

The real truth about Mr Charles Haughey's – the Irish Prime Minister - millions

It was tough starting a company back in the lean eighties in Ireland. But that is exactly what I did.

In the first few days all went well. I rented myself an unfurnished office, put in a desk, a chair and a typewriter and headed off to the offices of the official state telephone authority to personally lodge my application for a new telephone line for my new company in my newly rented office.

Having completed all the paperwork and the all-important money end of things I was told by the official in charge that they would be in contact with me to make arrangements for the telephone line link up *'in the fullness of time'*.

How long might 'the fullness of time' be? I asked. There's a six month waiting list in the city centre area I was informed so it could be at least six to eight months waiting, maybe more!

SIX TO EIGHT MONTHS!

In desperation, I decided that I would complain to the highest authority in the land. So I wrote a letter to the prime minister of Ireland (the Taoiseach) and I let rip! I asked him what kind of a banana republic was he the leader of? I enquired if he expected me to use a banana as my telephone for the first six to eight months that I was in business? And so on.

I demanded that he do something about my telephone line immediately.

Some days later a man arrived in my office and asked me the magic question – *'where would you like your new telephone to go?'* Three hours later my telephone number 2603949 was connected.

For the rest of that day and for well into the next day I received countless numbers of telephone calls from senior officials in the telephone company, from civil servants in the Dept of Posts & Telegraphs, from staff members in the Dail (the Irish Parliament), from minders, from keepers, from well-wishers... all with the same cheerful message: *'just calling to let you know that your new telephone line is now up and running and checking to make sure that you are satisfied with it?'*

Wow! Such service! No mention of the PM at all! It seems as if an entirely new workforce had emerged overnight to look after my business requirements. I like to think that it was this sudden



upsurge in economic activity that ultimately led to the Celtic Tiger economy boon of full employment and prosperity throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. And that the Celtic tiger would never have happened without me.

Without me something else of great historic interest in Ireland might never have happened either. Because, no sooner had I got my new telephone line up and running than I wrote a thank you letter to the Irish Prime Minister.

As a small gift I enclosed a new, unscratched, lottery card with my letter and I wished the Prime Minister the best of luck with this lottery ticket. 'I hope you win the top prize in the lottery', I said, 'thank you for helping me'.

I went on to point out that one good turn deserves another and that if I could ever be of help to the Prime Minister with my professional copywriting skills, he could rely on me at any time.

In the fullness of time I received a reply from Mr Haughey thanking me for my lottery ticket and assuring me that he would keep my copywriting skills offer in mind. All of which helps to shed light on the answer to what is probably one of the greatest political mysteries of our time: **'where did the Taoiseach, Mr Haughey get his millions from?'**

...he won the lottery!