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MY LIFE AND TIMES

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Mangaire Sugach

around, and those who seemed to have no problem making do with their amount. In fact, they would sub their friend from time to time. Some understood how hard it was to pay back one's debts in one fell swoop. Some cared less and so they were outside in the corridor, waiting to collect what was rightfully theirs. There is something that puzzles you to this day. How people, with equal or less earning power than you can live what appears to be a better life in terms of spending. What made it more difficult to understand was that those people possessed more worldly goods than you did and yet our spending rate seemed to be the same. You still can't understand it any more than you could twenty-five years ago. Wednesday to Wednesday was a whole era apart when one was broke. And the awful thing was that so many potential great happenings would happen when you had no

NEWS AND VIEWS

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GIVE AWAY DETAILS. O na tuisirí o na media persons seo, ní chreidfeá gur i Luimneach a bhíodar. Bhí Derek Browne (on London Guardian) anseo ag scríobh faoin ollthogchán reatha i Limerick East. D'oscáil se leis an dearcad seo: "In the

butcher's. There were strands of glistening sausages all over the place, nothing else save freshly-made sausages. Something in their freshness and in their symmetry kept me standing there for fifteen minutes on end whilst all around people moved along their separate ways and one could see at once that sausages were the last thoughts in their heads.

The man who accosted me had the tinge of freshly-consumed whiskey on his breath and a white carnation on his lapel. He was, obviously, a sole refugee from a wedding party in one of Killarney's many fine hotels. I dare say a fellow, who had been upbraided by a watchful wife for consuming too many nips on the sly.

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belligerently and he pointed upward where the last quarter of a moon was becoming more pronounced as darkness approached. I moved away quickly but his challenge must be answered. This week, therefore, we will take a look at the moon. I am one who believes that instead of the moon affecting us it is we who affect the moon. My mind was taken back to the previous Sunday night, as I ambled carefree through the lanes and streets of lovely Killarney.

On that particular Sunday night I took a walk into the backway behind my own premises. The place was drenched in comely moonlight. Bosomy, billowy, blowy clouds passing by, each narrowly missing the moon as though by pre-arrangement.

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forfeited; but befuddled, by booze; but now they are hellbent on challenging the world, there is no doubt but they would vandalise the sky and remove the moon from its rightful place in the heavens. "Come down you roundy bastard!" one called, whilst another seized an empty porter bottle which lay behind a telephone pole and sent it soaring in the general direction of the orb of night.

There followed a succession of the most heinous profanities every unashed in the neighbourhood, each uttered to fair Diana whose loveliness still impressed so impressively and serenely on the sky of night. The youths passed on and yet she shone gently down as though the night had never been polluted by such coarse

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scene in terror and disgust. **Satellite** The piddler passes on and is followed on the moonlit stage by a lecherous looking mongrel who howls abuse moonwards as though he would blame the earth's solitary satellite for the woes of the canine world. Then comes a couple holding fast to each other. Hands entwined they urgently seek the more secluded shadows. What's that Christopher Fry had to say: "The moon is nothing. But a circumambulating apodisidiae. Discreetly subsidised to provoke the world. Into a rising birth-rate." The backway is deserted again. How blessed are the

other and then slunk under a door to honour a feline, trust. We watched the clouds pass by, sometimes softening, sometimes agitating the silver-gold rays. A sedate member of the Garda Síochána entered the picture. He paused and bade us goodnight. He stood then and folded his arms. "There's no doubt about it", he said to myself and the wife. "No doubt about what?" we asked. "Moonlight" said he, "is for everybody but especially it is for cats and lovers". Then he unfolded his arms, blessed us and proceeded upon his way repeating the phrase to himself. "Moonlight is for cats and lovers. Moonlight is for cats and lovers".

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Now comes a stray ass, his loose shoes noisy in the quiet, his gait restrained by bunger as he seeks night-time pastures where no men venture. I wish him luck. Enter more youths. Vain cockerels these who attempt to fight each other with hideous shrieks and threats but no blows. The moon hides behind a cloud, and who would blame her? What's that John Milton said: "To behold the wandering moon, Riding near her highest noon; Like one that hath been led astray. Through the Heaven's wide pathless way. And oft as if her head she bowed, stooping through a fleecy cloud".

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Praying for pay day

Harry had money so had those near to him. That was just another feature of how situations worked for him. Some of us spent long, boring, futile hours trying to cultivate a relationship with the staff in the cash office. For the likes of you, at the end of all that cultivation, there was only a summary dismissal when you craved the favour of Tuesday evening pay day. You could never find even one person who could be so depended upon. The hold Harry could open up into the office, naturally under some disguise like the inevitable piece of paper, but his very presence there was enough to tell one of the people behind the counter that Harry was wanting to be paid. And so he got paid and though he might owe a considerable amount of money to the person who paid him and many others scattered in various offices about various corridors, he wouldn't be submitted to the ignominy of finding a couple of fellow workers demanding their pound of flesh when the office opened officially. According to the tradition, it was all done under the counter. The man who ran the office and those responsible for systems would be very annoyed if they discovered what was happening. But it seemed that they never discovered and that was something that amazed you. The sight of Harry opening a wage packet in the canteen bar on a Tuesday evening or ordering a steak in the cafeteria was surely sufficient evidence of how the system was being taken apart. And Harry wasn't the only one. A few years later, when you actually worked in the cash office and saw the wholesale Tuesday evening payments that went on, you were very annoyed personally. You remembered all the Tuesday nights that you

