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 parttimers 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

0000050050000



- 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 wheelchairbound 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 pully mechanism which he later threw into a fastmoving 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

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

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

. thank me.

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 Siochána that will distract voters from my unbelievable

achievements".



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





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-Croney is 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)



Ryanair complaints to be relayed 'live'

ASSENGERS 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.



GARRET FITZGERALD TALKS TO RTÉ'S VINCENT BRAWN

SIR GARRET: Vincent, issa true : VINNIE (heaving several sighs): to zay zatt you are widely considered - albeit by yourself - as s'most inluential figure in s'whole of modern Ireland?

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 ...

INNIE (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 ze 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

t 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 househunting 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

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

by Brend & Des McElroy











DE DIARY of a NORTSOIDE TAOISEACH

Monday Culchies. Dey come up to Dublin. Dey take our jobs and our women. Dey price us out of de housin market. And now, not satisfied wit all dat, dev take over de Hill 16 end of Croke Park for a pre-match warm-up against de Dubs. Is nuttin sacred? Under de city plan, dis part of Drumcondra has always been earmarked as a green space for local residents. So to see a bunch of boggers rezone it for agricultural use, and den establish a big, ugly warm-up session on it widdout plannin permission, was just not on. Of course, residents of de near-by terraces objected, and I had a quiet word wit Nicky Brennan meself to see if de offensive, large green-and-red structures could be removed forcibly from de site. Unfortunately, and unbelievably, it turned out dat dere was no law against dem bein dere. We could do nuttin except sit and watch. But mark

Tuesday

push us too far.

I know it was a good game and all, but I can't ignore de fact dat, at de start of an election year, de result was a very bad omen. De udder Mayo team - de one wit Indakinny and Willie Joe Rabbitte in midfield - has also looked impressive in de warm-ups, wit deir fancy interpassin and deir stretchin exercises. But until now I was confident dat when de campaign got under way, de only ting dey'd be stretchin was credibility. When de pressure built up, I taut, de Mayo talent for chokin on de big occasion would resurface. Rabbitte's lads would start goin on solo runs up de left, Kenny's Blueshirts would be huggin de right touchline, and de midfield would gradually fall apart. In de meantime, we'd just calmly pick off de scores. Den wit 20 minutes to go, we'd bring de Bomber Cowen off de bench wit his SSIAs, and it be all over bar de tree cheers for de born - eh, I mean gallant losers. After Sunday, dough, I'm

my words: one of dese days, de culchies will

Wednesday

worried.

De event cast a shadow over de first Cabinet meetin of de Autumn, wit Zero givin me lip about de Dubs' defeat. De slaggin was great down in Kerry durin de holidays and de day I left Parknasilla it was: "we'll see yiz in de final". But dat had gone a bit sour now. On de udder hand, de meetin also discussed de genral political outlook, which we agreed was positive. It had been a good summer – no big PR disasters and no massively poplar RTE series about rip-off consumer prices (last year we were moppin up for munts after de effects of Hurricane Eddie). So me mood had improved a bit by de end of de meetin, when I outlined priority legislation for de comin Dail session. Dis will include de emergency Hill 16 End Warm-Up (Exclusion of Culchies) Bill 2006, which will be rushed trew all stages of de house in October.

Thursday

Blair is also back from his holidays and he rang me today to discuss tactics for de fortcomin Nort talks. We know de IMC report will declare de Provos cleaner dan a presbyterian nun's knickers, but dis will still not be enough for de DUP. So as on previous occasions, we're gonna get de parties outta Belfast for a couple of days - maybe to Scotland - for what are called "Hothouse" negotiations. De idea is dat de participants are isolated in

an enclosed environment, like rare plants, and fed large amounts of fertiliser, in de hope dat dey'll experience some sort of grote (if only emotional). Drink would normally be an important part of de process, but wit Paisley

> around, we'll have to improvise. We can only try, I suppose. Blair said he'd get back to me as soon as he found a venue remote enough from civilisation.

Friday

De allegation dat a Fianna Fail councillor took cocaine is a serious issue and one dat I'm determined to get to de bottom of. De man is entitled to due process, of course (except in de view of me brudder). But I've

> seen de newspaper pictures in which Mr Kelly appears poised to snort a white powder-like substance up his nose, so I've appointed a committee to look into it (de matter, dat is, not his nose). If he's found guilty, we will take action reflectin de party's total abhorrence of dis sort of ting. Dere can be no room for ambivalence on drugs. But as I say, dere may be an innocent explanation. He might have had a load pints on him, for example, and not known exactly what he was doin. Sure plenty have all been in dat position at one time or anudder.

