

Shannon Meat GAZETTE



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IT & G W U NEWS



Pat Madigan.

On the 9th of January last the Annual General Meeting of the I.T. & G.W.U. took place in the Canteen at 2 o'clock. Patsy Madigan was elected Chairman, Willie Crowley as Vice-Chairman, and outgoing Secretary Jack Daly was re-elected as Secretary again this year. Out-going Chairman Christy Jones and Gerald Enright did not seek re-election.

Patsy Madigan, the new Chairman was in the same post in 1982. He hails from Newcastle West, and is now living in Rathkeale, married with two children, he joined Shannon Meat Ltd. in 1977 and worked in all Departments but mainly Boning Hall and the Dispatch area.

Patsy is very grateful to all the members for making him their Chairman, and seeks their co-operation through-out the year.

THE COMMITTEE FOR 1985 ARE AS FOLLOWS

Slaughter Line: John Meehan.
Offals: Tom Gray.
Boning Hall: Pat O'Donnell.
Freezers: Dick Sheehy.
Cannery: Seamus Cawley.
Maintenance: Mike Glenny.

Out-going Chairman Christy Jones would like to pay a special thanks to all the members for their kind support throughout the year. He would also like to thank Management for their co-operation and also the trade union official from Limerick Gerry McMahon. He would like to express thanks to the Committee that worked hard throughout 1984. Finally Christy would like to wish the new Chairman Patsy Madigan and his Committee the best of luck in 1985.



Outgoing ITGWU Chairman, Christy Jones.

LIVESTOCK TOPICS

LOOKING BACK ON 1984

By Donie Donovan
Livestock Procurement Manager

Looking back on 1984 the Beef Trade had plenty of ups and downs. Small to medium size bullocks met a tremendous trade in the Spring the only thing that justified the store prices was that land had to be stocked.

The summer was exceptionally warm and dry. Trade in July was poor, the grass was scarce and soon cattle lost weight. Top Steers were making 100p/lb., and prospects looked poor. Intervention started taking in full sides, Third country markets opened up the price and hardened before numbers started to come out. Cattle were about six weeks behind in late August. When the rain came grass grew at a terrific rate and stocks turned into beef that had little hope in a normal year of passing the store stage. Total Steer slaughterings were up by 150,000 from the previous year and live exports dropped 50,000 approx. By mid-December prices reached 110p/lb.

It was not that there was extra Bullocks around but with the good thrive and the outlet for a lighter less finished Bullock pushed the kill up for '84 at the expense of 1985.

1984 was exceptional also because in the Autumn Store prices were for some time a lot less than the beef price per cwt., liveweight. If panic is the right word to use it really set in by late December and it was said beef would go to £1.20 per lb. by the end of January, '85.

Beef contracts were tied to prevent Storage Aid and by mid-January it looked as if there was plenty steers around to fill the Contracts by week-ending 12th. January, it looked as if the price had peaked at 116p/lb., and by week-ending 19th. prices had fallen to around 112p.

As we go to press the trend is still downwards. By December the Canadian Authorities decided to introduce a quote of 2700 tons of beef from the EEC for 1985. Ireland alone had exported an estimated 15,000 tons to Canada during 1984. Such a decision will have a serious effect on prices in 1985.

Cow Slaughterings for 1984 show no change from 1983 level when one takes into account the number of cows which came from the North in early summer as a result of the EEC Super Levy.

By the end of 1984 the levies took another jump. The Department of Agriculture's Levy is now £3.25 and the Disease Levy is

now £3.80 a total deduction of £7.05 per head. On a yearly basis it only runs into about £8 million nationally.

For the first time in ten years Intervention has been withdrawn on the Bullock. This comes into effect on 21st. January. The fact that it has been withdrawn has only brought some people around to realising now that the Bullock trade has been so artificial for so long. Not that any natural market could turn up to exceed the Intervention price but another form of AID known as the Third Country Refund System coupled with seasonal decline in numbers led to this situation where it outpaced the Intervention price.

The E.E.C., support systems could be seen to be in competition with itself. The feeder with Bullocks coming to beef in the next few months has nothing to worry about as Intervention will be back again shortly.

DANCE & BUFFET

The Social Club will hold a Dance & Buffet in Woodlands, Adare on Friday 8th. March. This Dance will be run in conjunction with the Retired Staff Party and should be an opportunity for staff to meet some of the Retired Folks. Tickets for the function are £3 each. Music by: Pa Guinane & Co.

RATHKEALE CHARITY RUN

Congratulations to Rathkeale Charity Runners who raised funds this year towards a Kidney Unit for the Regional Hospital. Over £12,000 was collected and will be presented at the Coach Inn on 16th. February.

The organisers wish to thank everybody for being so kind and generous over the past six years.



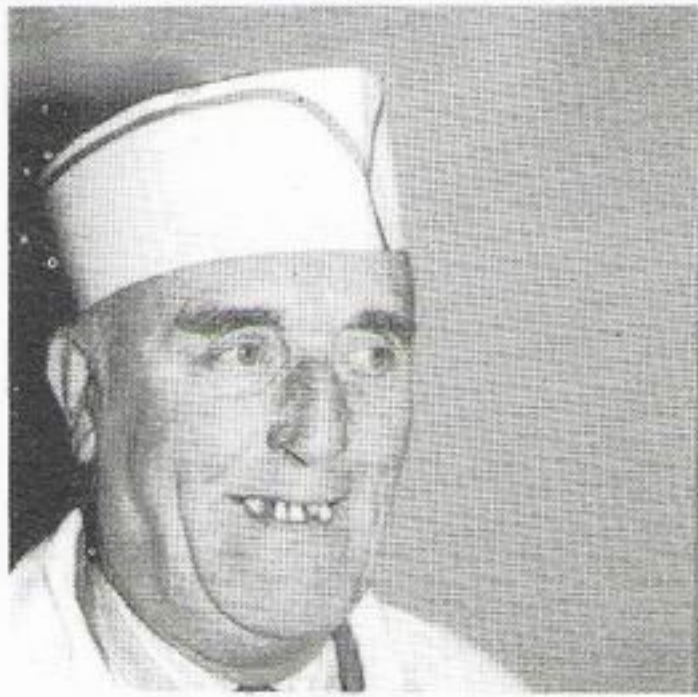
Macra na Feirme members who attended the cattle judging competition at Shannon Meat Ltd. on 20th. January. Willie Lenihan, Ballingarry branch, Tom Broderick, Granagh, and also from Ballingarry branch Tom Lenihan, David Frawley and Joseph O'Regan.



