

Shannon Meat GAZETTE



Vol. 9 No. 6 Oct/Nov. 1984.

Tel. (069) 64111

LIVESTOCK AND BEEF SHOW

will take place at
SHANNON MEAT LIMITED
on **SUNDAY, OCTOBER, 14th. 2.00p.m. to 6.00p.m.**

PRIZE FUND: £500 presented by C.B.F., Irish Livestock and Meat Board.

At least **SEVEN DIFFERENT BREEDS** of cattle will be competing for the following prizes in each of three classes.

1st. PRIZE: £150

2nd. PRIZE: £50

ENTRY CLASSES: Continental, British Market, Friesan.

Each of the seven or more breeds will have its own pen of five animals. Each animal will have not more than four permanent teeth. The winning entries will be selected on a carcass basis only.

The animals involved in the competition will be selected from the normal run of steers available. Any person interested in entering an animal for the Show should contact our Livestock Department immediately as selection for entry will be made on a first come first served basis. All show cattle must be delivered to the Shannon Meat premises by 11.30 on Sunday, 14th.

VISITORS COMPETITION

NO ENTRY FEE

Each visitor will have the opportunity of selecting the winning steer in each class. If more than one correct entry is submitted, lots will be drawn for the prize.

VIDEO SHOW

Running continuously from 2.00p.m. to 5.30p.m. on the day of the show -

TITLE - "A GUIDE TO PREMIUM MARKETS"

provided by C.B.F.

BREEDING SOCIETIES DISPLAY

A number of Breed Societies will attend the show on Sunday, 16th. Each group will have its own stand and will have an animal of its choice on view. This animal will not be eligible for the competition.

We look forward to seeing you on Sunday, 16th.

MEAT DISPLAY -

The Home Sales Dept. will display its large selection of Prime Freezer Meat Packs.

A selection of carcasses will also be on display as will various cuts of Prime Beef & Lamb.

Home Sales staff will be on hand to answer any queries or offer advice re: meat for home freezer.

This will be of particular interest to the housewife who is very welcome to attend.

COOKERY DEMONSTRATION

The Home Sales Department will put on a Cookery Demonstration using meat from the freezer packs.

This, again, will be of particular interest to the house wife.

BEEF PRODUCTION SYMPOSIUM

on

TUESDAY, 16th. OCTOBER AT 8.00p.m.

AT SHANNON MEAT LTD.

SPEAKERS:

Dr. Gerry Scully, M.Agr.Sc., ACOT, Mr. Dermot Ryan, Dept. of Agriculture, Mr. Paddy Moore, Director of Development C.B.F., and Mr. John Faher, ACOT.

CHAIRMAN OF SYMPOSIUM:

Mr. M.F. Cowhey, Managing Director, Shannon Meat Limited.
Presentation of Prize winners of Livestock and Beef show will take place.
Discussion will take place on the results of the Livestock and Beef Show.

REENS/CROAGH ROAD

There is a rising crescendo of protest because of the non action situation on this dangerous section of main roadway. Traffic on this artery has become intense and no day passes without the occurrence of a number of accidents. We hold out little hope for any action.

An employee of a neighbouring firm who lives in the Newcastle West district celebrated the completion of his fourteenth year in this employment last month. His comment to us on the

Reen's/Croagh situation was - "On the first days I came to work in Rathkeale, construction on this roadway was proceeding on the section in front of the River Room Motel, Newcastle West.

In the intervening fourteen years work has been completed to Coolnoran Bridge halfway between Newcastle West and Rathkeale a distance of four miles." At this rate of progress Croagh would be reached in the year 2012.



"WEDDING BELLS"



Seamus Kennedy of the Work Study Department and Nora Cronin of Lisavara Kilfinny were married on 23rd. June. The reception took place at Bulgaden Castle.

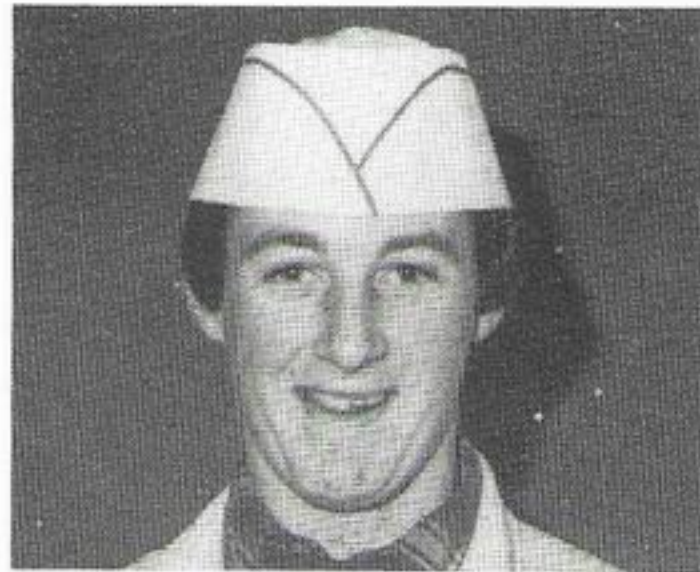
PICTURE PARADE



Chatting with callers to the Shannon Meat Stand at the Limerick Show in August are Matt O'Doherty, Marketing Manager and Maureen Curtin, Home Sales.



Welcome to Anthony Mackessy from Adare who recently joined Shannon Meat Ltd.



John Roche of Rathkeale who joined the boning hall staff in August.

ALL THAT YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT FRANCE WITHOUT ASKING IT.....

By Marie Le Henaff and Annie Jeannerot

Do we have to introduce ourselves? After two months spent working in Shannon Meat, everybody in the plant knows Annie and Marie Hélène, the "two French girls". Before leaving Ireland, we would like to answer a few questions people often asked us about France.

