

Shannon Meat GAZETTE



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DOM WHITE RETIRES



Dom White.

A man reared in a house near the gate of Shannon Meat, Dom White retires after 10 years of dedicated service to Shannon Meat as gate security man. Little did Dom think in his youth that the old ruins of the work house would offer him employment in the later days of his working life. It is a case of believe it or not story, that this man is at retiring age at all, as he scarcely looks half his age.

He was one of a family of 12, and each one did better than the next. He got his education across the road from his home place at Jack O'Connor's secondary school. He worked for seven years in a pub in Dublin, where his wages was 30 shillings a week and 25 shillings of this went to his lodging. He had other deductions of 1/3 and this left the young White with 3/7 or 12% of it for himself. He admits that he enjoyed life although he his pockets were empty.

He then went to several different countries with the R.A.F. which he joined in 1945 in Belfast. He went to places like Switzerland, Italy, France and Naples. In Naples, Dom was in charge of a ration store. This necessitated him travelling in the early morning to a foot depot some miles away. He was accompanied each day by an Italian driver and a Germany prisoner of war. Despite all the beauty the evidence of the war was all around him, Dom saw the sympathetic sight of pathetic homeless little children appearing from the rubble where they had slept.

Posted

In 1947 Dom was posted to Stafford in England, and left the R.A.F. in 1948. He then worked in Ford Company in Dagenham. Here he was in the foundry section. He spent three months in that section which was very long because of the very intense heat and working conditions. He then moved on to a position with a heating engineering company in Regent St., London.

LIVESTOCK AND BEEF SHOW

This year we have decided to hold a Livestock and Beef Show on Sunday October 6th. Last year which was our first venture we concentrated on Bullocks only. However, this year we intend to accommodate Herd owners with Cows, Heifers and Lambs. We will have our usual three competitions for Bullocks two competitions for Heifers and one competitions for finished Beef Cows, plus one competition for lambs. Entries will be taken on a first come first served basis.

MEAT DISPLAY

The Home Sales Department 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 and Lamb.

The Home Sales Department will put on a Cookery Demonstration using meat from the Freezer Packs.

Full particulars of Show will be in the next edition of the Shannon Meat Gazette.

In 1950 he returned home to his native Limerick where he got a job selling insurance for three years. The only means of transport was by bicycle and this made the job very difficult. Selling insurance Dom points out to us around Limerick and North Kerry was very difficult because people were very poor.

He returned to England again in 1953 and worked in British Leyland and remained there until 1969. Then he worked with a woodwork exhibition firm. In this company he travelled the length and breadth of England.

In 1971 he returned home a very experienced man after all his travels everywhere. He took up the position as gate security man in Shannon Meat in 1975. He was very dedicated to his job and the way he performed his duties and tasks is an example to everyone in their place of work. This very gentle of gentlemen is wished by everyone in Shannon Meat a very happy retirement and the very best in the future.

Again, this year we have John Fraher and John Collins from Acot, Paddy Moore C.B.F., and Dermot Ryan and his staff from the Department of Agriculture all willing to give their services.

Macra Na Feirme are also involved this year and at least four counties with a possible fifth county participating in stock judging competitions.

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.

This, again, will be of particular interest to the housewife.

COOKERY DEMONSTRATION

LIMERICK SHOW 21st and 22nd AUGUST

The Limerick Show just keeps growing.

This year the prize money is up to £26,000, that is £6,000 more than last year and it is now £1,500 more than the Dublin Show.

Entries for the Horse events have doubled over last year. There are almost 500 horses entered for this year. This is splendid news and no doubt these horse events will attract a lot of attention.

The running costs for this years show is estimated to be £100,000. It is also expected that for the 1st. time business transacted by participating companies exhibiting will top £1 million.

NEW APPOINTMENT -



CHIEF
CHEMIST

PAUL
TREACY

Corkman, Paul Treacy has joined the staff of Shannon Meat as Chief Chemist. His main duties are Product Development and Quality Control throughout the Company. Quality Control from the Company's point of view is very important, and we are not just sellers of goods but also purchasers of goods and quality control is very important in these two areas.

Paul hails from Douglas in Cork City, and is son of Cork business man Sean Treacy. He is the eldest of the family of five, and has two brothers and two sisters. He attended Ballinlough National School, and obtained his Leaving Cert at Douglas Community School. School.

After finishing Secondary School Paul went to U.C.C. where he graduated with Bachelor of Science (Microbiology). He then completed two years post graduate work to obtain a Masters in the same field. After which he did a year of Computer Science.

Being from Cork, he must be interested in sports. His favourite sport is soccer and he played for Douglas Hall. He also plays badminton. He is a keen support of the Cork hurling team. In his spare time he plays and sings with a band in Cork.

This is Paul's first job and his field and every possible success is extended to him in his new career with Shannon Meat plc.

Membership of the Show Society is currently about 1,100 members and growing.