Saturday

De annual tink-in has taken on added significance dis year. Not only will we be de last before

me attempt at an electral tree-in-a-row. But by

havin it in Mayo, I can take revenge against de boggers for what happened in Croke Park. It's like we're seizin de psychological advantage by warmin up in front of Inda's own supporters (not dat dere'd be enough of dem to fill Hill 16 or anyting). Kenny and Rabbitte will again try to distract de media wit deir Mullingar sideshow. But I tink dat stunt peaked two years ago when dey lured Charlie Bird down dere, instead of Inchdoney where de rest of de world media had gaddered. Somehow, I tink de main focus will be on us dis time. After all, de public will want to know exactly how we plan to buy – I mean win – de genral election.

Zenta Ben

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.



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 doubledecker 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

he Boweevale, a rare twoheaded 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."

35-vear-old Irish man says he became 'a social outcast' after he confessed to having no interest in Roy Keane.

A Limerick native, the man claims Keane's latest career move has been "a living hell" as all his friends and peers "talk about nothing else". He says he is perpetually "on the outside looking in" while a frightening downward spiral drags him further into loneliness and isolation.

"I'm like the girl who never gets asked to dance" the despondent man told doctors. "I know a little bit about Cork but I am not really interested in Roy Keane. Consequently nobody wants to talk to me".

The man also claims that when he contacted Derek Davis's Liveline programme the



Artist's impression

researcher thought he was ioking when he said he wanted to talk about his own depression and not Roy Keane's move into football management and the possible problems to be faced by the former Manchester United midfielder and club captain, not least his potentially strained relationship with club chairman, Niall Quinn (cont pages 3-16).

Roy Keane 'world's greatest threat'

■ nvironmental protection agencies ⊿are hoping new Sunderland manager Roy Keane will "do nothing dramatic for at least five years", amidst ongoing concern about global warming.

Whenever Roy does anything unexpected or says something spontaneous, thousands of trees are felled to produce newsprint to report it", says concerned expert. "The planet cannot sustain Keano's career path indefinitely.

Many scientists now regard Keano as a growing threat to the Earth's delicate ecology. "Saipan nearly destroyed the world", says biologist David 'Craig' Bellamy of Liverpool. "The problem is everyone wants



to know more about him. I wandered what really happened between him and Mick McCarthy in that World Cup room. Shame how it ended at Man. Utd. Personally I think taking over at Sunderland is a big 'ask' for an inexperienced individual but then again .. (contd. pages, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 0, 12, 13-47

MEDICAL Matters

s a doctor, I am often asked: "Doctor, am I suffering from Compulsive

PRT?" Well, the usual answer nowadays is "yes". That's because PRT (Pre-Ryder Tension) or Golfus Chronicus Hystericus, as it is known to the medical profession is

sweeping the country at present.

What happens is that the patient gorges on an unrestricted diet of junk media coverage relating to the Ryder Cup. For instance, he or she may be reading a newspaper and struggling to stay awake before suddenly falling victim to rogue filler articles about how every home in Co. Kildare has been rented out to gullible golfing enthusiasts.

Other people are

struck down by dull pieces about rip-off prices and



interminable profiles of the main players. In the most dangerous cases, patients will be subjected to photographs of Michael Smurfit and his moustachioed business associate, Dermot Desmond, often complete with tag of "the Kaiser" appended by an over-eager sub.

All of this causes sufferers to be overcome by feelings of intense self-loathing and queasiness. In extreme situations, people will actually throw up, before turning to the sports pages to read the latest reports about the condition of the splendid 18th hole designed by Arnold Palmer.

If you are concerned about Compulsive PRT, you should immediately consult the RTE Guide to see what is on the other channels.

ad Hatters Box



With Maire Ardagh

FAV ACTRESSES Winona Ryder, Menolly

Griffiths FAV HOLIDAY PLACE The Persian Golf BEST ROCK BAND

EVER Free

FAV

ACTOR/COMEDIAN

Danny K Club FAV MODE OF

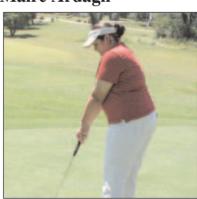
TRANSPORT Coach And Fore

MANKIND'S BEST INVENTION

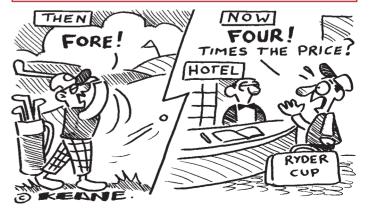
The Back Scratcher FAV MOTOWN BAND

The Temptations NAME ÔNE SONG YOU HATE

Return To Sender



AND ANOTHER Don't Go IF YOU COULD HAVE ONE GIFT WHAT WOULD YOU CHOOSE? Pass ...





NEWSPAPERS and television stations are warning members of the public to be on the alert ahead of the 9/11 Twin Towers 5th anniversary this week. Despite huge coverage in previous years, 2006 is expected to be marked by a major upsurge in articles rehashing old reports and talking to witnesses whose views have not changed since 2002, 2003, 2004 and even 2005. The stupor alert warning is now at orange although a media spokesman believes that "red is not far off".

