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**DOING GOOD WORK**

**In Interests Of All**

The annual general meeting of Hospital Parish Guild of Muintir na Tire (writes our Hospital and District correspondent) was held on Sunday night, 14th inst. There was a large attendance, representative of the business, farmer and labour communities. Speakers to the meeting were Rev. J. M. Hayes, C.C., Chairman of Executive; Mr. P. J. Meghen, B.E., County Manager, and Mr. J. O. Barry Walsh, B.L., Organiser.

Very Rev. J. Canon McCarthy, P.P., V.F., presided, and Mr. P. J. Leahy, hon. secretary, read the report for 1944, which year, he said, was the most successful the Guild had known since its inception. Chief amongst the projects carried through successfully during the year were the provision of plots for over 100 hortens, which number was twice that of the previous year; the purchase of a reaper and binder, which had already realised the amount paid for it; the holding of an Agricultural Show in August last, which far surpassed all previous ones held, the number of exhibits exceeding that of 1943 by 50 per cent., and the holding of a waist drive, through which funds were raised for the poor of the parish.

Mr. John J. Hogan, hon. treasurer, gave a detailed report of the Guild's financial position, which was shown to be very sound.

**ADDRESS BY FATHER HAYES.**

In his address to the meeting, Father Hayes congratulated the Guild on the wonderful amount of work done during 1944, and he added that he was delighted to see that the Guild was in a good financial position. From listening to the reports of Mr. Leahy, secretary, and Mr. Hogan, treasurer, the reverend speaker said it was brought forcibly to his mind the actual good that had been done during the past year. It was not the material achievements of which he spoke, but that great and most successful achievement of all—that of bringing the people of a parish together and having them forget their own selfish interests in an endeavour to concentrate on the interests of all, which meant the parish.

The purpose of Muintir na Tire, Father Hayes said, was to unite the people of a parish, irrespective of class or creed, and to get them to work and co-operate for the common good and welfare of that parish. This purpose, he was glad to say, had been achieved by Hospital Parish Guild to a great extent. Muintir na Tire was organised to enable its members to teach and practice Christianity and it was not such that based itself on the materialistic. Again, he continued, he would like his hearers to understand that Muintir na Tire was not an emergency-existing organisation, but that not, in fact, until after the war would its real work begin, when there would be a greater opportunity of working and building up the spirit of harmony and goodwill which should ever exist in a Christian country.

Mr. Meghen next addressed the meeting and said it was a great pleasure for him to be present at the general meeting of Hospital Muintir na Tire, an organisation with which he was proud to be even remotely connected. He fully realised, as Father Hayes had said, the marvellous amount of work which the Guild had got through during the year, and he felt that great credit was due to the existing Parish Council. The Agricultural Show which was held in August was, he said, unquestionably an all-round success. Despite the most adverse weather conditions possible, the officials and stewards had seen to every detail, and the spirit which prevailed, of making the Show a success despite all adversities, was alone responsible for its success. He, himself, had been present on that day and had been greatly impressed by the large number and particularly the quality, of the exhibits of the various sections, which were equal to the best products of the country.

**A LOT TO BE DONE.**

Mr. Meghen, continuing, said there was one point he would like to stress, and that was that there was an enormous amount of work to be done in a parish like Hospital by an organisation such as Muintir na Tire. As Father Hayes had said, Muintir na Tire, like other organisations, was not one that would only exist throughout the

**STRAY SCRAPS**

**Passing Of Talented Character**

(By RAMBLING THADY).

So poor "Jim Pickaxe" has passed the way for the last time. The news was heard with regret in many parts of the country, and our thanks are due to the Ballylanders correspondent for his nicely written obituary paragraph.

I was honoured to be numbered as one of his special friends for quite a quarter of a century and spent many a pleasant hour tapping information from his well-informed mind. Jim in his day was a great reader and, unlike the most of us, retained what he read. When in the humour quotations from the great poets and writers fell from his lips as drops of rain on the desert sands. For some years his one complaint was the failure of his eyes and the consequent loss of his principal hobby. He showed me once the manuscript notes of his own life story. Some time later I asked what progress he had been making and he laughingly told me he had to use his notes to light the fire for his midnight breakfast. Seldom, if ever, did Jim sleep under a roof. "Madame Green (meaning, of course, the open country) was the kindest of landladies," he used to say; "she never asked inquisitive questions and never presented a bill."

