

# people opinion

## Soon there will be no days left ...

It's Sunday afternoon and it's Mother's Day and I'm at work, but as all the mother's in the country are being brought out for lunch, I don't expect to be busy. As myself and the trusty old Volvo came across country a little bit earlier I couldn't help but think of the way times have changed.

Back in the old days, there was no Mother's Day for Mrs. B or any of the other Mrs. B's around the country, so they never had this day of rest when they got the breakfast in bed or got taken out for lunch or had all the household chores done by the children, didn't they miss out.

I got to wonder when Mother's Day and indeed Father's Day came about and whether they are now fixed on a specific date or a specific Sunday or how do we know when they are due at all? A friend of mine whom I've just phoned (it's like phone-a-friend in who Wants to be a Millionaire) says it all started off a few years back to boost business for the economy, and that sooner rather than later we'll have Granny's Day and Grandad's Day and eventually stepdad and stepmums days and nephews and nieces days until there's no days left. I think he's a bit of a sceptic but either way, it's here to stay and I hope all the mums out there have a wonderful day. They deserved it.

The other thing that struck me on my way up is how brown and burnt looking the fields are. Not a daffodil or a bunch of primroses in sight and the only flowers that seem to be sticking their necks out at all are the snowdrops. Usually by Paddy's Day the

countryside would be awash with colour, with the primroses and daffodils in flower. I suppose it's due to the severe frost we had for so long this year, we aren't going to have anything like the normal growth. I must be either the most unlucky or the worst gardener in living history, as this year I made my second attempt to grow daffodils and it looks as if, for the second time, my efforts are doomed to failure.

About 25 years ago, I had my first and until now, my last shot at growing them, but sadly nothing appeared. When it was pointed out to me that daffodils grow on ditches and in the middle of fields, and more or less everywhere, I got downhearted and decided not to bother any more. However, this year I had one more go and I just had to pick the winter with the hardest frost in decades. I see a small bit of movement but it's very small in relation to what I actually sowed. Still I'm not giving up hope and I'll keep you posted on the final result.

Speaking of final results, what a wonderful era we are in for those of us (nowadays that's almost everyone) who follow the fortunes of the Irish rugby team. I'm in a sort of nostalgic vein today because I can remember when I'd be sort of amazed if anyone talked to me about a rugby match. Now the whole country is tuned in to the games and everybody is well versed on the fortunes of our Irish team. Eddie O'Sullivan ended up with a lot of critics and criticism including myself, but he must take a lot of the credit also for making the game as popular as it is today. For those who remember defeat

after defeat against the English and in particular the Welsh, back in the sixties and seventies, it's astonishing to see the turn around nowadays. Yesterday we comprehensively outplayed what on paper looked a decent Wales team, outscored them by three very good tries to nil and generally put in a terrific performance. Added to what we did to England two weeks ago, it's a good place to be. Fair play to Declan Kidney and his men. I know all things go in cycles, so my advice is to enjoy it while it's happening because it can't go on forever.

Continuing with things lasting forever, it looks as if the bank scandals and the political scandals and the HSE scandals are going to be with us for evermore. Now I'm not getting into the bail-out of the banks by me and you, but last week's revelations of the huge bonuses AIB paid senior executives in 2009, was just extraordinary. Sums of up to €800,000 were paid to three executives, which no matter how you look at it, is almost immoral. We got so tired of hearing about these large sums of money during the boom years that we simply never questioned any of it. Yet it will take most of us ordinary working people, somewhere between thirty and forty years of hard work to earn that sort of money. It's literally a whole lifetime's pay, and it's given to an executive of a bank that lost billions, for one year's effort. Hard to credit, as indeed it is to credit the outrageous sums of money Martin Cullen was entitled to on his retirement from public life. Again, I suppose we as a people have allowed our

TDs and Senators earn such enormous sums of money. They are supposed to be looking after and helping the ordinary Joe Soap, but they have managed to award themselves so much money over the years it just beggars belief.

Some of the pensions our Ex-Ministers and TDs are getting are staggering and I'd like to see how it can be justified. Martin Cullen has about 20 to 25 years work behind him and has a tax free lump sum of over €200,00 and a pension of over €100,00 per annum. That's about ten times the ordinary old age pension but he can get it now at 50+, while the rest of us have to wait till we're 65, soon to be 68. It's a disgrace. And the last disgrace is the story that Sean Fitzpatrick who despite claiming he is broke, and can't repay the €70 million he owes Anglo Irish Bank, has an untouchable annual pension over €400,000 - enough said.

Anyway, back to happier things and the table quiz in Mikeen's on Friday night was a tremendous success and raised almost €1,000 for the hospital in Tanzania. Thanks to everyone who came, all those who donated prizes, Ger Dowd for setting the questions, Kathleen McKeague, Mary D., Johnny, Peter, Bonnie, Megan and Emma for helping on the night, Mikeen and Carmel for their hospitality and anyone else I may have forgotten.

Two things emerged from the night. First was the love we all have for Muhammad Ali as there was enormous interest in the auction of what I consider one of the best sports pictures of all time, a large photo in black and white of Ali standing over

Sonny Liston in 1962! And secondly, the arrival of the all conquering quiz team from the mountain. The Devaney team aided and abetted by Pat Heaney and Davy Small returned their crown as champions, despite a serious challenge from an amalgamation of Celtic and Tully's bookies in Roscommon. They really now are the team to beat.