The Show Society is enjoying its Pinnacle of success which no doubt is the result of a lot of hard work.

Shannon Meat Plc. as an ardent supporter of the Show, will have its usual stand there this year.

So if you want to talk about Livestock Prices, Beef Supplies or Canned Meats, why not call to us.

We look forward to meeting you.

Matt O'Doherty.
Marketing Manager.

BILL LYNCH RETIRES



Bill Lynch.

Bill Lynch is one of those great characters that is common in every place of work, and in every town and village. His nice friendly salute to everyone will surely be missed in Shannon Meat. His joking laugh will be also missed from the canteen, and of course in the boning hall where Bill spent most of his time working. Bill was one of those characters in Shannon Meat that was well able to tell a good yarn and have the latest joke.

He was born in Knockane, in the summer of 1923. He came from a large family, which was common in those days. There were eighteen in the family altogether, twelve boys and six girls. He was nick-named "Fenian Lynch". He had two brothers that worked in Shannon Meat, Dinny and Christy. Bill had a brother Paddy that he admired alot, but unfortunately he was killed in the second world war in the Middle East.

After leaving school Bill worked with Teskeys as a builders labourer. After that he worked with various farmers around the locality. He recalls walking miles to fairs with cattle, to places like Abbeyfeale and Listowel. He also worked in the bord of works for a while.

He joined Shannon Meat in 1960, and has worked in the boning hall for most of that period. One thing about Bill Lynch, he showed great pride in his work. Bill saw many changes in Shannon Meat and he attributes these good changes to good management. He particularly singles out John Mulcahy or 'Big John' for these improvements.

Bill had interests in hurling and football in his youth, but today he has one great interest and that is greyhound racing, and he frequents the Markets field a few nights a week. He tells us that he does not win anything or lose anything.

Everyone in Shannon Meat wishes this great character a very happy retirement and the best in the future. Although he is gone from Shannon Meat we will see him in the streets of Rathkeale, hopefully he will call and see us all every now and then.

PROFILE



Any one that frequents the Cannery will find a girl busily preparing ingredients for canning. You will also find that this girl shows great interest in the way she performs her daily tasks. Marcella joined the company on the 20/6/77 and has worked in the Cannery ever since.

Marcella was born on the 16/6/1960, and has one sister Theresa, (who is a nurse and is married to Kevin Barry, and lives in Kildare. They have one child). Marcella also has one brother, Denis, who is still attending Secondary School and is studying for his Leaving Cert. She is daughter of Bridie and Thomas Curtin from Rathkeale. Her father, Thomas, is County Council employee. Her mother is formerly Bridie Frawley from the Commons, Rathkeale. Incidentally Marcella's mother is a very well known hair dresser in Rathkeale, and Marcella's hair must surely be a good advertisement for her.

Niece of the very good natured Peg Curtin, who departed from us suddenly in July 1981. Marcella today, brings many of Peg's good qualities with her to her place of work. Good honour, general

MARCELLA MARKHAM

interest in the Company, and dedication in her job, and proud of a job well done.

This girl attended Rathkeale National School, and then progressed to the Secondary School where she was successful in her Inter-Cert. Marcella then went on and completed a Commercial Course for one year. She was successful in her application for a job with Shannon Meat two days after finishing her Commercial Course. She has worked in the Cannery ever since. On the 11/5/80, Marcella was successful in her application to be training instructor in the Cannery. This job means that Marcella trains all new staff in certain jobs in the Cannery. She monitors performance and progress of new trainees on a daily basis.

Today, Marcella is married to Donal Markham also a Shannon Meat employee. They are living in Ballywilliam with their two sons, Robert aged two years, and Peter aged three months. She enjoys looking after her family very much and reading in what ever spare time she has.

Shannon Meat extends every success to Marcella and Donal in their future with the Company.



Donal and Marcella Markham with their son, Robert.

HUMAN FAILING

While the catch-all, "human failing" appears as the cause of accidents on too many reports, there is no doubt that we are prone to slip up from time to time. Some of the following acts or omissions figure directly or indirectly, in many accidents.

Authorisation

This includes any action such as jumping on a moving vehicle; operating someone else's equipment without permission or using tools or machinery on which you have never been trained.

Lock-out

Failure to lock or shut down switches, valves, doors and shutting off equipment while maintenance work is being done.

Warning

This includes the employee failing to signal properly and failing to take necessary action to let others know that he or she is doing something which may put them in danger.

Speed

This includes running instead of

walking, driving mobile equipment too fast, throwing material or tools instead of carrying or passing it and using unsafe short cuts.

Safety Devices

Disconnecting, removing, plugging, or blocking safety devices in good repair. Ignoring signals, warning signs, tags or other safety instructions.

Defective

Using tools, machines or materials which have become defective through wear and tear or abuse or otherwise made unsafe. It also includes using safe equipment in an unsafe manner or using the wrong tool for a particular job.