Maybe the first thing we could tell about would be food. Well, we are probably not the best typical example of French people as we scarcely drink wine and as we are not really fond of "French fries", but our food-habits are rather different from the Irish ones. We have been explained that, in Ireland, people have mainly one "dinner" each day (including "spuds", of course), but in France, we have a full meal at 12 o'clock with hors d'oeuvre, main course and desert. At about 8 p.m., we have another meal often including soup. Something we would like to underline is that, if people prefer to drink water (or wine) instead of milk or tea, they generally eat a lot of cheese: does not France offer more than 400 different sorts of cheese?. But, while we are here, we lived at the Irish time and enjoyed Irish

cheddar and of course typical meals such as bacon and cabbage!

Boites

Nobody saw us in Newcastle West's disco but in France, a lot of young people spend their Saturday nights in what they call "boites", (the English equivalent would be "cans".....) which close after 4 or 5 a.m. and where, instead of a free supper, you get a wonderful cocktail! We also have lots of entertainment such as cinemas, theatres, concerts, and television, too. But we can't help saying that we enjoyed very much the Irish pubs that we won't find anymore in France!

Finally, we could write pages and pages because in more than two months we have discovered so many things in Ireland: lovely places, customs and, of course, friendly people we won't forget when we will return to France. Maybe we will come back to Ireland soon.....

A bieutôt!

Annie and Marie Hélène.



Marie Helene Le Henaff and Annie Jeannerot students of ENITIAA College of Food technology Nantes, France.

PROFILE — MARTIN KELLY



This as we all know is the G.A.A. Centenary year, and everyone was very disappointed that Limerick Senior Hurlers did not bring the Liam McCarthy cup to the Shannon Side. Well, Martin Kelly was a very disappointed man, that Limerick did not beat Cork in the first round of the Munster Championship, and feels that had they got over that hurdle that they would definitely win the All Ireland. However, we all get some consolation on the great performance of the minors who won in great fashion.

This very sincere and gentle man was born in Kilmeedy County Limerick. He has three brothers and two sisters. His brothers are Ned, Jim, and Pat, and his two sisters are Peg who is Mrs. Pat Sheehan, and Kitt who is Mrs. John Enright. He was educated in Kilmeedy National and incidently finished his education at National school level, as most people did when Martin was going to school. Going to school Martin enjoyed playing hurling, and his love for the game is still as keen.

At fourteen years, Martin left National School, and had to find employment in the rural parts of the country where farmers needed people to do various agricultural duties, such as milking cows, sowing and reaping crops and of course threshing the corn. Martin enjoyed this work very much. Martin joined the streams of people that left Ireland in the late 50's and early 60's to England to find better employment. He worked in England for twelve months and worked in Kilburn in London at the buildings. He did not like London, and

returned to Ireland's green shore twelve months later. Martin took up employment with Castlemahon when he came back and worked in the poultry section of the plant. He enjoyed working there. After a few years in Castlemahon he took up employment with Deel Vale. "Deel Vale" that is a Company very opposite to that of Shannon Meat where its busiest time is in the summer, and slackest time is in the winter. People after layoffs in Shannon Meat used to take up employment in Deel Vale for the summer, and when layoffs would hit Deel Vale in the start of the winter, they used to return to Shannon Meat again. However, this does not apply any more, where unfortunately for Martin that he was not called back to Deel Vale this year, during layoff-time in Shannon Meat.

Martin is a great hurling supporter and goes to all hurling matches in the locality. He remembers with great joy his native club Feenagh-Kilmeedy winning the junior hurling championship in 1962 and winning the senior hurling championship the following year. He now supports his adopted town of Newcastle West.

Today Martin lives with his wife and family in Newcastle West. His wife is former Nora Kenneally from Broadford in County Limerick. He got married in 1971 and is living in Newcastle West since. He has four daughters, Noreen, Maureen, Martina and Aine. Martin likes Newcastle West very much but admits that he would much prefer to live out the country, and would like to see his children, have the same country freedom that he had when he was growing up.

Since joining Shannon Meat five seasons ago, Martin has worked constantly in the loading department until this season. He has moved to the Red Offal, and enjoys working there with Michael Shields and Kevin Barry. Martin is a very sincere worker and performs his duties to the very best.

We would like to wish Martin many more seasons with Shannon Meat and to wish his wife and family the very best in the future.



Martin and Nora Kelly photographed with their family Noreen, Aine, Mairead and Martina.

FISHING ON THE DEEL TO SURVIVE?

By Liam Hanley
Canning Dept.

Concern has been voiced over the serious damage caused to fish due to the pollution of the River Deel earlier in the summer. Many people of all ages have enjoyed fishing in this river over the years. It gives us great concern in the Deel Anglers Association that such an amenity might be destroyed for ever. We are trying to prevent this. Restocking of the Deel is very expensive. Any help given will be greatly appreciated. Limerick County Council have completed a Water Management Plan for the River Deel. The following are the details of the report on this.

"The River Deel is 136km. (85mls) long. It rises in County Cork and flows through the county for a distance of 9.6km. (6 mls) until it enters County Limerick, through which it flows for the remainder of its route. It enters the Shannon Estuary approximately 2.6km. (1.6mls) north of Askeaton. The river is intensively used as a source for water supply and effluent discharge. It is the source of supply for major water schemes, i.e., South West Regional Scheme, Newcastle West Water Supply and the Shannon Estuary Scheme. It also serves agriculture, farming based industries and more recent industrial development introduced into the catchment area.

