

Conroy expresses remorse

AS THE country's most senior Garda, I cannot begin to express how hurt I am by the revelations of the Morris Tribunal. Who could have believed that such diabolical corruption, malpractice, thuggery, bullying, lying, cheating - did I mention corruption? - insubordination, hooliganism and double parking on footpaths could exist of the force? I am truly, truly hurt and pained as I know are my colleagues at the publishing of these findings.

Thankfully it is ... sorry was ... only a very small, tiny little minority of our force that are, eh, were the bad apples. That undoubtedly explains why I was unaware of their existence. It was almost impossible to see this minute number of mischief-makers, most of whom would appear to have been stationed somewhere up there on the outer edge of our northernmost county, Donegal, where, incidentally, it gets darker a little earlier making it even more difficult to see.



Fortunately, now that we know who did what we can learn from the experience and make stringent efforts to ensure no such individuals again infiltrate the force. That is why we intend to be very, very cautious about recruiting part-timers who could be up to anything for all we know.

I believe in years to come members of the public will realise that Justice Morris got a little carried away and may have lost the run of himself in the excitement of it all. I'm sure he regrets it himself in the cold light of day so we'll leave it at that this time and take it no further. Mind how ye go now ...

AN GARDA SIOCHANA

DUTY DIARY:

September 4th 2006



- 03.00 a.m.: I, Garda Hook and colleague Garda Cruk, responded to call on 11th floor of housing complex whereby extensive damage had been done to one television set, one bathroom sink and a large wardrobe.
- 03.25 a.m.: Apprehended 55 year-old wheelchair-bound man and brought him in squad to nearest operating garda station 55 miles away for questioning regarding above incident. Stopped for three burgers, 2 medium chips with salt & vinegar, one with ketchup and two Cokes en route.
- 05.12 a.m.: Suspect initially denied all knowledge of incident but after further, more specific interrogation, agreed that a) TV was knocked on the floor at an angle of 33 degrees to the door and had incurred screen violation; b) the bathroom sink was of white porcelain and was attacked with a blunt instrument, namely a club hammer, and thus reorganised into 17 separate segments; and c) wardrobe was set alight using copies of *Daily Star*.
- 06.17: After brief break for tea and sandwiches, interview resumed and suspect, again having initially denied all involvement, subsequently supported the supposition that he entered and departed flat using a devious and complex rope and pulley mechanism which he later threw into a fast-moving river. Case proven and we are confident of conviction.
- 07.01: Reviewing several unsolved cases, including 13 murders, 10 arson attacks, 7 burglaries, 6 gang rapes and 3 unlicensed German Shepherds, having noted possible link to arrested man. Received commendation from Super. A good night's work so far ...

McDowell plans for power

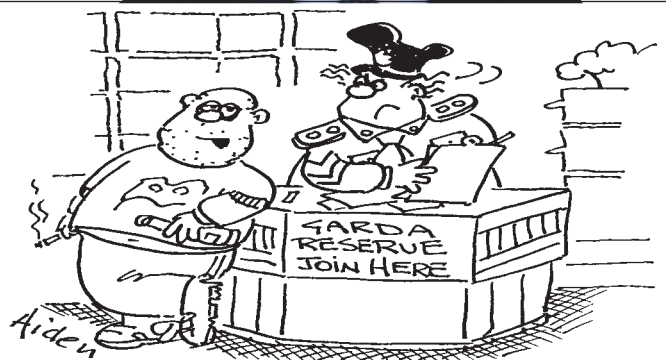
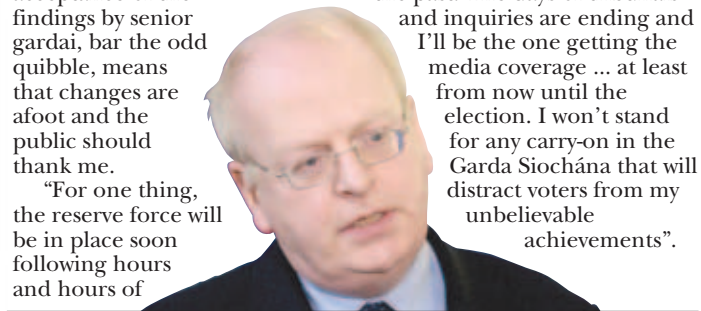
MINISTER for Justice Michael McDowell says that in future the gardai will be "unrecognisable" compared to the boys in blue of today and that now re-election is top of his agenda.