Stacking

Stacking too high, stacking unevenly or not making sure stack is secure.

FRESHWATER SHARK

By River Watch

Pike! Yes no doubt about it, that is a name to conjure with. A surly, dramatic, crisp, challenging monosyllable Pike. What a reputation the Pike has. Much of it, maybe, unwarranted by the facts. 'But enough hard facts can be disentangled from the wealth of fiction surrounding the Pike to know that he deserves a good proportion of the notoriety which attends his name. The Pike is a bad, bad fish the fish of legend and story.

In part the Pike's reputation for wickedness springs from his appearance, which is savage indeed. That long, lean body, with dorsal and anal fins set far back to assist the great tail in giving him prodigious acceleration from a standing start. That subtle camouflage that enables him to lurk unseen in weeds until little fish swim within reach of his jaws. Those jaws themselves - huge for the size of his body, bony hard, armed with innumerable sharp teeth, raked backwards so that a fish may enter but never leave those grim protals. Yes, the Pike looks the part - the part of the cannibal king, the tiger of the underwater jungle, the killer of the deeps, the freshwater shark and any other uncomplimentary names that have been bestowed on him.

To be utterly fair to the Pike, he is not the only one to misbehave. Trout of all ages are cannibals, little less greedy than, the Pike. The Perch is no less an eater of small fish. Chub eat minnows too. They are all tarred with the same brush.

But the Pike gets the worst of it for two reasons. First, he looks the part. Secondly he grows to such an enormous size. (a fish of 53 lbs was caught in Lough Conn). It is known that Pike eat ducklings moorhens and rats. The fact that he only eats smaller fish when he is hungry and will let them swim around his head at other times does not alter the fact that a Pike in water means havoc among other fish. Keepers of costly trout waters harry the Pike mercilessly, and rightly. But in a nice mixed fishing it is just as well to have some Pike in the water and not only for the pleasure of catching them. A decent head of Pike keeps the other fish from multiplying unduly. There are many instances where lack of Pike has allowed the Roach to increase so plentifully that, there just is not anywhere near enough food to go around, with the result that the average size of the Roach is small - miserably small. There is just one more thing to be said against the Pike: he eats nothing else besides other fish. That is what sets him apart from his fellow cannibals, the Trout, Perch and Chub. Their cannibalism is occasional - his is permanent.

You can catch Pike in ponds, lakes, canals and rivers - but even in rivers, you will look for them in the quieter parts. The Pike for all his ferocity is no barbel, to brave the current for its own sake. He is an idle sulking fish, that loves to slide along the weed-beds, lurking and creeping and hiding until his prey is within a short strike. He is not curiously enough a very good swimmer - all his liveliness is in his tremendous acceleration he is a sprinter rather than a stayer.

Pike fishing has progressed from gorge-baiting through live-baiting to the more popular subtler method of plug-fishing. It is an art and pleasure in itself and will continue to be practised and refined as long as man is capable of swinging the rod.

BEEF CUTTING DEMONSTRATION



Attending the Beef Cutting demonstration at Shannon Meat were members of Rathkeale I.C.A., Mrs. Irene Donovan, Mrs. O'Connor, Mrs. T. Naughton and Mrs. Daly.



Attending the Beef Cutting at Shannon Meat also was Mrs. O'Connell, Mrs. Mooney, Mrs. O'Dwyer and Mrs. Walsh.



With Rathkeale I.C.A. group also were Mrs. McCarthy, Mrs. Kay Daly, Mrs. Eileen O'Grady, Mrs. Alice Vereker and Mrs. McEnery.



Returning following lay-off recently was Tony Mackessy of Adare.



Also returning to Shannon Meat, Paul Reidy of Ballingarry.

PROTECT THE FOOD--AND THE CUSTOMER

● wear clean clothes--

YOUR PLANT KNOWS WHAT SHOULD BE WORN -- FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.

DON'T USE YOUR CLOTHES AS A WIPING RAG.

KEEP NOTHING IN TOP POCKETS.



● cover your hair--

HAIR IS COVERED WITH MILLIONS OF BACTERIA.

NOBODY LIKES TO FIND HAIR IN FOOD.

WEAR A HAIR NET OR A HAT.



● take off the jewelry--

BACTERIA HIDE IN AND UNDER JEWELRY.

JEWELRY IS HARD TO WASH AND SANITIZE.

PIECES OF JEWELRY SOMETIMES FALL INTO THE PRODUCT.



● keep your hands away from your mouth, nose, and hair--

BODY SURFACES ARE LOADED WITH BACTERIA.



COOKS CORNER

by Anna Hayes

Lamb Kebabs with Mustard Sauce. Kebabs are ideal for a party. They can be cooked on a barbeque or under a grill. They can be prepared in advance and don't take long to cook.