The river also caters for amenity and angling interests which are particularly active along the route. Presently, the state of the river is a cause for concern and it is in the best interests of the Local Authority, industrial concerns and other users that a River Management Plan be prepared as a matter of urgency to improve the quality of life in the river. This would ensure that there is an equitable apportionment of the river's assimilation capacity between the various users and interests involved.

Preparation of the

Management Plan involves a comprehensive survey of the river's existing condition, research and monitoring of flow data, chemical and biological assessment, quantification of uses with the various users and other interested parties. It is proposed to immediately proceed with this study and following consultations with the various groups, to bring proposals for a Water Quality Management Plan for the river before the Council.

In the meantime, the Council are proceeding with the construction of a new Sewage Treatment Works for Newcastle West. In addition, Contract Documents for the Sewage Treatment Works for Rathkeale are with the Department of the Environment for approval.

Consultations and follow-up with landowners who have agricultural effluent problems are proceeding on an ongoing basis.

It is intended to get the co-operation of industries who have effluent problems to comply with their licences within a reasonable time. It must also be stated that a major industry in Rathkeale has done outstanding work in ensuring that its effluent is of a very high quality and has set a pattern for all other river users.

Limerick County Council, in association with adjoining Local Authorities, have already prepared a Draft Water Quality Management Plan for the Shannon Estuary. A similar plan for the Shannon immediately upstream of Limerick, is in preparation. The River Deel is the next river which should be examined in detail. It has a catchment area of 481km² (185sq. miles) and the population of the catchment is approximately 17,000 people. It is recommended that Limerick County Council immediately proceed with preparation of a Water Quality Management Plan for this river."

COOKS CORNER

By Anna Hayes.



METHOD

Melt the butter in a heavy casserole. Add the onions and brown over a high heat. Then add the meat and seal it all around. Lower the heat, stir in the curry powder and cook it for a minute, stirring all the time to ensure it does not burn. Next add the remainder of the ingredients. Bring all to the boil, then reduce the heat and simmer for about 2 hours or until the meat is tender. Alternatively the stew can be put into an ovenproof dish and cooked on the centre shelf of a moderate oven gas mark 4, 350°F (180°C) for 2 hours. To improve flavour, the stew can be stored in a cool place overnight. When you are ready to serve, heat it in a saucepan for fifteen minutes. Serve on a bed of savoury rice or with potato dumplings and garnish with lemon slices.

It's that time of year again when stews make an ideal meal. A spicy lamb stew can make an economical meal and also a very tasty one.

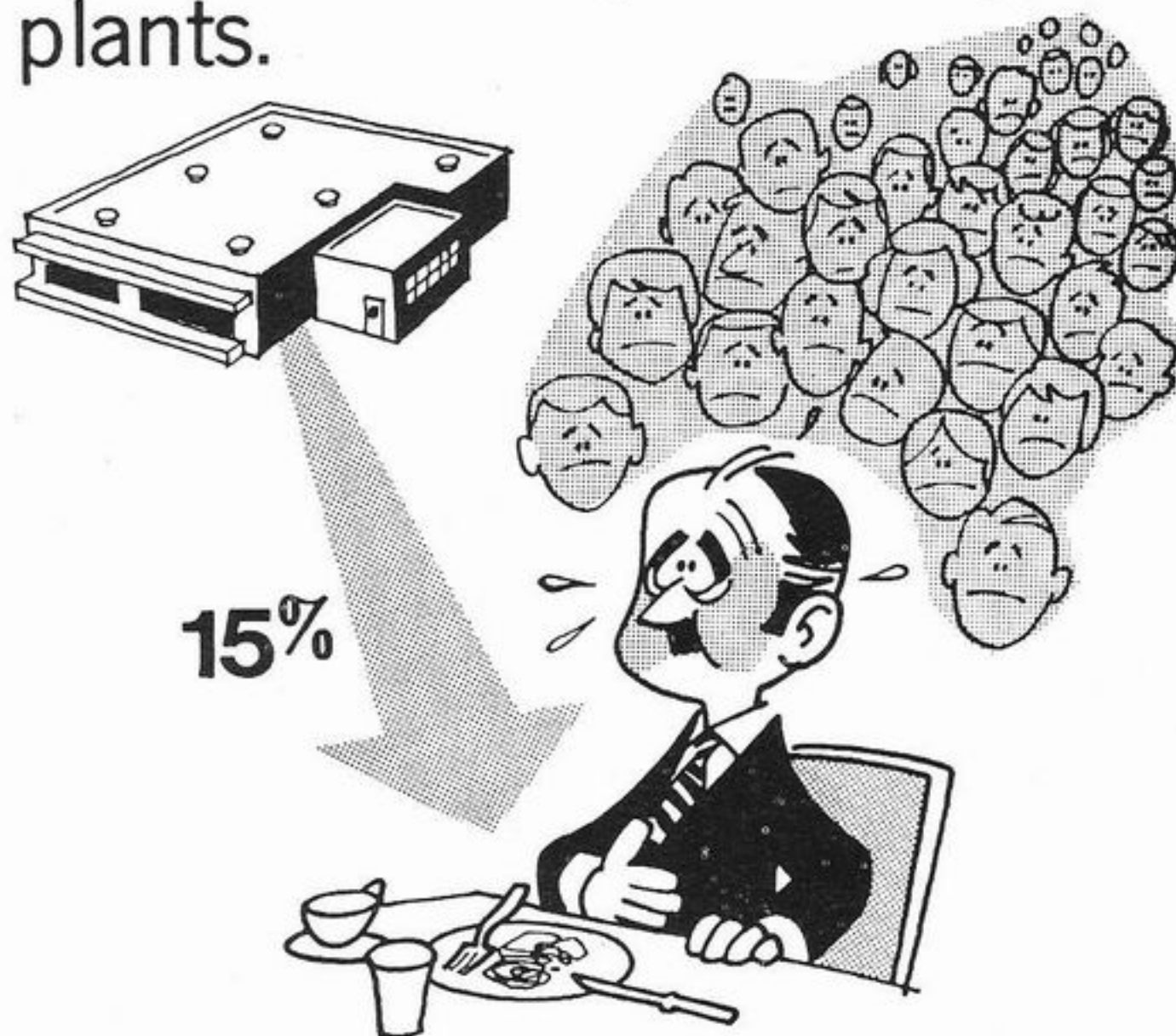
SPICY LAMB STEW

Serves 4.