At a packed press conference, the minister explained that the publication of the Morris tribunal reports and "the complete and total acceptance of the findings by senior gardai, bar the odd quibble, means that changes are afoot and the public should thank me.

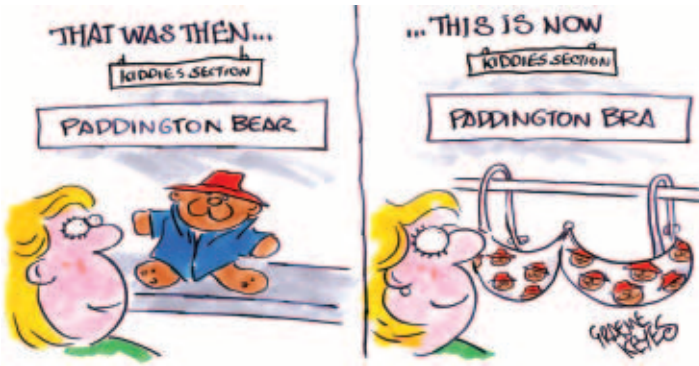
"For one thing, the reserve force will be in place soon following hours and hours of

training, *literally*, so people should feel safer on the streets almost immediately. The rotten apples will also be gone and public confidence will be completely restored. Honestly!"

Minister McDowell told reporters that "the Dean Lyons inquiry is over, the Abbeylara tribunal is over and the Donegal debacle is effectively a thing of the past. The days of tribunals and inquiries are ending and I'll be the one getting the media coverage ... at least from now until the election. I won't stand for any carry-on in the Garda Síochána that will distract voters from my unbelievable achievements".



"If nothing else it will keep me out of trouble ..."



KERRY SNAKE GUIDE

THE DUSKY DEENEHAN

Recognisable for the sharp hair-raising hiss which accompanies every breath it takes. Its characteristic fangs are fixed to maintain a permanent and highly disturbing smile-like expression. However, despite its sporty reputation and ritual displays of aggression, this viper lives rather a sedentary life.

THE FERRIS WHEELIESNAKE

As happy on sea as on dry land, this all-green amphibious creature came close to extinction in the late 1980s when it disappeared for a lengthy period. It wriggles at will - particularly when cornered. Happiest among its native grass roots, it is known for making a highly explosive sound when roused.



THE MOYNIHAN-CRONEY

The Lesser-spotted Moynihan-Croneys are a colourless and retiring member of the harmless reptilian sub-species. Kerry is its natural habitat. A dull gaping creature which will lie silent and motionless for years on end, it lost its deadly bite a long time ago. Though not yet endangered, the creature is clearly in decline.

THE O'DONOGHUE PUFF ADDER

A natural survivor, thanks to its amazing copperneck camouflage and innovative modes of locomotion, the O'Donoghue Puff Adder is a native gopher (it likes to go for high speed car trips with its mate) and has zero tolerance of other breeds. Normally hibernates for four month periods when it basks in the sun, emerging in late September with a reddish hue to resume foraging for votes.



THE HEALY-RAY RATTLER

Among its most distinctive features is the colourful green scaly cap and lengthy tongue (it babbles incessantly). Like all other Kerry snakes, this dangerous creature will suddenly appear on the doorsteps of unsuspecting householders around election times. People are warned to seal off all entry points and avoid all contact with these venomous beasts.



THE McELLISTRIM MAMBO

The distinctive head is thick (although not nearly as broad as the neck). Its venomous bite can cause severe nausea and drowsiness ... *(That's enough snakes - Ed)*

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT AIR TRAVEL COULD GET NO WORSE ...

SNAKES ON A PLANE

From the makers of *Snails In A Queue* and *Surcharges On The Passengers* comes the screwball comedy of an Airline Boss who will do absolutely anything to keep his multi-million profits sky high.

Shortly after madcap Mike O'Leary is let loose in the air, he immediately causes widespread terror. First he sues the British Government and even slaps an extra €39.50 charge on all pet snakes carried by wheelchair users. Hilarious.

