Romantic Ireland never dies!
O'Leary lies in fertile ground,
And songs and spears throughout the years
Rise up when patriot graves are found.

JOYCE KILMER
Easter Week


IRA

PATRIOT GRAVES

RESISTANCE IN IRELAND BY P. MICHAEL O'SULLIVAN

FOLLETT PUBLISHING COMPANY/CHICAGO

First Printing
Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 72-3518
ISBN: 0-695-80363-8

This book is for the Hannaways of Belfast, all of them,
and
C Complacht
Dara Chathlann
Briogaid Bealfeirste
Oghlaigh Na hEireann

This book is the result of many efforts, and represents the work of the hands and minds of many people, their friendship and their faith. That and their hope for the oppressed of the world. It is to them that the book belongs.

Special thanks to Liam Hannaway, Joe Cahill, Sean Mac Stiofain, Daithi O'Connell, Eoin McNamee and others who, for reasons both prudent and obvious, must remain anonymous. They all share full credit.

After many years and many starts, this book was completed in collaboration with Don Johnson, who brought to it his invaluable talent and style. In fact, most of the text is written as told to him. On the *Boston Globe* and later on the staff of *Newsweek,* Don covered events such as the Latin American political upheavals, the war in Vietnam, and the riots that have reached across the United States. Out of mutual concern and commitment, Don and I have worked together on many social issues, and this book could not have been done without him. I hope that this will be the first of many that we do together.

I would also like to thank Pat Meehan and Ed Collins for their contributions to the book.

It was accomplished with the active cooperation of dozens of people and influenced by untold numbers more; by my father, from whom I first learned of the Gaelic-Celts and of the Anglo-Saxons and the differences between them.

To the Resistance itself, and its friends and supporters in America, *Go raibh maith agaibh go leir, agus nar lagaidh dia bhur lamhago deo!*

Micheál

Contents

"How long are you home for?" the taxi driver wanted to know. It was April, 1966, the 50th anniversary of the 1916 Easter Rebellion, and I had gone to Dublin to photograph the celebration. I told him so, adding that it was my first trip to Ireland. "What took you so long?" he wondered out loud. I wondered too.

With camera in hand I had walked the dusty roads of the civil rights movement in America, in the South. I followed Father James Groppi as he tried to awaken the conscience of Milwaukee and the nation to the plight of the poor, the black and generally the "men of no property"—and of no rights—in the most affluent country in the world. I had marched with the Reverend Martin Luther King in Cicero, Illinois—had heard him speak, heard him plead, watched as he was pelted with rocks and was eventually to photograph his funeral in Atlanta, Georgia. These things influenced me greatly, and it was almost inevitable that my growing concern for human lives—human rights—should lead me to Ireland.

I went there primarily to document a social movement, beginning with the non-violent Civil Rights Movement which began to stir there shortly after the American civil rights movement began.

In Ireland, as in America, the Movement soon found it necessary to defend itself from those who would kill it. But those events were not new to Ireland. Its very history is one of resistance to British rule.

The collapse of the non-violent Civil Rights Movement and the necessity for defense led directly to the re-birth of the Irish Republican Movement and the I.R.A. and to its resurgence as a militantly nationalist guerilla force with wide popular support among the people of the north. It was a struggle for human rights of which I am a part. I became involved with it, and resolved to document it. This book represents that involvement.

This struggle is but a chapter in Irish history, perhaps but a footnote to the history of man.

For 11 months I lived with a number of Irish Nationalists and with the I.R.A., and with photographs and taped interviews, I attempted to document their lives—their music and their poetry—as well as their struggle.

Home was the Clonard District of Belfast. Home was the Hannaway family. Home was Ireland.

In the meantime I accompanied the I.R.A. on military operations, and through their understanding and courtesy—for they were placing themselves in jeopardy as well as their operations—I was allowed to photograph them in action in Belfast, Derry and on the border. They were always underground, and often on the run.

My reportage began with C Company, 2nd Battalion, Belfast Brigade of the I.R.A., and ended with the cooperative participation of the I.R.A. G.H.Q. In between I ran with I.R.A. units from many of Ireland's 32 counties. They became my friends, and we talked and drank and dreamed together.

Because of the nature of an underground guerilla force, many of their names cannot appear in print, nor their faces in public yet. But they are the heart of the Movement. It is this faceless nucleus on which the Movement depends, on which it relies. They are the popular base. They are the people. They are us.

THE TRADITION


Donegal
Derry
ULSTER
Antrim
Tyrone
NORTHERN IRELAND
Down
Fermanagh
Armagh
Monaghan
Sligo
Mayo
Leitrim
Cavan
Louth
Roscommon
CONNACHT
Longford
Meath
Westmeath
Galway
Kildare
Dublin
Offaly
LEINSTER
Wicklow
Laois
Clare
Carlow
Kilkenny
Tipperary
Limerick
MUNSTER
Wexford
Waterford
Kerry
Cork

The History

Ireland—and its culture—has faced and resisted a variety of invasions and occupations throughout its history. And while they have been conquered, as a people the Irish have yet to be completely dominated.

In 1169, Dermot MacMurrough, the king of Leinster, defeated and deposed by a rival clan, enlisted the aid of "Strongbow," Earl of Pembroke, and his Norman troops. The freebooting Normans willingly helped him regain his throne, and then managed to succeed him as ruler of Leinster.

Meanwhile, Henry II of England, Strongbow's lord, under a papal bull which entitled him to occupy Ireland in the cause of "ecclesiastical reform," arrived with a considerable army in 1171.

It was Henry's intervention that established the first attempt at direct control by the English kings over Ireland. In the two generations after the conquest, parts of Ireland became a genuine colony: it was not a mere military occupation, but a substantial immigration of lords and the small and middling men they brought with them from their English or Welsh lands. By the late 13th century, the population of English descent was half or more of the total recorded population of Ireland.

The Statutes of Kilkenny, promulgated by the British in 1366, forbade further recognition of Irish customs, culture and language. Intermarriage between Anglo-Normans and Irish was forbidden. Irish musicians and storytellers were banned from British households. Any Anglo-Normans discovered speaking Gaelic were penalized by having their land confiscated by the Crown.

It was the Tudors who first used religious differences as a political weapon—beginning with Henry VIII in the 16th century.

The "Ulster Plantation" was established in 1607. Scottish Presbyterians and English Protestants were transplanted to the north counties, which today remains a Protestant stronghold in Ireland—achieved, however, by colonization, and not, as Irishmen are quick to point out, conversion.

In 1649, the English Parliament sent over Oliver Cromwell, who landed in Dublin with an army of 20,000 men.

He was merciless: "It pleased God to bless our endeavors at Drogheda," he wrote. "The enemy were about 3,000 strong in the town. I believe we put to the sword the whole number." The east coast town of Drogheda had been plundered. Almost the entire town was massacred.

"Then all the fertile fields of the Irish natives of Ireland were declared to be the property of the British soldiers who had won them by the sword, and of the English adventurers who had purchased the sword and financed the expedition into Ireland—and, under penalty of death, all the ancient inhabitants were ordered to repair themselves from the ends of Ireland to the wastes of Connacht, where their lot was to be laid henceforth. Under penalty of death, no Irish man, woman or child was to let himself, herself, itself, be found east of the River Shannon, after the 1st May, 1654."

War and its aftermath, it has been estimated, had reduced the population of Ireland by more than one-half. By 1672, three-fourths of the land and five-sixths of the houses belonged to British settlers.

When James II, a Catholic, came to the British throne in 1685, he made an Irish Catholic, Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnell, commander of his army and Lord Deputy of Ireland. He also suspended the laws which forbade Catholics to hold office. But the

reform-minded Stuart king broke with his Tory supporters in London—just as he began to restore land to its previous Catholic owners—and he was deposed and replaced on the throne by a Protestant, William III, the Prince of Orange.

James fled. He was hoping, with French help, to win back England through Ireland, where he was widely supported by the Irish Catholics. William of Orange was supported by English Protestants and Scottish Presbyterians from the Ulster Plantation.

In two months, 50,000 bog-poor Irishmen —known as "Tyrconnell's blackguards"—enlisted in the army, after James empowered the Irish Catholic nobility to raise regiments.

He landed at Kinsale in March of 1689, and on May 7, "robed and crowned," met the "Patriotic" Parliament. It was the first such body to represent the Irish nation since the 13th century.

William of Orange, however, defeated James II at Boyne the following year, thus dashing hopes for a peaceful Catholic Ireland.

When the French and American revolutions occurred, they had a profound effect on the shape of Irish nationalism.

It was from this cauldron that Wolfe Tone emerged. He was a Protestant, a lawyer and a graduate of Trinity College in Dublin. He had been in France during the revolution, which as he later described it in his autobiography, "became in a little time the test of every man's political creed."

In his free time, the young lawyer frequented the Irish House of Commons, which was comprised of well-to-do Protestants or Anglo-Irish.

It brought him to the conclusion that "the influence of England was the radical vice of our government, and that Ireland would never be either free, prosperous, or happy, until she was independent, and that independence was unattainable whilst the connection with England existed."

Tone's analysis of his country's political fortunes and his solution—"to break the connection with England"—met with favor from the traditional Dissenters of the North.

He wrote a pamphlet entitled "An Argument in Behalf of the Catholic of Ireland," addressed to the Presbyterian Dissenters. It affirmed that Dissenters and Catholics had "but one common interest and one common enemy;" that the depression and slavery existing in Ireland was "produced and perpetuated by the divisions between them," and that it was "necessary to forget all former feuds to consolidate the whole strength of the entire nation, and to form for the future but one people."

> *To subvert the tyranny of our execrable government, to break the connection with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils, and to assert the independence of my country—these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of all past dissensions, and to substitute the common name of Irishmen in place of the denomination of Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter—these were my means.*
>
> WOLFE TONE, 1798

It was the birth of Irish Republicanism, uncompromisingly nationalistic. In 1791, outside Belfast, a handful of Protestant revolutionaries—one Catholic among them—met for the first meeting of the Society of United Irishmen. Though the idea was originated by another Irishman, Samuel Neilson, Wolfe Tone was the society's principal leader. He attended its first meeting, and shortly after its formation in Belfast, he organized a branch in Dublin.

The United Irishmen came together peacefully; just as peacefully they sought at first to bring about unification, by petition, in the style of the day. A delegation was sent to the King of England with a demand for complete emancipation of the Catholics. The handwriting was clear, but the Crown accommodated only in its own fashion. Seeking to appease and at the same time divide the new union between Republican Protestants and Catholics, England in 1783 granted Catholics the right to vote. They still, however, could not sit in the Irish Parliament.

Irishmen were deprived of the right to public meetings, and their houses could be searched at will. Offices and businessess of men suspected of "united" sympathies were sacked. Newspaper offices were burned and the militantly British "Orange Order"—sworn to exterminate all Catholic Irish—was formed.

The young Society was forced underground for protection, and into espousing violence to achieve its end of a united country. It grew, however, and by 1796 had a half million members. Wolfe Tone, acting on behalf of the Society, went to France to raise an invasionary force. The Dublin government, reacting swiftly, and well-informed by its spies, imprisoned most of the Society's leaders—Samuel Neilson, Thomas Russell, Henry Joy MacCracken and William MacCracken among them. The attempted rising was aborted.

Two years later, however, the group staged another attempt. This one was put down by Lord Cornwallis, who had surrendered to George Washington at Yorktown. Tone arrived too late with his French fleet and was captured. He was sentenced to die; but instead of being executed as were the other leaders—and as he requested—he was sentenced to be hung like a common criminal. He mysteriously died, however, while in prison—but his spirit and influence remained.

Robert Emmet led yet another unsuccessful revolt against the British in 1803. From the dock of the courtroom in which he was sentenced to die, he cried out, "When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written."

The Young Irelanders—predominantly Protestant intellectuals—attempted another revolt in 1848, on the heels of the Great Famine. It too was unsuccessful and its leaders had to flee the country.

In 1858, in New York City, the Fenian Movement was born, founded by a group of Irish emigrants. The Irish throughout the world, ready for action, joined the new movement. In 1867 the Irish Constabulary aborted a planned Fenian Rising, for which they were rewarded by having the word "Royal" added as a prefix to their title.

Although the Royal Irish Constabulary suppressed the Fenian Rising, the movement continued its underground resistance, carrying out daring dynamite raids on Irish-filled British prisons.

> *We had with us the farmers' sons, the mechanics, the artisans, the labourers and the small shopkeepers; but the professional men, and the men of wealth, either kept frigidly aloof or were violent in their opposition to ourselves and our programme.*
>
> JAMES STEPHENS, 1824–1901
> Co-Founder of the Fenian movement

Although it was no more successful in military or political achievements than any of its predecessors, the Fenian Movement—like its predecessors—gave to Ireland one great and lasting contribution, the concept of the armed underground, an organized guerilla movement. Indeed, it spawned the present era.

By 1913, the Irish Republican Brotherhood (I.R.B.)—initially the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood—had formed. It was a direct offshoot of the Fenians, and the present I.R.A. is, in turn, a direct descendant of the Brotherhood.

The Irish Citizen Army had been formed, and the socialist, James Connolly, was directing it by then. The Irish Volunteers had formed, and were also drilling openly as an army, with Padraig Pearse as their Director of Military Operations. The I.R.B. was the secret underground nucleus for all the militant nationalists, including both the above-ground Irish Citizen Army and the Irish Volunteers, and the previously uncoordinated secret societies. Soon 150,000 volunteers—a Republican army—were drilling in the hills and fields of Ireland.

A brilliant, self-educated journalist, labor leader and vigorous socialist organizer, Connolly had founded the Irish Socialist Republican Party in 1896, just weeks after he arrived from his native Edinburgh. He had immediately labelled the "Irish problem" as essentially economic. The solution, he believed, would ultimately be "the establishment of an Irish Socialist Republic, and the consequent conversion of the means of production, distribution and exchange into the common property of society, to be held and controlled by a democratic state in the interests of the entire community."

As Commandant of the Irish Citizen Army—a fighting force trained in revolution—Connolly became a central figure, actually the military commander, of the Easter Week Rising in 1916. He gave the order—"Column, attention! Quick, march!"—that moved the first troops and opened the rebellion.

Though meagerly armed and ill-prepared, the I.R.B. called for a Rising on Easter Sunday, 1916; it ...ally began on Easter Monday. Republican forces captured several key points in Dublin and established a provisional Irish Republican Government Headquarters in the captured General Post Office. The tricolor, a green, white and orange Irish flag, flew from the roof.

"Let no man be mistaken as to who will be lord in Ireland, when Ireland is free. The people will be lord and master. . ." wrote Pádraig Pearse in "The Sovereign People," a pamphlet published in March 1916 in Dublin.

For Pearse—brilliant young barrister, schoolmaster and man of Irish letters—the Easter Week Rising was the final destination in an ideological journey that had begun at 16. Then he had joined the Gaelic League, which sought—beginning in 1893—to inspire a greater sense of Irish nationhood through the restoration of Gaelic, the language of Ireland, which was then in danger of disappearing entirely from the British-dominated culture.

Later he became President of the New Ireland Literary Society. The Gaelic League had been a prophet, "not a Messiah," said Pearse.

By 1913 he was "director of military operations" of the Irish Volunteers. A few months later, he had joined the Irish Republican Brotherhood. On Easter Monday, 1916, he was reading the Proclamation of the new Provisional Government of the Republic of Ireland. His evolution from nationalistic pedagogue to revolutionary was complete and final—and as free—as the breezing tricolor which proclaimed the birth of the Irish Republic from the roof of the Dublin G.P.O.

From its steps, Pádraig Pearse—Commandant-General of the Irish Republican forces and President of the Provisional Government—read the proclamation of the Ireland of his dreams: heroic, Gaelic and free.

A week of bitter street fighting, and the rebellion was crushed. On Saturday the rebels surrendered.

POBLACHT NA H EIREANN.

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT
OF THE
IRISH REPUBLIC
TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

IRISHMEN AND IRISHWOMEN: In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for her freedom.

Having organised and trained her manhood through her secret revolutionary organisation, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and through her open military organisations, the Irish Volunteers and the Irish Citizen Army, having patiently perfected her discipline, having resolutely waited for the right moment to reveal itself, she now seizes that moment, and, supported by her exiled children in America and by gallant allies in Europe, but relying in the first on her own strength, she strikes in full confidence of victory.

We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland, and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies, to be sovereign and indefeasible. The long usurpation of that right by a foreign people and government has not extinguished the right, nor can it ever be extinguished except by the destruction of the Irish people. In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to national freedom and sovereignty: six times during the past three hundred years they have asserted it in arms. Standing on that fundamental right and again asserting it in arms in the face of the world, we hereby proclaim the Irish Republic as a Sovereign Independent State, and we pledge our lives and the lives of our comrades-in-arms to the cause of its freedom, of its welfare, and of its exaltation among the nations.

The Irish Republic is entitled to, and hereby claims, the allegiance of every Irishman and Irishwoman. The Republic guarantees religious and civil liberty, equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens, and declares its resolve to pursue the happiness and prosperity of the whole nation and of all its parts, cherishing all the children of the nation equally, and oblivious of the differences carefully fostered by an alien government, which have divided a minority from the majority in the past.

Until our arms have brought the opportune moment for the establishment of a permanent National Government, representative of the whole people of Ireland and elected by the suffrages of all her men and women, the Provisional Government, hereby constituted, will administer the civil and military affairs of the Republic in trust for the people.

We place the cause of the Irish Republic under the protection of the Most High God, Whose blessing we invoke upon our arms, and we pray that no one who serves that cause will dishonour it by cowardice, inhumanity, or rapine. In this supreme hour the Irish nation must, by its valour and discipline and by the readiness of its children to sacrifice themselves for the common good, prove itself worthy of the august destiny to which it is called.

Signed on Behalf of the Provisional Government.

THOMAS J. CLARKE,

SEAN Mac DIARMADA, THOMAS MacDONAGH.

P. H. PEARSE, EAMONN CEANNT.

JAMES CONNOLLY, JOSEPH PLUNKETT.

Swift vengeance followed, and in an action which touched off lasting and bitter anti-British demonstrations, 16 of the leaders of the Rising, including James Connolly and Pádraig Pearse, were summarily executed.

In fact, Connolly was so severely wounded during the Easter Week fighting that he could not stand. He was executed anyway by a British firing squad on the morning of May 12, 1916—while seated in a chair.

The executions awakened centuries-old Irish nationalism. In death the men became martyrs to the cause of Irish freedom.

Easter Week became a rallying cry for Ireland.

The Irish Republican Brotherhood, with most of its leadership decimated, turned to new leaders like Michael Collins. They reorganized and drew up a new constitution for the proclaimed Republic. Meanwhile they continued training in the field for the next go. Police raids also continued, and houses were constantly searched for arms or outlaws. Increasing Irish nationalism resulted in droves of recruits for the I.R.A. Many leaders of the nationalist and Republican organizations —lumped together by the British as Sinn Féin—were arrested.

Popular support for Sinn Féin grew, however, and following a clean sweep in the first and only all-Ireland election, the Dáil Eireann was established in 1919 as the first independent Irish assembly. A constitution was then voted by the elected delegates which declared Ireland an independent nation.

The Dáil elections were clearly a mandate from the people to press for Irish independence—fully one-half of the Sinn Féin delegates to the Dáil were in prison at the time of their election.

On January 25, 1919, the same day that the first meeting of the Dáil was held, the British forces suffered their first casualties, when two Royal Irish Constables were killed by an I.R.A. unit led by Dan Breen and Sean Treacy. It was the start of an I.R.A. offensive and yet another beginning in the Irish war for independence.

The Clan na Gael—as the I.R.B. was known in the United States—contributed new Thompson submachine guns. Trains carrying troops or ammunition were ambushed, as were British barracks. A substantial portion of British records were destroyed in raids. The Black and Tans (so called because of their mismatched uniforms) were hastily sent from England to join the other 40,000 well-armed security forces, many of them decorated combat veterans of World War I.

In 1921 a hasty truce was arranged, following Lloyd George's threat of "swift and terrible war." The terms of the truce, which "temporarily" divided the country into 6 and 26 counties pending a promised all-Ireland referendum on the issue, left Irishmen deeply divided. Republicans insisted upon an Ireland united in its entirety, free and democratic. Civil war was inevitable.

A bitter and bloody internecine struggle raged continually from 1921 through 1923. Hundreds died, killed mainly by Free State government forces.

In the northern six counties, the Special Constabulary of B-Specials, authorized under the Special Powers Act of 1922 and recruited from the ranks of secret sectarian Orange societies, reached a peak: 50,000 fanatically anti-Republican, anti-Catholic Unionist members. The Royal Ulster Constabulary (R.U.C.) became a military unit of 3,000 men equipped with armored cars and machineguns.

In the Free State, seventy-seven I.R.A. members were executed between 1922 and 1923, and by the time the war was over (though a final shot has yet to be heard), 15,000 Republicans were locked up in

prison camps, the result of endless searches and swoops by Free State military forces.

The Special Powers Act Northern Ireland

Under the Act the authorities are empowered to:

(1) Arrest without warrant;
(2) Imprison without charge or trial and deny recourse to *habeus corpus* or a court of law;
(3) Enter and search homes without warrant, and with force, at any hours of day or night;
(4) Declare a curfew and prohibit meetings, assemblies (Including fairs and markets) and processions;
(5) Permit punishment by flogging;
(6) Deny claim to a trial by jury;
(7) Arrest persons it is desired to examine as witnesses, forcibly detain them and compel them to answer questions, under penalties, even if answers may incriminate them. Such a person is guilty of an offence if he refuses to be sworn or answer a question;
(8) Do any act involving interference with the rights or private property;
(9) Prevent access of relatives or legal advisers to a person imprisoned without trial;
(10) Prohibit the holding of an inquest after a prisoner's death;
(11) Arrest a person who "by word of mouth" spreads false reports or makes false statements;
(12) Prohibit the circulation of any newspaper;
(13) Prohibit the possession of any film or gramophone record;
(14) Arrest a person who does anything "calculated to be prejudicial to the preservation of peace or maintenance of order in Northern Ireland and not specifically provided for in the regulations."

The intended total elimination of the I.R.A. bordered on success. Most of the organization's leaders were killed, captured or put on the run. The Volunteers themselves were scattered, and what remained of the leadership went underground.

There exists no record of surrender by the I.R.A. However, volunteers in the field were sent a message then by Eamon de Valera over the objections of many I.R.A. leaders and field commanders.