Many unsuspecting readers and TV viewers will be taken by surprise at the sheer scale of the coverage. "Planning for this fifth anniversary has been going on below the radar for some time," explained head of TV News recycling at Sky News, Ree Hash. "Now the media organisations are primed and

ready to attack. I honestly believe there is nothing the public can do about it at this stage.

In the past, newspaper readers have been able to take precautions but this time around the devastating supplements will be backed up by editorials and commentary pieces inside the newspaper itself. Simultaneous explosions of 9/11 news will occur across the country despite the raised alert.

Says readers representative, Moredan Enuff, "that's the thing about the media. It's not a single organisation. It is diffuse and aggressive and operates on a cell-like basis. Just because you don't buy one newspaper doesn't mean you can avoid the 24-hour news bulletins or the odd surprise package in your magazine. My advice is to stay inside and go to bed for a week, until its all over for another year.'



in Euro '08" **Staunton**



A DEFIANT Steve Staunton has hit back at criticisms about Ireland's performance in last Saturday's Euro 2008 disappointing qualifying match in Stuttgart.

The manager was responding to an astonishing attack on him by Germany's ace striker, Kurt "Kaiser" Klingon, in the topselling news magazine, Der Spickenhockenwarsteinerhubbfaff. Klingon had described Staunton as "an inexperienced amateur who did not know one end of a football from another"

But the Irish manager countered yesterday, saying: "Klingon is completely useless as a player which is why I am still hoping he has some Irish relatives.

so that I can get him into the squad."

'I'm convinced that the lads are on target to win this competition, Stan continued. "And as for the claim that I know nothing about



GERMANY'S OTHER MATCH WINNERS

HELMUT GROSSMAN

SUV Barnturmers Player of the Year in 1991 (narrowly beating the legendary Hans Upp). Grossman is the maestro, a veteran of the dribble and a natural leader at the front.



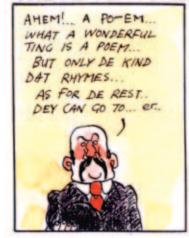
SANTER KLAUS

That rare combination of goalkeeper, midfield general and plucky forward, this part-time wizard of the wings has been bringing great joy to his countless fans for as many seasons as they can remember.

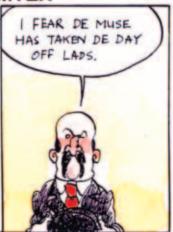
GRUNTER KRASS

With a price tag of €19m on his head, this midfield dynamo is already wanted in nine EU member states by teams as varied as Interpol and Europol's elite Drugs Trafficking Division. (That's enough Euro '08 – Ed)

THE ADVENTURES OF FESTY O'SEMTEX









John Char (D 2006.

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).

Down at the sandbags, the Subbies were baying for stories. A quick-fire article on the Mayo-Kerry final? Ugh! I'd sooner vote FF. Keano and Quinner at Sunderland? An appalling vista. But a thousand words on Churchill, my boyhood hero? Copy would never flow so easily! I studied the ancient, sepia photo of Winston in El-Alamein. Winnie, in Khaki shorts, his long

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)



FLOOD ON THE TRACKS

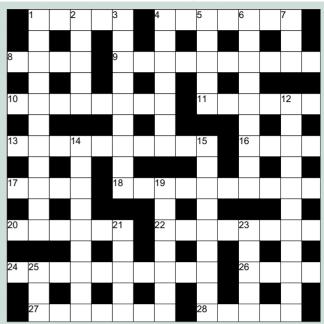
Featuring such sentimental airs as:

★ 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

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ACROSS

- Might it be found to be an elaborate hoax? (3,2)
- Being the dogged type at heart, sees about locks. (7)
- Or back a horse of a different colour? (4)
- 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)
- II 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 lowdown 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

- Take on the burden of a chic dwelling and extend oneself physically, though in an artificial way. (8,3)
- Might there be a corrupt NGO at work here? (5)
- Labour boss leads civil unrest, but I see in the end it's reckoned to be in the national interest! (9)
- It's rough to the south of Fr Ted's parish! (7)
- Bus or train it's all the same!
- Makes further changes when one reads about only alternative. (9)
- Is this about 2 Down? (3)
- Top car not in crash because of complex device? (11)
- Being an odd one, give Radio Rodney 10cc and stir. (9)
- Most agreeable head girl? (9)
- Lion-man hybrid is a token figure only. (7)
- 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)

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Closing date: Fri Sept 15

Send to: CROSSWORD COMPETITION.

Phoenix Magazine, 44 Lr Baggot St, Dublin 2 Fax: 662 4532

LAST ISSUE'S SOLUTION:

Across: I. 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: I. 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