Attending the Macra na Feirme Cattle judging competition from Ballingarry were Willie Fitzpatrick, James O'Connor, Tim O'Gorman and Michael Fitzgerald.

PROFILE -

PADDY McNAMARA



Paddy McNamara.

One of the most respected and popular people ever to work in Shannon Meat must be Paddy McNamara from Blossom Hill, Rathkeale or Paddy Mac as he is known to all. Paddy is working with us since the first day of operations on 9th. February, 1953.

Paddy was born in Ballysteen, his father being a Limerick city man who moved out to work in Westropps of Melon. His mother's maiden name was Mary Supple from Bruree. There were three children in the family - Paddy has a brother in Newbridge, Shanagolden, and a sister in England.

School for Paddy was in Askeaton until he was fourteen years of age. He walked the three miles to and from school. He comments - "There were no school buses at that time." He is very insistant that one's school days are the happiest of one's life - "We had no troubles or worries, our parents did this for us." His teachers in Askeaton were Mr. Conway and Miss Quirke who later became Mrs. Moran. For the last twelve months at school his teacher was Mr. Denis Jones the former T.D. "School", Paddy recalls "was a bit cruel in those days with plenty of stick work."

In the evenings and week-ends Paddy used to enjoy a game of hurling or football. He first used to complete his chores, feeding and milking a few cows and feeding the few pigs that his father used to have.

RATHKEALE

After finishing with School in Askeaton Paddy McNamara came to Rathkeale to work with Dick Sheehy in Kyletaun. He spent four years with Mr. Sheehy whom he describes as a very tasty farmer. His



Mr. Frank Wall, Chairman of Shannon Meat Ltd., presents a 25 year Service badge to Mr. Paddy McNamara in 1978.

duties at that time included milking the cows by hand, going to the creamery, tillage or hay saving when in season and so on. Working with him in Kyletaun were Dave O'Grady of Duxtaun and Harry Gillard of Ballingrane. The wage at that time for Paddy was ten shillings per week, 50 pence in today's money. From this he paid six old pence for a Social Welfare Stamp. "In that time" Paddy states "we cut according to our cloth. One had five Woodbines per day if smoking."

Around 1944 the young McNamara spent a few months working in Southern Chemicals of Askeaton.

In 1945, like many other Irish people Paddy went to work in England and spent five years there. He heard of a recruitment arrangement in Newcastle West for the Beet Campaign in St. Edmonds in Bury, applied and was successful. When the beet season was over he went to work in Hardwell, Berkshire with a contractor named Chivers. He was involved in the building of a Research Centre into the Atom bomb. This Centre took several years to complete and after this Paddy went to Seascale in the North of England to continue in the building work. His employer at that time was Trollop and Colls and there he was involved in the construction of the Nuclear Power Station.

Accommodation at Seascale was provided on the camp site of the wartime army camps. The living accommodation consisted of timber huts covered with felt. These provided sleeping facilities for between eight to twenty people. The charge for this was ten shillings per week. There was a canteen on site. Wages were £5 per week with a good chance of overtime. Saturdays and Sundays were spent working. Security was very high in Seascale which was situated miles from the nearest town. One could not enter the building site without a special pass and going through a tight security net. While here Paddy changed employers to C.R. Price a building sub-contractor who built the chimney stacks. Two hoists were used to build these, one to take up the men, the other the concrete. The chimneys were made of mass concrete and steel and Paddy McNamara used to work right up to the top of these. He quickly got used to this frightening task and says that it was just like walking across the yard. He does, however, concede that he would not venture to such heights to-day.

On returning to Ireland in 1950 Paddy looked around for a job. After a few months he came down to the site of the old Workhouse in Rathkeale. Two weeks prior to that, work had commenced on building the Shannon Meat Factory. He met Tim Finnucane, the foreman who said "Start in the morning." His first job was to assist in putting down the sub-floor for the old Slaughter House. Work was then completed on the Chillers. He worked closely with Denis Kelly, Michael Hanley, John Royce, Tom Mcamara, Paddy Dillon, Paddy Royce, Michael

"Sikie" Meehan and Michael Meehan from Ballyallinan. Carpenters on site were Michael Tobin and Jim Hennessy. The time-keeper was Sean Guiry.

In February, 1953 the factory opened for the first time, for just two weeks. He remembers Messrs. O'Vanlandaghem and M. Cowhey present on that morning. There was a small pit to take waste offal. Mr. Lynch asked him to empty this pit. Paddy Mac said he would if he had a pair of rubber boots which were quickly supplied from a small office where the Cannery is now situated. He loaded the waste onto a tractor trailer owned by the building contractor. Bill Meade was the tractor driver. On their way out the back the weels sunk on the soft ground between two water pipes. The trailer contents had to be unloaded to get the tractor moving. He feels that he was lucky the pipes didn't break or his stay in Shannon Meat could be very short.

ABATTOIR

From then on his task in the Slaughter Hall consisted of dropping the cattle onto the Abattoir floor and hauling them across for dehiding. He also used wash the cattle with stocknette and boiling water brought in buckets.