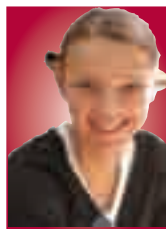
Finally for this week, let's hope you all have had a really good Paddy's Day, and by the time you read this that you will have made a fortune in Cheltenham, though I very much doubt it!

*Till next week,  
Bye for now.*



Frankly Speaking ...  
with Frank Brandon

## Musings



with  
Marta  
Kaminska

[martakamykova@wp.pl](mailto:martakamykova@wp.pl) or [news@roscommonpeople.ie](mailto:news@roscommonpeople.ie)

### What if we had a cinema ...

What if we had a cinema in Roscommon? I think it would be really cool. We have just a few places to go for a disco, the park with the ducks, two swimming pools and of course, a lot of shops. Of course, we can't forget the well-attended arts centre, but that's not for everyone. Let's go back to the idea of a cinema.

Most of the people in Roscommon are for a cinema. For them, a cinema could be a nice place to go and it would not necessarily have to be a huge multi-screen cinema. It's probably time to ask if it's worth opening a cinema in Roscommon. Here are a few reasons why we should.

First of all, it's lovely sitting with someone, with neighbours right and left. Of course, you can experience this in a bus, but from my observations, not too many people are using buses. We usually travel by car with someone only on one side of us. Believe me, sometimes it's really good sitting in the middle of people.

Secondly, where in Roscommon can you take a girl on a date? You can go to a disco, but there is always a risk that the girl will spend the time with someone else. Of course, you can always go to the park and look alternatively at the girl and the ducks, but after a while you can change your mind when the hunger hits. It's definitely nicer to take a girl to the local cin-

ema where the atmosphere is perfect for a date and you don't have to spend money on a taxi. Parents can also feel comfortable because they know that while the cinema may be dark, there are loads of people around!

Then, there is the most important thing for me. You can't smoke in the cinema and at least half of the people at the movie don't want to go outside for a smoke. For people like me, those of a weak character, who want to stop smoking but maybe not just yet, there is a simple answer, go to the cinema and spend a few hours there.

Being serious, I think that we don't have to think too hard to realise that this is a wonderful idea because it would be great, for example on Wednesday, straight after work, to watch a good old movie, have a chat with friends and later go to sleep dreaming about Bond or being his latest girlfriend.

So please, we want to have a cinema in Roscommon because we have a shop for L and for D and even T but we're still waiting for the big C and I'm not talking about chips!

### Co by było gdyby...

Gdyby w Roscommon było na przykład kino? Ano myślę, że byłoby naprawdę fajnie. Bo oprócz znanych wszystkim miejsc disco, parku

z kaczkami i dwóch basenów to przeważają niestety duże sklepy. No oczywiście nie należy zapominać o prężnie działającym Arts Center ale to jakby rozrywka większych lotów i nie każdy zainteresowany być musi. Wróćmy jednak do idei kina. Z badań ostatnio przeprowadzonych ( a ściślej mówiąc: zapytałam o to kilku znajomych) wynika, że większość mieszkańców miasta jest za. Ankietowani chętnie wybrali by się do miejscowego kina i niekoniecznie musiały to być kilkusalowy kolos wyświetlający same gorące tytuły. Więc chyba pora się zastanowić czy warto otwierać kino w Roscommon?

Oto kilka powodów przemawiających za. Po pierwsze fajnie jest czasem posiedzieć za kimś, i z kimś po lewej stronie i z sąsiadem po prawej. Taka sytuacja może mieć oczywiście miejsce w autobusie, jednak jak z obserwacji dróg wynika mało kto jeszcze jeździ autobusem. Gniemy się raczej w samochodach z kimś po jednej tylko stronie, no i może czasem za kimś. A wiercie mi: dobrze jest czasem posiedzieć z ludźmi naokoło.

Po drugie: Gdzie w Roscommon można zaprosić dziewczynę na randkę? Ano do tych miejsc dyskotekowych, gdzie pojawia się zawsze ryzyko, że dziewczyna postanowi jednak spędzić tę noc z kimś innym. Można też iść do

parku i popatrzeć to na dziewczynę to na kaczki, to znów na dziewczynę i znów na kaczki no i można się rozmyślić lub zgłodzić. Jakże przyjemniej jednak byłoby zaprosić dziewczynę do lokalnego kina. Gdzie i atmosfera sprzyja randkowaniu i na taksówkę po wszystkim nie trzeba by było się szarpać. I rodzice by byli spokojniejsi: bo mimo, że tam ciemno to jednak dzieciaka trudno zmagistrować. No i po trzecie: I chyba dla mnie osobiście najważniejsze, w kinie nie można palić i i raczej nie wychodzi się w połowie seansu na przysłowiowego dymka. Więc dla osób jak ja, o beznadziejnej silnej woli chcących jednak kiedyś rzucić palenie takie wyjście do kina to najlepsze wyjście.

A tak na poważnie to myślę, że nawet nie trzeba się wiele głowić by pojąć, że wszystko przemawia za tym by w Roscommon powstało kino. I chyba nie trzeba nawet o tym pisać. Bo jakże fajnie byłoby na przykład w środę wychodząc z pracy, po drodze wstąpić do kina za rogiem. Obejrzeć stary dobry film, pogadać potem ze znajomymi i usnąć wieczorem śniąc o Bondzie czy jego kolejnej dziewczynie. Więc apeluję: My chcemy kino w Roscommon! Bo jest tu sklep na L, jest i na D i nawet na T a nie ma tego miejsca na K ( i nie o kiosk tu chodzi).