3 Tablespoons Oil
 Juice of Large Lemon.
 Salt & Pepper
 1 teaspoon Mustard Powder
 2 lbs lean shoulder of lamb, fat removed & cubed.
 1 small onions, peeled & quartered,
 1 green or red pepper, cut into pieces (deseeded)
 A few bay leaves.
Mustard Sauce
 1oz Butter
 1oz Flour
 ½ pt. Stock
 1 dessert spoon Mustard Powder,
 Salt & pepper.



Anna Hayes

Method:

Mix oil, lemon juice, garlic, Salt, pepper and mustard together. Add lamb cubes to the mixture. Cover and place the dish in a cool place. Leave for 8 hours or overnight, turn occasionally.

Preheat grill to high, lift the cubes from the marinade and thread onto the skewers alternating with the onion quarters, pepper and bay leaves. Place under grill and cook for 5 - 7 minutes on each side. While cooking making sauce.

Melt butter, add flour and cook for a few moments gradually add stock stirring well. Bring to boil add mustard and season. Simmer the sauce for 5 minutes.

For special occasion add a tablespoon of cream. When Kebabs are cooked remove from heat and slide off skewer on to a bed of boiled rice. Serve with mustard sauce and mixed salad.



Winners of the Girls 5-a-Side: Jeannette Daly, Susan Burke, Mary Meehan, Natasha Carroll and Fiona Clifford.

GRANDMA'S GANDER

from Patch, Memories of an Irish Lad.

by Patrick J. Carroll, C.S.C.

The whole parish referred to Mrs. Hurley as "Grandma". And so I shall speak of her. She lived half way the short cut across the fields between the Craggs and Cappa Chapel. She had three boys and three girls, two of each in America, married and with families of their own; one boy in Ballingarry, and one daughter in a Limerick convent. So that left her alone. And she never had a mind to go out to the big country in the west side of the world, nor to stay with the third married son in the south side of the county. She had five acres of land on which she kept one mild-mannered cow, and seven ducks, and five geese of small mentality. There was a gander besides, and it is with him I am concerned chiefly.

Every evening on our way home from school Fan and myself spent an hour or more making Grandma's properties safe for the night. Fan had the ducks. All day long they waddled down among the rushes of the Bog, and swam in the ponds and grew fat on snails. When Fan went down to the edge of the Bog the ducks saw her coming and raced out to meet her, showing a willingness to co-operate. She threw them a crust of bread which they fought over like communists; but when she walked ahead and called them by their first names, "Greenhead," "Speartail," "Yellowbill," they followed her in procession according to age or gift of leadership. And when they were arrived at the place of assembling she shooed them into their little brown house, hasped the door and said good-night.

Now myself. I had to care for the geese. They were ignorant of the very elements; and were led by the gander. People who have a penchant for writing tearfully about dumb animals say that every beast has a soft spot somewhere. I do not wish to appear assertive, but I dare assert that never once did I discover a single evidence of softness in Grandma's gander. Even at this far date, after having had to do with so many Ganders of every province and canton, I have not anywhere found one so irresponsible to appeal. I could not then, and I can not now, set him in any classification.

I had two assignments. One was to watch the cow while Grandma did the milking, the other to bring home the geese.

The gander - for the geese are negligible in the record - always escaped to the most inaccessible spot in the Bog. If there were one square foot of softer and more treacherous peat, surrounded on all sides by more dense, deep waters, he would surely find it; and there I would discover him wilful and impudent when I went to call the geese home. I always carried two pockets full of stones which I called my troops; these I brought into action only when the situation became acute, which would be about every night. I should say in justice to myself that I always tried an appeal to reason before an appeal to force. But every peace measure failing, then it is time to call out the troops. I followed this policy with slight modifications to fit conditions. Usually the geese

surrendered after the first shot, and made for the mainland. But the gander scurried over the water through the Bog rushes, using a language which is printed in dashes. Many and many the time I had to call additional troops, until I had used up whole regiments, before I finally secured my place in the sun. And when he finally surrendered, it was no surrender at all; for he merely paddled himself out of the dark waters and went leisurely up one side of the hill and down the other with all the honours of war.

But what I want to tell you about is how I broke his will finally.

It was a late May evening, and already there had fallen that hush which always settles over Cappa when the shadows grow long. Fan had gathered in her ducks, and they were quietly articulate in their brown house. The cow stood in the little haggard back of the barn ready to contribute of her substance to the upkeep of the small farm. Myself - I had got the gander out of the Bog and was following him up the hill with my troops. I think he was more impudent than ever that night, which is saying a great deal, I assure you. Fan had just come out the red gate that led from the front yard to the two acre field. She was looking back at the ducks and never noted the roving gander; never - until she heard him hissing behind her. Then she screamed and fled down the field. The gander followed with surprising rapidity. And I followed the gander. Once at the end of the field, Fan climbed up on the stone ditch that separated Grandma's property from that of the Reagans'. From her insecure perch she watched the hissing impudence below. So pre-occupied was the gander with his strategy of attack he never observed myself outflanking him. I stole as lightly as if my feet were walking on pins. The gander was vocal, but Fan was too terrified to breathe audibly. I had been into some worth-while encounters many times - boy fights and the life. But never at any time into anything so highly dramatic as this. It was the hour and the scene of my making or my undoing. I was convinced of that, and I faced it feeling certain I would come out of the conflict respected forever or broken beyond repair. It was my hour of destiny, as they say.