In his second season with Shannon Meat Paddy McNamara and John Royce were responsible for shrouding the carcasses, Paddy for the hindquarters and John the fores. Shrouding carcasses consisted of steeping linen sheets in hot water wrapping them around the carcass and tightly securing them with steel sewers. A wooden roller was used to roll the linen onto the carcass. The linen was removed on the following morning and left the carcass as smooth as glass. Carcasses treated so realised a premium price on the market at that time.

Paddy remembers the work to fulfill the Spanish Contract for Frozen Bull-Beef. The quarters were placed on timber pallets, fores underneath, hinds on top. These were placed in the Deep Freeze where the Chillers were now, at the left of the Hanging Hall corridor. Days were spent killing bulls and the quarters were physically loaded onto containers.

BONING

Paddy McNamara boned beef in the boning old Boning Hall. Paddy Cawley was in charge at that time. He remembers the preparation for the Cannery around 1960 "Sean Guiry, Paddy Sheehan and I

concreted the floor and put down the channels. Jack Creed from Askeaton plastered the walls and Eugene O'Sullivan was the carpenter." Later Paddy was promoted Charge Hand in the Casings Department. Paddy is philosophical about his duties as a Charge Hand. "You must keep the Company happy and the people working for you happy and if you can do that you are sailing. You must get as much done for the Company as possible always realising that you must get the full support from the staff to do so."

Before going to England Paddy married Elizabeth Daly from Stoneville. They have twin boys, Pat and John and a girl, Mary, who is married to P. Brennan of Rathkeale. Paddy's hobby down through the years was gardening. He loved working in the garden and looked forward to going to the Limerick market with his produce each Saturday in Spring and Summer. "I used leave the house for the market at 5.20 in the morning. I had a good cob and would be in Limerick by 7.30. I did my business and was home in Rathkeale at half-past one", he says. Besides the garden he confesses to fattening the odd pig and is partial to home cured bacon. "The dinners here in Shannon Meat are lovely but they couldn't compare to the home cured bacon and cabbage."

He continues "Don't say that, or Anna in the Canteen will give out to me." Paddy does very little garden work now.

On the comparison of the standards of living today with that of his younger day's he states - "There is no comparison, times to me are at least one hundred per cent better than my young days. There is much more money circulating."

Paddy presently works in the store. He is one of the most popular of all our colleagues. The respect that he has earned as a Charge Hand has been matched by the generous friendship the man has displayed to all he comes in contact with. It is an honour and privilege to all of us to work with you Paddy.

SYMPATHY

Sympathy is expressed to James O'Grady of the Boning Hall on the sudden death of his mother, Mrs. Brenda O'Grady. To James' father, Paddy, his brothers and sister we also express sympathy on their mothers death. May she rest in peace.



Paula and Louise O'Sullivan enjoyed the staff club children's party at Christmas. They are seen here with their mother, Nora Mary and Santa.



Santa, I would like a doll, a bicycle and a....., and a....., so says Dawn O'Grady who is closely watched by her mother, Bernadette.

SOME OF OUR ISLANDS

By Pat Coleman.



Pat Coleman.

Everyone has a special place that given the opportunity, they would return to and perhaps there set up house. To many perhaps in this age of jet travel such places maybe in Italy, or France, Greece or Spain. But let me introduce you to a corner of our own country which can easily compete with the best available abroad, the Islands of West Cork. The four most famous of these Islands are Cape Clear, Sherkin, Bear and Dursey.

To people with an interest in our own native tongue the most famous of these Islands is Cape Clear, where Irish is still the first language. It is a rocky Island of approximately 8sq. miles, the most isolated of the islands in that it is 8 miles from the shore. It can be reached by boat from both Baltimore and Schull. However, visitors be advised to take the Schull boat which, while it lacks the comfort of the Baltimore boat makes up for it in the friendliness, guided tour and sing song which takes place. One of the joys of being in Cape Clear on a summers day are the occasional impromptu musical sessions which take place. These are usually in the vicinity of one of the islands pubs and invariably can start at any hour of the day or night. Accomodation is available on the Island but one should be advised to bring ones own accomodation as there is no problem in getting a place to pitch ones tent. One aspect of old world charm that still exists on the Island is that no one bothers to lock their doors at night. Young people are drawn to the Island in droves, school going children to the Irish College, while those who have finished school come and stay in the Youth Hostel.

The Island is within the range of French yachtsmen in the summer months and this coupled with the International clientele of the Hostel gives the Island a cosmopolitan flavour. However, life on Cape Clear can be no bed of roses. As the E.S.B. would not provide electricity to the Island due to its excessive cost, the local co-operative had to purchase a generator, which provides electricity for all on the Island. Due to the expense involved in getting goods from the mainland by boat all goods are that little bit more expensive. While I have never been on the Island at Winter time one can imagine how bleak life can be. Yet there is a simplicity and innocence about the Island that is now lacking in our more sophisticated world. On my last trip to the Island I met a native Islander just back from a visit to a Cork hospital, and he drew down the subject of traffic in Cork city and

how heavy it was, yet he left me flabbergasted when he concluded by saying the traffic was just as bad on the Island. There are four cars on Cape Clear!

Sherkin Island is closer to the mainland and during the Summer period a boat leaves Baltimore every half hour for the Island. It is a short and pleasant journey. The Island is of special interest to me as some of my ancestors came off the Island. This Island is more popular with us Irish, indeed going back to the time of the emergency many wealthy Cork families had holiday homes on the Island. In those days the railway line ran from Cork to Baltimore and at the time the August week-end, when the Baltimore Regatta took place Baltimore and Sherkin used be packed with Corkonians. With the end of the emergency many of the welthier Cork families chose to have their holiday homes elsewhere. Yet the island is very much a favourite spot for day trips from the mainland. There is plenty to see here, Horse Shoe Bay, Silver Strands, the ruined monastery (right on the pier) and the Marine Biology School can take up the best part of the day, before one adjourns' to the hotel for a pint before taking the boat home.