25g (1oz.) butter
2 small onions, chopped
1 shoulder of lamb, boned, excess fat removed and chopped.
2 level tablespoons curry powder
50g (2oz.) mushrooms, washed and sliced
1 large apple, peeled and sliced
2 tablespoons tomato puree
1 tablespoon ground cinnamon
500ml (1pt.) stock
salt and pepper
Lemon slices to garnish

ARE ALL FOOD PLANTS REALLY CLEAN?

- many people suffer from food poisoning every year.
- health officials estimate about 15% of these illnesses can be traced to food processing plants.



- this is a lot of sick people!

SHANNON MEAT CHAT

By The Scribe

- * Congratulations to Joan O'Brien (Cannery Dept.) on the recent birth of a baby girl.
- * So impressive with a brush and bucket in his hands was Dom White that he has been dubbed "Hilda" as in Ogden of Coronation Street.
- * Congratulations to Croagh girl, Maureen Hayes, who was wed on 22nd. September.
- * The Scribe would like to welcome all the new staff employed recently and says keep tuned into this column where you can read about yourselves.
- * A great day was had by one and all at the latest "all" Shannon Meat Wedding Richies Hayes & Anna Fitzgerald. Best wishes are extended to them both.
- * Batty Collins made a very big impression on "Big L Radio" recently. Pat Alfred wonders why a better musician like Pa Guinane has never been interviewed on radio.
- * A speedy recovery is extended to John Hayes (Boning Dept.).
- * Seamus Cawley was switching to all 'powers' to have his electricity installed in his new house. Eventually, he succeeded and then low and behold, an E.S.B. strike and then he had no power. Fortunately, for Seamus he wasn't too long in the dark. Although we believe he works well in the dark too.
- * The Scribe would like to pay a special congratulations to Suzanne Lyons, grand-daughter of Jack Lyons (Livestock Dept.). Suzanne won a Bronze Medal in the All-Ireland Community Games Wheel-chair Finals.
- * At a recent important function, Mike Guiney tried to steal the show, by saying it was his wedding anniversary. Reaction - there was none, only someone did offer a consoling word to his wife, on how great she was to put up with him.
- * This is the video-age, and the most popular video in Shannon Meat at the moment is that of Breed Woulfe dancing, it is known as "Grease-Lightning" because of her work as a cook. Eat your heart out Olivia Newton-John and Travolta.

PADDY OWNE'S GOOD TURN

FROM PATCH,
Memories of an Irish Lad
by Patrick J. Caruoll, C.S.C.

Our mother we always referred to as "the mother." Just as people round about here speak of His Honor as the judge and His Lordship as the bishop. The mother, as a ruler of a very small kingdom, assumed a form of command suitable to the age and disposition of her four children. She exercised a pleading authority over Mick, who was her eldest, and in his own mind her chief prop. He had a way of seeming to rush to do things at her bidding, and of somehow permitting someone else to reach a task before him. Mick's interest were centred in Mick. There was Nan, who was twenty-one. And because she was twenty-one and the eldest girl, she had considerable influence in shaping the decisions of the mother. Too much, I often thought. There was Fan, who was the youngest, and took to her school books with as much enthusiasm as you or I would take to fresh baker's bread and jam. And there was myself. Unfortunately a standardized modesty prevents my writing about myself with that freedom and sense of proportion which anybody else writing about me would feel free to exercise.

I belonged in the unfortunate age. I was too old to be conceded the privileges of a child, and too young to assert the rights of a man. I was eleven. And a boy of eleven is given a world of duties and no rights. I was Mick's squire. And Nan seemed to think she had a divine commission to tone down my table manners. Fan had a wretched faculty for ferreting out details of my behavior, which made transgression not so easy nor so pleasant as you might think.

In addition I will mention the neighbours: the Walshes, the Noonans, the Clancys of the Lough, the Madigans of the Cross, the Sheehys-Johnny, Mary and Dick-Dick-from beyond the Bog; the MacMahons and the Lanes of the Hill; Paddy Owen, his daughter and her fifty-one; and Kit's husband, Pat Toomey, who was imported from the mountains and therefore almost a foreigner.

I must write a trifle more about Paddy Owen; because for all his faults he was my benefactor once. He was an old man all the years I knew him, and I never at any time met anyone who knew him when he was young. He was small and weazened, and as tight with his substance as a drum. He kept an apple orchard which a hound guarded for him, and he would not hand you an apple out over the ditch if it saved you a beating. He was a kind of a tattler too, and often complained me to the mother for chasing his old pony around the Bog, or for throwing a stone or two at his geese when they swam in one of the ponds below Walshes. I think as much of his generosity as I do of a worm. He was as crabbed as a cat in the frost. But he did me a good turn one day, and I decided when I heard it to forgive him every single thing he ever did or did not do. And I forgave him; and I forgave him yet.

It was early June and the weather calm and shining. There was that delightful listless life all over the growing world which makes me lonesome whenever I think of it now. Fan had walked out the borheen with the quick, nervous step of one who is anxious to reach the school house before school begins. I did not like Fan for that. But because she went over to the girls' school, she could never tell whether I was tardy or not. I felt it was none of her business. And this morning of early June, I followed her so leisurely that I lost her completely by the time she had reached the main road.