"You'll catch your death sleeping out at night," said Mrs. Thady to him one day. "For years I have been trying to catch it," he answered promptly, "and I can't even catch a cold."

Jim was an accomplished violinist and pianist. He refrained, however, from showing his skill in public and the fiddle he carried on his rounds was barely capable of producing sounds usually associated with a tom-cat on a midnight prowl. Even the cords and wire which held it together failed at last and he pathetically told me how he had laid the poor "wife" to rest on a heather-clad hillside near Glenrog.

I met him for the last time in Ardpatrick. He had his vest buttoned over his coat, which, in turn, was worn over the overcoat. As a fresh air faddist his hat was crownless. The ensemble was certainly original and might well be copied by the modern young lady who is always searching for some new fashion. He had a pair of clogs given to him by a generous draper in Kilmallock. They were a few sizes too big, which gave ample room for the stuffing of straw which acted as a substitute for socks.

One sharp evening in October I met him in Kilmallock with a bundle of straw on his shoulder. Pointing to the bundle I asked what was it all about. "O Dearest," he whimpered, "this is my mattress."

Jim's honesty was proverbial. Once he was a patient in St. John's Hospital, and he told me how one of the Sisters gave him three shillings when paying. "Now, Jim," she said, "you are to get a bus ticket to Kilmallock for this." "The holy nun must have suspected my weakness," he added, "for an hour later, I fought against the ever increasing thirst, the placarus showed that Guinness was good for me. The good nun had trusted me—I couldn't let her down. That evening I was the most dispirited man that ever boarded a bus. When my three white coins dropped into Mick Faton's wallet my heart and soul went with them. Honestly, I couldn't do otherwise. I could never again in this life, or the next, meet that nun and admit that I had abused her generosity and faith."

Poor old Jim! We will miss him. Clean of tongue, clean of heart, patient in adversity, deeply religious, and thoroughly Gaelic in his outlook, he was one of nature's gentlemen. Beannacht De ar a anam.

**LATE FATHER CARR**

**THE OBSEQUIES**

On Wednesday evening, January 17th, the remains of Rev. Father

**ODDS AND ENDS**

**Behind The Time**

(By AN MANGAIRE SUGACH).

On a nice day get up at six o'clock in the morning.

When the clock begins to chime, At four or five or six o'clock In the frosty winter time: (New Bailed for Old).

What was that? I cock an ear and listen. It's very stark and the house is very still. Yes, certainly, something has disturbed my slumbers and I wonder what can it be. A mongrel dog barking at the bright moon perhaps? Anyway, I'm too lazy and fat too comfortable to bother at the moment. Judging by how tired I feel, I reason it to be some time around midnight. Hours to sleep yet. The blankets have a warmen I never left before. It makes me feel cozy, cozy, cozy, and I'm off to sleep. I yawn, yawn, yawn, and prepare to doze off once more.

But there it comes again. I hear it, but so unexpected is the sound, that the full import of what I hear fails to register for a minute or two. Alas! too soon I grasp its meaning. It is the call to get up, plus the very useful and comforting piece of information that this is the twentieth call, and that of a certainty I'll be late for work. This is the first call that has reached my startled ears, and I can only assume that the other nineteen perished of frost-bite on their way. Outside, merciless Jack Frost is strangling the earth in a grip of iron and white-washing her corpse with immaculate moral line; it is I don't know how many degrees below zero—twenty or thirty at the least. Surely no fellow could be expected to get up on a morning like this. While I'm philosophising another half dozen calls disturb the frigid peace. Something must be done about it. Very gently I withdraw a hand from beneath the clothes and stretch it forth. It is half paralysed by the Arctic atmosphere of the room. I grope in the Stygian darkness and eventually find a boot. I push this around the floor three or four times to give the impression that I'm up and about. Next, poor numb fingers come in contact with a chair, which for a few minutes is obliged to execute pirouettes and waltzes with the silence of a Tiger tank crashing through a barricade. Satisfied that I have convinced everybody that I'm on the point of buttoning the last button of my overcoat, I recall the frozen hand, tuck the clothes tightly around me, and lapse into blissful unconsciousness.

