

## B. KEANE

PEN

All clear,  
a pub  
Gardai  
move on

be the deepest of  
ide Twomey's front  
clock of admittance  
s at the time was two  
n the fanlight with a  
ass-word never failed  
tission.

would be a black  
folded around the  
it bulb to lessen the

e Virgil, that great  
nomatopoeia, to do  
he contented, commu-  
nuring which was to  
rising above the  
1 air in the warm  
e atmosphere. There  
ordinary happiness

lations and impende-  
ere temporarily for-  
ile Twomey, besid-  
nd benign behind the  
od ready to meet the  
s chosen customers.

a sanctuary from  
riction, from critics  
rs.

ly Twomey would  
ight hand high to  
ntion. Gradually the  
happy conversation  
de until absolute sil-  
d supreme.

ars were on the alert  
d serenely the unmis-  
f unearthly ullagong,  
g, Bonzo, came from  
n of the front door.

one thing, that Civic  
re on their nightly  
I would be pausing  
tside Twomey's to  
from patient list-  
rtain extra-sensory  
ics and other intui-  
er or not illegal traf-  
quor was being con-  
de.

I easily deduce from  
inds, which meant  
other passers-by the  
rinkers hidden in the  
a premises and even  
ies of the drinkers  
arious stifled groans,  
sighs.

ers

g Guards of the time  
unlike visiting mis-  
the same period. As



## Guards

It meant that the two Civic Guards had moved on and were now well out of earshot, probably inspecting another premises in another street. Conversation was immediately resumed and two score of empty glasses were urgently tendered to Twomey for refills. Rejoicing was great indeed, but it was well controlled.

Alas, the same control did not exist outside, for no sooner had Bonzo sounded the notes of relief than every whelp and cur within earshot took up the canine refrain for all they were worth. Sometimes the medley would falter, but not for long.

Howling of horrendous proportions ascended the night sky and sensible neighbourhood cats sought out lofty hideaways where they might be safe from moon-crazed mongrels skulking the alleyways and back streets.

Children stirred and snorted fretfully in uneasy sleep and conscience-stricken insomniacs trembled in terror believing the awful cacophony to be the deadly pronouncements of numerous banshees.

Fair play to Bonzo, he kept his jaws tightly fastened together after he had sounded the last notes of relief. He sat in exactly the same position with eyes closed feigning sleep. Soon the ullagoning of the other dogs failed to sustain itself and there was blessed peace once more.

## Cats

Adventurous cats sallied forth in search of companionship or, failing that, the harassment and ultimate pulverization of absent-minded mice. Need it be said, that Twomey's dog never bothered to chase cats. He was above that sort of thing. He had one job, and he stuck to it.

Essentially, Bonzo was a quiet dog, but then what Kerry Blue; when left alone, is otherwise.

The arrival of the Irish Army to the wood of Gurtenard in Listowel was his undoing. They came on manoeuvres, and alas Bonzo, who must have been colour blind, could not distinguish between soldiers and Civic Guards. The result was total confusion. He would sound the alarm at all times of the day and night.

Twomey's customers were soon turned into nervous wrecks. Many began to suffer from heartburn and indigestion. Neighbourhood dogs faithfully echoed Bonzo's warnings so that the town was rarely without a surfeit of canine choristers.

Bonzo was withdrawn from outdoor service and spent the closing years of his life in Twomey's backyard, where he supervised the comings and goings of Twomey's hens who, it goes without saying, laid as they never laid before.

## SPARTACUS

Now is the  
time for all  
good men to  
come to the  
aid of the  
local Mayoralty

□ NOW THAT THE MAYORAL election is well and truly over and the life of the present city council is coming to an end, perhaps it would be a good time for our politicians to get together to revive the notion of rotation, or to devise some other method of ensuring that the position of Mayor of Limerick is decided fairly instead of being hogged by whichever group wins the majority of the places on the incoming council.

In the past, the argument has been used by local councillors that when they hog the position they are merely doing what the other groups on the council would do if they had the majority. But I think that is a false argument because it should be obvious to anyone that hogging the office does not lend much dignity to it. And the office should be a dignified one.

Nor does it do credit to the members of the council.

I have said it before: two wrongs will never make a right. And so the only way to avoid the shady carry-on which usually accompanies the Mayoral election is for the present political interests to meet now and decide on a fair basis for the election of Mayor, which would be in force during the life of the next council.

This action will have to be taken before the election because after it the powerful grouping will not be inclined to talk reasonably.

One novel suggestion which was made after the last election (when Cllr. Bobby Byrne was elected) was that the names of the council members should go into a hat and the first name out would be the name of the new Mayor! Each year after that the former Mayor (or Mayors) would not have their names included in the hat, so that nobody would get two terms during the life of any one council.

That idea would not be accepted, of course. Far too much is left to chance. Can you imagine the reaction which would have followed the announcement that the name to come out of the hat was that of former Councillor Mick Crowe? Or can you visualise the nervous reaction to the news that Cllr. Jim Kemmy was the new Mayor?

Unfortunately, this idea will not come to pass, despite the intense excitement it would generate on the night of the actual election. However, something should be done to regulate the election. Something which would be binding on the incoming council, regardless of the outcome of next June's election. At least it would remove any unpleasant after-taste from the sweet taste of victory for the candidate who is elected Mayor fairly and squarely, with the agreement of the whole council.

Is that too much to hope for? Perhaps it is.

## READ ALL ABOUT IT

□ AFTER DRIVING through this city of ours for a number of years, I think it is time that our local motorists were told something about driving in lanes. After suffering the frustration and confusion of trying to obey the rules of the road I have now come to the conclusion that Limerick's drivers think lanes are the narrow spaces between buildings into which criminals often run in their efforts to evade the law enforcement officers.

They show no understanding of the broken white lines painted on the road, which divide them into different parts called lanes, and which are there to facilitate a more efficient flow of traffic.

I had to do a driving test a few years ago, and to pass this test I had to have a good knowledge of the rules of the road. Because I knew them and applied them while I drove, I natur-

TOM NESTOR