"The Republic can no longer be defended successfully by your arms. Further sacrifice of life now would be vain, and continuance of the struggle unwise in the national interest and prejudicial to the future of our case. Military victory must be allowed to rest for the moment with those who have destroyed the Republic. Other means must be sought to safeguard the nations right."

With de Valera's call, Volunteers reluctantly dumped arms.

The toll had been great. Those remaining regrouped quietly, and continued to plan strategy.

By 1939 the I.R.A. sufficiently recovered to launch a new campaign in England. On January 12 they demanded that Britain withdraw all her forces from Ireland. The British failed to respond and England rocked with the sound of I.R.A. bombs two days later. The campaign—based on an 1880's Fenian strategy—lasted 14 terrifying months, in which underground stations, banks, power stations, electrical lines and other prime targets were hit.

When it was over, more than 600 I.R.A. bombs had exploded in England, with a ghastly toll of wounded. In addition, ninety-eight I.R.A. men and women were sentenced to terms ranging from five to twenty years in British prisons. Two I.R.A. members were hung. The effective value of the campaign, however, had been buried in the clamor and rubble of World War II. The "Black Forties" dawned. But for the I.R.A., the night was not long.

"They were demoralized," admits Eoin MacNamee, a highly regarded veteran I.R.A. staff officer, "but lived to start another campaign in 1956."

It was a campaign punctuated by innovative "flying columns" and other sophisticated guerilla tactics. Raids, bombs and ambushes were directed at the British manning the disputed border. Carrying out military missions of their own, British forces cratered roads and interned hundreds of Volunteers.

And they fought well, but once again, at the conclusion of the campaign in 1963, the I.R.A. had suffered terrible losses in terms of dead, hiding or interned Volunteers and leaders. Robert Emmett's grave could not bear the epitaph he had called for.


OUR FIGHT IS FOR THE BASIC HUMAN RIGHTS
FULL CIVIL RIGHTS NOW
WELCOME
TO
NORTHERN
IRELAND
Co. ARMAGH
B. SPECIALS ORANGE MILITIA!
SPECIAL LAWS FOR SPECIAL POLICE

By the mid 1960's the people of Ireland were floundering in a bitterly divisive sea of troubles. The sectarian seeds deliberately sown by the British, a concept inherent in the plan of the "Ulster Plantation," were now in full bloom. For all the people of Northern Ireland it promised a bitter harvest.

The 1921 British partition of Ireland—by which the six county area, thereafter called Northern Ireland, was severed from the other 26 counties, which were then called the Irish Free State—was wilfully drawn up along sectarian lines, a dubious legacy which subsequent governments have striven to uphold. The six counties were placed under direct British control, with 80 percent of the powers of government reserved to Westminster. The 26 counties were given Dominion status. The unacceptable treaty was signed only after a threat from then British Minister Lloyd George of "immediate and terrible war."

Systematic gerrymandering in the six counties has since insured that even where nationalists are a majority, they can secure only a minority of the representation. In 1923, fifteen public elective bodies—local councils—which had nationalist majorities were either abolished or turned into councils with Unionist control.

Two-thirds of the people of Derry are nationalists. It is the second largest city in the six counties, and Unionist leaders determined that nationalists would not represent it in Parliament. So they cut the city in two, creating a new "city division" which included rural areas more than eight miles away. Thereby they neutralized the nationalist strength.

The gerrymander of the Derry city wards meant that 20,102 nationalist votes would elect eight seats to the City Council, while 10,274 Unionist votes elected twelve seats.

Nationalists in the north, particularly in Belfast and Derry, have been subject to flagrant, demonstrable inequalities in housing, employment and government services. In addition, they


PLAYER'S

have also been subject to the hostilities of Orange mobs on the street, to arbitrary arrest by the R.U.C. while at home, and to internment without trial under the 1920 Special Powers Act.

In 1967, the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association (N.I.C.R.A.), a broad based non-sectarian group patterned after similar non-violent groups in the United States, began to organize. It was hoped that by peaceful protest, reforms such as one man/one vote, better jobs, decent housing and abolition of the Special Powers Act might result.

The non-violent, non-sectarian approach of the Civil Rights Movement appealed to a broad spectrum of Irish men and women. It cut across generational lines and gathered support from previously uncommitted students and the liberal middle class.

Derry, with its nationalist majority and Unionist government—and the problems implicit in that contradiction—became the Movement's prime target.

Although constantly attacked by British forces, the movement continued to gain strength. As the attacks grew, the I.R.A., recognizing that the will of the people was with the Movement, enlisted its military strength in their support.

Campaigns were carried out against ground rents in Dun Laoghaire, for example, and against privately-owned fishing rights in Irish waters. There were also campaigns for better housing for Irish workers. Meanwhile demonstrators took to the streets.

They were greeted by police and harassed by Unionists, but week after week marches continued throughout the six counties.

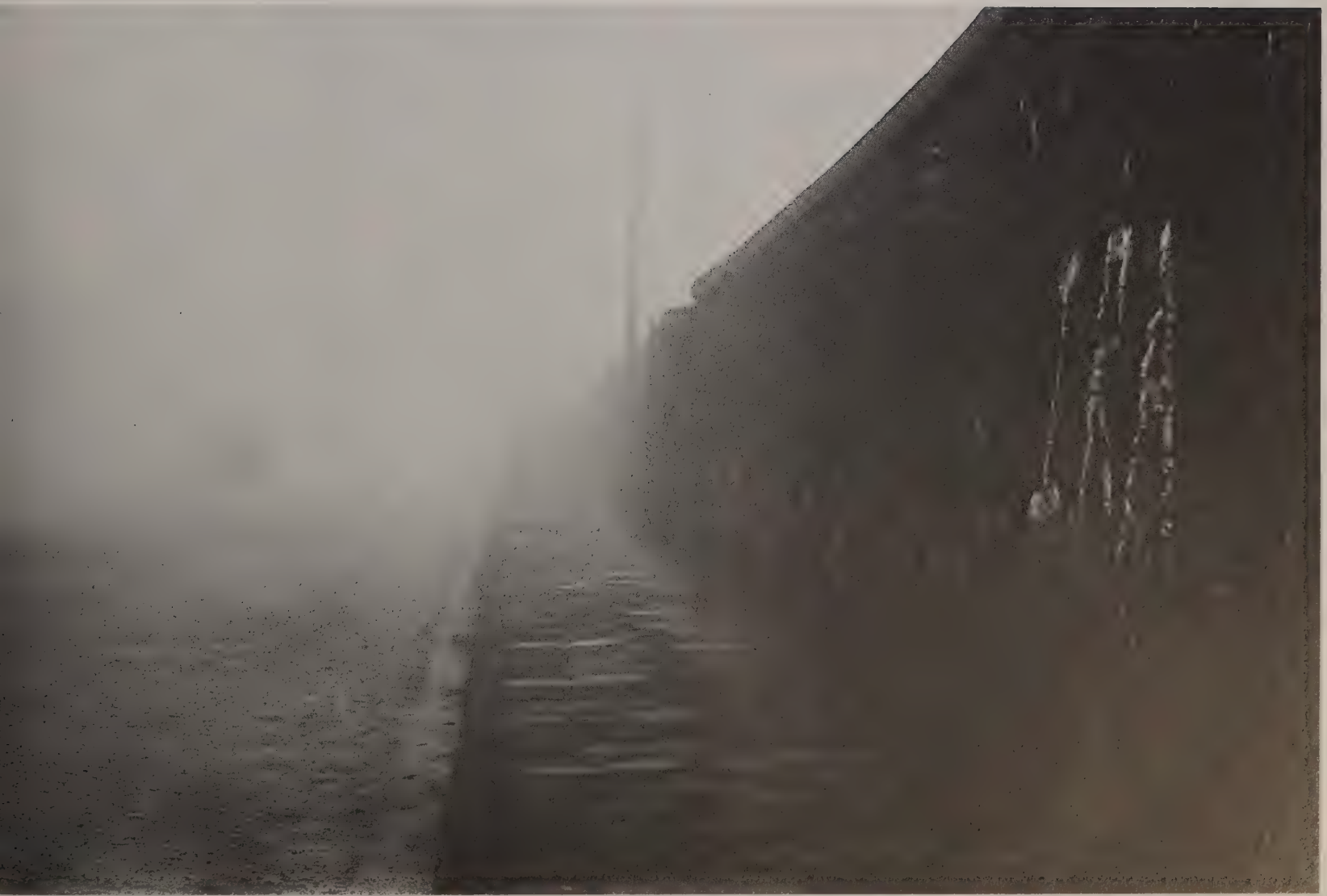
The Stormont government responded characteristically by attempting to erase only the symptons of discontent, the demonstrations and the demonstrators. And as the situation worsened, the symptons multiplied. Civil rights groups proliferated.

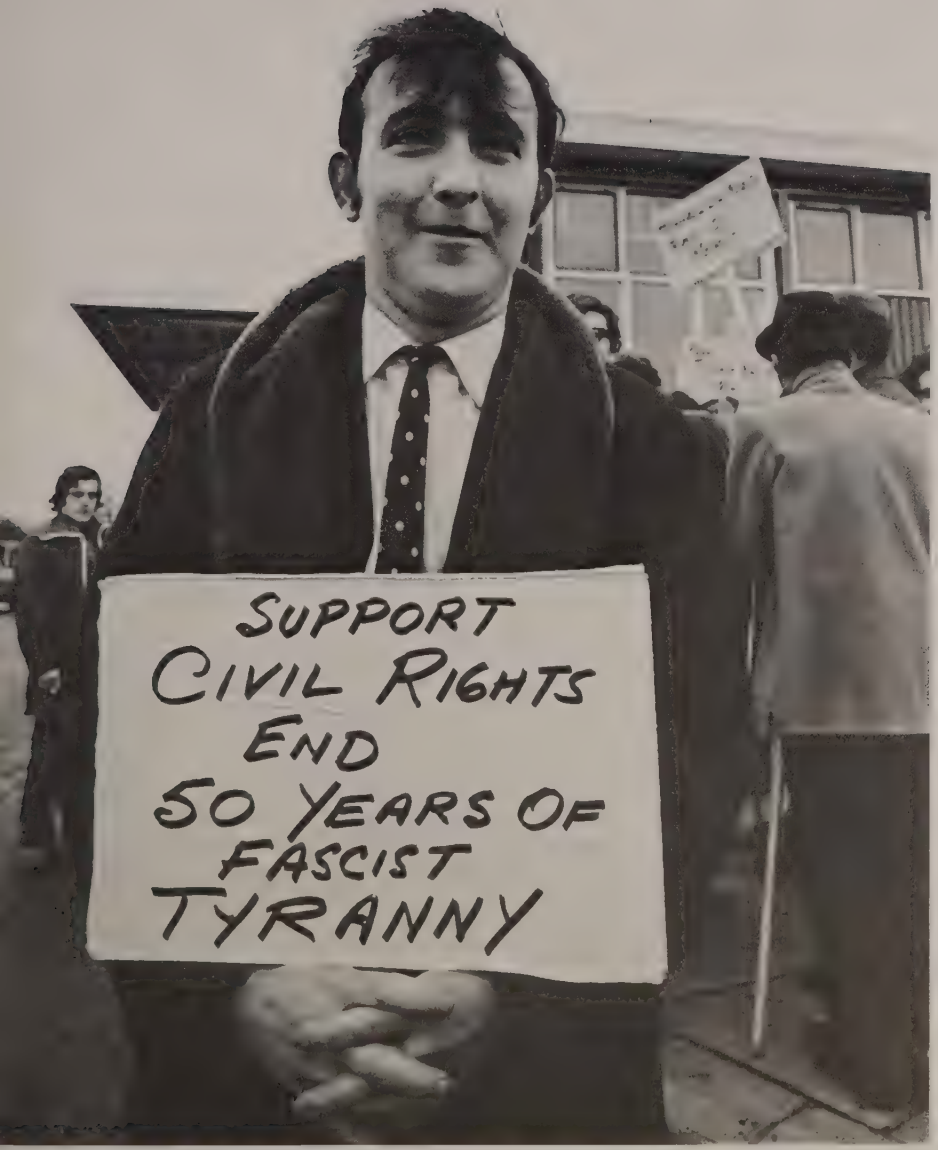
On October 5, 1968, a peaceful march in Derry was brutally attacked by the R.U.C. on instructions of the Home Affairs Minister William Craig; and a Belfast-to-Derry march by a Queen's College "Belfast" civil rights group, the "People's Democracy," led by Bernadette Devlin, was ambushed at Derry's Burntollet Bridge. B-Specials and Orangemen stoned the


"WE SHALL
OVERCOME

marchers with bottles and beat them with wooden cudgels with protruding nails. The full horror of peaceful marchers being attacked was televised in England, for the first time creating instant sympathy and support.

The pro-Union British forces, angered by the demonstrations, charged the Catholic Bogside area of Derry, breaking windows and setting fires in a wild rampage throughout the area. Resolving to protect the people from the police and Orange mobs, the I.R.A. took to the streets.




SUPPORT
CIVIL RIGHTS
END
50 YEARS OF
FASCIST
TYRANNY


SMASH
50 YEARS OF
TYRANNY
SUPPORT
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SUPPORT
CIVIL RIGHTS
END
50 YEARS OF
REACTIONARY
TORY RULE
JUSTICE
FOR NEWRYS
2500
UNEMPLOYED

At the same time, however, a number of militant Unionist groups sprang up and/or were revived, and were fired into violent backlash by the demagogic rantings of the Reverand Ian Paisley, leader of the "Loyal Citizens of Ulster," a strictly sectarian and exclusively Protestant right-wing group.

Paisley, the avowed advocate of Loyalist superiority over the [illegible]ian bastards," is a graduate of the ultra-conservative Bob [illegible]s University in Missouri. He makes no attempt to disguise [illegible]ttitude toward all Catholics. "I have hated God's enemies [illegible] perfect hate," he boasts.


THE TROUBLES

And I say to my people's masters

Beware,

Beware of the thing that is coming
Beware of the risen people
Who shall take what ye would not give. . . .

PADRAIG PEARSE

The Troubles

The claims of bigotry in Northern Ireland were more than sustained by the aftermath of the Civil Rights Movement. The rabidly sectarian bias of the ruling Six County regime—implicit in its creation—was exposed along with the uncensored military force which kept it in power. The Ulster government was stained with the blood on nonviolent demonstrators for all the world to see.

Under the colors and with the immunity of the Union Jack, the R.U.C., B-Specials and Protestant Unionist fanatics—whipped up to frantic license by the fiery speeches of the Reverand Ian Paisley—instigated mob-ugly pogroms. They went into the streets of Derry and Belfast, into the neighborhoods and even the homes of Catholic as well as Protestant Republicans. Government authority collapsed.

While the government played musical chairs, Paisley's private army—sometimes known as the Ulster Volunteer Force (U.V.F.), —flaunted their strength, and their government, with a series of bombings in Belfast, one of which severed the city's water supply. Northern Prime Minister Terence O'Neill helplessly resigned.

When rioting ripped through Derry on August 12, 1969, it was fueled largely by Orange mobs of the U.V.F. and by B-Specials, wielding Molotov cocktails and sending out clouds of tear gas. Residents of the Bogside shielded themselves and their homes by barricading the streets, and defending themselves from behind the barricades.

Then, on August 14, on a warm, humid night, Belfast rebelled. Gun battles raged on Falls Road. Catholic districts of the city were ablaze. Sometime during the night, the sectarian attacks became a full-fledged pogrom. Two days of vicious rioting and firebombing tolled nine dead, hundreds wounded—42 by gunshot on the first night alone—and more beaten brutally than could be counted.

Five hundred nationalist homes were burnt out, and thousands had to seek shelter—either elsewhere in Belfast, or preferably, outside the horrifying city. The moblike Unionist Ulster Volunteer Force mingled in common with the government troops of B-Specials and the R.U.C. Car pool after car pool of frightened people headed across the border.

The Irish Free State Army reservists were activated in the 26 counties. To the north, British troops patrolled the streets of Derry and Belfast, courtesy of an increasingly embarrassed Labor government in England.

Plans to handle refugees were hastily improvised. "The Holy Child," a primary school in the Andersonstown district, and St. Teresa's parish, both in Belfast, were two of many centers which were quickly organized the first night to aid the homeless.

Victims of the rioting were registered, fed and clothed, and hauled across the border to safety. They went to one of the five refugee centers set up on the "down in the State" side of the border by the 26 county government. These centers were manned by the Irish Army, Knights of Malta and the International Red Cross. Donations of food, clothing and shelter poured into the centers from all over the Free State, donated by sympathetic Irish.

There was talk that there existed a plan for the invasion of the six counties by the Army of the 26 counties. It had come to that, too.

Gormanstown, a military base north of Dublin near Drogheda in the Free State, was home for 523 women and young children when I arrived there. Once a jail for Republican prisoners, since August 15 it had held mostly Belfast refugees. Some had brought—or worn—everything they owned.

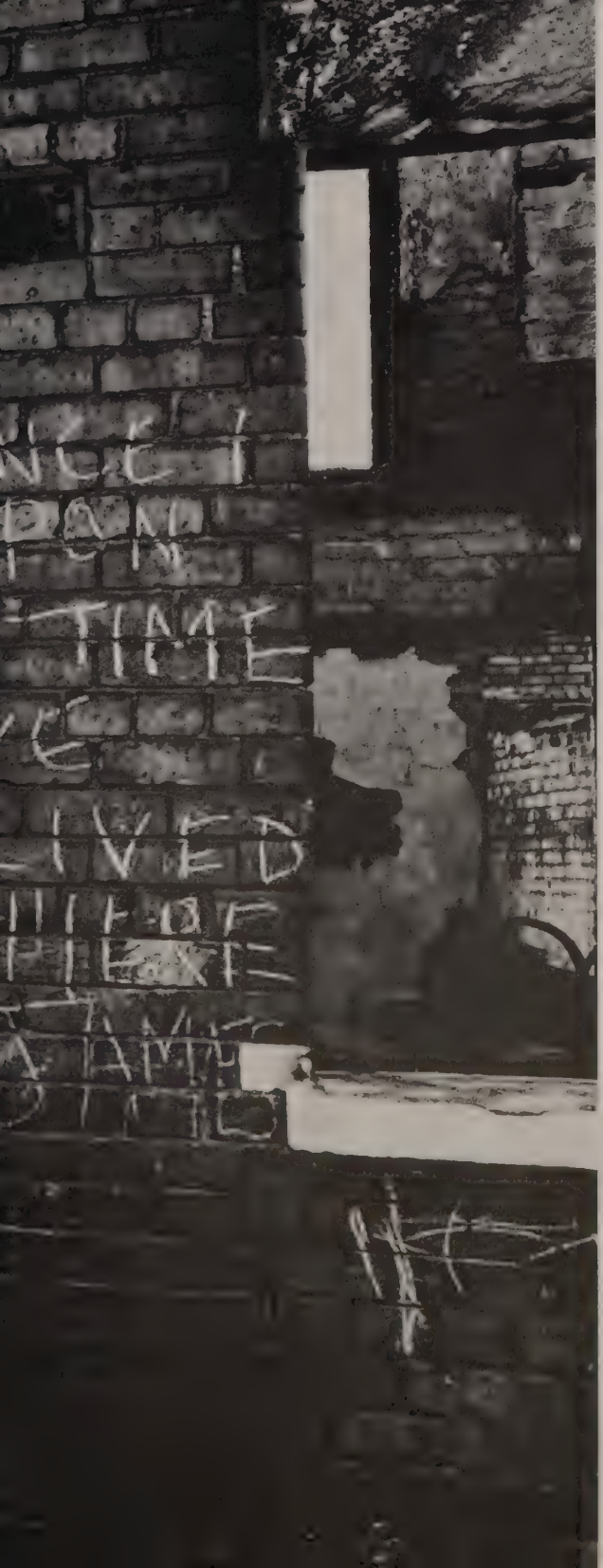
What was left of or in their homes was being patrolled by local I.R.A.-organized citizens defense committees, who also manned the barricades of "Free Belfast."


GIVE
WAY

Believe that we, too, love freedom and desire it. To us it is more desirable than anything in the world. If you strike us down now, we shall rise again and renew the fight. You cannot conquer Ireland. You cannot extinguish the Irish passion for freedom. If our deed has not been sufficient to win freedom, then our children shall win it by a better deed.

PADRAIG PEARSE (1879–1916)


WE
DO NOT
BURN
OUR
NEIGHBOURS
HOMES
DEFENCE
NOT
AGRESSION



It happened on the Kashmir Road in the year of '69
When the B-men and the UVF all formed a sturdy line.
The RUC were active too,
In obeying their government rule,
And they all began to slaughter from the roof of St. Paul's School.

They then began on Bombay Street with looting all around,
Then the flame from petrol bombs and each house was to the ground.
A young defense came towards them with stones and lumps of lead,
But alas no use against these guns, for Jerry McCaulley he lay dead.

A bullet pierced his proud young heart and bravely he did fall,
For Ireland and the Kashmir Road the lad had given all.
The day grew on and darkness fell and the firing didn't cease,
The Queen's Army came to save us, and they said "to keep the peace."

Our own monastery was under fire and this was our first run,
We held them back with petrol bombs but we never fired a gun.
We defended our whole district in this hopeless sort of way,
But the Kashmir Road was standing when the dawn broke through next day.

And we know the damage that they did, and the heartaches they brought,
We know too we were unprepared and sadly we were caught.
But to think they might come back again brings me no cowardly fears,
For the next time we will match them with the Kashmir fusillers.

FURGIE
Contemporary ballad

Bombay Street was a burnt-out ruin. Every house was gutted. Fifty families in all. The petrol firebombing of nationalist districts in Northern Ireland—occurring under the noses of B-Special and R.U.C. troops sent to contain Unionist violence—had come to Belfast. Bombay Street was the hollowed-out result of the Unionist vendetta against the city's Catholic population. It had been a reactionary uprising, resembling nothing so much as a brooding, bitter, grown-up temper tantrum.

But it was something else besides. The nonviolent civil rights struggle in the North had aroused the already frustrated Unionist-Protestant community. Egged on by fundamentalist Reverend Ian Paisley's bogey-visions of "papist rule," and by

false rumors of I.R.A. "snipers" (although the I.R.A. has never attacked civilians), poor, working-class Protestants mingled with the Unionist government troops, armed themselves with guns, petrol bombs and other missiles and massed angrily around the Catholic district of Clonard. The poor, divided against themselves, were again fighting each other.

Thirteen short, narrow streets and nearly 500 carbon-copy, red brick, corporation-owned rowhouses were all there was to the tired, factory-class Clonard ghetto, up the Falls Road from the center of Belfast.

