Comments by Daragh OMalley on Dickie Harris

The following is a comment by Daragh OMalley, a friend of Richard Harris

When Richard Harris was dying in the intensive care unit at The Cromwell Hospital on the Brompton Road in London the room was private and you could only get to visit if you gave a secret password to the nurse at the desk. The password was "Kilkee".

Richard Harris’s Kilkee stories really are endless. "The Billows"- a house opposite New Found Out - was owned by Harris for 20 odd years and yet he never spent a single night there. I was in Kilkee with him in August '95 when we went there looking to buy what he called "a little lodge" as a gift for his granddaughter Ella. Harris had been on the dry for 17 years and when we got into Scotts I asked him " What are you havin' ? " after a short pause he replied " I'll tell you what, I'll have a fuckin' pint of Guinness". I said "Well, you better buy it yourself, Dick, 'cause I'm not going be accused of getting you back drinking". Listen" he whispered " Comin' into Scotts and not havin' a drink would be like goin' into The Vatican and not sayin' a fuckin' prayer. Two pints of Guinness, Bill ! ""