I said it was early June. It was June the third, to be exact. Everyone in County Limerick kept that date in his head as the date of the horse races back at Foynes. On the second of June the temptation came to me to mouch from school in order to see the glory of the galloping horses. And because the temptation was so alluring, I fell into it at once. I very carefully planned the manner of my escape and the excuse I would offer to curious questioners who might meet me on my way to Foynes, or after I had arrived there. Our cousin Larry McDonnell lived in Glin, which was some miles west of Foynes. I would tell the curious that I was going back to Larry McDonnell's to find out about the jennet he was thinking of selling us. I was not sure if he had a jennet, but I suspected that he had; because people in the west of the county generally did their hauling with jennets and asses.

When I reached the end of the borheen, I saw side-cars and traps and saddled horses and pedestrians and maggie men and tinkers going down the main road in endless procession to Askeaton and then on to Foynes. I yielded to the temptation without even the pretense of a struggle. I hid my books back of the main road ditch, but took my lunch in case I should get hungry, which was more than likely. I did not dare travel the main road, where I must surely come upon someone who knew me. I climbed over the ditch instead, and made a short cut through Hassets' pasture to the rail-road bridge that went over the Deel; and then I ran down by Hayes' to Askeaton. I circled the town for obvious reasons; and in an hour was on the road that runs to Foynes.

A side-car whirred past, lifting a dust, and two people sitting at either side and a driver out on top. There was a clatter of shod hoofs and a rumble of wheels and a rythmical swaying from side to side until they turned a bend in the road and vanished.

"I suppose 'it's to Foynes they're going," I said.
"Like yourself," said the boy with a look that made me feel, wherever you go your sin will betray you.
"Tis back to Glin to my cousin, Larry McDonnell's, I'm going, to see about a jennet he's thinking of selling us," I said stoutly.
"Tis alright to tell that to a small infant," the boy replied, looking

into my soul. And then he added wistfully, "I wish myself was going with you!"

"Colman!" the sister spoke up, "you know mother said you shouldn't dare miss school to-day for the races. You know she said it."

"I was only wishing. There's no harm in that."

"Everyone of us would be better off without the races," I observed virtuously.

"That's all very well to say when you're going yourself," Colman answered bitterly. And they left me.

And now walking on all alone, I felt how big a hypocrite I was. Hadn't the mother said to me two days before:

"You must never at any time think of missing school. I could never forgive you if you missed school without my knowing it."

And here I was missing it. What would Mr. Burke, the school master, say tomorrow morning when I sat among the other boys as marked as a sin in the presence of the Cardinal Virtues? I couldn't ask the mother for an excuse, because I feared the mother more than I did Mr. Burke. I thought of tonight when I would be sitting down to my supper afraid to say a word for fear of letting the secret out while the door of my mouth would be open. And Fan-that ferret for discovery-maybe she would have found out by then and would be holding her knowledge over me like a stick.

"Well, 'twill be all over when I get to Purgatory," I said to myself in a wild fit of optimism. And besides, there beyond me was the Shannon where Cuchulain, maybe, swam for himself when he was a lad, and which Maeve's armies crossed and recrossed many times when they were trying to capture that brown bull. Who could be sad or fearful and the great ancient river whispering great ancient secrets at the very edge of the road!

Down at the river's brink were the very slate stones I had been watching for all along. I had an hour and more in which to throw and to count the skips so as to beat all the records ever made by any boy in school. Putting my lunch down on a wide, dry stone, where I could get it when appetite came to me - if I could wait that long - I threw and threw and threw. Each time I tried harder than the time before. I took off my coat and rolled up my shirt-sleeves and exercised my right arm and felt my muscle. I threw once more and counted as many as eighteen skips; and after that they vanished into eternity. Then I stopped. I sat down to eat my lunch and to watch the river stretched out in the sun like a great lazy cat; and purring as contentedly.

My conscience smote me as I swallowed the first bite, because the mother, who had a world of saws, had said to me only the week before, "Whatever you do, Patch, don't eat the bread of the idle!" And here I was eating it!

Then, as if out of a cloud, Dick Sheehy came along riding the rickety white mare that was eleven years old, and looked every day of it. When he reached me, he stopped short and looked down at me.

"What are you doing here, and where are you going?" He spoke severely. Being a neighbor, he felt the responsibility of a neighbour for a neighbour's children.

"I'm skipping stones to beat the record. Then I'm going to Glin to see my cousin Larry McDonnell about the jennet he's going to sell us." I had assumed a careless manner and spoke casually.

"You're a liar!"
"Haven't I been throwing them up to this very minute?"

"You're a bhlasted liar! You're not going to Larry McDonnell's. You're mouching from school and running off to the races."

"Can't you talk in reason!" I urged. "Reason!" And Dick leaned down over the mare's shoulder. "Don't I know as sure as the Shannon is - is - is -"

"Flowing," I filled in.

"Flowing, that you'r a liar and a bhlasted liar and a doubled bhlasted liar."

"Al right so," I answered doggedly. And then I began to cry and stuffed the inner side of my cap into my eyes to block up the tear exits.

Dick softened as I expected, and began to lecture me on the necessity of a good schooling if I wanted to be anything in this world. I received the homily in silence, and Dick seemed more subdued.

"I don't know what your mother will do to you. She certainly should give you a hiding." And the prospect seemed to please him.

"It was the temptation overcame me. I prayed against it, but I gave in at the end."

Dick seemed nearly mollified, it seemed to me, until the old fool of a mare leaned her head down to pluck a bit of the June grass from the roadside.