Behind every house—in a stingy 7x10 courtyard—was a sheltered toilet; and in every so many courtyards, a struggling garden. A maze of back alleys—often used more than the streets—connected it all.

Its families are proud, traditional, pay-the-price Republicans. As a class, they are exploited and poor—50 percent are "on the dole," that is, are welfare recipients—and they are stubbornly Catholic. As has been said of the French, they will remain Catholics long after they have ceased being Christians. Taken as a whole, the Clonard is probably the strongest nationalist district in Belfast—a Republican nucleus surrounded by civilian and government military hostility and discrimination.

The festering violence erupted suddenly. It wasn't entirely unexpected, nor, apparently, completely spontaneous. Still, the first sign came from the gut. One woman said they knew something was going to happen "when we saw the men from Mackie's getting off work early." They were the Unionist-Protestant workers who lived in the Shankill Road ghetto, and who comprised a solid majority of the workers at Mackies, the huge metalworks plant near Clonard. It was in the air.

Huge rocks suddenly landed on the flagstone sidewalks along Bombay Street. Clonard's Catholics picked up the challenge and hurled them back. Back they came. Shooting broke out when mobs began parading through the grounds of the Clonard Monastery. A half hour later, Gerald Macauley, a 15-year-old Catholic youth, was being shot to death.

B-Specials and R.U.C. troops, exclusively Protestant and Unionist, joined in the fray; and this similarity with the Shankill

mobs was not coincidental: there were but two sides to the fight the night of August 15, 1969, in the Clonard district of Belfast.

Outnumbered and in danger of being overrun, the plight of the beleaguered residents sparked the creation of makeshift barricades, frantically thrown up on every street leading into the district. They were manned around the clock by citizen "home guards."

Then from behind the barricades, nationalist demands were issued: that the B-Specials be disarmed and disbanded; that the R.U.C. be reorganized; that political prisoners be released; and that England intervene to insure the civil rights of the area's Catholics.

Of the 427 persons treated in hospitals on August 16, 108 were suffering gunshot wounds.

The fractured government of Northern Ireland struggled to regain control of its authority and to contain the boiling internal disorders. Civil war was imminent.

The I.R.A. in Belfast at the time was stretched paper-thin. Official involvement in the nonviolent civil rights movement and in the recent government elections—when, among others, Bernadette Devlin had been nominated and won—had drawn on both personnel and preparedness. And had done more than that.

It had implied tacit I.R.A. recognition of the British-dominated government of Northern Ireland. In addition, the I.R.A.'s then-Chief of Staff Cathal Goulding had declared in 1968 in favor of a Marxist approach to revolution, led by the politicians.

But the men in Belfast were under siege, along with other thousands of families in the nationalist districts. When arms were not forthcoming, opinions squared off. The line was drawn between the Republicanism of socialist leaders James Connolly and Padraig Pearse as against that of Karl Marx. Hardly a dilemma given the circumstances.

The Republicans formed a "provisional" wing of the I.R.A.—provisional, that is, until it could be ratified at the next Convention. The "provisionals" were formed out of more than 90 percent of the "official" I.R.A.'s Belfast Brigade.

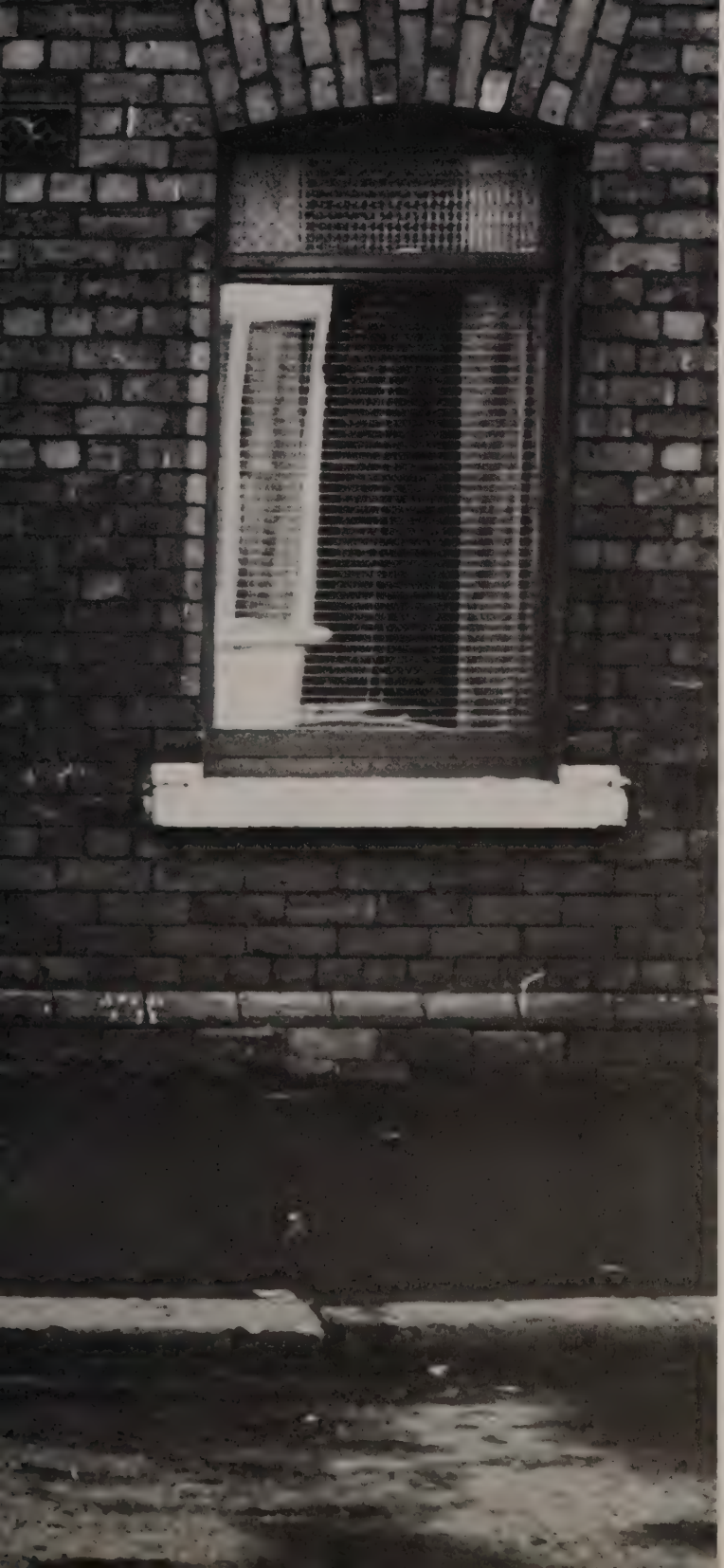
Nationalists rallied around the "provisional" I.R.A.—that term was later ratified and the "provisional" was dropped—and they went on to prepare for the defense of their homes. Sean MacStiofain became Chief of Staff. Billy McKee became O.C. of the Belfast Brigade.

The Brigade was reorganized from top to bottom—and from behind secure barricades, they made themselves known for the first time to the people. It was time for a choice. The Clonard district's involved citizens grew from a handful of men to two full companies of I.R.A. under the direction of the "provisionals." The underground *Republican News* was revitalized by Pronsias McAirt, a Gaelic poet, and "Radio Free Belfast" went on the air. And around the I.R.A. a Republican government was formed within the Clonard. Republican courts dealt with offenders: stolen property brought restitution, deliquent minors were brought together with parents. Tar and feathering, though rarely invoked, could be ordered after a warning, since there were no jails. Informers could be shot. The Clonard Monastery became a community center, and garbage pick up and other services were carried on in the district by its own people.

Behind the almost airtight barricades, Clonard residents again grouped together sociably on district street corners, walked its alleys unafraid, and even found time for a proud jar or two at the pub. And the barricades held.

But the paratroopers flown from England who were now patrolling the streets outside merely heightened disturbed feelings. After an initial sigh of relief, it was noted that the British troops only represented the real masters. The British, like the Irish Protestants, stood on the side of the Union Jack—and the status quo—in Ireland.

And as a reminder that was galling and bitter to the people of the Clonard, itself the district which was once called "little India," the sight of British troops brought a realization of the names of the Irish streets they walked on—Bombay, Kashmir, Cawnpore.



This jewel that houses our hopes and our fears
Was knocked up from the swamp in the last hundred years;
But the last shall be first and the first shall be last:
May the Lord in his mercy be kind to Belfast.

MAURICE CRAIG

"Ballad to a Traditional Refrain"

"Now, the truth as to what a nation's nationality is, what a nation's freedom, is not to be found in the statute-book of the nation's enemy. It is to be found in the books of the nation's fathers."

PADRAIG PEARSE

The Hannaways

The two met on Kashmir Road, in the Clonard district of Belfast on a damp, chilly afternoon in August, 1969. They were heavy-lidded and pale from lack of sleep. The barricades they had helped to organize, erect and defend kept a thin—but welcome—calm on the street where they stood, as it did throughout the district.

But there was little time for warm greetings. They came abreast, flashed briefly. Crisp words. And like two fireflies they kept on going. Liam Hannaway turned once, just in time to see his son disappear into a back alley.

There was probably more to be said, but neither Liam or Kevin could spare the time. The successful defense of the Clonard had fallen largely on Liam's shoulders; the barricades had been erected under his leadership. His sons had walked them.

It was a responsibility he had not sought, but which he welcomed much as his grandfather or his own father would have, and one which his own children, and if necessary, even his grandchildren will welcome. For with the entire Hannaway family, as with hundreds of other close-knit family units in Northern Ireland, duty to the Republic comes first. It aways has, and will.

Liam is a short man, handsome and muscular, with trimmed steel gray hair combed straight back. Concern runs deep in his "black Irish" face, and his eyes seem always to be fixed in a deliberate stare. Everything about him mirrors his absolute and total dedication to Republican causes.

It is this dedication, which has only hardened with the years, which earned him the respect of the people in the Clonard, and of Republicans throughout Ireland. Consensus placed him more or less in charge of the district during the Troubles.

Liam's home, with his wife, Lilly, is on Cawnpore Street. His three sons and one daughter have married and moved on, but remain active Republicans. And on February 4 when the British G.O.C. listed the five top I.R.A. "provisionals" in the Six Counties, the names of both Liam and Kevin appeared. It is only accidental that the list did not include the whole family.

All three Hannaway sons were jailed the first day of internment. Liam was picked up five months later and is presently interned in Long Kesh.

An Interview with Liam Hannaway – Belfast, Spring 1971

O'Sullivan: You joined the Irish Republican Army in '35. How old were you then?
Hannaway: 17.
O'Sullivan: Why did you join?
Hannaway: I was a boy, just a bit more than school age and my father had been in the Army during the Tan War. I knew that my grandfather had been a member of the Fenian movement even before that, in the 1860's. And I remember that when I was very young, he was already to fight, even as old as he was then. I was so very young then I didn't know the difference between right or wrong, or between Ireland or England; but I knew that my grandfather was violently opposed to British colonialism.

My father joined the volunteers in 1916. He fought through until 1923 and then he took the Republican side during the split—the civil war. He was in right up until the end. He died in 1963 and he never deviated from Republican principles. My father was more of a follower of Connolly than Pearse, although he knew that each was equally important. Connolly was a socialist leader; the working man's champion. Pearse was an Irish Irelander. He believed that Ireland was a distinct nation with its own language and its own culture and that its people were a distinct nation altogether and the British had no right whatsoever to dominate Ireland. Connolly also realized this, but he was more of a fighting socialist. The Irish working class, who are the Irish nation, were his life. He loved the Irish people, to such an extent that he actually died for them.

O'Sullivan: Do you consider yourself a follower of both Pearse and Connolly?
Hannaway: Well, I hope so, that's why I have socialist leanings. Not Russian socialism, but socialism for the good of the Irish people, not some foreign country. I also follow Pearse in that I try to use my own language whenever possible and to teach Gaelic to anyone that's willing to learn it. At the present moment, I can't do much in that respect, but I still speak it to other Irish speakers.
O'Sullivan: Why were you first arrested in 1940?
Hannaway: The usual British way was to charge you with being a member of an illegal organization, or, for instance, with wearing the Easter Lily. When they put you in the dock and you refused to recognize the court, the old magistrate would give you three months for contempt of court. You did the three months, then they brought you back from prison and charged you again with wearing an Easter Lily, or with refusing to answer questions or being a member of an illegal organization. And *again,* when you would refuse to recognize the court, they were liable to sentence you once more on contempt of court. You could go on like that for a long time. That happened to more than one lad.

But I myself was charged under the Act of 1883 with possession of firearms, possession of explosive substances and possession of ammunition—which were the same thing—but they would make two charges out of it. Since I wouldn't recognize the court, without any bother at all I was found guilty. And I was only one of many this happened to. The seven years which I received then—although I only served five years and four months of that—may have seemed quite a lot, but before I left men were doing 10, 15, 20 and life.

There were vast numbers of men in prison during the '40 campaign, must have been thousands from start to finish. I'm not saying they all remained

there, but thousands were in. And the vast majority, of course, were internees: 90 percent were political internees. I suppose 95 percent of the Army was imprisoned sometime during the war. You had men here in Belfast, you had that ship which they used as an internment ship, you had Derry Prison, the Curragh Camp, and Marlborough. You had Mount Joy and Arbour Hill and all of Ireland.

O'Sullivan: Your prison sentence ran from 1940 to early 1946. Have you been arrested since?

Hannaway: I have, on a few occasions, been arrested. Kept for short periods of time, and then given no explanation, just released. On other occasions they have come to the house, asked questions, and so forth, and just gone away. They've been what you'd call a nuisance, actually, and possibly tried to intimidate me.

Recently I was interned for 23 days. I was charged, brought into court, and—funny, they used exactly the same charge in 1970 as they had in 1940. I was charged with possession of firearms and explosives, under the same Act of 1883, and again they didn't produce any evidence that I had these things in my possession. Finally they were forced to withdraw the charges. It's not unusual for them to arrest a person, not necessarily of the Republican Army, and charge them without having a shread of evidence. They hope that between the court depositions and the trial they can amass some evidence to convict the person.

These arbitrary arrests have increased in the past year, not necessarily just for Republicans, but for the general public, at least on riot charges and disorderly behavior, *etcetera.* But it shows that they are allowed to terrorize the ordinary citizen from within the system and get away with it. They can charge you under the Special Powers Act and there's no comeback whatsoever. Even when they're in the wrong, there's no comeback.

O'Sullivan: What did you do after your release in 1946?

Hannaway: Well, then in 1946 I actually did join *Sinn Féin,* and have been in ever since. I joined what was known as the Sean MacDiarmada Command, named after one of the 16 leaders of the Easter Rising. Then they changed the name to the Sean McCauly command. He was O.C. of the Northern Ireland Command Staff, and he died in Marlborough Prison on a hunger and thirst strike—23 days altogether if my memory's right, in 1946. He was buried the 11th of June, I believe.

At that time, circumstances didn't allow you to have military funerals you know. Number one, you really didn't have the support of the people, as you have now. And number two, the Army was very weakened in 1946 after taking a battering all through the war. And realize the fact that it was a volunteer Army, and that the only thing any man could get out of it was death and maybe imprisonment. It was hard keeping it up to strength, and it still is, but it was more difficult in those days than it is now. After doing about six, seven, eight years in prison, men aren't inclined to come right out and start fighting all over again. I probably would have drifted away completely in 1946 except that I took a bit of an interest in *Sinn Féin* because I believe that it's a waste of time unless you can get the people behind you. Well, the only way you can get the people behind you is through *Sinn Féin;* through educating the people to Republican principles, and the ideals of Republicanism. And the fact is, we think it is for the ultimate good of the whole Irish nation that Republicanism should succeed. With the support of *Sinn Féin,* the Army can do things.

O'Sullivan: Are most of the volunteers today in *Sinn Féin?*

Hannaway: No, most *Sinn Féin* members are

outside the Army. They have the same principles as volunteers, but there are very few who actually hold dual membership. There may be alterations made here or there as to methods but the aims and objectives are exactly the same as they were at the very origin, when it actually became the one *Oghlaigh Na h Eireann,* which is the correct definition of the volunteer movement. *Oghlaigh Na h Eireann* actually means the Army of the Republic, the Army of Ireland.

O'Sullivan: What position do you now hold in *Oghlaigh Na h Eireann?*

Hannaway: At the present moment I am a staff officer in one of the Northern Battalion staffs.

O'Sullivan: How many different ranks have you held? The one thing I've noticed is that people fluctuate up and down a great deal.

Hannaway: Well, that's because it's a volunteer army. For instance, let's say that I, because of work commitments or something, had to move to Dublin or Cork; someone has to take over my position. And if I went and got affiliated with the Dublin or Cork Brigades, I would be simply a Volunteer. You don't hold rank because you're 20 years in the

Army or a brilliant tactician or anything of that nature. If you're good and are of officer material, you'll probably attain that rank. But it's a volunteer army and if you don't wish to obtain that rank, then you don't have to do so.

After all, some of the younger fellows should eventually take over my position. The way I see it, this is a young man's war and young men will probably succeed where I could fail. Young men nearly always have more initiative; they're less afraid to take chances. I might not be afraid to take chances which would involve me, but I probably would be a little less inclined to take chances that would involve the loss of men. But young fellows don't give two hangs; they'll charge into battle at the first sign. There's times when that doesn't pay off. But then again, of course, there are times when it does.

O'Sullivan: Are there a lot of young men on the general staff?

Hannaway: There are. Especially in comparison to a professional army, where the officers make a career and actually receive substantial payment for it. I'm speaking of the Brigade staff. Their average age would be in the 30's and I think they're just as capable as anybody I've come across yet. There are several of them that I would say would have no hesitation whatsoever, if it was necessary, who would be willing to die without the least compunction about it. In an army such as the Republican Army, if you haven't got men willing to do that, you may just as well fold up.

O'Sullivan: What about the period from 1946 to the next campaign? What happened with the Army?

Hannaway: Well, the Army was very weak in those days. Very weak in numbers. It wasn't until the 50's that it began to show life. In the early 50's, before the 1956 campaign, they went down to Armagh

barracks and cleared the armory out. They met a few difficulties in the execution of that operation, but still they got over it without any trouble. They got the men away safe, and got approximately 400 weapons.

O'Sullivan: Were there other raids?

Hannaway: There were others, but none as successful as that one. In fact, one was not at all successful. We lost six men in that one.

O'Sullivan: Killed?

Hannaway: No, not killed, injured. And all finished up in A-Wing of the Belfast prison. That campaign was a queer one. It started off with a great flourish. The first couple of nights were very, very successful. The jobs that they pulled off were impossible to do, but they did them. And got away, too. But then it gradually petered out. There were a few after that—the likes of DeValera would say "diehards"—a few lads who carried on more or less

singlehanded. The odds must have been a million to one against them. But they still carried on until about 1962.

There was no assistance whatsoever. None at all. The assumption was that the people didn't want military action. That the people wanted political agitation. I was in *Sinn Féin* and the Army was more or less disbanded. People didn't seem to be annoyed about the Army, but they were pushing members of *Sinn Féin* to the limits to organize various acts of political agitation, to have open air meetings and so forth, and sell the *United Irishman* openly in the streets. But that, of course, was never done until 1968 or '69. You were taking your life in your hands to sell Republican papers openly in the street.

The activity was political right through the whole line. It got to such a pitch, you know, that people almost forgot that there was any such thing as the I.R.A. Because even men who were known members of the I.R.A. were more or less involved in this political agitation effort.

O'Sullivan: What did you do between '62, the end of the campaign, and the beginning of the current troubles in 1969?

Hannaway: In the Army, nothing. If some lad wanted to join the Army, he probably would have got in, but they made a politician out of him. Or at least attempted to make a politician out of him.

O'Sullivan: Has the leadership of *Sinn Féin* changed from the '60's to the present time?

Hannaway: The men I now recognize as being president and treasurer and secretary were then, and still are, good Republicans. Rory O'Bruada, who is president of *Sinn Féin,* and a few other men who are there—it has cost them very dearly to be members of the Republican movement. They have lost very heavily on account of it. Of course, these men are, I would say, reasonably clever men. They probably could have made something of themselves in an ordinary civilized, free country. The fact that they were Republicans, and publically stated so, went against them very badly on occasions.

O'Sullivan: During the troubles in 1969, what happened to the I.R.A.?

Hannaway: That's a very hard question to answer. Because, you know, I had been in the Army all along and the people of our district didn't want to know me before 1969. But then suddenly they realized that I might be able to save them. I say, *I* might be able to save them; but, in reality, I'm speaking about the Republican Army. We had been left in a position such that in reality we weren't members of the Republican Army, but were

members of *Sinn Féin* and nothing else. But it's hard explaining that to people, because they simply weren't interested. They wanted to know how many guns there were, and what could you do to save them from being burned out, *etcetera.*

Well, the so-called Republican Army and the so-called Belfast Battalion gave us no help at all. There were some men who came back into the Army in August 1969, and who are very actively concerned in the Republican Army at the moment. And had they not arrived up where I live—well, I shudder to think what could have happened to our area. It probably would have been burned to the ground.

But those men had nothing to do with the type of Republican movement that existed in Belfast from the latter end of the 1956–62 campaign until 1969. They hadn't agreed with what was happening. Still these men came back in '69 when they were really needed.

O'Sullivan: Did you get a lot of younger men then as well as the older members?

Hannaway: You could have had almost any young lad in the district.

O'Sullivan: Because of the influx, has it reached the strength of the 1940's?

Hannaway: I just couldn't say for sure. But I would guess it's almost on a par. And I honestly think the men—and again I'm speaking about Belfast—that comprise our staffs really mean, at the first opportunity, to do something about finishing off this fight and reestablishing the Republic. You know we don't recognize any border, and as far as we're concerned this *is* the Republic. That's why we adopt the attitude we do adopt and I say reestablish.

O'Sullivan: What has happened to the Army since the troubles began to the present time?

Hannaway: It's in the process of really becoming an army. It's not as strong or as well-armed as we would like it, but for all that, it has progressed to such an extent that it is almost in a position not only to defend the people, which we *can* do at the present moment—but to actually be an attack army with a reasonable chance of success. We have a considerable percentage of what is termed the nationalist population behind us, and it may be that we are the only ones they can depend on. And there are more Republicans in the north of Ireland now than there ever were, people who really want a Republic.

As I said, there were people who didn't even want to know me before 1969, but today, at least in the district I'm living in, at a very conservative estimate, I'd say 90 percent of the people are willing to listen to any orders that we have to give them. And they don't consider themselves coerced. They actually know and accept the fact that we are attempting to do for them what should have always been done; what any normal democratic state would do for its people. And that's what the Army needs, the support of the people.

