

Limerick Leader

Printed by Limerick Leader (Printing) Ltd., and published by Limerick Leader Ltd., 54 O'Connell Street, Limerick. Telephones 315233 (advertising) and 315344 (editorial). Telex 28143.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1986



The face of grief: Richard Harris at Dermot's funeral in Limerick last month.

THANK YOU, RICHARD AND DERMOT

THAT ANNOUNCEMENT by Limerick megastar Richard Harris of a scholarship scheme in memory of Dermot Harris — the younger brother he loved "like a son" — has been widely applauded locally.

That is hardly surprising. Many among Limerick's burgeoning schoolgoing population would jump at the chance to study at an American university. And to study under the auspices of such a famous family name would enormously enhance the accompanying pride and prestige.

The world rightly recognises the artistic greatness of Richard Harris the actor. His



Dermot Harris, R.I.P.

swashbuckling reputation, however, has tended to obscure the true personality of Richard Harris the man.

He might not — indeed, because of his professional commitments, cannot — visit Limerick very often. But, as the scholarship venture shows, he still cares a lot about Limerick people. He might like to know that Limerick people care a lot about him.

For anyone who loves his brother as Richard loved Dermot is not just a great man but a good one.

WELCOME

John

As the of

AT A RACE meeting a few weeks ago I very nearly became involved in a fight. Experience, however, prevailed and everything passed over quietly. The tragedy is that I still harbour regrets for not having kicked a certain gentleman forcefully on the posterior. Perhaps if I were to unfold the tale for the gentle reader he or she might form an opinion as to whether or not my behaviour on the occasion was right or wrong.

With a friend I arrived at the course twenty minutes before the first race. Our tempers were slightly frayed at the time for I think it is now a widely accepted fact that the most thoughtless and ignorant drivers to be found anywhere are to be found on the roads that lead to race meetings. Here you will find the cars with the most powerful engines being driven by the drivers with the least powerful brains.

Shattered

Our first function upon arrival was to repair to the bar where we each partook of a strong drink in an effort to jigsaw together our shattered nerves. I noticed many others of unsettled temperament in my immediate vicinity. All had glasses in their hands and all seemed to be slowly recovering from the effects of travel at high speed.

We watched the first race with no great interest. It was our intention to invest a few pounds on a horse called Tartan something-or-other in the third. We fancied him strongly and were preserving our funds until he appeared in the parade ring. He duly did and at once we inspected the boards of the many obliging bookies who

shouted their odds to all and sundry.

We stopped in front of one whose odds on our fancy slightly exceeded those of his neighbours. We were about to plunge when my friend was struck from behind and felled to the ground with apparent cause or provocation of any kind. His assailant, without word or apology, was addressing himself to the bookmaker in front of us and these were the exact words he said:

"A deuce the top".

Muttered

The bookmaker, without change of expression, muttered some words to his clerk and the bet was recorded.

With that our brave punter made as though to disappear in the crowd without as much as a glance at my downtrodden friend. Before he could make off, I seized him by the sleeve of his coat and asked him what arrangements, if any, he was proposing to make about the man he had just so unceremoniously bowled over.

"You have felled this innocent man", I told him. "The father of a large family and as quietly-spoken a

MY LIFE AND TIMES

ACCORDING TO Hara's mother, he spent more time in Lovely Hurling's house than he spent in his own. It wasn't exactly true, though Hara would have to admit that when he thought of somewhere to go, that house was the first that came into his mind. Soon as the moment presented itself, he would hurry across the fields, in case someone saw his purpose, and was lost in the shelter of the hedgerows once he was safely across the first field. Lovely Hurling's house was small enough, too, almost obscured by the stone wall of the boundary field. It was built originally as a herdsman's lodge, and there was not great thought given to the function or the design. It had a kitchen and two rooms, and a loft overhead. In contrast to his own lifestyle, Lovely Hurling's mother, Nan, lived the life of

Land Commission, in deference to the fact that he was the original herdsman on the estate. He had the two big fields that immediately fronted the house, and the equally-as-big one that lay at the rear. From the kitchen you could see the passageway that the Land Commission had cut through the fields in front. There were other houses farther in, so the right-of-way had to be maintained. The Land Commission put down concrete piling posts, slung taut wires between the passageway that had put in new-fangled concrete styles. At least, that's what Lovely Hurling's father called them. According to him, they were

The