"Hold up your bhlasted head, will you?"

Then he turned his portentous question at me!

"Do you ever think of your future of what will become of you?"

"If you would only take me back with you to the races and let bygones be bygones, I would turn over a new leaf surely. I'm ashamed of myself."

And again I cried and applied my cap.

"You can hop up behind me and come. But don't think I will save you from the hiding!"

He made a stirrup out of his instep, game me a hand, and I leaped up behind him.

It was a great comfort anyhow to be astride the old mare, holding on to Dick, and all the world growing. We trotted along with the Shannon, passing an old church in the yard of which headstones were tottering at all angles. I said, just to be natural and friendly:

"I suppose there do be ghosts appearing here at night."

"Well, and if they do itself, 'tisn't a moucher and a liar they'd be meeting for any good purpose."

"Can't you let all that be for the present, so I can have a little pleasure out of the day!"

I whined.

Not Dick Sheehy. It isn't every day he would have a neighbor's boy mouching and his mother not knowing it. So he reminisced.

"In my time the boy as would mouch from school would be called out by the priest of the Chapel. And then he'd be lashed with a cat-o'-nine tails, and put to bed."

I can't begin to tell you all the joy of that day. How Dick met some of the boys from around home and had a few glasses of porter and felt

"Paddy Owne's Good Turn" Contd.

ripe and happy. And how he fed me cakes and ginger ale and two oranges and a bag of sweets because of his happiness. How we watched the men throwing at the 'maggies' and witnessed the thimbleman's cunning. How 'Garryown' won the mile and how 'Molly Ann' came second in the nine furlongs. How the band played between the races, and how the wily tinkers stood with their lean ponies outside the course. And how the sun shone down warm and peaceful over all the life that met together that day in Foynes.

Then home! Home and reckoning! Home and a young sister who was even now gloating over my sin and ready to unleash her knowledge as if it were a mad dog. A mother, gentle and low-voiced, but very stern in dealing with evil. An elder brother who would scoff at my embarrassment and deride my excuses. A grown sister who might throw in a crumb of intercession for me if she felt a little kindly, which was not likely.

"I can't think what she'll do to you when you get home," Dick said in a doomsday manner.

"I don't want you to think," I snarled.

It put Dick into a new rage that I should answer him so, and my soul red with wickedness.

"You should be scourged!" he cried, and gave the mare a lash.

At Askeaton we met Tom Fitz and they had each of them two porters, and Dick remounted in a more merciful mood.

"You had better get off at the road and don't come in the borheen riding behind me, or they'll surely suspect you, if they don't know already."

"I was going to anyhow, for I hid my books there this morning."

"Merciful Father, hear him! Hides his books when he should be learning, and instead mouches to the races!" Dick spat his horror half across the road.

Where the borheen begins, I hopped off and picked up my books out of the hole in the ditch where I had hidden them. Dick drove on ahead. I was one hundred yards behind, appearing as brave as if I had stood a grand examination before the inspector.

By the time I reached the top of the hill at Stokes', Dick had reached our gate. There I saw Mick come out to meet him; and after the merest interval of greeting, both men continued on down the borheen. When they reached Paddy Owen's gate, Dick tied the mare to the gate post and the two walked down to Paddy Owen's house. Mrs. Shanahan, who lived in a field to the north, went through the stile and entered Paddy's yard. And Tom Clancy, who lived north of the Bog, followed Mrs. Shanahan. And Mollie Sheehan, whose people had their place a bit north and west, followed Tom Clancy. By then Dick and Mick had reached Paddy's kitchen door. I had reached our own gate, and was in such a state of speculation and excitement I forgot all about my sin of mouching.

"They must be having a party at Paddy's," I said to myself. And I began to be nettled that no one had told me. I turned in at the gate, wondering who were invited and especially what they would have for supper.

"I never knew Kit Twoomey to have a party before," I said to myself ten times over. "It wouldn't be Kit's wedding anniversary?" I asked myself. "It might," I answered to my own question, but without any sense of conviction.

I entered the house to find no one at home. The mother wasn't there to look at me and inquire:

"Patch, how were the lessons to-day?"

Nor Mick to say:

"Patch, hurry out and drive the cows into the high field for the night."

Nor Nan to warn me to be sure to keep my hands away from the white table cloth. Nor Fan, busy at work on a miserable grammer lesson for tomorrow.

There were signs of interrupted tasks. The kettle had been suddenly removed from the fire, and the song of escaping steam had died down. The kitchen floor had been swept to the threshold, but the sweepings remained in a small heap near the door. And the mother's check apron was thrown on the table, which was not in character. For the mother always insisted on putting everything back in the place you found it, assuming you had found it where it should have been. And Fan's copybook was on the table, still open and the page only half finished.

I leaned on the back of the dresser and began to speculate in a new direction. Had the assembling of the neighbors at Paddy Owne's anything to do with my mouching to the races? Maybe they were examining witnesses like they did at the Rathkeale assizes, and that was why Mick hurried out to get Dick, so Dick would tell what he knew. And maybe Dick was this very minute relating to them how he had met me on the road to Foynes, and how I was skipping flat stones across the Shannon.

"If Dick tells all that, and I'm afraid that he will," I said to myself, "'tis hard telling what they'll do to me."

Then I heard a hurrying of light footfalls out in the yard, and in a second Fan burst into the house through the unhasped half-door.

"Don't delay me!" she said before I had begun to open my mouth.

She rushed into the mother's room. I began to speculate what additional evidence might be there. When she reappeared, she had the little bottle of holy water which mother used for sprinkling the house after thunder claps, or during big winds. At the door she turned and said, still in a great hurry,

"Patch, the mother said you should drive the cows into the high field for the night, because Mick and Dick Sheehy will have to go to Rathkeale to order the coffin at Gradys'. Pat Toomey and Kit are prostrated."