But can Mike get the snakes off the plane before it's too late?



Ryanair complaints to be relayed 'live'

PASSENGERS disgruntled (or just plain terrified) by Ryanair's service will soon be able to telephone radio stations and newspaper offices to relay their complaint during their flight. The development follows the airline's decision to install cellular roaming technology as part of its in-flight 'service'.

The initiative has been warmly welcomed by chat show producers and editors across Europe. "Complaints about Ryanair feature highly on our list of callers," said one RTE executive last night. "Now we'll be able to talk to the unfortunate passenger while he or she is being traumatised. It should make for great radio! We may



even be able to chat to a vindictive cabin crewmember who is being obdurate and unyielding! We are all very excited!!"

Ryanair supreme Michael O'Leary said that RTE could make any programme "they f**king well like" as long as they named his airline.



VINCENT BROWNE AT 80,000 WORDS

GARRET FITZGERALD TALKS TO RTÉ'S VINCENT BRAWN

SIR GARRET: Vincent, issa true to zay zatt you are widely considered – albeit by yourself – as s'most influential figure in s'whole of modern Ireland?

VINNIE (*heaving several sighs*): Well, that's an extremely difficult question to answer, but I would certainly agree wholeheartedly that I've contributed enormously to

public life – especially through my investigative journalism which is exceptionally hard-hitting ... SIR GARRET: Yes, s'indeed ... But I'd like to ask you s'about zis public image you have of being s'completely boorish and rude – VINNIE (*more heavy sighing*): ... Ack! Absolute rubbish! Stop! Only a congenitally stupid idiot would make such an extraordinary comment. Step outside and say that, you long-winded bumbling bore! Or else ask me about my very important role in RTE. SIR GARRET: Yes, s'indeed – who could ever forget your short stint on *Prime Time* and, of course, all zose s'lengthy *Magoo* history articles s'about Squire Hockey as well as zis latest astounding loss-maker, *Village Idiot*. And the begging bowl you held out to Squire Hockey. Issa good thing you got zat massive payoff – on

account of s'whole bugging business ... VINNIE (*gasping profusely*): That's it, Four Eyes! You are on your last chance. I'm not staying here to be insulted by you, just because you arranged a meeting for me with the Revenue boss when things were tight. I have not been compromised in any way, eh, so there! SIR GARRET: Finally, s'Vincent, what do you zay to all zose critics who call you zose greatest media personality in s'entire country? VINNIE (*huffing, puffing, etc*): Again, that's a tough one, Sir Garret. But what I wanted to ask you was why wasn't I allowed to join bloody Fine Gael back in 1994? Eh? Answer me that, you obnoxiously clever bastard! (*Brawn lashes out wildly causing extensive damage to the desk*). END OF PART 2

THIS WEEK'S APPEAL

At this time of year, with Christmas just around the corner, please spare a thought for the forgotten victims of the Celtic tiger. People like Beverley (her real name) are the hidden casualties of Ireland's economic bonanza. From a humble, intensely comfortable political dynasty, Bev once had the best of everything as one of the country's most important financial advisers. At one time she wanted for nothing. Which is why her generous father insisted on giving her the safe seat he vacated in Dail Eireann while he went off house-hunting in Brussels. Due to a series of misunderstandings at the bank where she worked, Bev was accused by RTE's Charlie Bird of encouraging tax evasion. Not only did she suffer the ignominy of this

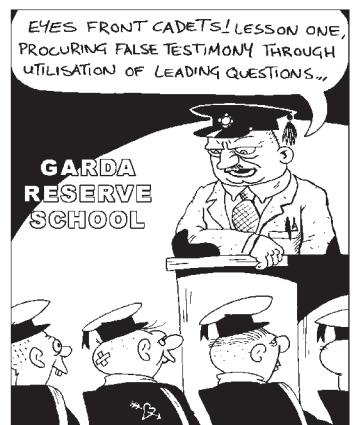
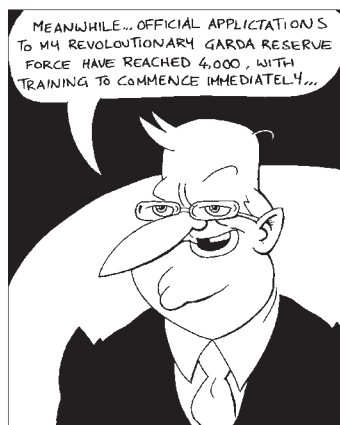
upstart journalist prying into her private affairs, but the Supreme Court also ruled against her. How insensitive can the legal system get? Bev was then grossly insulted in public by Mata Harney and deserted by her fair weather friends in Fianna Fail. To add insult to injury, RTE has now dispatched the Mayo County Sheriff to recover €1.8m from this unfortunate and defenceless woman. Ironically, Bev herself is now in need of immediate financial advice. She has no-one to turn to other than her rich family and her wealthy property-developing partner with whom she eeks out a modest living in their simple palatial mansion. Bev needs your benevolence now. Save her good name and her political future.