Five minutes of heavenly slumber, then the morning silence is shattered once and for all by a prolonged and determined banging on the door. There is nothing for it this time but to make the supreme sacrifice. I shout "all right" in much the same tone as the gladiators must have shouted "Ave Imperator, morituri te salutant" when entering the arena of death, and with one desperate plunge I land on the floor. The shock is awful. I shiver and shiver and my teeth chatter typewriter-fashion, as in a semi-comatose state I get through the painful dressing operation.

I'll never forgive that meddler who introduced this confounded new time, or summer time, or insane time, or whatever you like to call it. It beats me how he got away with it. Of course new time was bad enough during the summer, but the idea of holding on to it during winter beats Banagher. Summer time in winter! Did anyone ever hear the likes of it? It's a mad world, my masters.

When I am wriggling out from under the blankets in the morning, with every lying clock boldly asserting that it is 7.30, 'tis little consolation to know that 'tis really only six o'clock—for ninety minutes is the extent of our folly. There is one town in Limerick, and to its eternal credit it gave battle royal to this time-changing fad, so that in the County of the City of the Violated Treaty three different times were once observed—new time, old time and Kilmallock time. Behold that gallant little town, perched on a hill, its tapering spire of red sandstone straining heavenwards to look down on Ireland's fairest plain; behold it raised aloft betwixt Galtee and Ballyhoura, the tragic town where of old the poor mangled head of brave Staker Wallace rotted on a

**GOLFERS**

**Pleasant Fun**

Limerick

The members of the Limerick Golf Club held their re-union dinner and Cruise's Night, Limerick, Tuesday night. Covering over one hundred and including many guests.

Dr. M. J. Roberts, the Club, presided. The guests were Mr. P.L. Dalton, Judge Shaw, first President, Mr. W. F. Treacy, President of the Club.

Mr. Frank O'Mahony, the Club, presided. The toast of "The Club" was received with a flourish of song by the members.

The toast of the "Club" was proposed by Mr. M. J. Roberts, who, at the warm tribute to the Club. That the Club is a flourishing condition he said, due in no small measure to the enterprise of those who originally established it. For these men were Mr. M. J. Roberts and Mr. M. J. Nolan, and Mr. M. J. Nolan, the Club's first President, who had been and was one of its pillars, and served splendid courses such as Mr. R. J. Nolan, and Mr. M. J. Nolan. The Castletroy Golf Club, 350 members, testified to the ability of golf as a pastime. His duties were manifold, but he had proved an onerous position. To the present Frank Kavanagh, a was due. He was amongst many fine and worked unselfishly for the promotion of the well-being of all its members.

Responding, Mr. Sh. the greatest satisfaction one of the founders of the Club had done so well was partly instrument of the "Limerick Club" active part in the Limerick Golf Club, a got was in his boots to say that Castletroy club for any section. They were all one at by co-operation that combine to make a resort for everybody, should not be assumed their handicaps and let them to do their utmost in the interests of the occasions (applause).

Mr. F. Kavanagh, who said that they were the success of the dinner, and he desired to the founder wished to pay tribute to the professional, Mr. Dan interest and work were invaluable (applause). In a happy speech O'Donnell, son-in-law, proposed the toast "Guests." He extended come to District J. wao, he said, was a very popular one who had the of the city at heart shown in his work of all cultural and it was was due to that Limerick had or Art Galleries in the (applause). Mr. Malcolm well as being a member of the Club that night, sired to acknowledge his debt to him as its founder member and pleasure. They were to have Mr. W. Treacy Ballyclough. Few in such a keen interest did, and his presence caton of the happy between the two Clubs was a sportsman in the word.

Replying, Mr. Flood appreciation of the tended to him, and never been present pleasant function, or of the kind at which larger number. It delightful function at the Organizing Committee. Mr. W. F. Treacy, as a game had rapidly in recent years were now between