stayed at home and all the bargains that you missed simply because no-one would allow you the luxury of the busied system. And you believed that only a few were able to breach it. Harry could never understand why the like of you and Cronan had to pass up on Tuesday nights. He assumed that both of you were developing some dangerous streak of thriftiness or both of you were inexplicably affected by some rare type of disease. He couldn't be made to accept that all the wheedling in the world only made matters worse. It was like telling a half-drunken man to drive slower; all your demands did was to make him drive faster. All that your demands did was to put up a wall of solid No's. Harry had a sound reason for wanting you and Cronan to make your own arrangements. Otherwise he would have to share with you both and at the rate he spent money - and that, after paying off a collection of down payments on previous debts - he would soon be making approach to some other kindly soul.

I Mo Scriobail Fein

county Clare, village of Cappamore. **CORK CUPPAS** Bhí Donal Musgrave on Sunday Tribune (Ath Cliath) anseo freisin. Scriobh se tuairisc faoin gceannlíne: "O'Malley puts himself high up in the leadership stakes". Tharla rud greannur nuair a bhí Donal Musgrave istigh i gceanncheathrú na F.F-ers sa chathair. "As we slipped Fine Gael tea-Barry's best imported from Cork at the Fianna Fáil headquarters in Limerick's O'Connell street", scriobh Donal Musgrave. **CHARLEY STEPS OUT?** D'ól Donal Musgrave an Cork Fine Gael Tea agus ag ceistiú Dessie O'Malley faoi na anti-Charley antics at le sonnrú imeasc na F.F-ers sa Mhumban. **BUY LIMERICK?** Ní ar Dessie a bhí an locht tuairisc

gur Cork féin tea a bhí acu i gceanncheathrú na Limerick East F.F-ers. "I am not on the tea-purchasing committee myself", arsa Dessie. Ní héadar ar chúir Dessie "Buy Limerick". I Line ar siúl tairis an bótn sin? **CORBALLY CAKE** Tharla rud difriúil dom féin istigh i gceanncheathrú na fine gaeil. (Stráid Wickham-óis cionn Dan O'Connor's). Níl fhios agam car as a thairín ag coffee-bhí se go deas. Anne Reidy bean-cheis Paddy O'Corbally a thug an coffee dom. Thug sí piosaí fruit cake an-deas dom freisin. "I made it myself", arsa Anne. **DOWN GRADED?** Mar a dúirt mé, roimhe seo, ní chreidfeá gur i Luimneach a bhí na media persons seo nuair a scríobhadar a gchuid tuairiscí. Deirann gach cine anseo gur i Luimneach an

third city san Republic. Scriobh Donal Musgrave seo: "A town where religious confraternities flourish and where the working class play rugby". Bailé O'Lo! Confraternities? Tuairim ata i bhfad as data. Ta muintir Luimni san vodka-and tonic treimhse anois. Maidir leis an piosa faoin "working class play rugby", an bhfuil "working class" faghla-anseo (no aon ait tile san Phoblacht), leis an Lion daoine ata as abair?

Seamus O Cinneide

The Black and Tans leaving Limerick



PRIOR to their departure from William Street Barracks, Limerick H.Q., en route to "dear old Blighty", the garrison had their photograph taken, to bring with them, as a souvenir, of their good time: murder, pillage, assault (criminal and physical), plus "£1 a day and their chances" - to quote the "News of the World". Seated second from left, beside plain-clothes 'Tan, is the notorious Sergeant Horan (R.I.C.), while second from right, third row, is his partner-in-crime, Sergeant Leech (B.I.C.). Both of whom were involved in the triple murder of Mayor George Clancy, ex-Mayor Michael O'Callaghan and Volunteer Joseph O'Donoghue, in their homes on Sunday night/early Monday morning, March 6/7, 1921. Leech was shot dead on the steps of Harcourt Street station, Dublin, in the summer of 1922, after returning from Bray with a lady friend.

WILLIE W. GLEESON

in "The Folklore of Coniger", Dominic Culhane, Cappagh, recalls a famous rhymer whom he knew in youth; and in "Historic ndering at Beale Strand", s. Madge Finnegan, then a maid in Ballyvaughan, remembers the 16th September, 27, when Colonel J. Fitzurice and Major Mac Inch were forced to abandon their attempt to fly the Atlantic and had to come down at ale Strand. The airman re brought for refreshments the bar where Mrs. Finnegan was employed. Robert Cussen, rightly derided as the doyen of local torians, continues his series on "Famous People of Limerick". On this occasion he deals with John Canon gley, author of the famous ee-volume History of the cease of Limerick. This, as e would expect, is an ellent contribution. The final item in the 'sobserver' is a reprint of an icle in Irish, that the late mas O'Connba wrote about years ago for the Limerick eader. The article describes the establishment of the arkhouse in Newcastle est, and also recalls the ver-to-be-forgotten Night of 'Big Wind. Tomas's Irish is ways a pleasure to read. The Annual Observer is eceptionally good value at £2. resume that copies can still had from the Newcastle st Historical Society.

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