When I was so near I could shake hands with the gander I selected my most trusty trooper - a round, hard yellow - which I sent on with orders to show no favours nor to ask for any. He went at a flying speed and struck the gander just where I ordered him; that is on the left side of the head and above the eye where the grain cells are said to function. The enemy staggered from the percussion, and then fell over. He rose out of the faint, got up again and began to go around as if he were a top. The geese gathered in and looked at him wonderingly. They had never seen their leader that way before. The cow lifted her head above the haggard ditch and moored inquiringly. A flock of crows flying home for the night to their nests in Penders' wood hovered for a little while to consider the phenomenon. And the Grandma opened the gate and walked down toward us.

"Come down from the ditch. The harm is gone out of him," I said to Fan. And when she was beside me I whispered: "Do you say nothing at all to Grandma, but let myself do the talking."

I told Fan this, because I discovered before then, and have been rediscovering ever since, that when two people try to make a story out of a confused group of facts they are much more likely to hatch a discrepancy than if the task be assumed by a single narrator. I had no doubt at all that Fan would tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as warranted by the evidence. But I have found there are times when restraint and suppression are very effective in progressive narrative. "What's the matter with the big fellow?" asked Grandma a little severely, when she reached us and surveyed the revolving gander. "He has a reeling in the head and is going around like a top." I answered casually. "What happened him?" And her face covered myself. "It might be something he ate didn't agree with him. Or maybe he swallowed a young frog." "When was he taken?" "This minute, just as you were coming out the gate. He's in bad shape, the poor fellow."

That turned Grandma's attention from myself to the gander, which was as I desired. And she witnessed a very distressing spectacle indeed. A fallen king. The wreck of former greatness. A gander that resembled one befuddled but not legally drunk; or one groping his way back to consciousness but not returned entirely; one who seems to say to you, "I know how to walk and where to and what for but I can't."

And then Grandma did what I was hoping all along she would do. She took up the gander into her mothering arms and folded him close to her. The gander himself was too helpless to resist. He looked like a ton, so big he was and so awkward and so foolish. And I thought of the hundred times I had chased him all over the Bog till the shirt stuck to my back and the water oozed through my shoe laces and the hot tears of shame and madness came burning through my eyes. There have been some that have crossed me since, whom I would not weep over and they to trip a bit in a way of no harm. But I have never been able to gather to myself at any time so great a harvest of comfort for any mishap to anybody, as that evening when I saw the gray-and-white sitting without honour in Grandma's arms. The geese looked at him questioningly as at a small god who was human after all. And the crows trust forward their black necks and wanted to stick out their tongues at him; and the cow kept her head above the ditch and tossed her horns at the broken idol. But Fan showed mercy on her face. For it was one of Fan's weaknesses to dole out pity before she had exhausted the less flexible emotions. Myself, I caressed the brave troopers in my pocket and praised them in discreet whispers. And the brave man who did the exploit, I called him back into camp when Grandma's face was the other way,

and promised him promotion. Ah, dear!

Well, the rest is briefly told. Grandma smothered the grey-and-white with such kindness she brought him back out of the valley of the shadow. But though restored to physical fitness he was never again the arch-demon I fought against with my troops all over the Bog. He was wounded in his pride, his satellites had seen his humiliation, his enemies had scoffed at his shame. He was wayward afterward, but never for long; and the impudence was gone out of him. As for Grandma, I think she suspected my sin though she never mentioned it. I often thought since then that she cut down some on my allowance of bread and jam when the evening's work was done from that time on; but I won't say so for fear of telling a lie and doing a wrong to the dead. And I didn't care anyhow, after I had taken the pride of position out of the gray-and-white. I would have given up anything in the world for that; except, maybe, my ash hurley.

Going home with Fan that evening, I felt as happy as ever I felt in my life before or since.

"There's the boy did it!" I said to Fan. She held the trooper in her hand, a tough fellow that hurt when he hit. "You might have killed him. Then what would you do?"

Fan was always creating a problem. "Wasn't he abusing you? Wasn't he about to injure my sister?" That softened Fan wonderfully, and the tears came to her eyes and stole down her white, quiet face. She gave me back my trooper; gently I thought; with such affection as self-effacing sisters feel for worthless brothers.