To older readers of this article or indeed for younger readers who have an interest in history then you are probably aware that the Birtish had a base on Bear Island up to the eve of World War II. They eventually left in 1938. Today, the old battlements still stand at either end of the Island facing out to sea. While they are now some-what delapidated they are still used today by the F.C.A. for practice. These monuments to the Islands' past dominate the Island which is easily accessible from the mainland. As Bear Island however, is perhaps off Irelands most isolated peninsula tourists are seldom to be seen. Most of those making their way to the Island are natives returning from the Mainland or emigrants returning from further afield. There is however, a yachting school on the Island for the summer months which attracts a somewhat young crowd.

The final Island on ones journey must surely be Dursey. It is right on the end of the Beara Peninsula. Indeed in truth it is fair to say that Dursey is the last Parish before Boston. What is most unique about this Island is the means by which one gets there, Cable Car. Yes Sir, once you run out of road Cork County Council provided a Cable Car connection. The distance between the Island and mainland isn't great, indeed ones greatest fear is if the cable snapped one would be departing on a longer journey. There is little else in the Island except for the scattered farms where the really poor farmers struggle to make a living.

HARDINESS

Anybody who watched the programme recently put out by RTE on the Blasket Islands must have been impressed by the hardiness and independence of those who lived there. Today, the Blaskets are well nigh deserted. On the great Blasket only a Caretaker of three of the



..... and you.



keep bacteria away from food.

houses and his wife remains. Even these houses are falling into disrepair. Yet off our South, North and West Coasts paritcularly at this time of year people are struggling to make a living on a number of Islands off our coast. While Governments pay lip service to restoring these Islands to the positions they once held (many of them supported populations as many as 4 times what they now support) little is done in offering truly practical help. Today on Tory Island off our North Coast the Islanders are making a desperate last bid to save their Island Community. Perhaps the Politician they have chosen to fight their case in the European Parliament expresses the contempt they feel for those who should be fighting their case. One Ian Paisley has been asked to represent them. Are we Irish too

busy providing "Irish Solutions to Irish Problems" to provide any practical solution to any problem?

One final point. Some years ago a major drowning tragedy was avoided off the coast of Galway when a boat taking passengers to the Aran Islands sank. However, another boat was close on hand to rescue all passengers. At the time the Sunday Tribune reported that most boats operating between the Aran Island Islands and the mainland failed to display a Certificate of Safey from the Department of Transport and consequently were not insured. The excuse offered at the time was insurance costs. All boats that I have travelled in West Cork do display this Certificate. Indeed for journeys of similar mileage the West Cork can do the journey at half the cost.



Miriam Kelly with her cousin, Sean O'Donnell visited Santa at the kiddies Christmas party in December.



Tom and Bridget Gray with their boys, Tomas and Michael with Santa Clause.

HELPING AT THE HAY

From "Patch" memories of an Irish lad in the 1890's.

By Patrick J. Carroll C.S.C.

The first Saturday in June was marked red in West Limerick because of the great hurling match down at Askeaton between the Fag An Beallach of Old Kildimo and the Sarsfields of New Kildimo for the county championship. All Ireland would be there. Fag An Beallach is the Gaelic way of saying "clear the road." But we called them Fags for short. The Sarsfields their name from Patrick Sarsfield, remembered for the siege of Limerick, who later became one of the Wild Geese. I was planning to go myself, though I hadn't mentioned it to the mother; preferring to hold on to a thread of a hope as long as I could.

The great Saturday began in a glory, when it began finally. You could hear the mill dam, behind Hunts' estate, thundering above the silences as the waters splashed and churned in their leap over the rocks. The sheep plucked the young grass and then lifted their moist noses out of the soil to inhale the sweet air of the time. Mrs. Clancy and her son Tomeen went out to the borheen in the red car which the young ass, boasting two front shoes, pulled after him enough. "They're going to Rathkeale for the groceries, and Tomeen will miss the hurling," I said to myself when I saw them passing the gate outside.

The mother told me to wash two of the front windows of the kitchen, which I did; and she praised me for it, and said I was showing a good disposition. Then I brought home two tins of water from the spring well; and I drove the sheep out from the high field into the three acres, after Mick had asked me only once; and I held Nan's thread between my hands while she was winding it into a ball, although I was very tired at the time. "Surely," I said to myself, "there will be no call for the mother to refuse me now." Then at nine o'clock, when everything was ripe with promise, I saw Mary Sheehy - Johnny's wife and Dick's mother - coming from beyond the Bog, and she in a great hurry. We all spoke of her as "Mrs. Sheehy" when the mother was listening and as "Mary" when she wasn't. When she came into the yard she said to the mother: "Himself and Dick are in a mad fright to get the hay in out of the high field while the weather is dry, and they hurried me over to borrow the small boy for a dhras of work before the rain." "Surely, surely," said the mother. "Get a hurry on you, Patch, like a good boy, and give a hand to a neighbour." "Mick could give them a better lift than myself," I reminded her. "Haven't I to go to the forge so the colt will be shod?" Mick asked in a way that left you only one answer. "I have to do everything," I whined. "Shame on you for grudging a hand to a neighbour!" the mother admonished me in a whisper meant for myself.

So I had to go. I followed Mary around the Bog and up the hill as if I was on my way to the gallows. She was in a nervous hurry and called to me time and time again to put speed on my ankles. But I hand't the heart or the will. I was thinking of the hard luck I fell into, and was in a very bad humour besides. A hot hayfield and a pitchfork and two

prosaic men are a poor exchange for a county championship and cheering crowds.

