



Greasy Pole: This competitor made a big splash at the Shannon Banks Regatta, which was held at the

election. So
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Is that

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