Send everything you can (cash only) to **CLASS ACT ACTION** Chez Pee, Castlebar, Co. Mayo

ENFORCING JUSTICE

by Brenb & Des McElroy



DVD RE-RELEASE!

As if the Sunderland fans hadn't suffered enough already ... They're back – the greatest comedy act ever!



Roy Keane
and
Niall Quinn
are
The Odd Couple

"Roy's not mad – he's just been in a bad mood for 35 years"
– *Blunderland Echo*

Non-stop hilarity as the two old sparring partners become room-mates again. Keano is the neurotic perfectionist who drives everyone mad while Quinny is the gormless slob (who also drives everyone mad)

Can two egotistical Irishman with serious personality issues survive together?

Starring **Niall Quinn** in the chairman's role and **Roy Keane** in the anger management role

At the end of the day, £10m means never having to say you're sorry.

WARNING: Contains disturbing scenes of casual violence and gross over-payment.

MY JOB

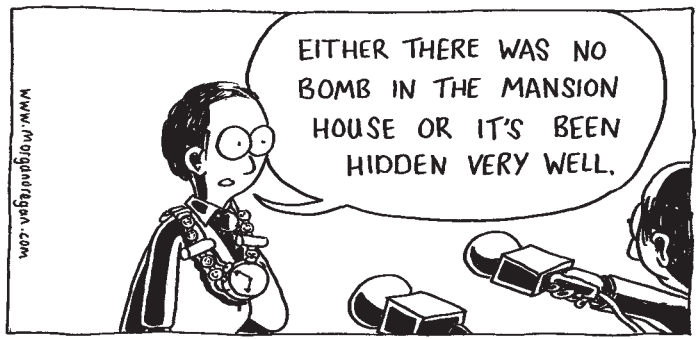
This week, bus driver Marty 'Cu' Cullen reflects on his career

As a bus driver, I am regularly reminded of how tiresome passengers can be. Take a recent example. As I was negotiating my way, a few troublemakers attempted to steer me in a different direction. The ringleaders were a surly, stout woman and a scary looking skinhead type. I tried to reason with them but ... let's just say there was not a lot happening upstairs, as we double-decker men say!



I got the usual verbals and ominous threats as I resisted their attempts to force me down an alternative route. 'Course I could see it was a cul-de-sac and if I went with them, we'd end up getting nowhere.

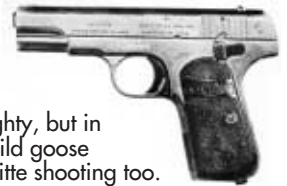
They were just a few bullying scruffs lucky to be on board at all but they thought they could run the whole show. Eventually, I shook them off but sometimes I wonder is it worth carrying these kind of people. I'm hoping next year we can ditch them forever.



THOSE UNWANTED AMNESTY GUNS

The Browning Bertie 06

Low velocity, single-action piece, nowadays practically obsolete and harmless. One-time cherished tool of the late white elephant collector, grouse connoisseur and ace rifler, General Haughty, but in recent years reduced to employment in wild goose chasing in North Dublin. Useless at Rabbitte shooting too.



The Colt Keano 02

Rapid-fire rocket launcher with an awesome range and vicious kick back; much used to rout the enemy in Far East skirmishes in 2002 but widespread collateral damage and 'friendly fire' incidents brought widespread criticism. The choice for wealthy chairmen eager to protect their backsides, but hyper-sensitive hair trigger renders it dangerous to have on the premises.