"The coffin! What are you meaning?"

"Paddy Owen's coffin." And turned to go.

"Fan, be reasonable like always and explain yourself. What about Paddy Owen?"

"Paddy Owen's dead. Fell into a fit about two hours ago out in the garden, and died this minute. And the Toomeys had no holy water in the house."

She rushed through the half-door, taking the bottle with her. That left me again to my thoughts.

Paddy Owen dead! The Paddy Owen who not later than yesterday asked me to get him two ounces of tobacco up at Pat Kennedy's! Our Mick and Dick Sheehy going up to Rathkeale to get a coffin for the man whom I saw this very morning setting up a scarecrow out in his potato garden! The very thought of it all - the

SOCCER SCENE

On Sunday, 26th. August, history was made in the Deel Utd. Club, when they fielded an A & B team.

Considering that the club is only in existence for five years, this is a rare achievement.

The A team are in the hands of Tom Wilmott, Peter Mullins & Captain, Richie Hayes. At the time of going to press, they have five points out of a possible eight, and therefore in the higher reaches of the first division.

Jack Lyons & Jimmy Fitzgerald are the people with the main responsibility for the B side. Their target will be to establish this team and to date they are well within reach of achieving this objective.

Deel Utd. "A" - Match Reports

Deel Utd. 1 Newcastle Utd. 1
P.J. Wall

A stubborn Deel defence wouldn't allow the visitors take both points.

suddenness and the strangeness I mean - so disturbed and weakened me that I cut a slice of bread from the cake the mother had baked earlier in the day, and spread plenty of jam all over the top side. I sat down on the chair occupied by the cat, put an elbow on either knee and held the cut of bread in position with the fore-finger and thumb of each hand. I took normal bites, giving no thought to Nan's technique. I chewed, however, behind closed lips, and so kept the jam from my face. In case you are of a curious turn, I will give you verbatim the dinner conversation I carried on with myself and the cat: "The mother is down at Paddy Owen's, taking charge like always. Nan and Mollie Sheehan, no doubt, are tidying up the house, pulling down the curtains and lighting the blessed candles, because Kit Toomey is prostrated. Fan, of course, will run back and forth between houses to get this and that and the other thing. Mick and Dick Sheehy are on their way to Rathkeale by now to order the coffin at Gradys' and the pipes and tobacco at Donovans', because Pat Toomey is prostrated also. They will step into Walls' and tell Maurice how much spirits will be needed for the double wake. And Maurice will say, 'I will take care of it.' Then the three of them will sadly touch three glasses and say, 'God rest him!' a second time; and quite likely a third, - since it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead. At the end of it all - the two nights' wake, the praying, the conversation, the story telling, and the long funeral to Knockpartick, which is near the edge of Ireland - they will have forgotten entirely and completely about my mouching to Foynes to see the races."

Out of these reflections came a mind subdued and a heart softened toward Paddy Owen.

"He was small and weazened," I reflected, keeping a set face toward the cat, "and as tight with his substance as a drum. He wouldn't give you a ripe apple if it saved you a beating, and he was as crabbed as a cat in the cold. But bygones are bygones. He did me a very good turn to-day. God rest him!"

Deel struck first blood when opportunist P.J. Wall jumped on a defensive error, to make the nett dance.

Inspired by the safe handling of keeper Neilly Hogan the home side did well to hold on for a share of the spoils.

Bally Rovers sc. Deel Utd.

Deel Utd. 6 Kilcoleman 1
S. Harnett 2, C. Hogan.
P.J. Wall, R. Hayes,
S. Doherty.

Playing against a gale force breeze, Deel did very well to be leading 1 - 0 at the break. This was due to good controlled and disciplined teamwork. With a stiff breeze at their backs the Deel mid-field and forward-line gave an exhibition in the second period.

Park A 4 Deel Utd. 2
Seamus Doherty
Ray Doherty.

On a wind-swept day, Deel were first to score, but this was cancelled out shortly, afterwards, by the swift moving home-side. With a few minutes remaining, Deel trailed 3 - 2 and their dangerous attack cooked sharp. Instead, Park scored in a break-away and in all fairness were worthy winners.

Seasons Tally:

P.J. Wall; Sean Harnett; Seamus Doherty 2 each; Richie Hayes, Charlie Hogan and Ray Doherty 1 each.

Deel Utd. B Results

Kildimo 4 Deel Utd. B 4
Anthony Flaherty (2),
Jim Fitzgerald and John Daly.

Ballingarry 1 Deel Utd. B 1
Jimmy Fitzgerald.

Deel Utd B 2 Breaska 5
Jimmy Fitzgerald,
Jim Nix.

Seasons Tally:

Jimmy Fitzgerald, 3; Anthony Flaherty, 2; Johnny Daly and Jim Nix 1 each.



Margaret Forde and Eithna Mulcahy from Ballingarry who commenced work in the boning hall in August, this year.



Welcome to Moira Naughton of Rathkeale who recently joined the company.

NEW ATHLETIC CLUB



Michael McNamara, Joint Treasurer of St. Mary's Rathkeale Juvenile Athletic Club.

Recently, formed in Rathkeale was a new Athletic Club. The club will be known as: "St. Mary's Juvenile Athletic Club."

The officers elected are:
Chairman: John Dinnage.
Vice-Chairman: Michael White.
Joint Secretaries/Registrars: Mossie & Mary Woulfe.
Joint Treasurers: Stephen McDonnell & Michael McNamara.
Team Manager: Noel White.