So I would say the Army is in the best position it's been in for quite a long, long time. I know that politicans would call us murderers, terrorists, *etcetera,* but in all sincerity, I don't think that our people look on us like that.

O'Sullivan: The Republican Army forced the British to withdraw from 26 of the 32 Irish counties in 1922. Are you expecting to force their withdrawal from the remaining six at this time? Is the situation that exists now the same that existed in 1922?

Hannaway: Not exactly, because from what I have read and heard from people actually engaged in the struggle of 1922, the British were defeated militarily then. The Republican Army defeated them in the truest form of military victory because they outclassed them. The British simply just didn't measure up to the Republicans.

Hannaway: The original objective of the Republican movement was to make it impossible for them to rule this country so that finally they would have to abdicate. So there would be no alternative left to them. But if it were possible to defeat them on a purely military basis, well that's all the better.

I personally think that if a purely military victory isn't possible, then the I.R.A. can successfully follow the examply set by the Jews in Palestine. There, the Jews were able to beat the British by continued guerilla warfare. They fought for their national home and drove the British out, even though, from the point of view of a military man, the British were perhaps still the strongest at the end. But it doesn't matter how many troops they have, if the people refuse to be ruled by an army of occupation, then the army of occupation has to flee. And that's the situation we hope to achieve.

O'Sullivan: Are you closer to it today than before?

Hannaway: Well, we're moving towards that. In the past 18 to 21 months, we have made enormous strides. At one time we couldn't possibly have carried out some of the actions we have recently carried out in full view of the armed forces. We just simply couldn't have done it, and that's the long and the short of it.

O'Sullivan: How many years has Ireland been under English domination?

Hannaway: Nearly eight centuries. For the last 50 years the country has been partitioned; two separate governments have existed. We don't give recognition to either one of them. We don't intend to give recognition to any government or army if it doesn't rule under the name of a free Irish Republic. But any government which does rule in the name of the entire Irish people, without any dictation from an outside source, we will give recognition to.

O'Sullivan: What about the so-called split in the Republican movement?

Hannaway: I personally don't accept it as a division or a split, though most people call it that for want of a better word. As a Republican I see it as people deviating from the traditional Republican movement. They decided to adopt another course which they consider the proper way. As a Republican, I don't. They have deviated, we haven't. Some people left the movement, although they still claim to be members of it, and even still call themselves members of *Oghlaigh Na h Eireann,* or members of *Sinn Féin.* But they have no right to do so.

O'Sullivan: Don't some call themselves members of the National Liberation Front?

Hannaway: Exactly. Which means a combination of the different socialist and communist organizations. Well, they have a right to go whatever way they like. No one is disputing that. But they have no right to claim to be members of the Republican movement. They have actually rescinded their membership in the movement by their actions. Look at it this way: when De Valera, McBride and others left the movement and formed other parties, they didn't claim membership in the Republican movement, they didn't say they were still members of *Oghlaigh Na h Eireann,* still members of *Sinn Féin.* Instead, they formed another party and gave it another name. And they were quite entitled to do that. Why then should Cathal Goulding be in a privileged position?

O'Sullivan: Has Cathal Goulding claimed himself a communist? Has he taken on a Marxist ideology?

Hannaway: He has. He has actually proclaimed that on British television. He proclaimed that that was the type of Republic he wants, the kind they are working towards.

O'Sullivan: And what type of Republic does *Oghlaigh Na h Eireann* seek?

Hannaway: We consider that we are the disciples of

James Connolly. We are attempting, insofar as we can, to follow the traditions of Connolly, Pearse and the others: to establish Irish socialism in order to meet the needs of the working class, without its being subject in the slightest to any foreign or outside power. We would have normal democratic elections. If you don't want to be a socialist, you don't have to be a socialist. That's your prerogative, and that's the prerogative of each individual Irish citizen.

O'Sullivan: What about searches?

Hannaway: Well, if you look through Irish history, you'll find that at all times it has been a tactic of the British to use mass searches to break up homes. On occasions in the past they have shot men on a raid. In my district, the Clonard, 50 homes have been raided.

O'Sullivan: Are Catholic areas the only ones searched?

Hannaway: Nine out of ten searches in the city have been in Catholic areas. Possibly more. It must have run into hundreds as a total quite easily. Ardoyne and Ballymurphy and every other Catholic area have been searched continuously for the last year. All searches in Derry have been in Catholic areas.

O'Sullivan: How many weapons have been found in these searches?

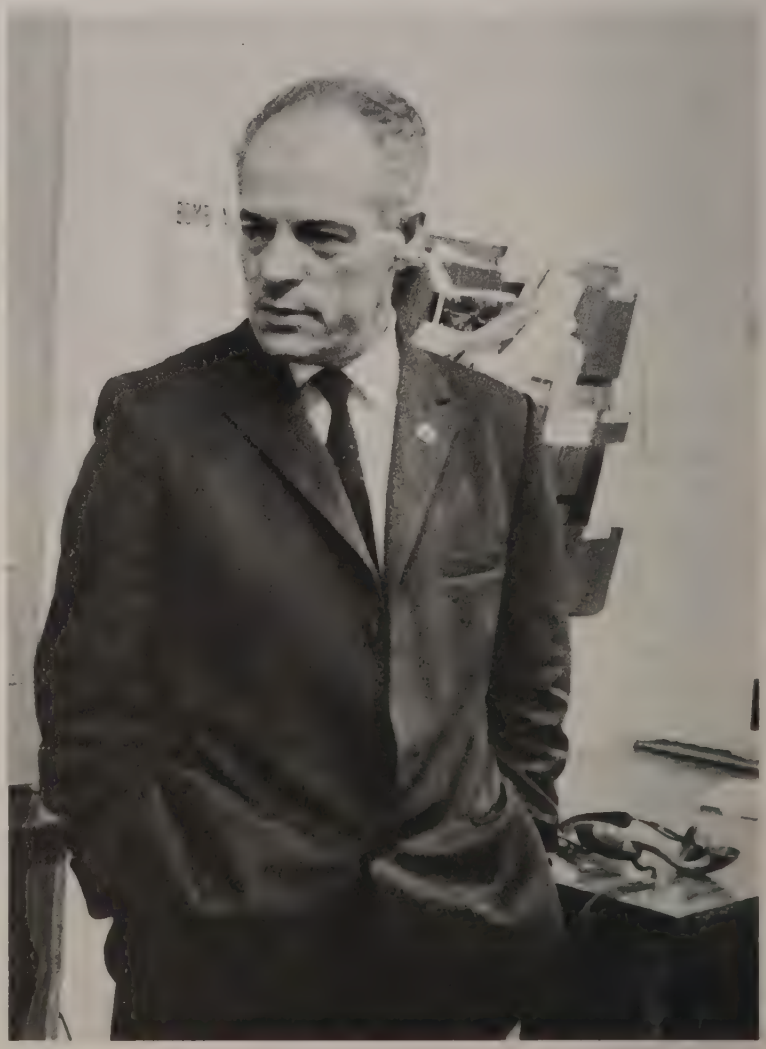
Hannaway: Leaving out the Lower Falls area, only a dozen or so. But last July they did retrieve about 150 weapons out of the Lower Falls.

O'Sullivan: Who did the weapons belong to?

Hannaway: As far as I know, the National Liberation Front.

O'Sullivan: Why haven't the British found more weapons in Belfast?

Hannaway: It's a hard question to answer, Michael. The British certainly have all the modern means of discovering them. But in my area and the others that I know of, the people react violently. I don't say in every case, but the searches have always sparked off riots. The British say that there are too many guns not legally held, and that they intend to collect them so there won't be any more rioting. But almost all riots have been free of arms: on most occasions, stones, bottles and petrol bombs have been used rather than arms. So I don't accept their justification—these troops have just taken over the role of the B-Specials who were disbanded last year, and now they have become the tool of the Northern



Ireland government. They intend, even if they're not conscious of it, to bolster this Unionist government to where there'll be no unseating it even by democratic means.

It's the same all over town. The only exceptions are in the Unionist districts. In the Shankill Road for instance, the searches are hardly worth recording, even though there's been shootings. But after all, the Unionists are the establishment of this puppet state in Northern Ireland. There has never been any other government here except Unionist.

O'Sullivan: The I.R.A. wrote the rule books on modern guerilla warfare that many other British colonies have used successfully. Why haven't the Irish been successful?

Hannaway: We had to contend with the Ulster Plantation that took place 400 years ago, which was mainly in the northeast. And many people have been instilled with the idea that we are the descendants of the English, which we are not. But many still contend they are Britons, and wave a Union Jack. However, in spite of the propaganda down through the centuries, this country is slowly but surely moving towards a Republic.

For instance, the people in the 26 counties today have been brought up in an atmosphere where Britain isn't visible. They haven't had to fight in the manner that we have. In spite of that, there's a very strong Republican movement in the South, that is, both the Army and *Sinn Féin.* They have no intention of accepting the British domination of us up here, and so we're all going to go on until we finish it.

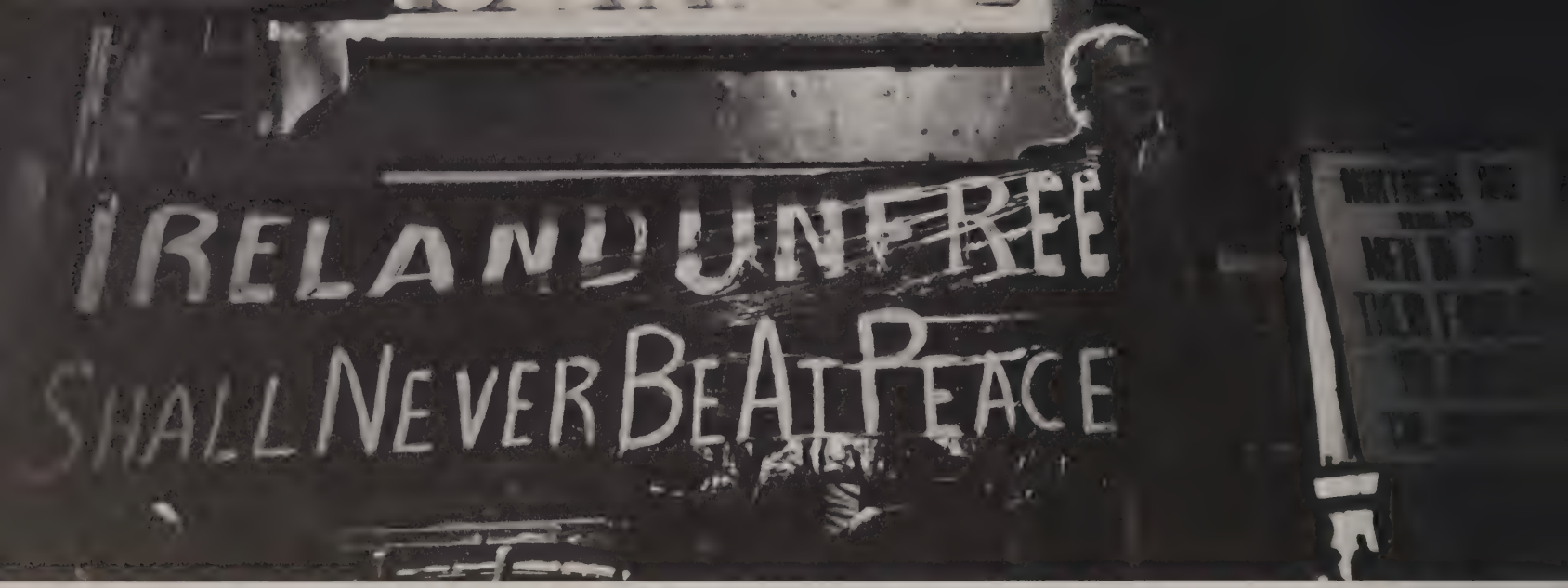
An Interview With Liam Hannaway – Belfast, Fall 1971

O'Sullivan: Liam, the last tape we made was in the spring. What is the situation in Belfast now?

Hannaway: The situation has considerably improved from a military point of view, and also politically, although the improvement politically isn't as great as the military improvement. Circumstances make the military operations more popular among the people now. The political effort is slow work, to keep people aware, so it's only popular when there are public meetings. However, now with out military efforts so important, the people want to know who the I.R.A. men are, what's happening to them, if they have been arrested, if they have been released, or if they've been injured in any way, either by shooting or having been beaten by the military or the police.

The British military doesn't know what way to turn. That may appear to be bombastic, but I honestly don't think so, because previously we hadn't come to grips with the British military. But now the British have declared war; or at least stated that there was a state of war between the British Army and the I.R.A. So far, we have not declared war on the British, perhaps because any sincere Republican feels there has always been a state of war between the Irish and the English. We haven't declared that, but we have accepted it.

Over the past three months there has been a vast improvement in our operations—we have lost very few men; and we have gained, not lost, stuff. That is, we have gained an enormous amount of arms and munitions: that's what's called stuff in this part of the world.



I think it's clear enough to say now that since February, about 95 percent of the people have declared their hand, and have supported, or given evidence that they do support the Republican movement.

I think that earlier they wanted to be Republicans but were scared of the consequences. The British Army had adopted bullying tactics, beating up women, making arrests that were unjust even from a British point of view. Of course we don't recognize their right to arrest anyone. But their techniques could only force people who were uncommitted onto the Republican side. There was nothing else for them. Now those people have decided it's not such a bad policy to stand on your own two feet and to put your trust in your own right arm. They've discovered that that gets results; that even when the British military does arrive on the scene, the result isn't any worse for them.

We continue to hold and increase.

O'Sullivan: What is the strategy being used at this point to get the British out?

Hannaway: The strategy is the same, except for increased efficiency. The whole strategy of the Republican movement is to make it impossible for the British to rule this country. The operations prior to March or April did not involve so many men, and the results were not so disastrous to the British forces. Even the newspaper reports of the last three or four months, reporting on I.R.A. operations show that the British have gotten the worst of it. Now and then they may have killed a Republican volunteer, but on the whole they have suffered the greater losses. Not only have they suffered greater losses in that they lost men or weapons, or were chased out of various areas, but they have not been allowed back: By that I mean that when they did come back, the people refused to accept them, refused to speak to them. They ostracized them and continue to do so.

This is fact: the British forces, especially in Belfast, are terrorized. They are in such a state of terror that they can hardly walk around a corner. At night, operating in what we call "duck squads," they go from one street to another, and if you or I or even the women of the district just simply walk

across the street, they begin to shoot, they are stricken with such terror. Whereas any Republican that I know simply takes precautions, as is only necessary. It's not just that someone's shooting at the British because I daresay they have as much inside them as any other. But they know that the people don't want them. And if you know that you're on enemy territory, it's like walking across a minefield. They don't know what way to step or what will blow up around them.

That's what's happening all over the city. And it's going to continue to happen, and it's going to be escalated to such an extent, that if it continues through this winter, Lord help the British Army.

Our lads are getting to be better shots. You have only a split second at a moving target, and then you have to get clear within the next few seconds. So it's not bad shooting to hit 'em in the ear or the side of the head or other locations. But the evidence of our accuracy is there because these men have been buried right between the two eyes.

O'Sullivan: How many I.R.A. casualties have there been?

Hannaway: Very few. The British Army often claims "We got him," believing the man dead, and just turns away. And I can assure you that there have also been occasions when they must have known it was a lie.

O'Sullivan: Liam, internment was brought in supposedly to crack the Irish Republican Army, to break it down. Has it had any effect?

Hannaway: It has. For the good, as far as we're concerned. There has been more militant action and more lads wishing to gain admittance to the ranks of *Oglah N'Ein.* Good lads, too, so that we can pick and choose. We have gone to extremes in order to get the best. Unlike the British Army, in the Irish Republican Army you cannot have a known criminal record and gain admittance. It's not that lads are condemned because they've done something wrong in their youth. It's that the British and especially the Northern Irish quislings make such a play of that issue if a lad they arrest is discovered that we just simply cannot afford to accept known criminals—I use that "known criminals" in a reserved sense. It's as simple as that.

The unfortunate part is that no matter how you do it, escalation will bring in the civilian population. We would like to avoid that, so that it would be just the I.R.A. and the British Army, because I am convinced that we can beat them. They still have more armed men than we have, but we beat them hands down in guerilla tactics.

The commander of British land forces, Major General Ford, stated on British television that eventually the I.R.A. weren't going to know who were their friends and who were not. Well, I'm afraid the shoe is on the other foot. It's the British land forces who don't know who their friends are. In this very city people I know to be British simply won't give them any assistance whatsoever because of the tactics they have adopted.

There is also considerably more help from Protestants than either Mr. Faulkner or Mr. Ford will admit. These people are doing their damnedest to make a religious war of this because it's only with a religious division that they have any hope of success. If they leave this on a political basis, they are beaten, and darn well they know it.

O'Sullivan: If this campaign is successful and the British are forced out, what then is the next step?

Hannaway: Well, the next step would be to insure that there's peace in the country. Some people say that we will have a Unionist backlash. And it is possible that we would have the extreme political Unionists in opposition to the armed forces of the Republic. That's something which I wouldn't want

to see. But let's face up to the fact that it's possible to see such a situation. But even so, I have no doubt that we would be able to control that situation in a very short time.

O'Sullivan: You're speaking of the U.V.F.?

Hannaway: Yes. We have the people behind us. They haven't. You see, it's a mistaken idea in this country that all Protestants are behind the U.V.F. That is quite untrue.

Perhaps they give them financial support, but I have been present myself on the Shandoh when they threatened the person concerned that if he didn't come across with the money, the consequences to him would be very extreme. I actually listened to that conversation. If you have to obtain support in such a manner when you are the ascendency party, how then are you going to obtain support when you are in opposition to the rest of the country, when no one wants you, not even the people that you've been calling your own?

I am quite prepared to state here that we wouldn't allow the situation to get to the pitch the British have allowed, where you have Protestant in opposition to Catholic. Now a man can't go to work for fear of perhaps being shot down or beaten up on the way, children cannot go to school in peace, because of fear of the U.V.F. and others who support them. That situation should never be allowed to arise in any country. It has been allowed deliberately in order that Stormont can still be called the government. It's a puppet government: the strings are pulled from Westminster. The Free State government is also a puppet government because they claim jurisdiction over the 32 counties of Ireland, yet they won't send a soldier past the border post. They stop fast when they get to the border post. You'd think they were rooted there to the ground. They stand by and watch the nationalist population being bombed out of their

homes and becoming so intimidated that they can't go to work. Some of them are so harassed they can't even go to draw unemployment assistance. Yet Mr. Lynch has the cheek to claim jurisdiction over the 32 counties of Ireland.

Then the British claim that they are a peace-keeping force. They stood by while the people in Unity Flats were intimidated. All the peace-keeping forces ever did in there was to maltreat men and women. They beat them up and destroyed their homes. Is this the type of peace-keeping force that we are supposed to give our allegiance to?

Moreover, thousands and thousands are in prison now on charges which should never have been brought against them, convicted with perjured evidence given by British soldiers, on the whole. On some occasions it has been the police and Scotland Yard who have perjured themselves. But 90 percent of the perjured evidence was given by British soldiers.

There's only one solution to this and that's the Republican solution. The British out and the Irish

can take over, and then there won't be any problems, there won't be any intimidation, there won't be any people shot simply because they are Catholic or Protestant. This will be a democratic country. The sooner we have the British out, the better.

O'Sullivan: The British press on occasion has stated that there are no more than 200 armed terrorists in Belfast. What do you say to that?

Hannaway: To me that is a ludicrous statement. Of course, people who fight for political freedom from a foreign power are always termed terrorists. But if you go back 20 years, you'll find that men once known as terrorists are now the Prime Minister, or the Minister of Home Affairs, or the minister attached to some foreign government. When does a man cease being a terrorist and become a patriot?

Through the years British propaganda has called them gunmen and murderers and various other names, and the Irish people have just accepted the fact that these men, provided that they were members of *Oglah N'Ein,* were volunteer soldiers, and they have accepted them as such. Numbers in the guerrilla army don't really count. Two hundred trained guerillas in this country would be devastating to the British. You see, these people think that they call you terrorist and therefore the civilian public has been turned against you. But they forget the civilian public is also Irish, that the blood that runs in their veins is Irish just like the blood that runs in what they call the terrorists' veins. The people here in the civilian population are the mothers and the fathers of the Volunteers, so calling Volunteers by the name terrorists means nothing.

O'Sullivan: How many times have you been on the run?

Hannaway: This is the third. The first time I got arrested I wasn't really on the run. It was just an unfortunate incident like many others wherein they arrest 20 men or so, and then let two or three of them out and keep the rest. Of course they always interrogate everybody singly then. They inform you that I said that you carried out an operation at some time in such and such a place. And they inform me that you said that I carried out the same operation.

Even when there's no internment, getting you on the run means you have to leave your job, that you have no means of living. Your family, if you're married, may well go destitute. The British hope they'll go destitute, so that eventually they'll force you to emigrate to America, Australia, or somewhere to get you out of the country.

O'Sullivan: Were you on the run in the 1956 campaign?

Hannaway: No, not really. I was arrested a couple of times during that and had to stay out of the house quite often. But when I say I'm on the run, I mean I'm absolutely out of the house. It's when I can come home, but not very often.

It's when you have to be very careful coming home, careful where you're sleeping, careful of the people who allow you to enter their homes. You must be certain that they are all right and see if you, in turn, could do them any harm. That's what I mean by on the run.

But on occasion, you can go to work, but must not go home that night. You can go home and get your tea, for instance, wash, shave, and do all the rest but then must go out and stay out of your home at night. I don't consider that being on the run. On the run is when you're watching out 24 hours a day.

O'Sullivan: And how many men are like that now?

Hannaway: At the present moment there are probably 100 badly wanted men on the run.

O'Sullivan: Can you replace men easily once they're lifted?

Hannaway: Well, they can't be replaced. I feel we can't afford to lose one man. I don't mean that we can't replace any man, we can. But each time we lose a man, there's that lull in which ordinary people, not volunteers, because they know, but ordinary people, think things are going badly—when a certain individual has been arrested, it may take a week, or a fortnight at most, to prove to the people that our substitute is as good.

O'Sullivan: A man doesn't really know whether he's wanted or not, does he?

Hannaway: Well, I knew because they came looking for me. But if they hadn't and were just watching me, I wouldn't have known whether or not I was one of their "Wanted" men. But any person living in a nationalist area would say that he's a wanted man. He may not be on the run, but he's definitely a potential internee. Unless we can bring this thing under control, in the future we'll be interned.