I shall always remember that evening. The little stirrings of life down in the young clover, the quiet warmth of the air, the purple gossamer threads stretched net-like across the long peers of grass, and the sun going down behind Hayes' hill. The blue smoke columns rose out of Sheehans' chimney and out of Clancys' and out of Walches'; and a dog barked over in Johnny Sheehy's haggard, and Mikeen Lane drove home the cows from the high field, and Jack Donnelly, the post-boy, blew his horn back at Nantenan. One felt the evening noises and the evening hush. Beyond, down the hill and down the north county miles and miles away, the Shannon - the dear Shannon, as old as Ireland and as lovely - was spread wide and white and, in spite of all the hangings, evictions and massacres, flowing the free.

"Look how lovely!" cried Fan with an elemental joy at seeing beauty. "I brought down the gander anyhow," I said, to keep alive the flame of my own adulation. "Ah, never mind the gander now, but look at the river!" cried Fan, her eyes shining and colour coming to her face. I looked down. In my imperfect way, I enjoyed the far-off wonder; and nearer, the quiet sheep and cattle grazing along the sloping land, and the rhythmical succession of murmur and silence; drifting blue smoke, and men moving quietly out of their fields after labour, and the

Contd. next page.

INTER FIRM G.A.A.

The eagerly awaited game between Shannon Meat P.L.C./Town Traders and close neighbours McCormacks was played at Askeaton, on Monday 24th. July. We were to play minus five of our regular team due to injuries. This has been the pattern this year. For all of one match to date we have been unable to field our full strength team. The county final against McCormacks was a great game of football. There is no doubt about it but we were complete underdogs going into this encounter. McCormacks had several players from the St. Kierans Club. Our lads did us proud and were by no means overawed by the opposition. On the contrary the Ardagh boys were very lucky that our players left their shooting boots at home. It is true indeed, we had more than 60% of the play but wasted several scoring chances. At half time we trailed by two point 0-6 to 0-4.

Second Half

The second half of the game was very similar to the opening thirty minutes. We dominated play for long periods but we were unable to turn chances into scores. I am sure that McCormacks most ardent supporters would admit that had we not wasted so many chances, they would have to wait until next year to contest their first county final. The final score of 1-9 to 1-6 in McCormacks favour is indeed a flattering scorline. It is only fair to add that while we might have squandered scoring opportunities, the team played some very good football, and also let's remember we were short five of our best players. **Team:** Tom White, James O'Grady, Denis O'Dea, Pat Jones, Brian Dillon, Ml. O'Shuaghnessy, Barry Dillon, Richie Hayes, Charlie Hogan, Sean Harnett, Noel Kennedy, Pat Sheehan, Ml. Gallagher, Bill Chawke, Jim Kennedy. **Sub:** Pat Neville.

Co. Hurling Quarter Final

Our hurling team confounded all critics and advanced to meet Shannonside Kitchens in the semi-final at the expense of Wyeth Ireland Ltd., Askeaton. This game was played at Rathkeale G.A.A.

Grandma's Gander [Contd.]

long piercing screech of an engine whistle back near Askeaton, and Dick Sheehy driving the sheep out of the windy crags into the patch of grass above the Bog for the night.

Now for all the times I can remember I think of that evening as the happiest. I had bowed my enemy so he was lying below the dust. All the world about me was full of quiet beauty, as if it were an old picture hid away in the corner from the eyes of men. I had saved my sister from humiliation or worse, and she was proud of my baravery and my triumph. Fan would tell the mother as soon as she had opened the half-door and set her foot inside the threshold. And the mother would say: "Patch, it was a great turn you did the small sister in knocking the mean-ness out of the gander. May God love you always!"

And then she would give me the hot bread and jam. Ah, dear!

grounds on Wed. 26th. July. Once again due to injuries and hay making we were unable to field a full strength team. However, some of our older players who had retired put on their boots and jerseys one more time. I should add some even left their trousers on as they had no shorts. The old saying of "old wine is always best" was very true on this occasion. Bill Chawke was the architect in chief as he scored three first half goals, and laid the foundations for a great win. The fifteen players on duty plus sub: Pat Jones, better known for his football skills did us proud. Wyeth Ireland Ltd. expected to win as they were aware that we were understrength. Our lads played with great heart and determination. I certainly hope that we play with the spirit in the Co. Semi final. This game was one of the best examples I have seen of a team with the will to win. For me the highlights of this game were Bill Chawkes three goals and some lovely points scored by Ml. O'Connor from frees. All sixteen players were heroes in their own rite. I must also however make a special reference to Matty Williams. He made two first class saves at vital periods of the second half. When Wyeth Ltd. were very eager for a goal. Noel Skehan of Killeeny fame could not have been better. Well done Matty! The final score was Shannon Meat P.L.C. 4-5 to 2-2.

County Semi-Final

On Wednesday, 31st. July, our hurlers qualified for the county final by beating Shannonside Kitchens 3-3 to 1-7. Having trailed by five points at the interval the team played a great second half. The hurling final against Europak has been fixed for Monday 12th. August by at a venue yet to be decided. A full report on the semi-final and final will appear in the next issue. The team would appreciate some support at the final, so please come along and give them every encouragement.