The two of us were very silent the hours of the morning. Johnny, because he was in a mad hurry to get the hay together; and myself, because I was thinking of Matt McDonough, the best man of the Fags, and of Martin Connelly who was the mainstay of the Sarsfields.

At dinner I didn't eat very much, thinking to myself that by now the people would be starting out to see the match; and the thought made me so sad the tears were at the verge of my eyes, and I had no appetite. The early afternoon went by quietly enough until two o'clock. Then Dick left the horses under the shade of a headland bush and went up to the house. I think myself he went away to have a smoke, because, although thirty years old, he had never pulled on a pipe in front of his father. He had not gone ten minutes when Johnny paused in his nervous hurry. "Where's sonny?" "Maybe 'tis into the barn he went and fell asleep. He looked tired at dinner." "Run up and get him out and tell him come down. Tell him come down and do his sleeping to-night." I hurried away, taking my coat with me for fear I'd need it. "Tell him to be smart about it," Johnny roared finally as I was climbing over the ditch.

Dick was not in the barn. I knew he wouldn't be. Nor in the stable; nor sitting on the heap of stones they had brought together to build the ditch between their hayfield and Lanes' potato garden; nor on the roof of the house; nor fishing for eels down in the Bog. He was not in any of these places. I knew, for I looked hurriedly and furtively. He might be - quite likely was - in the kitchen, sitting on one of the rush-bottomed chairs pulling a bit on the pipe. I heard voices in the kitchen - a woman's voice and a man's. The woman's voice was that of Dick's mother. But the man's voice might be Tim Lane's, Dick's cousin (as I preferred to think) who might have come over to borrow a hoe for weeding the potato drills. Or it might be that of Bill Walch come in from Ballybane to ask for a little turnip seed in case his own had run out. Or Johnny the cobbler might have come up from Loughane with Mary's boots which had needed mending, maybe, and then a thought rushed at me, which I had seen coming for some time, that maybe Dick, in a fit of madness, had run down on his own hook to Askeaton to see the hurling. "In that case, I'll follow him and find him and tell him his father is screeching for him; and I'll bring him home,..." I said to myself.

So I took off my boots and stockings, and put a stocking in either boot, and either boot under either arm, and raced down the hills, seeing in my mad flight the figures of Matt McDonough of the Fags and of Martin Connelly of the Sarsfields; goal-posts and side-lines and cheering men; and the Boherbhee brass band. Going down past Mike Dore's place, Ann Dore, Mike's aunt, asked me if I was running for the doctor, and who was

sick; and I said I was chasing Dick Sheehy, who had gone mad and run away from home and left the horses standing in the hayfield. At the Four Roads I ran into Mikeen Purcell, who was galloping in from Stonehall on an ass; and he had scarcely said "How are you?" when I leaped up behind him, holding on to my boots with one hand. "There's a power of people gone in from everywhere to Askeaton; and the world is gone mad about the match!" cried Mikeen.

That made me more nervous than ever, so that I dug my heels into the flanks of the ass to make him go faster. At the edge of the town I hopped off and went back into my boots, skipping half the holes in my hurry to lace them. Down near Russells' mill, where the field lay, there came what seemed sea murmurs and band music. I raced along the west quay of the town where the seaweed is unloaded in Spring; then at the mill leaped over a ditch, and I was a part of the great scene of a county championship.

I will never forget that day. The Fags wore green and red jerseys; and the Sarsfields had green with an edging of yellow, and green caps with gold peaks. Ah, dear! They had barely started and everybody was in a storm. "Follow it up, Fag!" "Block 'em, Sarsfield!" "Well hit, McDonough!" "Watch him, Connelly!" I wasn't there a minute myself when I was waving my cap and shouting like the rest of them. I was a passionate follower of the Fags. For no reason I can give you, except that one day down in old Kildimo, when I was visiting our cousins, the Kernedys, Matt McDonough came into the house and spent five minutes showing me how to meet a ball on the hop.

In spite of my excitement, I saw my brother Mick escorting Mary Donnelly through the crowds. He had on his new suit, and thought himself a wonder. He hadn't gone to the forge as he said he would, but I didn't go over to tell him so. Nan was there with John Bridgeman, the assistant at the Askeaton school; but I didn't speak to Nan either.

I won't attempt to give you any account of the match. How the play progressed back and forth, so that everybody was in a tempest of excitement. One minute the Fags were in the lead, to be outpointed by the Sarsfields in the next. I thought at the time, and think still, that Matt McDonough looked like the great Cuchulain of whom we read in the stories. You might substitute Connelly for Ferdiad, Maev's champion, and Matt McDonough for Cuchulain, the great hero of Ulster, and imagine you were watching the Fight of the Ford. The two teams were even up, two goals and three points, the last ten seconds of play. Then it was that Matt McDonough did what I was praying he would do: he caught the ball on a hop in mid-field, and sent it over the goal posts for the winning point. Ah, dear!

When it was all over I went back alone across the fields to Sheehys'. I was hoarse and tired and happy - but terribly afraid. "This is the worst I've been into since the

races at Foynes. And Paddy Owen is dead." I kept saying this to myself as I went over the fields. I would have gone home direct, only I knew that Dick would be over after he had swallowed his last bite of supper to tell the mother. I didn't want him to do that. Better a storm of curses from Johnny and Dick than to hear the mother say: "I never thought I'd bring up a child who would turn his back on a neighbour!"