The McDowellinger

Old-fashioned, broad-barrelled, repeat action style with an excessively loud report and a frightening tendency to go off half-cocked. Often features in attacks on gardai who consequently regard it as "a dangerous piece of machinery that we would like to dismantle before burying in the deepest hole in the darkest part of the most remote region of Ireland."



The Cullenikov

Highly expensive and much-hyped piece with inherent faulty mechanism which has been known to lead to shooting in the foot. "Looks lovely and shiny in the package but of very low calibre and a criminal waste of money. Not even worth the storage cost and backfires every time it's wheeled out," says one expert, Michael 'High' Noonan

The O'Dea Automatic Recoil

You should never, ever point this gun at ... (that's enough aimless characters – Ed)

INTERESTING WILDLIFE

No 22: The Boweevale

The Boweevale, a rare two-headed parasite, has become relatively common in Ireland since the 1980s. A highly adaptive creature, its voracious appetite can decimate a green belt area in a matter of weeks, while it is equally at home on the race track, where it is known to prefer hospitality tents.

Despite its bad press, many people reserve affection for the



little termite. "I love to see it crawling around my place," says one county councillor. "I have long had a soft spot for the boweevale in my pocket."

funnies *** The funnies *** The funnies *** The funnies *** The funnies *** The funnies *** The funnies

MYARSE ON THE LINE

More knife-edge dispatches from Indostan
by **Lce Cpl Kevin Ask-Myarse**, Royal Dustjackets.

My orders had come through. In the sultry mid-day heat I cracked open the manila envelope. A bead of sweat appeared on my brow and wisely, returned to the crevice from whence it came. My toughest mission to date.



Codename – Operation Churchill. Mission – to infuriate *Indo* readers into letter-writing, thereby cementing my position as a ‘controversial’ writer.

Between Myarse and victory, a small, tough unit of Subbies. Men who’d have me cover the opening of an envelope, or worse, a GAA story. Oh, for the freedom of D’Olier Street. Those sweet halcyon days, so distant now, e’en though I am dug in just a bridge away. A Bridge Too Far; Bridge on the River Liffey ... (*ok, we get it – Ed.*)

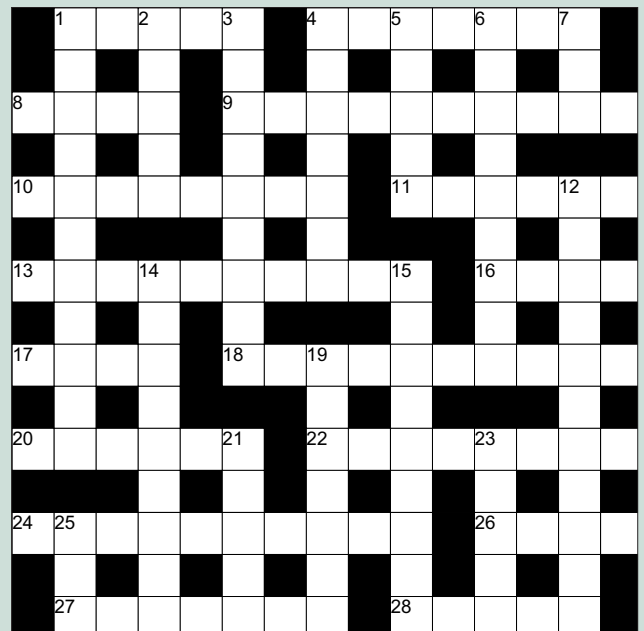
Havana hanging limply to one side. Oh Winnie ... I crept to my desk unnoticed and loaded my A4, my SAS beret from eBay soaked in sweat. All around, the putrid smell of vinegar clung to the air, as lumpen secretaries gorged themselves on vile ‘chip butties’, while their scarlet Majors quaffed lunchtime pints in the gin palaces nearby.

Then, I spotted it! The Mail Sack, newly arrived. I knew it would be overflowing with letters – *Indo* readers fulminating at Myarse, calling for my head, raising my profile to that of journalistic Demi-God! My articles, like Bouncing Bombs, releasing a cascade of complaints, a torrent of tribulation! I scrambled across the floor, ripped open the bag, but horror or horrors – it was empty! Not one missive, not a single peasant complaining about Myarse. Not even a Spot the Ball entry. My mission lay in tatters.