McGrath Cup

I would like to congratulate our own Ml. O'Shaughnessy and his Limerick colleagues on their fine win over Tipperary in the McGrath Cup home final played at Pairch Ui Chaoimh as a curtain raiser to the recent Cork and Kerry Munster final. Michael and the Limerick team must now travel to London in the Autumn to play the final proper. We wish them the very best of luck.

Yours in sport
Ml. O'Neill.



Michael O'Neill

SOCCER SCENE

SHANNON UNITED Club Tour

The Club tour has been reorganised this year and the Club travelled to Skibbereen in West Cork for a match against Skibbereen Dynamos. Skibbereen play in the 1st. division of the Cork AUL and indeed have considered applying for a league of Ireland position. While Skibbereen were a somewhat stronger team and indeed beat us 5-1 (V. Hogan scorer) the actual purpose of the week-end was to have a good time and indeed such a time was enjoyed by all.

A.G.M.

The Club's A.G.M. was held on Monday 24th. June. The following are the Officers for the coming year:

Chairman: Pat Hayes.
Vice Chairman: Mike Walsh.
Secretary: John Coleman.
Joint Treasurers: Pat Hayes & Pa Sheehan.
Committee Members: Wm. Daly, L. Woulfe, P. Madigan, P. Jones, K. O'Rourke, F. Lynch and P. Reidy.

The method of team selection for the coming season has changed with Pat Hayes having sole responsibility.

Fund Raising

In order to raise the much needed cash for the day to day running of the Club and indeed for the further development of the Club a special fund raising committee has been formed. Pa Sheehan is the Chairman of this Committee.

Insurance

One of the points made most strongly at the Annual General Meeting is that the Club are paying into a very comprehensive Insurance Scheme for the players, so any player who is injured, after a specified period of time is entitled to compensation, varying from covering any medical costs incurred to a weekly wage of £50. Players should remember the availability of this scheme for the coming season.

5-A Side Tournaments

The Club has been very busy over the summer months playing in the number of 5 & 7 a side tournaments. While we have failed to win outright any tournament the Club have performed with merit in the number of events and indeed reached the semi-final of the Templeglantine 7-a-side. While the Shannon Utd. A team are due to play Adare G.A.A. team in the semi-final of the Adare tournament.

Minor Team

Rathkeale Minors are once again performing with credit in Minor tournaments and currently are top of the Minor Desmond League. The Clubs latest win was against Broadford, whom we beat 3-2. Mark Meehan and William Daly completed a great victory in a match which we were 2-0 down at one stage.

Thanks

Finally a few words of thanks to the sponsors of our 5-a-sides and

the competitors who played so sportingly throughout. Also thanks to Dan Herwich for his generous sponsorship of a new club stripe. Shannon shall wear this stripe with pride for many a coming season.

DEEL UTD.

Week-end 7th. July, must rank as one of the most successful and satisfying that the Club has ever witnessed with the grand finale to the various soccer tournaments of the last fortnight and the club's dance at the Manor Haven, Rathkeale on Friday night 5th. July. The dance was an outstanding success, attracting a very large crowd. The music was supplied by the New Glenside and they proved just why they are one of the most popular groups in West Limerick.

The compere, Jimmy Fitzgerald (for Rathkeale Utd.) expressed his delight at the attendance and reflected that it was an appreciation of the time, money and concern shown by the club towards the youth of the town. He thanked all of the sponsors of the club down through the years, (a seemingly endless list). He then called on the club chairman to present the Sports Stars of the Year '84-'85 to the following recipients.

Junior Men:
Player of the Year: Sean Harnett (A team)
Player of the Year: Kieran Barry (B team)
Clubman of the Year: Niall Hogan
Young supporter of the year: Martin Costelloe.

School Boys:
Under 11: Mitchell Wilmoth.
Under 12: Chester Woulfe, Declan O'Keeffe.
Under 14: Seamus Dollery.
Under 16: Diarmuid Hough.

Leading Goalscorer: Paul 'Puddin' Lynch.

The local business people proved that they too are interested in the youth of the town. Mr. O'Sullivan on behalf of Brian Geary Car Sales and Mr. B. Hennessy of Bunnys Disco fame presented two leather footballs to the under age teams. The proprietress of the Manor Haven and Mr. Coughlan (Coughlans Menswear) presented a set of football gear (each) to the captains of the under 12s and under 16 teams. Mr. J. Roche (J.R.) on behalf of John Magner's Lounge Bar presented a set of jerseys to the Junior Mens team and Mr. John Dinnage (John's Menswear) presented a set to the Junior 'B' team. On behalf of the club I would like to thank all our sponsors for their initiative and generosity this year.