It was half-past seven when I crossed the stile that led from McMahons' field to Sheehys' front yard. Johnny was washing the dust and the sweat, the grime and the hayseed out of his face in one pan of water, and Dick was doing the same in another. They were both outside the door, and the half-door shut. The evening was silent and cool, except for the splashing of water. There was hay odor coming out of the field above the Bog. There was the odor of frying bacon coming out of the kitchen where Mary was tossing eggs into a sizzling dish. Johnny lifted a wet face and a soapy eyes out of the pan, and saw me faintly as through a mist. "Blhast you!" he roared. "Blhast you!" roared Dick, who lifted his face on hearing his father. It sounded like the percussion of a doublebarrell gun. Mary leaned out over the half-door to hand Johnny a towel. "I always said that there was a bad drop in you! I always said it!" "O you low, cringing, creeping thief!" Johnny roared as he burried his face in one end of the towel. "This time the mother will know what a rowdy she has for a son!" And Dick burried his face in the other end. And then I began to cry. Slowly at first; and then louder, stuffing the inside of my cap into my eyes, as was my custom. "O you've a bad drop in you! I always said it!" Mary declared, eyeing me with small pity. "Wait till I see the mother!" Dick threatened. "The blhasted rebel!" Johnny shouted into the towel.

I cried for a long time. And at last Johnny came over to me and shouted: "Where were you all the evening since dinner!" While crying and sniffing and applying the inside of my cap to the outside of my eyes, I said: "Wasn't I looking for Dick, as you told me!" "And where were you looking for him all the evening till now?" Johnny's face was fry by this time. "Didn't I go down to Askeaton, thinking he might be at the hurling?" "Saints of Heaven, hear him!" exclaimed Johnny, as if he were saying the litany. "Of all the crooked creatures going upon two legs, you're the crookedest!" Dick could say no more, for no more words would come. "Come to supper anyhow," said Mary, looking at the two men. I wasn't sure if she included myself. So I went in after them to make sure. Two plates were set on the table, which was covered with a white cloth; and a chair was placed at either side of the table. It would seem I was not invited. But seeing me in the kitchen, my eyes all red and my cap in my hand, Mary set a chair for myself at the least honorable end. She placed hot cakes and butter and sizzling eggs and bacon and tea before Johnny and Dick. Myself she gave a cold look and home-made bread and goat's milk to punish me for my sin.

Now Johnny Sheehy used to be a great hurler in his day, though Dick was never anything but a ditchmaker and a driver of horses. So after a long, long silence, during which the two men ate sullenly, I said, as if I were completely restored to the state of grace: "Matt McDonough is the talk of the world

SOCCKER SCENE

SHANNON UTD. NOTES

By Mike Dunne

When we started out last September on the present league campaign we were full of hope that this was going to be our year but recent results have killed off any hopes we had of getting promotion, and a place in next years 1st. Division. As I've said in an earlier article the reasons for these results are hard to explain because on paper we seem to have a good side. It proves one thing that skill is not enough if one is not prepared to put in the effort. You will only get out of the game what you are prepared to put in. A good example of this at the moment are Adare F.C. A couple of years ago there was not a team in Adare and now they are top

of the 1st. Division. I'm not saying that they will win the league but few will deny them their moment of glory because a lot of hard work has gone into putting the Club where it is today. Shannon are struggling to stay in the top half of the 2nd. Division. If things are allowed to continue on the same lines I can see no future for Shannon. It will be very hard to attract to top players in Rathkeale when they can easily join the Deel Club, which are far more successful on the field at least. I know what I'm saying will not make me too popular with some members of the Club, but I feel they have to be said and I would urge all those connected with Shannon Club both players and officials to think hard on what I am saying.

MIXED

The news on the minors is mixed. They were knocked out of the F.A.I. Cup going down 5-4 to Askeaton. Shannon were not at their best and at one stage early in the second half they trailed 5-1, but staged a grand slam finish and were unlucky to go down 5-4. They play Broadford shortly in the area final of the Munster Cup. Indeed Broadford created quite a shock when they defeated Askeaton in the semi-final. Broadford are an unknown quantity and the more experienced Shannon side will start favourites to win this one. The Desmond League Youths are due to meet the Leinster League in the next round of the Oscar Trainor Cup and four of the Shannon lads are in the panel, with each having a great chance of making the first eleven. The players concerned are Pat Reidy, Eddie Geaney, Wm. Daly, and Rocky O'Rourke. In the

"Helping at the Hay" contd.

the way he won the match for the Fags." Dick couldn't shout me to silence, for his mouth was filled with eggs and bacon; but Johnny was between bites. "What did he do?" asked Johnny, stern but curious. I told him in my best style. I put on lots of colour and created situations; stating that three men of the Sarsfields were within a yard of McDonough, when he met the ball on the hop and sent it flying down the field for seventy yards over the goal. That stirred Johnny's hurling blood miraculously. I had to tell him about the crowds and the colours and the band and the side lines, and the cheering that could be heard in Limerick. When I halted for breath, he told Mary to get me a plate and a cup and a saucer and a knife and a fork. He told Dick to give me a helping of bacon and two eggs, which had stopped sizzling; and he told Mary to fill a cup with tea. And himself reached me down the hot cakes and the butter. I played the whole game for him; and for Dick and for Mary after a while. Their eyes were riveted on me; and a brightness came into their lean faces. I used my fork for a hurly and a crumb of bread for a ball, to show how McDonough lifted the leather over the heads of the players. I made gestures with my knife, and broke the rules of etiquette by speaking with my mouth was full of food. I illustrated how McDonough used the hurley, as Cuchulain used the Gae Bulg, when he was fighting at the Ford with the men in Ireland.

Well, when I went out from the house later on, no one was found to throw a stone at me. And when I got home at nine o'clock, the mother opened the door for me. "I suppose you're tired, Patch dear?" she suggested ever so gently, as if she felt for me because of the hard, lonesome day I had gone through. "A little tired," I answered with quiet resignation. And then she spoke buoyantly, as in commendation for a great thing accomplished. "Aren't you happy, after all, that you helped a neighbour in the hayfield, even if you missed the hurling? Aren't you?" "But couldn't one help a neighbour and see the hurling too?" I said, as if I were meaning nothing in particular. "What does it matter? You have done a good turn. That's all that counts." And she kissed my lips. Ah, dear!