O'Sullivan: Any other point you care to make?

Hannaway: Well, this: no one has ever given more support—financial, moral and otherwise—to the Irish cause than Americans, especially Irish-Americans. But I wish they would realize that there is nly one army in this country. The only section with a political conscience in Ireland, the one that really wants a Republic and is willing to do everything that's necessary in order to reestablish it, is the Republican Movement. All the others are the so-called opposition party. They are willing to accept British domination so long as they are the leaders of the minority.

They are not Irishmen in the true sense of the word. It seems to be a mere accident that they were born in this country. They haven't got the good of this country at heart. They want their safe jobs. They don't want internment simply and solely because they are afraid of being interned themselves, or fear their sons or their daughters being interned. After all, their sons and daughters can't join the British Imperial Civil Service if they're interned!

They oppose the I.R.A. just as much as Faulkner and the others, but only because it doesn't fit in with their way of life, which is, to say the least, British in outlook. They are Anglicized Irishmen.

So I would ask the American people to realize fully that the only ones who are making an all-out serious attempt to get the British to evacuate Ireland are members of the Republican Army, and those who work with it, *Sinn Féin,* and others. I can assure you that Leinster House, Stormont and the others are going to go. Just as sure as there'll be sunrise tomorrow morning, those places will go. And I hope even sooner than I expect.

But there *will* be a political solution to this problem that will give us "the Irish race" the reins of government in this country, or we will all be dead.

An Interview With Lilly Hannaway – Belfast, September 1971

The men interned in Long Kesh call her "the bun runner" for her habit—every Saturday—of taking food and breads to Irish political prisoners held there and at other locations in and around Belfast. She organized a group to do it.

A familiar face appears through the porthole of the prison ship H.M.S. *Maidstone*. An excited voice: "Hey Mrs. Hannaway. Hey, bun runner."

"Mickey . . . it's a good thing the 'peelers' got you before I did."

Laughter.

Rolls can't be over so big. All bread must be sliced.

Lilly went from the hospital where she gave birth to her first child, Terry, straight to Crumlin Road prison to give husband Liam the smiling news. He was then a political prisoner.

Today she visits Liam in another prison—Long Kesh internment camp—as well as a second son, Kevin. Like his father, he is a political prisoner. Terry, her first son, is out now and so is Dermot. Terry is 29, Kevin was 23 the fourth of December, and Dermot just turned 21. Lilly is in her fifties.

Lilly: When I went down to the boat (the H.M.S. *Maidstone*) with a parcel, the fellow there says to me: "Have you a bomb in there?"

I said: "Don't be ridiculous. Although if I thought it could get through, there'd be a bomb in there."

He says to me: "You're too old to try a trick like that."

O'Sullivan: Has it been worth it?

Lilly: Of course it has. Every minute of it.

It's our country.

The Gloucester Regiment of the British Army was here in August, '69. They've been reorganized but they're back again. They can't understand the change that's taken place in people's attitudes. The people used to talk to them, and now they don't at all. The Gloucesters claim the paratroopers did so much damage that now they have to take the frigging rot for it.

O'Sullivan: Whatever happened to Major Cunningham, the British officer that used to come here to the house?

Lilly: He retired about six weeks after he left here. He didn't want to let the British search in this district, and the Brigadier disciplined him for his objection to the searches. Cunningham has promised us then that he would let us know when the searches were coming. When it came without warning, he tried to talk to Liam. Liam told him: "Get the hell out of this district."

Liam blamed Cunningham. But then when Cunningham was going back to England he phoned Father Egan, almost crying, apologized to him and asked him to tell the people in the district how sorry he was about what had happened and how it happened. And he hoped that we wouldn't hold any ill will toward him. He said he knew he was losing a lot of good friends and he sent his best wishes to Liam.

And he said to Father Egan that he would like to return and come see him. He used to sit here for hours, as you know, Michael. It hurt him terribly to have to leave, and he hoped he could come back when this was all over.

Yes, that's what happened; when the British first came, many people trusted them. But the British let the people down and now the people feel nothing but hatred for them.

The British came to know what side of the fence they were on when they started carrying out Faulkner's orders. They lost any Irish friends they had. . . .

I had a raid in here one night. There were eight or nine of them in here.

I said: "What the hell are you crucifying us for? Why aren't you over across on the Shankill doing a bit of work over there?"

He said: "Look, I tell you, Mom.

O'Sullivan: How often have you been raided?

Lilly: Oh, for God's sake. I've lost track now. Even when they don't come, you worry about them. Even before the troubles started, you'd get them every now and again. For God's sake, the Special Branch was in here many times for Kevin. He used to shut the door on them.

The Special Branch would shout: "Wait, we only want to ask you something."

Kevin would answer: "I have no answers for you. I've got a gun and I'll blow the hell out of you."

I kept watch over the lot of them.

Kevin had big brown eyes that used to roll when he laughed. He had a big wide grin and was always laughing.

When I think back, back to the start, it was like a cat and mouse game between them all. Then, they'd all gather in here at night, at about half 11. We'd have a big coal fire on, and I would have three or four pounds of ham and a bunch of eggs.

Oh, for God Jesus, it was wild.

And the men sleeping over—we'd have two or three in the parlor, and three or four in the bed. And sure you wouldn't know who'd be sleeping here.

Why, the morning of internment, when they lifted Dermot, I didn't know that it was he in the bed. They came to the door and I wouldn't let them in.

I said: "I'm here on me own."



And they shouted: "If you don't open that fucking door, we'll kick it in for you."

I said: "You're wasting your time."

I didn't know Dermot was here, you see. So I did open the door, and this old boy charged in and up the stairs and I went up after him to make sure that he didn't plant anything. You see, they plant guns and then blame you for it.

The soldier shouted: "Come on, get out of bed and get dressed." And he turned over, and, oh my God, it was Dermot. I almost fainted.

This was quarter to four in the morning. I didn't know internment had begun. They had lifted Tex, right down the street, and I went down to talk to his wife Moira. Then a woman came walking up the road looking for her son, Billy Davidson. She had heard that he had been lifted. And she said to me, "God, that's awful for you, Mrs. Hannaway, your two sons were arrested."

I didn't know it at the time, but they had gotten Kevin in a house. Then, another woman came by and told me Terry's away. Three of them lifted at once.

My God that was terrible, Michael. I hadn't been to bed since it happened. We didn't know where Kevin was for two weeks.

They broke Dermot's fingers. And knocked a shoulder out. He was black and blue all over from the kicking they gave him. The took him to Cupar Street and nearly kicked him to death. They're pigs, all right. But they've met their Waterloo since. Sure, they nearly murdered him. They have a terrible debt to pay.

But I'll tell you one thing: they'll pay for it, each and every one. If it takes fifty years to get each man, they'll still get it. We're catching up with them, slow but sure.

And I say to my people's masters
Beware,
Beware of the thing that is coming
Beware of the risen people
Who shall take what ye would not give. . . .

PADRAIG PEARSE


IRA
TOUTS
BEWARE.
IRA

The Resistance

The people were becoming convinced. The I.R.A. jumped with invaluable sympathizers and needed recruits. By June of 1970 there was little doubt left. Swift "arms raids," this time by British troops—directed at nationalist districts only—convinced the rest. They wanted defense, not mercy, so they armed themselves.

The raids came like lightning. No warning. Up to 50 homes a day were searched. Nothing had changed. Floors were torn up where minesweepers searching for stored arms turned up nothing. Walls were dismantled, and staircases yanked out of place. Up to 50 in one day. And always a minor riot following.

Resistance became a part of life on the Falls Road and in the Clonard. To the British it was a "no go" area. That is, it was "no go" except for heavily armed "snatch squads," Saracen armored cars and rubber-tire Whippet tanks. The first British raids in the Clonard brought them 60 nail bombings. In the Clonard, the people had become the resistance movement.

Neighborhood women—involved personally in one way or another—gave the first warning of the coming of troops. Clanging trash-bin lids on the sidewalk brought the district to life. The people poured into the streets.

A cacaphony of high-pitched whistles, shouts, and taunts preceded a shower or rocks. Hijacked corporation buses were drained of petrol and burned. Flak-jacked British "snatch squads," firing black, hard rubber, 2 x 6 inch "bullets," darted into the streets to disable and perhaps capture. Soon there's a full scale riot, with even more troops, and more people.

Men and women trained in organized resistance, and in the use of explosives, combine fingers of white, doughlike gelignite with nails and tape. A cigarette is enough to touch off the fuse which connects with the small detonator inside. Nails blasting at soldiers in all directions follow the hollow roar of the explosions in the narrow little streets.


IRISH REPUBLIC

Cases of petrol bombs appear out of nothing but a whisper. Women place empty milk bottles—bits of rag alongside—on their doorsteps. Sympathizing doors open routinely.

A streetfighter may have tea in several different homes during the night, and a place to wash off the grease that is evidence, should the British "snatch" him.

It's over by dawn. Schoolchildren are roused and readied for school. Those who have jobs go to work. Those who don't begin repairs on their broken neighborhood. Corporation workers will come to haul away the burned-out shells of buses, and the resistance will stock up again. There's always a "next time."

When the next time came, British troops had become, in fact and in deed, Unionist government troops. The government had clearly decided the military solution was the only way. And the troops had orders to shoot, specifically at petrol bombers.

The I.R.A. still attempted to keep the peace. In a secret meeting with British military leaders—often held at the Hannaway home—they promised peace—but only if the British troops would remain outside the district.

But on July third, the British came to search a house off Balkan Street, off the Falls Road. They came ready and eager for trouble.

The predictable riot occurred, and the "solution" was administered. Some 3,500 soldiers surrounded the area. CS gas inundated it. A curfew was announced from a roving helicopter, and gunfire broke out. Four nonactivist civilians—one a 15-year-old Catholic youth, another a photojournalist—were killed.

The I.R.A. pledged armed defense. Women gathered with prams outside the district and crashed through the British lines, breaking the curfew to deliver food. When they came out, they brought guns. Even Lilly Hannaway's mother marched.

Nationalist groups, meanwhile, raged; they were bitterly divided then among themselves on the best tactical response to the increasingly punitive British troops. And when that rage finally broke onto the streets the Resistance claimed one of its own.

Lieutenant Charlie Hughes, OC of D Company, Second Battalion, Belfast Brigade of the I.R.A., was machine gunned to

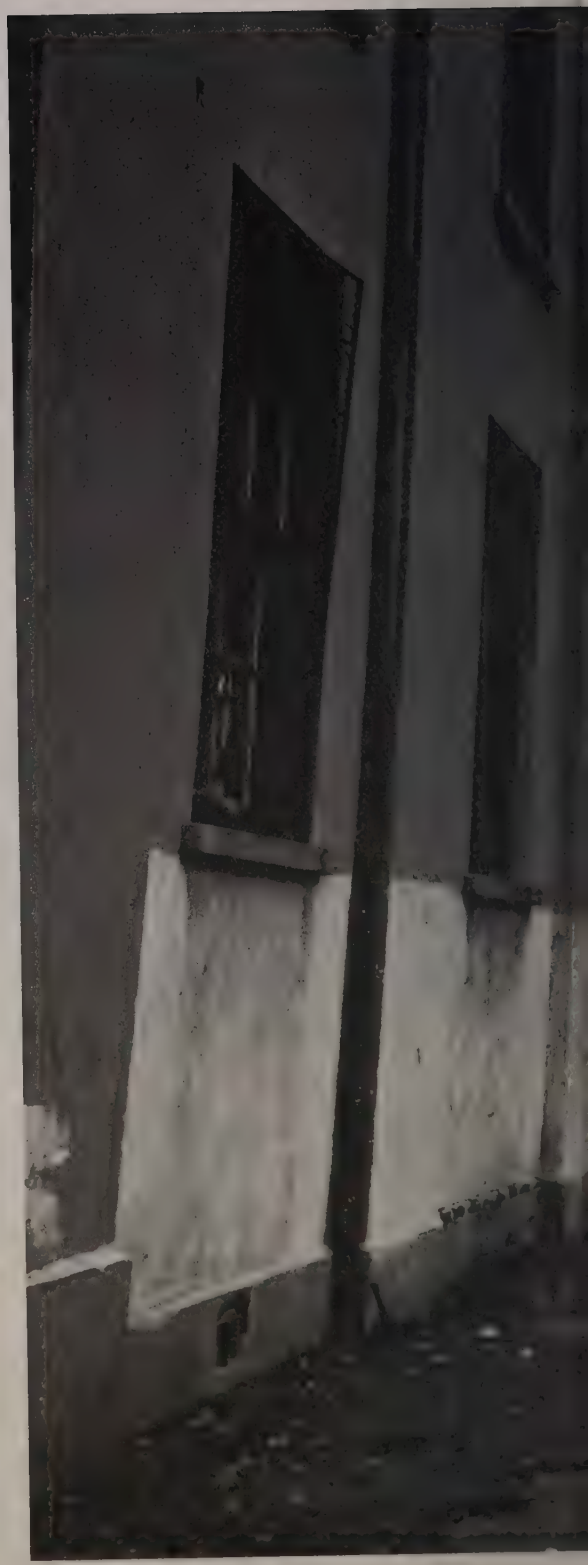
death one evening on Leeson Street. One thousand officers and volunteers marched behind his coffin. His death brought about a sober truce between the warring I.R.A. factions.

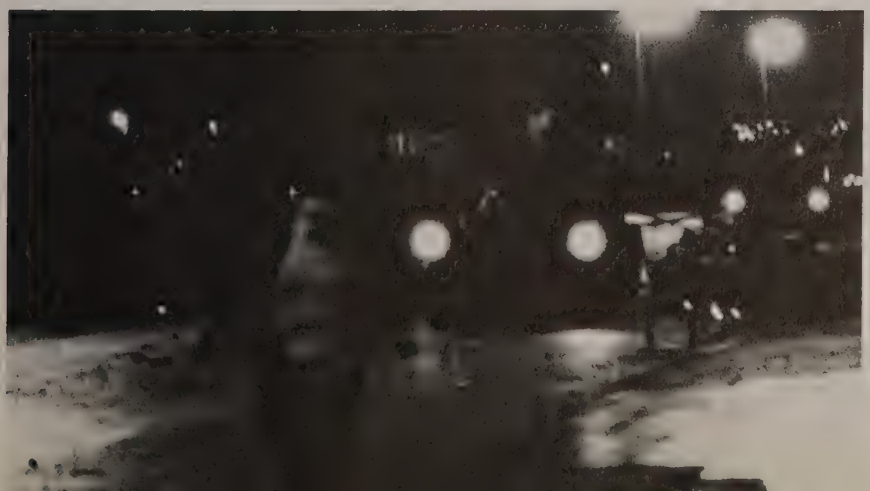
And the British troops—part of the problem—remained to enforce the British division of the soil. They were, moreover, in a declared "state of war" with the I.R.A.

The "provisionals" abandoned their purely defensive strategy and began an urban guerilla offensive, with swift retaliation for British raids.

Charlie Hughes' death marked, at the same time, the beginning of another I.R.A. campaign. One that, for the first time, was to concentrate heavily on British economic targets as well as British troops. Ireland was still "unfree."


P FERRIS






Confectioner
28

This island of ours has for long been half free.
Six counties are under John Bull's tyranny.
So I gave up my Bible to drill and to train
To play my own part in The Patriot Game.

DOMINICK BEHAN


School


RAPID METAL

Tara is Grass

The world hath conquered, the wind hath scattered like dust
Alexander, Caesar, and all that shared their sway:
Tara is grass, and behold how Troy lieth low -
And even the English, perchance their hour will come.

Translated by PADRAIG PEARSE

From the 18th century Gaelic

THE WAR

The Men Behind the Wire

Through the little streets of Belfast
In the dark of early morn'
British soldiers came marauding
Wrecking little homes with scorn
Heedless of the crying children
Dragging fathers from their beds
Beating sons while helpless mothers
Watch the blood flow from their heads.

Armoured cars, and tanks and guns
Came to take away our sons
But every man will stand behind
The men behind the wire.

Not for them a judge or jury
Or indeed a crime at all
Being Irish means they're guilty
So we're guilty one and all
Round the world the truth will echo
Cromwell's men are here again
England's name again is sullied
In the eyes of honest men.

Armoured cars, and tanks and guns
Came to take away our sons
But every man will stand behind
The men behind the wire.

Proudly march behind our banners
Firmly stand behind our men
We will have them free to help us
Build a nation once again
On the people, stand together
Proudly, firmly on your way
Never fear and never falter
Till the boys are home to stay.

Armoured cars, and tanks and guns
Came to take away our sons
But every man will stand behind
The men behind the wire.

by PAT McGUIGAN,
while interned in Long Kesh

Internment

"Internment! Internment!" The chilling words caught and spread like brushfire through the rowhouses. Household after household echoed the frantic terror and warning. "Internment! Internment!"

They stormed in just before dawn. Doors splintered. "Snatch squads" of combat-ready British troops, cursing and heavy-handed, fumbled through startled, suddenly-awakened households, shouting rude, foreign-accented orders above the screams of terrified women and children. Fathers and sons, many of them half-dressed and shoeless, were herded into waiting trucks or Saracen armored cars and hustled off into the night. Indefinitely. It was, for some of the younger men, a shocking initiation. For some of the older hands, however, it was the third rerun of a classic horror.

The next 48 to 72 hours were filled with selective torture, beatings and the brutality of "deep interrogation"—World War II techniques updated and fine-tuned in Palestine, Kenya, Cyprus and Aden—at British Army detention centers.

With black hoods over their heads, feet far back and spread-eagled, some were forced to lean for hours on end against a wall, supported by their fingertips. Disorienting electronic noises whined continuously. Food consisted of a pint of water and a single slice of bread every six hours. Sleep was out of the question. Interrogation—friendly—began at the first sign of mental or physical collapse. Recalcitrant victims were rehooded for another "softening-up session" at the wall.

Internment, without official charge or trial, followed in either Crumlin Road Jail, the British prison-ship H.M.S. *Maidstone* berthed in Belfast Harbor, or in the specially constructed internment camp at Long Kesh. Such is the tyranny licensed by the Special Powers Act in Northern Ireland. Once again the fundamental roots of half a century of communal discontent had been ignored.

I N T E R N M E N T O R D E R

WHEREAS it appears to me, on the recommendation of the Chief Constable of the Royal Ulster Constabulary, that for securing the preservation of peace and the maintenance of order in Northern Ireland, it is expedient that **Kevin Mary Patrick HANNAWAY,**
41 Canmore Street,
Belfast,

who is suspected of having acted or being about to act in a manner prejudicial to the preservation of the peace and the maintenance of order in Northern Ireland, should be interned.

NOW I, THE RIGHT HONOURABLE BRIAN FAULKNER, Minister of Home Affairs for Northern Ireland, by virtue of the powers vested in me by the Civil Authorities (Special Powers) Act (Northern Ireland) 1922, and the Regulations made thereunder, and of all other powers me thereunto enabling, do hereby order the said **Kevin Mary Patrick HANNAWAY**

forthwith to be interned in HM PRISON CRUMLIN ROAD.

and to be subject to all the rules and restrictions applicable to persons interned, and to be kept interned there until further order.

Kevin Mary Patrick HANNAWAY

[illegible]

The blade of this guillotine had been honed months earlier by an acquiescent British military establishment in Belfast. Peaceful civil rights demonstrators had been photographed along with grieving mourners at I.R.A. funerals. Even while the machinery for internment was being readied, however, the military itself voiced grave doubts as to its effectiveness. Or that of any other military measure, for that matter, short of outright tyranny.

"I don't think we can achieve a permanent solution by military means," the British Commanding Officer in Northern Ireland, General Harry Tuzo, stated emphatically to a BBC-TV audience just two months before internment began.

"You can defeat him (the I.R.A.) only if you are given a completely free hand. But for an obvious and entirely proper reason, which I am proud of, we are not given a free hand. We operate under the law in every respect." Law, reason and Harry Tuzo's pride all stumbled and fell together on the first day of internment.

Internment, however, proved that even the free hand given the military under the Special Powers Act was not enough to stop the Republican movement, and the support which the I.R.A. got from the people following internment left no question as to the strength of the Republican cause. Nor was there any doubt about the degree of nationalist-Catholic alienation from the six-county government. Not one Unionist home had been affected by the ravages of internment.

I.R.A. intelligence had received reliable information. All were ordered out of their homes the night of August 8. The British troops caught pitifully few I.R.A. men and almost none of its officers. There were, however, hundreds of innocent people roused from their beds on August 9, who were manhandled and jailed by an insensitive, repressive government. More than 1,000 members or heads of nationalist households went "on the run," including Liam Hannaway.

Kevin Hannaway was among the 342 "lifted" the first day. So were his two brothers Terry and Dermot. The day's "lift" consisted of 341 Catholics and one Protestant, the nationalist-minded son of Major Bunting, one of the more militantly right wing Unionist-Orange figures.

By mid-December, 1,576 persons had been lifted under the Special Powers Act. Virtually all were Catholics. That 934 were subsequently released is sufficient testimony to the carelessness and bigotry inherent in the Special Powers Act, and of the governments—British and Irish—that enforced it.

The people, moreover, had had enough. Belfast was aflame once again. Enraged nationalists took to the streets in angry rioting. Barricades went up again. The cadence of British violence kept pace with the "free hand" the Special Powers Act granted the troops. Armed Unionist-Orange volunteers followed closely behind them into nationalist districts. Twenty-six persons were killed, including a priest administering last rites to a mortally wounded man. More than 200 homes, many of them Catholic,

were burned to the ground. Thousands fled across the border to safety.

The I.R.A., responding especially to the torture being used on interned political prisoners, stepped up its own bombing campaign. More than 100 bombs—mostly in Belfast—were exploded for the first time during August. Boycotts of corporation rents were announced by housewives, and minority M.P.'s announced their boycott of the Stormont Parliament. The I.R.A.'s border campaign increased, from the sheer pressure of men on the run. From April to July, 1971—before internment—four soldiers and four civilians were killed. In the four months after internment, 30 soldiers—11 members of the R.U.C. and Ulster Defense Regiment—and 73 civilians were killed. By any yardstick, internment had backfired. It led not to the easing of tensions, but to revolt. Not to the decimation of the Republican Movement, but to the rebirth of *Oghlaigh Na hEireann.*

And while the Unionist government leaders crowed about the successes of internment, Belfast Brigade I.R.A. Commander Joe Cahill (who had replaced Billy McKee, after the latter was arrested in March, 1971), flaunted them with an open press conference. As everyone knew, he was "on the run" and the most wanted man in the six counties. He had come to deliver a message: "We will not be intimidated, no matter how great the odds. We shall fight until such time as we have civil and religious liberties, equal rights and equal opportunities, and the ownership and government of our country is firmly established for Protestant, Catholic and Dissenter. We will never give up.