Deel United A Team Player of the year - Sean Harnett.

SHANNON MEAT CHAT

By The Scribe

- * We wish Joan O'Brien every success in her new life in America.
- * We would like to wish Bill Lynch a happy Retirement after working in Shannon Meat for twenty-five years.
- * Congratulations to Seamus Kennedy and his wife Nora on the birth of a daughter during the holidays.
- * Yet another Corkman (Paul Treacy) makes his way into the Laboratory. We wish him the best of luck there.
- * Congratulations to Dan Neville who's wife presented him with a bouncing baby boy during the holidays.
- * Impersonating Houndini on the day of the holidays was John Stack when he disappeared dramatically and surfaced again some hours later.
- * Holidaying in Jersey was Tom Keating and Mike Liston fortunately for them they have colour to show after the holidays.
- * So bad was the weather for the holidays that some employees were wondering on their return, whether they had been on Summer or Christmas Holidays.
- * The Scribe wishes Dom White a very happy retirement, after 10 years as Gate Security Man.
- * Congratulations to Brid Keating of the Homesales Department, who got engaged to Donie Curtin of Tournafulla. Another good Irish girl gone West.
- * Get well wishes are sent to Pat Dalton and John Mulcahy (Shanagolden) who are recovering from accidents.
- * A long and happy life to Tony Mackessy and his new wife who were married on the 10th August. Tony hails from Adare and works in the Slaughter Hall.
- * Driver stick to your wheel in future, So Donie Mac said to Sean Mulcahy when Pa Guinane caused a flash of embarrassment during the holidays.
- * It is good to see the staff who were laid off back at work for the season.
- * I hear that the October Livestock and Meat Show will surpass last years very successful event. Why not bring the family out for the day.
- * Congratulations to Maureen Burke on the birth of a son, Gerard Martin.
- * Watch Out! Pauline has returned to the Canteen.



Shamrock Rovers - Winners of the Under 11 League. Back row: Matthew Neville, Alan Neville, John Gilbourne, Stephen Clarke, Damien White. Front row: Michael White, Ollie Byrnes, Kevin Clarke, Declan O'Kelly and Enda Neville.



Beaten finalists in the Rathkeale United Five-a-Side Tournament. Back row: 1 to r: Ray Gilbourne, Maurice O'Connor and Pat Gilbourne. Front row: P.J. Brennan, James Hogan and Paul Fitzgerald.



Seamus Dollery is seen here receiving his under 16 trophy from Sean Harnett after he had captained his side to victory in the under 16 tournament. Seamus will be on a national coaching course from 12th. to 16th. August in Dublin with the cream of Ireland's schoolboy footballers.

THE WISE WOMAN FROM CLARE

By John Stack

If I asked any of the readers of the paper to link the county of Clare with one person, I would have no doubt that 9 out of 10 people would say "Biddy Early" and if you go to Feakle you'll still hear tell of the wonders worked and the great cures carried out by the wise woman and her magic bottle. In the following article I will try to paint a picture of this woman who they say is still seen walking the roads of Clare in the full nights of Summer.

You can go to Feakle yourself and still meet some people whose fathers, grandfathers and the rest from long ago knew the woman and her magic bottle. Some said that Biddy had been away with the fairies for seven years but wherever she got her powers from she never used them wickedly, but helped both rich and poor people alike if they had any problems. But Biddy could also do evil to any man or woman that crossed her path or wished her harm.

The story is told of her landlord who went to her one day and told her to get out on the road. She answered bitterly that one day he would not want for heat in his home or a place to warm his hands. Sure enough it wasn't long till he was roasted like a pig in the burning walls of his own home and after that no landlord ever again tried to evict Biddy.

Another story is told of an old man who was losing his health and called to see her. She looked into her green bottle and told him that if he wanted to wear out the best suit of clothes he had in his life, he would have to give up drinking whiskey. He took her at her word and ever after that he would only drink gin, even if you gave him a lake full of whiskey. He wore out the suit as well as the trousers of another.

Biddy was married four times and all her husbands died of drink, and why wouldn't they when the house was full to the rafters with hams, whiskeys and bags of meal that the people gave her in thanks for the cures she brought to them. She could use her bottle to coax any man she wanted to and they were all fine stout young men she put the spell on. She was eighty years old when she married young Pat O'Brien, but she charmed him like a girl of 18.

Her name was known and the wonders of what she could do were talked about the length and breadth of Ireland. Anybody who came to tell her their secrets, need never have opened their mouths, because Biddy could read their thoughts as soon as they passed the threshold.

When she was dying they brought her the priest and she gave him the bottle to get rid of. It didn't matter much anyway because the power belonged to her and the bottle would only be glass in the hands of another. They say that Biddy Early can still be seen walking the roads of Clare and where love and drink prosper she won't be too far away with the high blessing of her kindness. It will be a long day before we look on the likes of Biddy Early again in Ireland!



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