INTER-FIRM G.A.A.

The Limerick Inter-Firm G.A.A., Board held it's Annual General Meeting shortly before Christmas, 1984. There was a fairly good attendance. This year's Convention was addressed by Mr. Jim Hickey, Chairman of Limerick County Board proper. Mr. Hickey congratulated the Inter-Firm Board on the fine work it is doing for the Association at a time when unemployment is very prevalent throughout most industries. The Inte-Firm board has grown from strength to strength in recent years. This he said was due to the tremendous work by the officers of the Board. Mr. Hickey in conclusion wished the Inter-Firm Board the very best of luck for 1985.

Officers of Board:

The following officers were elected at the Annual General Meeting.

Chairman: Henry Cooney St. Joseph's
Vice-Chairman: John Cahill Form Grinders, Dromcollogher
Secretary: John Royle, Limerick Garda

previous round, three of these lads made the first team and but for injury Wm. Daly would have been on the team also. So we will be looking for good displays from these boys and thus reflect favourably on the Shannon Club.

We have three junior teams in Rathkeale and we haven't a player between the lot on the Desmond League Side to play Waterford on Sunday. One can draw their own conclusions from that statistic. Time was when we had some fine individual players in the town but alas we must now look to the up and coming lads.

Recent Results - Junior:

Kilfinny 4 Shannon Utd. 3
 Shannon Utd. 4 Breska 6

Recent Results - Minor:

Shannon Utd. 3 Villa Rvs. 1
 Askeaton 5 Shannon Utd. 4

DEEL UTD.

9/12/84 Pallas 2 Deel Utd. 4
 L. Kennedy 2, S. Doherty & S. Harnett.

For only the second occasion this season, Deel were full strength and how Pallas must have regretted it. This was a very good game of football with both sides playing some great stuff. Deel scored first, but shortly before half-time the home side equalised. This only spurred Deel and they scored three very well executed goals before Pallas had a consolation score. A great team performance by Deel.

16/12/84 Deel Utd. 3 Bally rovers 0
 S. Doherty, R. Doherty & C. Hogan.

Deel looked very convincing when

defeating the Ballyhahill based side. Despite alot of good possession Deel failed to score in the first half, when, the visitors threatened on the break. However, early in the second half, Deel's pressure paid dividends when they scored twice in quick succession. Feature of the second half was a great penalty save by Mick Gallagher. This again was a fine team performance by Deel.

23/12/84 Glin Rovers 1 Deel Utd. 2
 S. Doherty & P.J. Wall

Deel maintained their winning sequence with this very impressive victory against Glin. Taking an early lead Deel were pegged back when Glin levelled the game before half-time. Despite being over run in Mid-field Deel held firm and took the lead in the second half. A lead which they never relinquished.

6/1/85 Askeaton Deel Utd.
 Game cancelled - Ice.

SCORES

Liam Kennedy 7, S. Doherty 5, P.J. Wall 4, S. Harnett 4, R. Doherty 4, C. Hogan 3, J. O'Grady 2, Rd. Hayes 1, Jas. Fitzgerald 1, T. O'Shaughnessy 1.

SCORES DEEL B.

Jimmy Fitzgerald 5, Anthony Flaherty 4, Johnny Daly 1, Jim Nix 1, Jack Lyons 1, Tommy McCann 1, Pat Neville 1, Brian Og Coleman 1.



Michael Dunne.

All Stars:

At the mention of Kileedy I cannot forget Limerick's latest Bank of Ireland's All Stars. Paddy Kelly and Fr. Paudie Fitzmaruice. On behalf of the Shannon Meat Ltd., Inter-Firm G.A.A. Club I would like to congratulate them both on being selected. Anyone associated with the Shannon Meat Limited Club will remember Paudie and his brother Fr. Willie playing against us on a number of occasions for St. Joseph's Hospital. Again, I say well done.

The next Meeting of the Limerick Inter-Firm Board will take place in mid-February. At this meeting the deadline for Affiliations and Registrations will be fixed. In the next couple of weeks if we here in Shannon Meat Limited wish to take part in this year's competitions we will have to get ourselves organised and decide for definate what teams will enter.

Anyone interested in reforming the Hurling and Football teams please submit their names to me as soon as possible.

Yours in sport.

MI. O'Neill.

Asst. Secretary: MI. O'Neill, Shannon Meat Ltd.
P.R.O.: Tim O'Connor, Limerick County Council
Treasurer: Oliver Haskett, Wyeth Irl. Ltd., Askeaton.
Asst. Treasurer: John Shaw, Clare Valley Homes.

Munster Council:

The Munster Council Convention of the Inter-Firm G.A.A., was held in Mtelcheltown on Wednesday, 16th. January. Henry Cooney, Limerick was elected Secretary for the third year in succession. Oliver Haskett, Wyeth Ireland Ltd., was elected as Treasurer. Oliver is not new to Munster Council as he has been a delegate for a number of years and last year he was handball officer. Having held the position of Fixtures Secretary for seven years I myself did not seek re-election. I have decided to take a back seat for a year or two. The position of Fixtures Secretary, however stays in Limerick as Michael Muclahy (Molex of Clare) was elected to succeed Mr. MI. Hails from Kileedy N.C. West.

BEEF EXPORTS

4% HIGHER IN 1984

CBF Annual Report

CBF - The Irish Livestock and Board in their Annual Report state that the total value of exports of livestock, meat, and their by-products in 1984 amounted to an estimated IR£890 million, (including Intervention and Private Storage beef stocks). This accounted for an estimated 10 per cent of the value of total national exports, and resulted in particular from an increased level of throughput in export factories.

Total beef exports (including Private Storage beef due for export) were estimated at 251,000 tonnes, 4% higher than the 1983 volume, and valued at IR£540 million.