"Internment has failed. Partition has failed. British rule in Ireland has failed. And there will be no peace in this country until the British Army is withdrawn from our shores."

Warned of the arrival of British troops, he excused himself politely, and disappeared through a previously unhinged side door. And kept on going.

I have always hated war and am by nature and philosophy a pacifist, but it is the English who forced war upon us, and it is the first principle of war to kill the enemy.

MAUD GONNE, Irish Nationalist

Two Women

The I.R.A. struggle against the British is for full liberation for all of the people. And all of the people are involved.

Women particularly are presently actively involved in the fight for a free, united Ireland. They have *always* been involved. And as the conflict widens so too has the role of the Irish woman.

> *Come out and rattle your bin,*
> *tiddy-fol-lol, tiddy-fol-lay.*
>
> Traditional street chant sung by Belfast women during pogroms.

The men and women of the I.R.A. stood together, in the Rising of 1916 when the Republic was proclaimed, and they fought together afterward. When the rebels finally surrendered, the Countess Constance Markievicz (Georgina Gore-Booth) and Maud Gonne, two militant nationalists, were among the first to be court-martialed and sentenced to death. The soldiers of *Cumann namBan,* an organization of Republican women, took to the streets, too, Easter Week, and earned the solemn thanks of a respectful Republic.

The women of the Republican Movement number in the hundreds, and labor unceasingly in the Republican cause: from the Women of Sinn Féin to the Women's Action Committees, the Women's Prisoners Defense League, and those imprisoned in Armagh Woman's Prison. And those shortly to join them there.

The Troubles which began in the Spring of 1969 and which continue today mark the emergence of women from the revolutionary underground, where since the movement began they have served—indispensably—as lookouts, weapons and explosives makers and couriers or as keepers of "safe" houses.

In addition to Bernadette Devlin, who during the Civil Rights Movement emerged as a leader of "People's Democracy" and was later elected to Parliament on the strength of her nationalist sentiment, other women have also become household names in

Ireland. Two such are Maura Drumm, one of Ireland's leading Republican spokeswomen, and Belfast Republican activist Marie Moore.

And more are in the making. Women volunteers in the I.R.A. now receive the same training—and assignments—as men.

Come out and rattle your bins,
Tiddy-fol-lol, tiddy-fol-lay.

(The following interviews with Maura Drumm and Marie Moore were conducted in Belfast, March 1972)

Drumm: At the present time, I'm a married woman with a husband in Long Kesh who's been interned for 13 years altogether in three different phases of internment without trial. He went back in 1956 and was in until 1960. Now he's been back since the ninth of August. I've had three periods of internment in my life, in that I've suffered internment as a young girl, having a fiancé in prison; then as a young wife with a husband in prison and five children to rear on my own. And now as a middle-aged woman, my husband, who's also middle-aged, is back in prison again, and we've come to the years of our life where we should be starting to take things very easy. We met through our involvement in the Republican movement, but I suppose I've been involved in it since . . . well, I was born in it. Traditionally, my grandmother's house was a house used for men on the run right through the Civil War. A lot of them were executed afterwards. So I have never known a time when I haven't been involved in the Republican movement.

Moore: The first that I really remember about the Republican movement was some young men that were in the house. One of them was shot, and was eventually hung; that was Tom Williams. I think that's the first thing I ever remember about the Irish Republican Army or the attitude of the R.U.C. towards the Irish Republican Army. And from then on, I've always been interested and always helped and always been involved. My grandmother and mother still live in the house that Tom Williams was shot in, and I've always given any help that was possible to those men all the years of my life. And my own children now give whatever help they can. They're only young, but they try to help in whatever way they can, in likes of collections for the Army or prisoners' dependents and things like this, or selling of the *Republican News,* etc. So even the young are involved in helping in any way they can. My youngest son, now 13 years of age, was charged last Monday with possession of an M-1 carbine, two revolvers, and 80 rounds of ammunition. The arms were in a car in which he was travelling which was stopped by British forces.

Drumm: I have one son, 20, who was arrested the same morning as his father. He was arrested with his father, and was very badly beaten up. The girls are also all sympathetic to the movement. The whole family is. My husband, Jimmy, and myself are in complete agreement on every phase. We arrive at the same things without any difficulty. My own involvement has been in street protests and of course I've been attached to the political wing of the movement, Sinn Féin. Particularly where the women are concerned, the women are behind the provisionals, and have been since the beginning. There has been a fallacy that has been put about by British propaganda about the women being pushed into the forefront by the men to save their own skins. This is completely and absolutely untrue. I think the men have more trouble sometimes holding us back. There are women, well, maybe not women so much as younger girls, who have been actively involved in I.R.A. units and who have been accepted on an equal footing with the men, just as we have had liberation fronts in other countries where women have gone out and fought. These young girls went in there quite voluntarily and are willing to take their part shoulder-to-shoulder with the men. Older people like myself are long past the stage where we can fight. We can only contribute what we have to offer. We'll give shelter to the

boys, we'll organize protests on the streets. We'll get into all that action. We'll try to prevent the men from being arrested at any cost, because we know that it is in the Irish Republican Army that we get our protection. Our complete defense and the defense of our family comes from that, and it has, right down the years.

The first time I was arrested I was charged with a speech I made in Belfast here, and I was told I could be released if I would keep the peace for two years, under the rule of bail. That they would even suggest that I would take bail and keep the peace for two years, and report to a police station every day for those two years! I refused to do that, so I went to prison for six months on the fourteenth of July. After I was in prison three months, I was charged under the Special Powers Act for a speech I had made on the eleventh of July in Derry. *The Guardian,* an English newspaper, called for my arrest two days after that speech. In an editorial they demanded that I be arrested and put behind bars as they said I was a leading recruiting agent. The military in Derry couldn't come forward with evidence, but it was sufficient for them that I didn't recognize the court. So I was brought to Derry court, and sentenced to do a further six months.

Moore: I would like to say, Michael, in regard to women's involvement, they have been involved all down the years. You had the Countess Markievicz set up the *Fianna Eireann,* the Republican Scout

Movement, and other women. Even in 1936 when I was young there were girls then, and there will always be, who were willing to go out. I think that now it is a tactic of the British Army, that they can go out and shoot women on the streets. This happened in the Clonard area, when they went out with the hailer (megaphone). They got the likes of Maura Beacon and Dorothy Maguire.

Drumm: But right down we've always had this thing. In 1916 we had women in the G.P.O. in Dublin, with Elizabeth Farlin and Cathleen Lynn, who were all active in the G.P.O. And women were active as the couriers for Padraig Pearse to bring the message of surrender to all the outposts. Mary MacSwiney, Terence MacSwiney's sister, was president of the second *Dáil Eireann.* Countess Markievicz was the first woman ever elected to Parliament. In England they'll tell you Lady Astor was the first. Well, Lady Astor was the first who *sat* in Parliament, but Countess Markievicz was the first ever *elected,* and she was elected to Westminster. But they didn't take their seats in Westminster, they formed *Dáil Eireann,* and she was Minister of Labor. So a precedent was set in Ireland before any other country, because a woman was on the first cabinet established by the Republican government.

Time has moved along and things have changed all over the world. I myself have found that women have a very strong part to play. In 1958 there was an attempt made to escape in the Crumlin Road Jail. And the Commandos, who were the big top section of the R.U.C., they came in and beat the fellows up while they were in bed. And the boys had no way of standing up to this because they were in cells by themselves.

When I went over to visit my husband—I had a proper permit and all—I was told I wasn't allowed to visit him and I wasn't going to be allowed to send him in the foodstuffs I brought over. I was told all privileges had been withdrawn.

I met a woman then, actually it was Joe Cahill's sister, and her husband was in and two brothers, and her brother-in-law. And I said to her we had to do something. She had a pram and two children with her, and I had five children, and I said to her, "We have to do something. We have to protest in some way." That was the day before the seventeenth of March, so the children were off school.

And I said to her, "We'll get all the women—mothers, wives and sisters—to come over, and we'll take the children with us over there and make a protest at the jail" We gave the children their dinner and we went over at two. And as we arrived—there were over 100 of us—they opened up the gates to let the deputy governor in. Instead of letting him in, we charged in. Someone shouted "Charge" and we charged in and he went back down the whole flight again and they closed the gates on him, but we were already inside the jail. And they brought the commandos and they walloped us and we walloped them, and we were eventually thrown out into the street.

But the protest was effective because the next day they started letting letters out, and two days later they started letting us have visits, and we broke that thing. Everybody there had something at stake, had an involvement; either had a husband or a father or brother or something. What I discovered that day was that when you get 100 women together, fighting for one thing, they're deadly. I would say that 100 women like that who have an involvement where their men are concerned, that they'd go through Hell. I realized on that day how strong women could be.

There are several women sentenced on political charges now. One is Susan Lawford: she's 22 years of age and she's sentenced to 12 years

imprisonment. She's engaged to one of the boys who escaped off the *Maidstone*—a prison ship.

The other is a young married woman. She's 29. Margaret O'Connor. She's sentenced to nine years imprisonment.

The third one is a young girl of 17, and she's sentenced to two years. Now that child, Brenda Murphy, her father was shot. He was murdered by the British forces. A younger brother was put away because he had a bomb, and then she was caught with a bomb. I suppose we're lucky that she didn't get more.

Now there's one girl, Bridey McMann, who was remanded into custody. When she was ten days in jail, her father died suddenly with a heart attack. She wasn't allowed out on parole for his funeral.

When I was in, we had several short-term prisoners, you know, those doing four months, and that for being at a riot or hitting a soldier with a brick.

O'Sullivan: How many of those were in for wearing their combat jackets?

Drumm: There were about 56 arrested, but charges were dropped against some of them. For some others of them they reduced the charges to disorderly behavior or something, but in 10 or 12 cases, they have sentenced them for wearing combat jackets.

Moore: For disorderly behavior, you can usually get off. Riot behavior, though, is a mandatory sentence of six months automatically.

Drumm: Women who resist in court are charged with riot behavior. There's one case, Mary, who was also recognized as being from a staunch Republican family—she's the mother of Francie McGuigan who escaped from Long Kesh. She was given the six month mandatory riot behavior sentence, the same as the others, but as well as that, she was put under the rule of bail, which the others weren't put under.

The rule of bail means to keep the peace, to be on good behavior for two years. Now Mary wasn't told to report to the police station the way I was—just to keep the peace. Since she wouldn't sign that bail bond either, she got an extra six months.

Internment is for people. Now if they hadn't had all those political remands in Armagh jail, all those men, they might have interned women.

O'Sullivan: How about the Women's Liberation Movement: Is it significant here at all?

Moore: No, not among any women I have met, and I've met quite a few. It isn't discussed at all. The women at the present moment are too involved with getting their men out and with the liberation of the country to worry about getting the liberation of themselves. I'm not saying in a few years' time when we have the country liberated that there won't be a Women's Liberation Movement. Women have always been very much in the forefront in the Irish mind.

Drumm: In the Republican Movement, we've never had to take a back seat. We have always been treated as equals. As I told you, the first Minister of Labor was a woman, in the first *Dáil Eireann,* and we have been treated as equals all along. Countess Markievicz herself commanded a battalion in Dublin in Easter Week, so she was treated on an equal footing with the men even as a soldier. Right down, we haven't any complaints about that. We're more concerned with the liberation of the country, because the liberation of the country will bring about the liberation of everything. If we found it didn't when we had a 32-county Republic, we're quite prepared to fight for it then. But we're not concerned about getting contraceptives into the country, for instance. We have too much on our hands to bother about those things.

Those things are mere trifles. I do think everybody's entitled to do whatever they want to do, according to their conscience. And all this nonsense about birth control and all that sort of thing? That law will have to be gone into and dealt with properly. People have a right to practice birth control according to their own conscience. But we have no concern about that, because we say that when we bring about the liberation of the country, we'll bring about the liberation of the people in every way.

The liberation of the country just doesn't mean the ditches and hedges: it means the liberation of the people. So there won't be any call for Women's Lib. We have equal voting rights and everything. I have never felt that I've been kept down because I'm a woman. But I do think that is because we move in Republican circles.

Where policy and all that is concerned, it's discussed with us. Marie, for instance, and myself are both on the governing body of Sinn Féin, which is the political wing of the I.R.A. We have an equal say with all the men. The Irish Republican Army doesn't mind consulting with women.

Moore: The British came out and said women were being forced into it. You know, we've never been forced to do anything. You go out to defend your home here, that's all, and the boys of the I.R.A. are practically family.

Then there's Mrs. Flo O'Riordan. She herself is up. They're trying to intern her. They've charged her with arms. She was in the car where two

women were shot dead. This was the job of the Women's Action Committee, to get the women on the streets when the British Army came in to raid houses. This is what the Women's Action Committee was formed for.

Flo came to Clonard as a young mother. I'd say she was in her early 30's. She has five in her family—her husband is interned in Long Kesh. The eldest I'd say would be 14 and the young boy who was shot and killed is 13. Then there's a boy of ten, and young ones after that. She has always been just an ordinary housewife with a family until 1969 when the area was attacked by Unionist extremists and Bombay street was burned out. From then, Flo, like a lot of other women, has been very active in that they have protested everywhere when there has been a protest. They have hooted the British Army every time they came in to lift a man or to raid a house. Her home has been raided and wrecked on numerous occasions, and she was with the women that were shot dead in the car the night that they went out with the hailer (megaphone) to warn the people that the army had sealed off the area and were searching it. They arrested her and charged her with possession of arms, yet no arms were found in the car. Nothing was found in the car or about the car, although it was completely surrounded immediately after the shooting. Her house has always been open to the boys that are on the run, that can't go home. They stay up there maybe all night. She has always fed them and given them cups of tea and come out to defend them any


LINDEN STREET
15

way she can. She has really been one of the women in the area who has given practically all, including her son, for the fight for Irish freedom. I don't think there's much more anyone could give, except if necessary, be prepared to give her own life. And I think she would be prepared to give it. She was in jail as one of the "combat brigade," as we call them. There were men that were lifted for wearing combat jackets as guards of honor at a funeral, and the British come in and arrested them the next morning. And when they were up at court the next day, a lot of women went down with combat jackets and berets on to protest. It's a jacket that's worn by most people over here. It's an ordinary waterproof jacket. So they went down with green berets and hurley sticks and combat jackets in a protest to picket the court, and they were attacked. When they got down there, there was a Unionist extremist, or a Paisley-ite crowd you might call it, waving Union Jacks; they attempted to get at the women. I think there were about 10 or 12 of them actually got in. As far as getting into the court went, the rest of them were stopped before they even got there. And the R.U.C. charged them and battened them and arrested 10 or 12 of them in that particular group. Flo was one of them, and she did six months in Armagh Jail.

O'Sullivan: While these women who have families are in jail, who takes care of the families?

Moore: The women of the area. We each just decided—so many would go out and clean the house. Some would take in their washing and do it, then wash and rinse and iron it, go and get the children out to school, and go and get groceries and that, and get the children to bed at night. There's always a few in each street that'll take on these duties. You know, each one will do something different, and then the next week someone else will do it, and so forth until the mother is released.

Drumm: You take some families. —Mary McGuigan who was in prison with me. She has a husband interned. She had two sons interned in Long Kesh; one of them escaped. She's got a son in Crumlin Road, who they're bringing up before the courts on a charge of attempting to kill British soldiers. She has two other boys on the run, so she's left to look after that house. And she has to keep it. She also has to look after the boys who are on the run, and she has to bring parcels of food and cigarettes to those who went to prison.

Drumm: All I want to see in my day, and see as quickly as possible, is the 32-county Socialist Republic established here, with a Parliament elected by the people. All the people of Ireland united. A respectable creed at last, where every citizen of the Republic would hold equal citizenship, not because of wealth or position. I'm hoping that we'll see it in my time. I'm 52 years of age now. I wouldn't have kept on struggling all these years if I didn't think it was possible, and I don't want to be handing on the fight to the next generation. I want it to be finished in our generation.

Moore: I don't think the British government is stupid. At least, let's hope they're not. Perhaps they can see that the children of today, the ten-year-olds, the nine-year-olds and even the five-year-olds who have fought the British Army up at the school there, are not prepared for anything less than their own country. That unless they finish it now and leave Ireland to build up its own nation, in 5 years, 10 years, and 20 years time, they're going to have the same fight. And probably it'll be even stronger than it is now.

I went with Anger at my heel
Through Bogside of the bitter zeal
—Jesus pity!—on a day
Of cold and drizzle and decay.
A month had passed. Yet there remained
A murder smell that stung and stained.
On flats and alleys—over all—
It hung; on battered roof and wall,
On wreck and rubbish scattered thick,
On sullen steps and pitted brick.
And when I came where thirteen died
It shrivelled up my heart. I sighed

THOMAS KINSELLA
"Butcher's Dozen"


YOU
ARE NOW
ENTERING
FREE DERRY

Derry

In 1689, when Derry was under siege, its largely Protestant population defended it vehemently to keep it from falling into the clutches of King James II, the Catholic king of England. William of Orange—with help from the Protestant Apprentice Boys—finally lifted the siege after more than three months. The city was saved for Protestant England.

It was the opening salvo of "The Williamite War in Ireland," as it came to be known in England. In Ireland, where it has come to be viewed with splendid impartiality—since none of the principals were Irish—it became simply "the war of the two kings." But it was war, and it started in Derry . . .

* * *

The nonviolent Civil Rights Movement was just coming into its own when I got there in May 1969. It had been brutally attacked and already bloodied twice in Derry. The Bogside, the Catholic district, is stuck in the lowest part of the high, curved gray stone Derry City Wall. It lies south of Derry Center, through Butcher's Gate, between the Wall and the bend in the River Foyle.

The Bogside is an out and out slum, thick with people. The row houses are the same as in Belfast: two rooms on the first floor, two on the second. An outdoor toilet and a little courtyard in the back.

There wasn't much grass or space left in the choking, smoky, neglected ghetto in 1969.

Nearly half the men were unemployed. Their lives and futures and those of their children had been determined by the callous selfishness of a foreign government controlling their markets. The reality of that had been festering here for a long time.

Creggan Estates—called "the Creggan"—was only a little better off. It was newer and it had at least a little grass. It sits on the slope behind the Bogside of which it is really an extension. The houses in Creggan are a little larger than those in the Bogside, but there are still not enough for everybody. Nonetheless a

rivalry had sprouted between Creggan and the Bogside. Whose was the better district?

The real problem of course was yet to be faced. Derry—called Londonderry by the British, the Loyalists and the American press—was the largest northern city with a nationalist—although not yet Republican—majority. However, Unionists still ruled there by traditional and seemingly divine right. Even the nationalists of the Civil Rights Movement seemed content to whistle past the graveyards of their dead then.

* * *

Internment—August 1971—changed everything. Sections of flagstone and metal pilings were cemented into the ground at intersections leading into the Creggan and the Bogside to guard against British armored cars.

The day I arrived, the British had penetrated one of the Bogside barricades. One youth had already been killed. Having had enough of the British, the people of the Bogside had become full-fledged Republicans. They fought the British with bricks, sticks, petrol bombs and Republican guns. Defense of the communities fell to the I.R.A. recruits, who volunteered by the hundreds. "Free Derry" slogans scrawled everywhere proclaimed the intentions of the people, and the barricades reinforced them. Republican determination and guns supported it all; they fought whenever the British appeared.

The rivalry between the Bogside and the Creggan was now over who had fought the British better. "We're tougher," the Bogsiders claimed. "The British never got here," retorted the people of the Creggan.

Soon it was a fact that neither British troops nor Loyalist police could safely enter either the Bogside or the Creggan. The people now made and enforced the rules there. Things would never be the same.

Bloody Sunday—January 30, 1972—was inevitable. The British had come—paternalistically—to solve what they thought was "the Irish question." More than that, they had begun to resent and fear Irish involvement in Irish nationalist resistance. The British were there to give their final answer to the 50-year-old struggle for national unity and independence for Ireland. The answer was still no.

Internment had become law. But some—principally the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association (N.I.C.R.A.)—still believed the law should bring specific charges against men interned and either give each a fair trial, or release them.

But even nonviolent protest against the internment law was itself against the law. So when 3,000 N.I.C.R.A. marchers gathered in Derry that Sunday in January, in defiance of the law, British troops fired into the crowd. Thirteen unarmed civilians were killed. Bloody Sunday.

The shots weren't directed at anyone in particular, as Barney McFadden will tell you. When I spoke to him, big, jovial, athletic Barney was still wearing the same woolen cap he had worn that day. The one with the see-through hole where a British bullet had passed. He had never even shaved closer, he said, shaking with laughter.

But when he's not laughing Barney says it was all worth it—or will be, sooner or later.


20EP 29

The following remarks are taken from a conversation with Martin McGuiness, the 22-year-old O.C. of the I.R.A.'s Derry Brigade, and Tony, one of his top lieutenants.

McGuiness: I was in the Merchant Navy when all this started. Before 1969. I had only read about it and seen the photographs; things like people attempting a peaceful march and the British Army stopping them.

When I came back I saw the "Free Derry" wall. I knew that it had become clear to all of us that it was time to act.

We tried peaceful means, peaceful demonstrations back in the civil rights movement. There was no stone-throwing or anything. The movement in Derry at that time had a very good reputation for nonviolence. But still the Stormont government dismissed it. People were getting their heads cracked open; faces busted and legs and arms broken. They got fed up with that.

Ever since '69 the people have never been the same. That changed everything, and now top priority is the reunification of Ireland. Civil rights won't come until that occurs. And it will be as much for Protestants as for Catholics.

Tony: Ireland will never be defeated. The kids who are throwing stones now started when they were nine and ten years old. I started when I was 18. They've grown up even more bitter and more determined, and they'll have even more experience against the British. There is always somebody. And each is more determined than the one before. The harder the British Army pushes us, the harder they make us fight. Moreover, if they lift one of us tonight and put us away for 5 or 6 years, another would be there to step in. And we'd fight when we came out again.

I was at Derry I.R.A. Brigade Headquarters—about to leave for the border and Monaghan—when word came that two volunteers were on their way in with a suspected Special Branch or British agent.

He had been hustled out of his car by a crowd of angry nationalists at the scene of a bombing. The two volunteers had thrown him into their car and driven to Brigade Headquarters. The O. C., alerted, contacted his intelligence officer. His men went to work.