Myarse, how did you end up here, writing for these illiterate, indolent peasants? Is there any way, any way over that bridge, back to the fragrant bosom of D’Olier Street? (*Continued p78, The Hornet*)

Paddy Power BOOKMAKER

Win a €100 Free Bet which can be used in any of Paddy Power’s betting shops nationwide



ACROSS

- 1 Might it be found to be an elaborate hoax? (3,2)
- 4 Being the dogged type at heart, sees about locks. (7)
- 8 Or back a horse of a different colour? (4)
- 9 In the end a mother is put on the road, as usual. (10)
- 10 By doing so, isn't the government causing Aer Lingus to act like Irish Ferries? (8)
- 11 Get the chop, in Iwo Jima initially, and force a change of destination. (6)
- 13 Songsters' salute to Mrs Robinson? (5,2,3)
- 16 & 26 It's said to be between two low-down joints and it sounds as if it might pretend to be a party. (4,4)
- 17 A long story that depicts how the effects of alcohol poisoning are got rid of. (4)
- 18 Though it's tough stuff at the outset, they'll be about in numbers, possibly 11, 05, 07. (10)
- 20 Looking good as a professor is in the Department of Greek mythology. (6)
- 22 It's on map, though not clearly, as being among the high points of sailing in the good old days. (8)
- 24 One of the seven coming to nothing in California? (10)
- 26 See 16 Across. (4)
- 27 Will Sue Tony Tessa Gordon Ruth John Patricia ... Or so he says. (7)
- 28 Long for the First Lady in 27A? (5)

DOWN

- 1 Take on the burden of a chic dwelling and extend oneself physically, though in an artificial way. (8,3)
- 2 Might there be a corrupt NGO at work here? (5)
- 3 Labour boss leads civil unrest, but I see in the end it's reckoned to be in the national interest! (9)
- 4 It's rough to the south of Fr Ted's parish! (7)
- 5 Bus or train – it's all the same! (5)
- 6 Makes further changes when one reads about only alternative. (9)
- 7 Is this about 2 Down? (3)
- 11 Top car not in crash because of complex device? (11)
- 14 Being an odd one, give Radio Rodney 10cc and stir. (9)
- 15 Most agreeable head girl? (9)
- 19 Lion-man hybrid is a token figure only. (7)
- 21 Beckett degree course available in dance academy? (5)
- 23 Rows in choppy, stiff circumstances. (5)
- 25 Object to the return of Allen Stewart Konigsberg's ex? (3)

MUSIC MATTERS



The Appleby label proudly releases:

FLOOD ON THE TRACKS

Featuring such sentimental airs as:

- ★ Ain't That A Shame
- ★ Appleby The Day
- ★ Beat It
- ★ Will we f**k!
- ★ High Court Silver Lining
- ★ Happy Bertie To You
- ★ Here Comes The Bribe
- ★ The Girl From The County Down
- ★ Payment
- ★ House Sorry Now
- ★ Pocket Man
- ★ Mr. Bovalejangle
- ★ I'll Never Build This way Again

ONLY €19.99, FROM ALL GOOD COURT RECORD SHOPS

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Name

Address

.....

Tel No.....

E-mail.....

Closing date: Fri Sept 15

LAST ISSUE'S SOLUTION:

Send to: **CROSSWORD COMPETITION,**
Phoenix Magazine, 44 Lr Baggot St, Dublin 2
Fax: 662 4532

Across: 1. Gastroenteric. 8. Also. 9. Yellow Card. 10. Landslip. 11. Hoarse. 13. Preeminent. 16. Iron. 17. Acme. 18. Stalagmite. 20. Esau. 22. Crescent. 24. Individual. 26. Riot. 27. Presbyterians. **Down:** 1. Galway Races. 2. Scold. 3. Royalties. 4. Eclipse. 5. Tooth. 6. Racialism. 7. Cur. 12. Spontaneous. 14. Executive. 15. Traveller. 19. Account. 21. Climb. 23. Circa. 25. Nip.

LAST ISSUE'S WINNER: MP Downes, Lambourn Park, Clonsilla, Dublin 15