Overall net disposals of adult cattle in 1984 were about 110,000 head higher than in 1983. Higher factory slaughterings offset the effect of lower live exports of cattle.

Factory slaughterings in 1984 were up by an estimated 150,000 head, or 15%, on the corresponding 1983 total. This was mainly due to a higher throughput of steers, and, to a much lesser extent, increased cow slaughterings.

Live cattle exports this year were down by 40,000 head or 9% on the 1983 level. Lower exports to Third County destinations, particularly Egypt, were the main cause of this decline.

Average Irish cattle prices in 1984 were about 3.5% higher than average 1983 levels. Community market support measures were successful in maintaining cattle price levels, particularly in the second half of the year. Market prices

throughout the EEC came under heavy pressure during the year in the face of additional slaughterings of almost one million cows.

Beef prices in the early months of 1985 are likely to follow a similar pattern to that of 1984, in overall terms. Market support measures will have an important role to play throughout 1985 in maintaining beef prices. Higher beef prices in our major EEC markets are unlikely during the first half of the year, due to the impact of continuing high cow cullings.

The changeover from Intervention buying-in to hindquarters from November 26, accompanied a seasonal decline in production in the Community. However, in the first half of 1985 beef production levels in the EEC are expected to remain at relatively high levels.

Third Country beef contracts will play an important role in supporting Irish beef prices over the next few months. In addition, the level of domestic cattle supplies during the first six months of the year will have an influence on the pattern of prices.

Total exports of lamb in 1984 were estimated at 16,200 tonnes, valued at IR£41 million. This was 10% higher than last year's volume. One of the major features of the 1984 export trade was the substantial increase in exports during the first half of the year, in response to altered marketing conditions.

GEORGE ORWELL

By Future Shock

Let us breathe a sigh of relief, the year 1984, the year of George Orwell's prophesied nightmare has past. Orwell in his novel 1984, predicted it would be the year, of big brother watching us, of T.V. camera's spying in our homes and streets, the year when humour and humanity would be finally crushed out of our lives. Thankfully it didn't turn out quite as he predicted, but there was some chilling similarities.

Orwell wrote two famous novels **Animal Farm** and **1984**. I was forced to read **Animal Farm**, by my Leaving Cert. English teacher in a vain attempt to improve my English. To her shock and surprise, I read **1984**, out of interest.

George Orwell was an interesting man, and lead an interesting, if unusual life. Born in 1903 in India, son of a civil servant, his real name was Eric Blair. His family returned to England in 1907, and in 1917 he entered the famed Eton College on scholarship. However his family were comparatively poor, compared to the other boys families, this inclined him towards socialism. He left college in 1921 and joined the Indian Imperial Police in Burma, however he became disillusioned with imperialism and resigned in 1928. Orwell felt he would rather be oppressed rather than be the oppressor.

Orwell wanted to experience poverty, and this he did. He for some time lived with the down and outs, in the slums and work-houses of London and Paris. He wrote extensively of his experiences. Not happy with this, he went to Spain in 1936, to fight in its civil war, he

opposed Franco because he represented the oppressor of the common people. However, it was here, he became bitterly disillusioned with Communism, because of its obvious deception. He was wounded in Spain.

After the war he returned to England, and tried to make a living for himself as a journalist. However he had difficulty in magazines accepting his pieces, as they were offensive towards Russia, a then wartime ally. **Animal Farm** was rejected by 20 publishers, before it was published in 1945. It turned out to be a best-seller. It is an amusing book as it tells the rise of modern Russia in **Animal** satire. It's a simple child-like tale of how the animals, are hungry and unhappy under their human master, they rebel, and led by the pigs, they run the farmer off his farm, and run it by themselves, however the pigs end up as tyrannical as the farmer to the other animals. **1984**

1984 was published in 1950, a year after Orwell's death. In this book Orwell attempted to tell of the future, and what the world would be like in 1984, he believed the western world would be under the Soviets. The book had no humour, no love, but bleakness and bitterness. It tells of a brainwashed, spiritless society, where there is no privacy, peace or humanity.

Even though his books have sold millions of copies, George Orwell died in 1949, a relatively poor man, of tuberculosis. Thankfully our world today is not quite what he predicted. Orwell was a writer, not a prophet, as I think some people believed.

SHANNON MEAT CHAT

- * Santa (at the Community Centre) "Now little boy, what would you like for Christmas?"
Little boy - "Santa, I would like a little brother."
Santa - "I can arrange that too."
- * Congratulations to Willie Lenihan on the birth of a son.
- * When is a foot less than 12 inches? When a certain driver-entertainer measures for a new door.
- * Counting sheep puts one to sleep. Michael Guiney counts cattle on Bottle Hill. However, the Safety Quiz and A.G. interferes with his slumbers.
- * Refuse burning can be a sweetening experience.
- * Pa Guineane intends to be a radio personality. He listens to the experts on Big L. He tapes them at midnight and cannot resist trying to glean some of the polish from the performance even at tea time in the Canteen.
- * Kevin Donovan is making a name for himself as a music critic on RTE Radio 2.
- * Congratulations to Kitty Sheehan on the birth of a gril.



Noelle and Michelle O'Shaughnessy visited Santa Claus at The Social club's children's party. Their parents Tom and Breda also paid a visit.



Visiting Santa at the Shannon Meat Social club's Christmas Party were, Kieran, John and Jean Guineane.



A celebration took place in the hall Ballingarry to mark the Golden Jubilee of the 1934 Junior Hurling West Limerick championship victory. Certificates were presented to the seven surviving members of the team and to the representatives of the deceased members.



At the Ballingarry GAA Jubilee celebration on 16th. December, 1984 were Canon Lyons, Seamus O Ceallaig of the Limerick Leader and Larry Kelly who represented his late father, Michael.