The man was dressed in civilian clothes, standard working class Unionist. Woolen tweed jacket and sweater over white shirt and tie. As I walked into the room where he sat with three I.R.A. men, I had the feeling that I had intruded on some deeply personal, private moment.

He was sitting alone on a black, leather-like couch. Two hooded armed guards stood at either wall. The intelligence officer stood behind him. The cigarette the man had been smoking had burned down to the filter. He didn't raise his head or look up once.

He was as scared as any man I've ever seen. I don't blame him. I'm sure he thought he was going to die. The official I.R.A. had executed known agents in the past. He was shaking visibly.

Within an hour, I.R.A. intelligence had compiled a dossier on him. The information was crosschecked by extremely polite interrogation of the man himself. There was no shouting, no harangue, no insults.

They told him where he worked and the name of his employer. Where he lived and where his three children went to school. He was shaken but amazed at the efficiency and the amount of imformation gathered in almost no time at all.

As it turned out, he was Protestant and a Unionist, but not an agent. After two hours of agonizing sweat he was told, "We have nothing against you. We're sorry for the inconvenience we've caused you by bringing you here. You're free to go."

He was guaranteed safe conduct out of the Bogside and reassured that the neighborhood people where he had been picked up would be advised by the I.R.A. not to harm him.

Once cleared, the man admitted different political views. He talked of nonviolence and of wanting only to live. He was impressed with the treatment he had received, but he never took

his eyes off the floor. Still looking down, he asked if the two men who'd pulled him from the crowd were still around. Then he shook their hands and thanked them for saving his life.

These men had gone through a lot together in this room in a very short time. For the suspected agent, it must have been several lifetimes. I was relieved not to have witnessed an execution, and clearly so was everyone else.

The man thanked the intelligence officer for his courtesy. They both understood that the intelligence officer's statement closed the issue. "You are not the enemy."

I stood like a ghost. My fingers strayed
Along the fatal barricade.
The gentle rainfall drifting down
Over Colmcille's town
Could not refresh, only distill
In silent grief from hill to hill.

THOMAS KINSELLA
"Butcher's Dozen"

Our independence must be had at all hazards. If the men of property will not support us, they must fall: we can support ourselves by the aid of that numerous and respectable class of the community—the men of no property.

WOLFE TONE

Belfast

Belfast is the heart of the battle. Here the issue is most shattering in its fury—whether to restore to Ireland the Republic of Tone and Connolly and Pearse. The "provisional" I.R.A. was born in Belfast. Not content just to mourn their dead, they began by defending the living.

I saw it for the first time in August, 1969, during the Troubles. The Falls Road looked blitzed even then. British troops patrolled the streets. As I returned, the scars became progressively deeper. Friends were missing: on the run, in jail. Dead. Hundreds responded to the cause for which so many had fallen. More British troops came. More died.

At first the people defended their streets; then they claimed them. They resolved to keep them for Ireland. And resolved that the British must go.

The first bombs struck terror. But it was clear that here, beside their homes—with their support and consent—the I.R.A. must wage war in the city of Belfast. Urban guerilla war.

It was a complete reversal of I.R.A. tactical policy through the years. They had always fought from the hills. The mountain guerillas like Tom Barry, Dan Breen and Kevin Mallon are heroes. From the cover of surrounding foliage, "flying columns" had attacked border posts and like magic disappeared into respectable, anonymous "safe" houses dotting the countryside.

But times had changed. The technological economic system forced many people gradually to leave their country homes in search of big-city jobs for their own economic survival. Consequently, the number of "safe" houses in the countryside declined. Technology also led to the introduction of helicopters to the hedgerowed hills. This gave the British a decided military advantage over the guerillas who were usually on foot, and so the British chased them, as it were, into urban guerilla war. "Independent" groups of freedom fighters appeared. At their core were many men "on the run." The war against the British

continued hitting all their flanks: military, economic and political. The I.R.A. would not attack British civilians, but a crucial part of British power in Ireland—property—was to be destroyed.

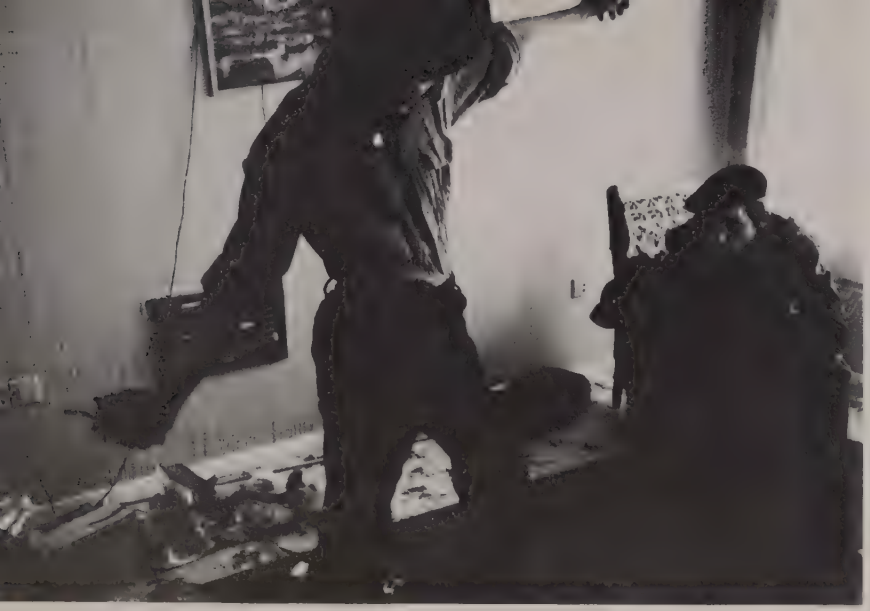
Between my first visit to Belfast in 1969 and when I last went back in February 1972, the people had changed. There was a new cohesiveness. There was something close to unanimity. The British were *persona non grata.*

For most nationalists, the Republican movement is new. It includes a cultural rebellion which occurred while I was away.

The people had become, in the fighting interim, more pro-Irish; they felt their heritage more. More people began speaking Gaelic, listening to and dancing to traditional Irish music. All the activities once forbidden by law became custom again.

The I.R.A. had become robust. Young and getting younger. One of the I.R.A.'s top explosives experts was and is a 15-year-old Belfast volunteer who learned his craft on his own, then joined the I.R.A.

At the same time that urban guerilla warfare poses certain undeniable risks to the civilian population, it cannot exist without essential support from the people.



In Belfast, the city's nationalists joined and led the I.R.A. "It is support from the people which differentiates this campaign from others past," veteran I.R.A. men said.

The I.R.A.'s intelligence apparatus was revitalized to fit new demands. An intricate web of hit and escape tactics necessary to sophisticated sabotage of British-connected commerical targets was set up. Bombs were made from gelignite, referred to affectionately, but with the utmost respect, as "jelly." The white goo must be babied constantly, and turned at regular intervals to prevent deadly "weeping" or seeping out of the liquid nitro.

Training of volunteers became all important. They had to be able to hit and get away; and also had to operate in often crowded, narrow streets and buildings heavy with security, peopled by supporters, sympathizers or just plain folks. They must not harm the people. And they had to get away.

The I.R.A. did not hope to defeat the more heavily and better armed British troops in the field. Instead they chose to use their own strength: surprise. They wreaked psychological as well as physical havoc with the troops, who soon became little more than sandbagged sitting ducks. They set out to make the cost of remaining in Ireland prohibitive to the British—in military, economic and political terms.

The A.S.U., or Active Service Unit, emerged from the I.R.A. structure. All volunteers in the six occupied counties of Northern

Ireland were put on active service. A handpicked few of these were selected from the entire force to be trained into a mobile elite which— if need be—could operate independently, as if divorced from the parent company.

The I.R.A. today is composed of self-sufficient highly trained affinity groups, each with its own command structure, including intelligence officers. They are a deadly, efficient, offensive guerilla force. If the home company command is in any way disabled, the A.S.U. can continue operating on its own.

"We have the best type of training that it is possible to get," says one Belfast A.S.U. member. He adds, "Through the experience built up over the past two years, the A.S.U. forces will be a very, very potent weapon against the British soldiers. . .even if the British soldiers are better armed.

"The only way the United States can win in Viet Nam is to kill them all," he continued. "And that's the only way the British government is going to beat us. Short of extermination, they cannot stop us."

So strict is the guerilla's training that every movement is predetermined and carried through exactly as if the actual

operation were being carried out.

"Floaters," three or four men chosen from a company, roam the streets, ready with "gear," just looking for targets. They may have a go at a British "duck squad" at will.

The Second Battalion A.S.U. Belfast Brigade I.R.A. is made up of men who may be the best urban guerilla fighters in the world. One A.S.U. officer says the Second Battalion has been responsible for more bombings than any other I.R.A. Active Service Unit. This includes the sabotage of an oil refinery—with resulting damage in the millions—sniping operations and other attacks on the British. There have been at least four attacks on one British Army barracks alone. On one occasion they hijacked a double-decker city bus and machine gunned a British Army barracks from the upper deck. One of their members was wounded and taken in action—the only I.R.A. volunteer ever arrested after being wounded on an operation, since the volunteers always return for their comrades. So an elite crew of handpicked men from the Belfast Brigade rescued the man from his heavily guarded hospital room in broad daylight.

"Our intelligence knew exactly when the British were ready to move Fitzie from the hospital to the prison," says a member of the rescue unit. "So we moved him just before." Often they conduct "dry runs" of an actual operation to work out any kinks in the escape procedure.

When a British patrol slated for ambush failed to show up, the A.S.U. involved carried out the entire escape procedure step-by-step as if contact had been made. "It's the same game whether you fire a shot or not," says the Brigade Adjutant. "You don't go out, hit a soldier and take the first boat to the United States." For every British Army attack on a civilian, "reprisal" is carried out.

I was there when the Hastings Street Royal Ulster Constabulary Station was bombed for the fourth time since August, 1969. The Belfast Brigade Second Battalion A.S.U.carried out the operation.

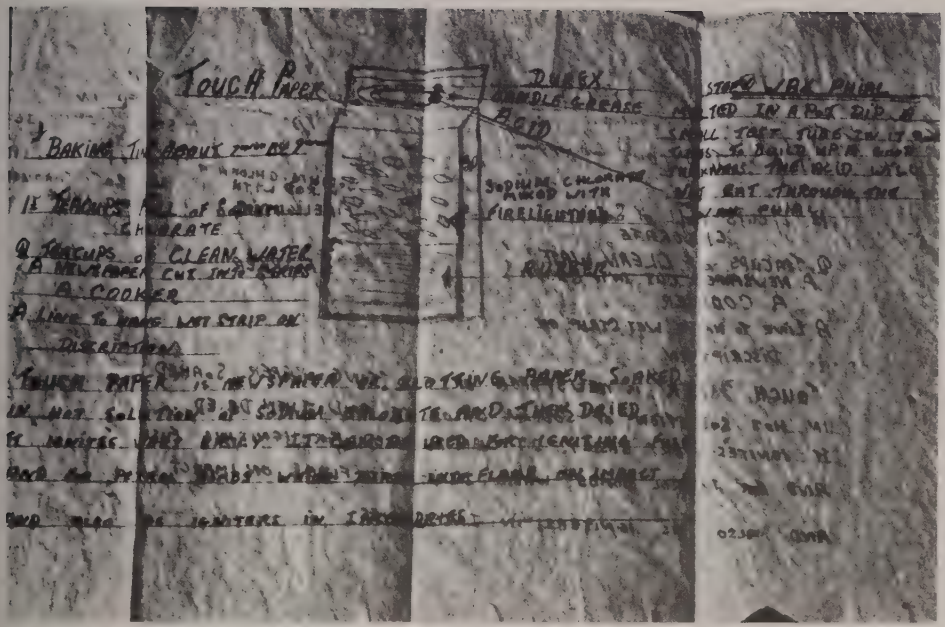
I had spoken days before with the Battalion commanding and operations officers about the operation, and attended briefings.

Lord Craighavon sent the specials out to shoot the people down,
He had heard the I.R.A. were dead in dear old Belfast town.
He got a rude awakening with the rifle and grenade,
When he met the second battalion of the Belfast Brigade.
Come all you gallant Irishmen and join the I.R.A.,
We'll strike a blow for freedom when comes a certain day.
You know your country's history and the sacrifice you'll pay,
Come join the second battalion of the Belfast Brigade.

BELFAST BRIGADE

The Hastings Street Barracks—used to house British Army soldiers since August, 1969, when they first came to Belfast—is positioned in watchtower fashion on the Lower Falls Road in Belfast. One block away is Divis Flats, a nationalist stronghold. From there the barracks is often strafed with machine guns.

The building was tamped with sandbags placed around it to protect against bombing attacks. After the third bombing—or "blow-ye-up" as it is known—the British put up sheets of corrugated steel on the building, and like a canopy, they reached across the sidewalk—angled to deflect thrown objects. A sandbagged sentry post had been added—covered entirely with steel except for peepholes.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DUREX
HANDLE GREASE
BAKING
CLEAN WATER
COOKER
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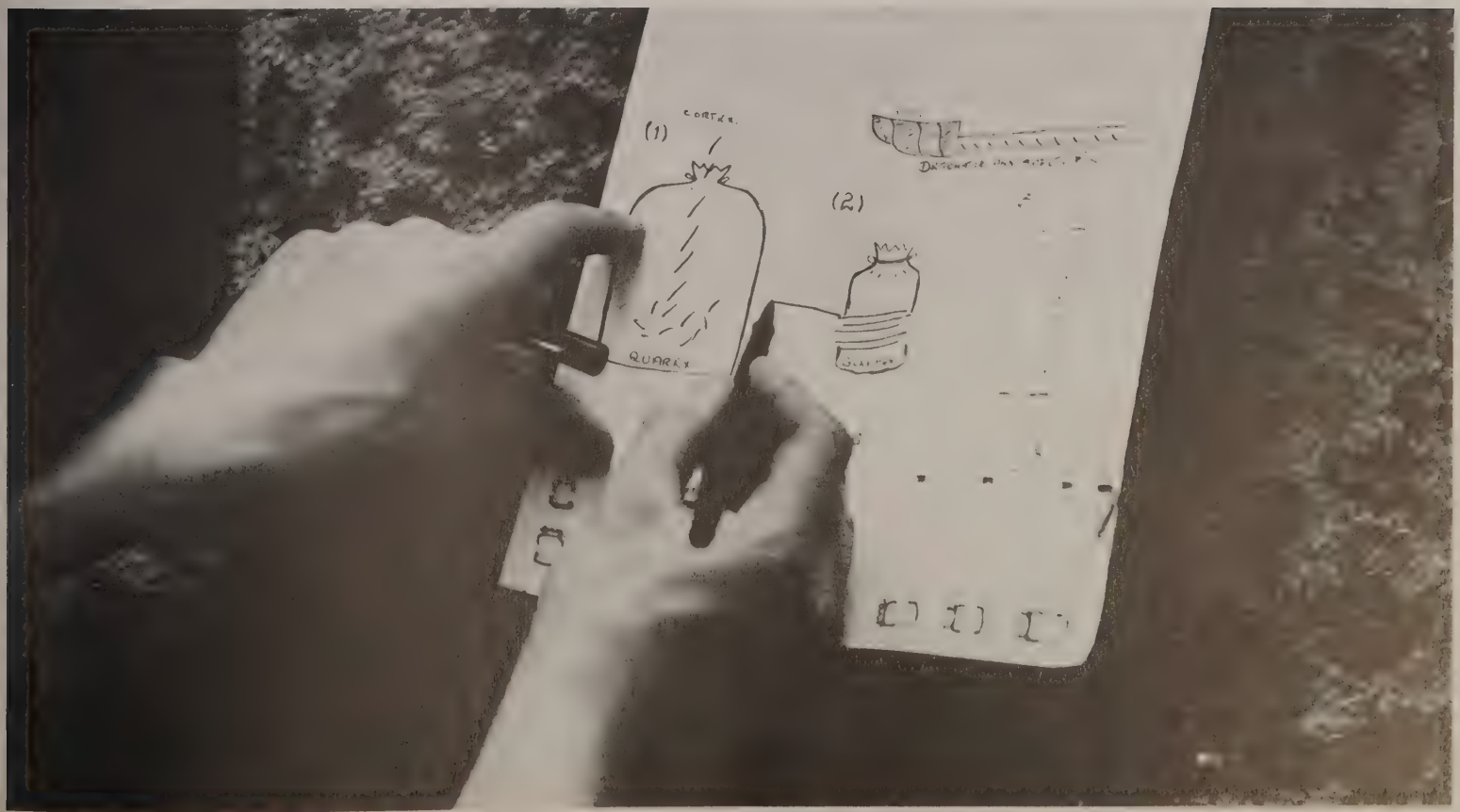
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DUREX

O'Sullivan: How would you trace the development of the Army's position from August of '69 to when the first offensive order was given for the Army to allow casualties and make reprisals?
Bell: In 1969, after the split, the role of the provisional Army was mainly defensive. It only decided to go on the offensive when it realized that the so-called British peace-keeping force had reverted to its role of antagonizing the minority population. The Republican Army had the weapons, the men and the ability to take the offensive. In late 1969 there was a solid week of rioting throughout Belfast, during which 8 or 9 people were killed, and 100 were injured. Then the order was given to go on the offensive. The orders came from G.H.Q. At that point, the campaign started.

A decision was also made to bring home to the capitalist part of the community that they would not escape unscathed this time. Previous campaigns had been aimed at the military, but this time, the effort was directed mainly at the economic structure of the community.

The plan to bring the economy to a standstill consisted mainly of attacking local industry, such as factories, shops and warehouses. Anything supporting the military machine was a target. Then the Bombing Campaign, as it is commonly known by the majority of the people, got under way.

Internment gave the provisional I.R.A. the mandate to put the plan into effect. That was in August. It was to be a two-prong attack. Beside the economic targets, there was to be a set pattern of attacks on the British Army, the police and all others opposed to the idea of a United Ireland. The economy started to stagnate almost immediately from the results of the bombing.

The procedure had been set; a small squad would go into a place, plant a bomb, set it off, and warn the people that they had so many minutes to get out. Then we shifted all our economic targets to night-time attacks.
O'Sullivan: Why was the change made?
Bell: The British Army had realized that the attacks were being made in the late evening. And besides, that pattern required that there be a small squad of three men—two with weapons, one carrying the charge or the mine. By operating at night, the squad could then be larger, since the darkness gave more cover. On two or three occasions after operations, we ran into patrols and had to fight our way back.

When the British Army saturated the night, we switched to early morning attacks, using the same technique, but with one twist. If we were going to a factory to execute an operation, we used things which could go into a factory openly. If it was a box-making factory, we'd use a box the factory had made, to put the bomb in, or a factory delivery type of vehicle to get in. Everything else remained exactly the same. Then military policy indicated that we shift again.

Over a period of several months after internment, the British began a saturation of the town. Seven thousand soldiers are in Belfast at the present time and most of them are centered in the commercial heart of the town, near the factories, shops, stores and warehouses. They are covered night and day. They cordon off the ghetto area to stop the bombers coming out, as they say. To defeat this, we started using what is commonly known as the Car Bomb. A car with a large mine in it is driven into the town and parked close by the target. This technique has only been used recently.
O'Sullivan: Presently the Car Bomb is the thing being used, but now the British are blocking off all the entrances into the city center and checking cars

going in. Will that mean another change?
Bell: Well, the Car Bomb has been used over the last month or so even while they were using this blocking system. It still hasn't stopped us getting into the field of operations or from reaching targets. Nor has it stopped us bringing our squads back from the operations. And we are still warning the people that bombs are in the vicinity. The one failure of a warning was with the Donegal Place bomb, where a deliberate misrepresentation by the British Army caused casualties. There was a 55 minute warning on that.
O'Sullivan: The British claim that there were several conflicting warnings given at that time.
Bell: Although our own people don't like civilians injured, we admitted the E.B.N.I. bombing which killed one innocent man. They had a ten minute warning then, and we know from our intelligence that they could have evacuated the E.B.N.I. in a minute and a half. They had an alarm system. It was tried out by a number of hoaxes prior to the operation. The casualty occurred because the people on the switchboard refused to believe that the bomb was there. They still had seven minutes to get out and they didn't use it. But we admitted that bombing. So anyone can see we give sufficient warnings on large bombs. The British Army "misinterpreted" the warnings given them in Donegal Street for one reason: to drive a wedge between the provisional I.R.A. and the people. It occurred for that reason alone.
O'Sullivan: What about the Abercorn?
Bell: The Abercorn is anybody's guess. We know we didn't do it and I don't believe the N.L.F. would have. Nor do I think any other Republican or so-called Republican group would have carried out the operation. But there was a similarity between the Abercorn, McQuirk's Bar, the Blue Bell Inn, and


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the Four Step Inn on the Shankill Road. No warnings were given on any of those occasions to any of the people inside the building. My guess is that either the British Army—the S.A.S.—or some extreme right-wing Unionist group is responsible for it. It would have had to be someone interested in bringing about a civil war in which they might hope to expell or annihilate the Republican Army.

O'Sullivan: Why the bombing of targets like Bangor and places like that? Is this a new tactic?

Bell: No. Those operations are for one thing. The commercial life in these small towns has increased a thousand-fold since the bombing campaign in Belfast. Every success we have had here has driven the money to the smaller towns. So we went after them. The first one was Lisbon. Then Carrickfergus. Then Bangor. In each case adequate warning was given and there was no one hurt. And it made it clear that the I.R.A. was fully operational and was bringing the economy to a halt.

The British government gave a 50-million-pound grant to those who had had loss of property, stock or even loss of good will. Factories which were hit were almost immediately recompensed for their damage so they could get going as quickly as possible.

O'Sullivan: What about the campaign directed at the military; has that changed?

Bell: Changes are dictated by the type of weapons the Republican Army possesses at the time. The British Army presently has a military edge on us. Since we have the element of surprise, the usual things are ambushes, sniping, and barracks attacks. Where weakness shows, we hit.

O'Sullivan: What about street ambushes?

Bell: Street ambushes are dictated by the situation. You must hit were you can and when you can. For a long time we used a car with two or three men with machine guns and rifles, sometimes bombs, to hit military vehicles. But it became too risky. We altered this by hiding weapons where we could lay hands on them quickly. Then when a patrol approaches, we get the weapons and set off the ambush from a pre-determined position.

O'Sullivan: Have activities been limited because of saturation?