In the past, such clubs as this have failed, due to many and varied reasons. Looking at the personnel responsible for this new club, I have no such fears. I base this on the fact that each member of the committee is dedicated to the cause and also that each are parents.

A guiding light behind the formation of the club is Christy Culnane, of Abbeyfeale, who has always been a fatherly figure to the cause of Rathkeale Athletics.

St. Mary's Juvenile Athletic Club, Rathkeale - Results of Road Races Friday, 14th. September

MEN

John Scanlon, Cappagh, John Cregan, Croom, Joe Portely. John Condon, Cappagh. First Local:

Liam Kennedy, Rathkeale. Veteran: Liam Woulfe, 10th: Kieran O'Shea, 20th: Michael Meehan, Rathkeale.
 Boys Under 10: Neil Ryan, E. Mullins, Kieth Cregan.
 Under 11: David McNamara, Pat Madigan, Eddie Vereker.
 Under 12: P.J. Lane, Gerard Woulfe, Dennis Guiney.
 Under 13: Seamus Dollery, Kevin McNamara, Timmy Cunningham.
 Under 14: Jimmy O'Connor, Colin Cleary, John Madigan.
 Boys: Eoin Duggan, Kieran O'Connell.
 Under 6: Keith Smith, Brendan Kenneally, Martha Kerins.
 Ladies: Agnes Kenneally, Mary Cronin, Ita Kenneally, 1st. Local: Antoinette Hogan, 1st. Married Lady: Helena Naughton.
 Girls Under 10: Marie Liston, Diana McGrath, Marie White.
 Under 11: Mary Woulfe, Sandra White, Grace Clifford.
 Under 12: Mary Meehan, Natasha Carroll, Lilian Wilmoth.
 Under 13: Breda Gaffney, Marie Condon, Michael Meehan.
 Under 14: Helen Gaffney, Mary Madigan, Martina McNamara.
 20th. Home: June Keating, 30th. Home: Elaine Guiney.
 Boys Under 15: 1st. Dennis Hogan.
 Boys Under 16: Seamus Mullins.
 Girls U-15: Majealla Gaffney.
 Girls U-16: Ciara O'Sullivan.

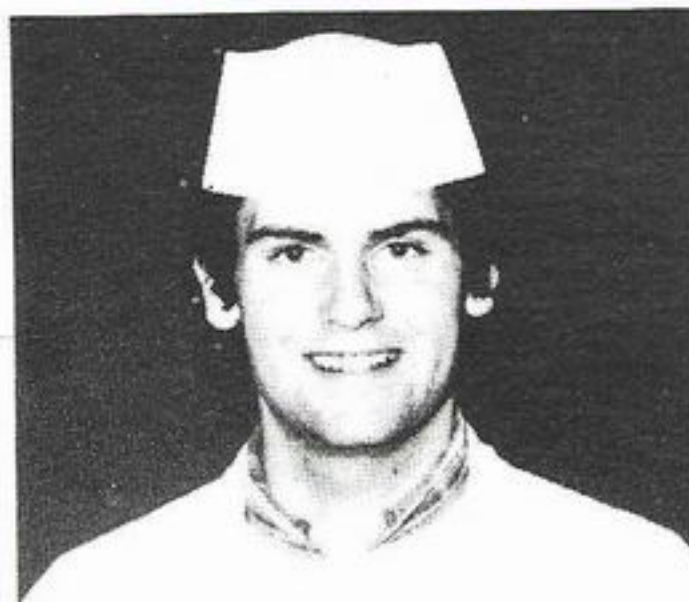
The chairman and committee would like to thank all the sponsors, athletes and stewards and anybody who helped to make this a most enjoyable evenings sport for all, thank you all.

Post Script:

Membership is not confined to the parish of Rathkeale, but is open to anybody wishing to join.

THE TRIAL OF BRIDGET CLEARY

By John Stack, Laboratory.



John Stack

farmland in Ballyvadlea near Clonmel in Co. Tipperary, never equalled in horror.

Attractive 26 year old Bridget Cleary met death at the hands of her husband and her immediate family amid scenes no fiction writer would dare depict. Ignorance and superstition had built up in the minds of her husband and relations to a situation where they considered the young woman to be channelling of the fairies and possessed by demons.

The 'trial' of Bridget Cleary were three dark nights of terror and torture, her ordeal combined all the savage lore of traditional witch-trial and her body was regularly subjected to burning over the open cottage fire. Her anguished pleas and protestations of innocence ignored by the frenzied torturers she found on the third night the release of death in the flames. Her husband buried her in a shallow grave nearby, and the facts were concealed until rumour forced an investigation.

Her remains were discovered and given decent burial by the law soon after. Police investigations and trials of all concerned then followed. The husband was sentenced to twenty years penal servitude; the aged mother-in-law was compassionately discharged.

If you speak to anyone today about fairies or banshees people will tell you that the electric light killed all the spirits in Ireland, well after reading about the 'trial of Bridget Cleary' we really have a lot to thank Thomas Edison for today!

In this age of space-age technology we often forget that less than 100 years ago there was no electricity to light our homes or play our videos, and the only illumination was the light from the hearth or the glow of a candle. At this time stories of fairies and banshees abounded in every corner of our island and while nowadays people look at these tales as the imagination of a very superstitious people, even in 1984 would those same people disturb a fairy fort?

This following story is straight from "Believe it or not" but the fact is it is true and shows the extreme lengths the people of that time went to because of their belief in the supernatural.

Ireland almost alone of European countries has very little history of witch-hunting or witch burning and yet has the macabre distinction of being the venue for what was almost certainly the last witch burning in Western Europe. The year 1895 saw events take place in a cottage set in a peaceful

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