Bell: No. Activity against the British Army has increased, if anything. The British Army's wounded must run into thousands, but they only admit a casualty when a crowd of people see it. The two soldiers killed in the bomb attack on the Boverner Road couldn't have been hidden because everyone saw them killed. There are night and day attacks against the British Army in parts of Belfast that you never hear about or read about. We know they're taking place, and so does the British Army. And they've increased.

O'Sullivan: What do you think will happen here in Belfast?

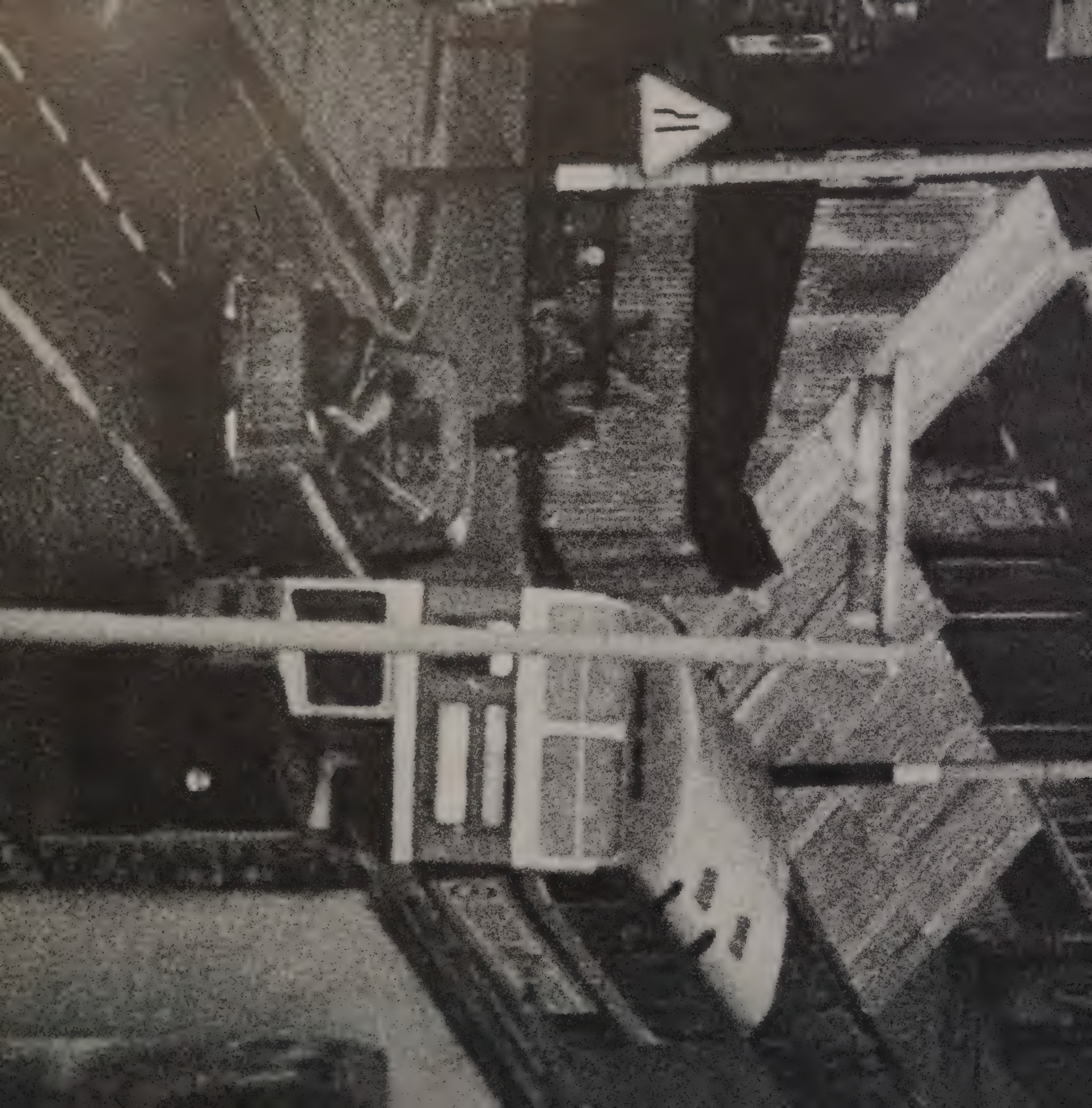
Bell: It's hard to say; anything can happen here. You can't prepare for all eventualities, but you can prepare for defense. And you can prepare to take a political initiative if you have the support of the population. If the British Army were to attack the Protestant population, the provisional I.R.A. would unquestionably attack the British Army. The provisional I.R.A. is not a sectarian force. It goes to the defense of fellow Irishmen, regardless of their religious beliefs. We want unity with the Northern population. Had we had it, there would have been no need for this prolonged guerilla warfare in which we're presently engaged.

O'Sullivan: When will the campaign succeed?

Bell: It is a great measure of success that Stormont has been abolished. That in itself is capitulation on one point. We were the first to say we wanted Stormont abolished. It was a sectarian puppet government.


DWARFS

O'Sullivan: What is morale like now?
Bell: Morale has never been higher. If a volunteer gets a direct order to fight, he'll obey it, and he'll also obey if he gets a direct order not to fight.
O'Sullivan: Has the number of men interned hurt the Army?
Bell: No. If internment had worked as it was supposed to, Stormont would still be in power. There would have been no intensification of the bombing campaign. Internment had a reverse effect.
O'Sullivan: How can the Army change its structure fast enough to replace men in key positions?
Bell: Once a man attains a position, he immediately trains another man to take his place. If he's arrested, the other man immediately steps into his shoes, with full knowledge of the entire workings of the job. This is true even with senior officers.
O'Sullivan: That presents an added danger, though—a man, tortured, could reveal information.
Bell: The torturing of prisoners is a problem we've gotten over. After two, three or four volunteers broke down completely under torture, the British got a certain amount of information. But it was of no use to them. Once the men who broke were put into custody in prison, our own people inside interrogated them as to what they had told the military. That was then related to us, so we were able to keep one step ahead. If a quartermaster is arrested, all the dumps shift.
O'Sullivan: How much has the Army been hurt?
Bell: Very little. The loss of some men obviously hurt us more than the loss of others. The Army's ability to inflict casualties on the British Army and on the economy, and to carry the war to the enemy continues to grow. The amount of British soldiers being killed, of course, has increased. The morale of the British Army is very low at present. There is no letup for them. They're weakening.
O'Sullivan: Have you had any men lifted because of information extracted through torture?
Bell: Very few. We have a set procedure: prisoners say nothing, or if a man is breaking down, the information he gives is 90% lies. If you're getting beaten, you'll say anything to stop the beating. But if you don't tell the truth, it's a problem the British Army can't get past.
O'Sullivan: Do you have the support of the people?
Bell: I'd say we have 99%. Nearly everyone supports the provisional I.R.A. because it's been the only force, group, political affiliation or whatever which has been consistent. Everybody else has said one thing one day and something else the next.
O'Sullivan: Can you compare the I.R.A. to other guerilla groups?
Bell: The best comparison that I could make is to the Jewish resistance against the British after the Second World War. They also had a divided community—Arab and Jew as opposed to Unionist and Nationalist. The other parallel is that the Jewish resistance movement was itself divided between the *Haganah* and the *Sterngang,* the more militant group. You had a mandate from the British government to govern in what was known as Palestine. The British Army divided Arab against Jew. The Arabs were used to intimidate the Jews. In fact the Arabs were being used as the B-Specials are here. Propaganda was directed at the Arab population telling them that if the Jews had their way, they would be liquidated, anihilated, wiped out. They were supposed to believe that the Jews were going to start eating their children. You have exactly the same situation here.



The first operation was aborted twenty minutes before it was scheduled to begin. The very next day—about five thirty—I was notified by runner that it was on again. By six o'clock I was in position, out of the effective range of the bomb and of possible return fire from the British. A seven-pound high-explosive bomb—with a five-second fuse—was to be thrown at the sentry post from a moving pickup truck. The volunteer was to be covered with machine gun fire, to keep the soldiers busy while they escaped. Two other volunteers—heavily armed—rode in the cab of the truck.

The truck, stolen for the job, came along at 7:20 P.M. and made a dry run of the operation. Fifteen minutes later it returned. The final run began.

It was too late to abort when a civilian appeared, walking on the Falls Road across the street from the barracks. The bomb was thrown against the side of the building. The thrower hit the floor of the pickup. The civilian hit the street. The "Big T"—or Thompson submachine gun—opened up from the rear of the truck as it sped away. The British fired back. Seconds later the bomb went off.

The unfortunate civilian—suffering from shock—was helped to a hospital. Ambulances carried away two British soldiers.

Should a casualty be a member of the Irish Republican Army in Belfast, the boys will come together at Joe's Pub, as they have after each funeral since 1969.

On such occasions, small groups sit at little round tables set discreet distances apart. They speak quietly and personally of the deceased man. They reminisce about operations they had been on together. Fathers and sons burst into songs about Ireland's martyred dead. More songs are in the making.

The women of *Cumann na mBan* and the men of the I.R.A. carried their wreaths proudly as they passed the wreckage of the house on Clonard Street where John Johnston, Tony Lewis, Tom McCann and Gerard Crossan had worked on a bomb which exploded and killed them. It brought to ten the number of on-duty deaths from "C" Company. They, like the others, will be remembered long after Joe's has closed.

But there are no more tears.

It's barely two years since I wandered away
With a local battalion of the bold I.R.A.
I read of our heroes and I wanted the same
To play out my part in The Patriot Game.

DOMINICK BEHAN
from "The Patriot Game"

THE BORDER


NORTH CHANNEL
ANTRIM
Derry
NORTHERN IRELAND
DONEGAL
Strabane
Clady
DERRY
TYRONE
Belfast
Aughnacloy
DOWN
FERMANAGH
ARMAGH
Rosslea
Annie's Bridge
Newry
MONAGHAN
CAVAN
IRISH SEA

Some said the flames were Ulster's own,
And more they were extraneous,
But a Down man swore they lit their lone,
That combustion was spontaneous.

A man that loves his King and Queen,
And stands for law and order,
Said the flames were orange, white and green,
In the bonfire on the border.

"A Bonfire On The Border"
BRENDAN BEHAN

The artificial British boundary separating the six counties from the rest of Ireland runs 270 tortured, circuitous miles between Derry and Carlingford Lough. Never voted on by any Irishman living or dead, it runs through mountains, lakes, farms and gentle rolling greens, and divides Irishman from Irishman.

Irish nationalists from 1921 to the present have been fighting to reunite their country. The British partition separated families, created agonizing animosities and generally disrupted the lives and lifestyles of those living along either side of the imaginary—but oppressive—line.

At first after the partition, checkpoints and customs boundary posts, manned by uniformed representatives of the British Civil Service, were set up to monitor the people's movement. Goods and services were suddenly taxed. Smuggling thrived. Then, soon, British Army patrols began operating along the now militarily fortified border.

The Civil Authorities—or Special Powers—Act, passed in 1922 and still in effect today, conferred on the military and police exceptional powers of search, arrest and detention. It allowed for imprisonment without trial—the much hated "internment"—confiscation of property, suspension of coroners' inquests, prohibition of meetings, banning of publications and flogging. In short, martial law. The Special Powers Act, said a British Civil Liberties Commission in 1935, is "contrary to the fundamental principles of democratic government."

It wasn't until 1937, however, that the hated symbols of British domination at the border came under attack. On July 28 of that year, in defiant mockery of the reign of King George of England over Northern Ireland, the first British Customs Boundary Post was bombed by the I.R.A. The blast rocked British hopes of terrorizing the populace into submission as well.

The border had become the jugular vein of British occupation, the place at which to trigger their downfall. So again in 1956, in

a symbolic thrust, "flying columns"—hit and run units of I.R.A. men—attacked the British in a coordinated series of guerilla raids on scattered border posts. They inflicted heavy damage, but the posts remained. In response, the British determined to maintain—if not increase—their stranglehold. They reinstituted enforcement of all the provisions of the Special Powers Act. And it cost them dearly in terms of popular support.

Then, in an attempt to isolate the six counties physically from the rest of Ireland, many of the more than 200 "secondary" roads, used daily by local villagers and farmers, were obstructed with large metal spikes driven through timber. Roadblocks were set up at "strategic" locations. Iron gates made crossing impossible at other points. The I.R.A. countered by blowing up the gates and ambushing British roadblock positions. Thus pressured, the British Army began cratering "unapproved" roads and bridges. With sappers' charges, whole sections of roads went up, leaving craters 300 yards long and 20 feet deep in some places.

Public opinion flared against the British as a result of these tactics, and many began to support the I.R.A. openly. Projects like rebuilding bridges and filling in craters by hand attracted hundreds of erstwhile noninterventionists. Tension grew, since as cratering was met with direct I.R.A. resistance in the field, the British introduced armored cars and helicopters. When finally, in pursuit of I.R.A. guerillas, British troops crossed the border into the 26 counties, the already desperately strained Anglo-Irish relations grew even worse.

The border conflict has escalated in intensity. All the customs posts and checkpoints have at one time or another been felled by the bombs of the I.R.A. Some have never been rebuilt. Others, rebuilt, have been destroyed more than once. British troops have now been forced to withdraw from certain border areas, such as Clady, leaving the I.R.A. in control. By 1972, after 51 years of the presence of the British Army, the I.R.A. has at last liberated sections of the border.

ACTION DAY

SUNDAY, 19th MAR.

AT 2.00 P.M.

BREAK THE MARCHING BAN!

FILL IN THE CRATERS!

CONTINGENTS FROM ALL OVER THE **26 CO'S.** WILL ASSEMBLE AT **CLONES, CASTLEBLAYNEY AND MONAGHAN,** AT 2.00 P.M., AND PROCEED TO A BORDER CRATER IN EACH AREA. ON THE COMPLETION OF THE ROAD FILLING **MARCH INTO THE NORTH** WILL TAKE PLACE. AND

A Public Meeting

HELD IN EACH AREA

INSIDE THE OCCUPIED AREA.

SUPPORT THE ACTION.

SHOW The BRITISH WHO OWNS THIS COUNTRY

ORGANISED BY THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT.

Action Day

From the isolated checkpoints manned by civil servants in 1921, British control over the border between the six counties and the 26 counties grew and grew until it requires, some 50 years later, the active presence of thousands of British troops, elite paratroopers and armored cars, as well as air support from various helicopter bases. The fact is at once testimony to the tenacity of a homegrown movement, and tempestuous evidence of its broadening popular base.

Rosslea is an example—March 19, 1972—"Action Day." It was called for by the Republican Movement, but was organized locally, as a direct response by those affected—the farmers and villagers—to the then newest British tactic for sealing the border. Supposedly to stop clandestine I.R.A. movements, they had begun to crater the "secondary" roads used mainly by the local people in their daily activities.

But it was also organized in confident defiance of the Special Powers Act and its ban on protest marches and public assembly in Northern Ireland. As such, it amounted to a show of strength by the nationalists.

* * *

They arrived in rented buses and cars, to rendezvous at Clones, Castleblayney and Monaghan. Riding to points about a half mile from the border, they then got out and walked. Twelve hundred men, women and children, carrying picks and shovels, gathered at Rosslea, the site of a 100-foot long, 10-foot deep crater blown out by the British sappers. People came from all over to help—from as far away as Cork and Kerry, and from southern Dublin.

First, the approach road from Rosslea was blocked with timber and boulders by one group, to detain the British troops. Meanwhile, men hauled more timber from nearby Northern State forests to begin to fill the gaping crater itself. Some worked with spades and shovels, while others kept the approaching

soldiers at bay by throwing stones. About 100 women formed a chain, passing rocks to help fill the crater and open the road.

More than 50 cannisters of stinging CS gas were fired during daylong disturbances, and at various times during the rainy, dripping afternoon, we were within a hairsbreadth of hand-to-hand combat. Finally, 60 rubber bullets and two live rounds were

fired by the British troops. At 4 o'clock they came charging from all sides, laying clouds of CS gas in the air. "Snatch squads" wearing gas masks—some carrying long truncheons and some with rifles—flailed the gassed crowd.

The fill-in had been prevented after more than five hours of sticks and stones versus CS gas and rubber bullets. A number of civilians were injured.

The nationalists grouped once again for a rally behind the south border. John Kelly, a well-known I.R.A. provisional and leader of a "flying column" during the 1956 campaign, condemned "British war against the Irish people on Irish soil." Kelly, fierce determination in his voice, warned the British that they would suffer the consequences. —A dedicated member of the Provisional's General Headquarters (GHQ), he had spent several years in jail for his part in the 1956 troubles. More recently, he had been named an accomplice in a plot to smuggle arms into Northern Ireland, and he was at that moment on the run from the North. He had crossed over during the action, but was on safer ground now.

The British troops in the area had been unable to prevent the actual filling of two of the five target craters. And the force of their attack alienated even more of the Irish, something which would soon result in even greater British troubles. The words of Terence MacSwiney, "It is not those who can inflict the most, but those who can suffer the most who will conquer," acquired new meaning that day. It was a clear victory for Irish solidarity.

If the opportunity offers, we must dash at that opportunity—if driven to the wall, we must wheel for resistance. Wherefore let us fight in September, if we may—but sooner, if we must.

Meanwhile, however, remember this—that somewhere, and somehow, and by somebody, a beginning must be made . . .

JAMES FINTAN LALOR (1807–1849)

An Operation

Emmet is single, in his thirties, a former British Army "red devil" paratrooper. He is also an I.R.A. officer in command of a battalion Active Service Unit (A.S.U.) on the Fermanagh-Monaghan border.

Serious, alert, meticulous: "He is one of the finest guerilla leaders the I.R.A. has on the border" according to a staff officer at GHQ. Never in one place long, he moves his headquarters every three weeks or so. He was billeted near Clones during the time I spent with him.

He joined during the 1956 campaign. After a few months of I.R.A. training, under orders, he infiltrated the British Army—for intelligence as well as training—and enlisted as a paratrooper in the elite "red devils." He served in Germany.

After his specialized training in the British Army, Emmet remained with the I.R.A. They assigned him to the border, where he organized, almost singlehandedly, the Fermanagh I.R.A. units. He studied maps of border areas, walked its roads and met its people. He believes they are the lifeblood of any revolutionary movement.

– I.R.A. guerilla units operating on the border depend on the people for food, clothing, shelter, transportation and hiding places. The people also provide and guard the ammunition, weapons and explosives drops.

Emmet is a spit-and-polish revolutionary, who retains the strict military bearing he acquired in the British Army. He is well dressed, well read, and well versed in the history of revolution throughout the world.

I was directed to him by the Brigade OC, who briefed me on the plan for Emmet's unit. —Emmet himself was, at the time, out scouting for a suitable location. He found one, and began making preparations for the ambush.

First, he built a remote control unit from a discarded model

airplane and wired up three Claymore mines. Then a flight suit stuffed with rags became a reasonable decoy mannequin. It was dressed in a black suit and white shirt—with a hood over its head, traditional for execution victims—to be dropped off the northern end of Annie's Bridge.

The Bridge, the only link across the river dividing north and south at that point, was in an isolated area of County Fermanagh, which jutted like a finger inside the 26 counties. It had one foot in the south, one in the north. Best of all, it was accessible by only one road. The hooded, dummied figure would draw British soldiers to the spot which would be booby-trapped with the mines—it was hoped it might even bring helicopters.

The night before the planned ambush, I accompanied the six men on the mine-laying operation at the spot on the Bridge over which the dummy was to be dropped. —For this, a night assignment, the men dressed in combat fatigue jackets and caps, and travelled in two cars. —I rode with an officer in the lead car, which was sent to scout the roads.

The second car, a half-mile behind, carried weapons and the elaborately fashioned Claymore mines, complete with their fail-safe warning system.

We stopped at an approach road.

Two men were sent to scout the Bridge. One took cover-fire position from the end of the Bridge which sat in the northern counties. This secured, the other came back a short time later with the "all clear." Then one by one, the men moved across Annie's Bridge and into the north. The mines were quietly rigged and placed according to plan—covered from the side of the road, Emmet worked with another man setting them up. He connected the remote control device and activated it with a small crystal. Then we moved out, crossing into the southern counties, and back to the billet.

The next morning, the dummy, hooded like an execution victim—a not unfamiliar sight along the contested border—was put in the car trunk, and four of us drove to the Bridge.

The men drove across the Bridge—once, to make sure it was clear—then backed to the spot where the Claymores had been placed the night before.

The dummy was carefully placed. Emmet fired five shots through the tomato-bloodied figure—more to alarm and draw the attention of British troops than anything else—and we piled back into the car for the swift ride to the remote control unit position that overlooked the Bridge from the south.

Later, home safely, over dinner in an I.R.A. "contact" house near Clones, we talked about Annie's Bridge. Our contacts told us the news reported that two had been injured.

Disgusted, Emmet said he knew all along the smoke had been too white. A good mine, he will tell you, always gives off a rich, gray smoke. He wondered if it could have been the powder.

He found himself going over it again, step by step, in his head.

One hour after the shots had been fired, the dummy was spotted by a passing motorist. An hour later the *Garda* showed up. We watched apprehensively as three cars approached. Twelve men got out. Then another car approached from the south, carrying two men. The southern *Garda* crossed over, they conferred, and went back across the Bridge.

Two men with machine guns took up positions facing the hill from which we were watching. The others tied ropes to the dummy and pulled it back and forth, thinking it had been booby-trapped. One of them, standing next to the mines, pulled out a pistol and fired several carefully aimed shots into the dummy. —Emmet calmly pushed the firing mechanism.

We ran for cover. Two miles later, as we were running through the bush to our rendezvous, Emmet noticed the *Garda* patrolling the roads. Avoiding them, we continued another eight miles cross-country, through hedges, hills and swamps, finally coming upon a long, squat farmhouse which Emmet recognized. The boy in the yard told us that his father was out, but was close by. We waited in a small backyard hut.

The boy's father returned. From the back door of the house, he examined our exhausted faces and wet combat clothing. He couldn't help but notice our hands, bloodied on sharp blackthorn hedges. Less still our mud-soaked boots.

Emmet reminded him that they'd met once before. He remembered and asked what he could do. Emmet said we needed a ride that would take us near Clones. The man offered to take us himself, and we piled into his car. Once on the road, our friend, making a point of asking no questions, nonetheless volunteered information about things he'd seen and heard that day about British activities. We nodded silently, asking no questions. There was a strange unspoken bond felt in the car as we headed back to Clones.

Dummy was a booby trap

A MEMBER of the Royal Ulster Constabulary was injured when a bomb exploded close to six of them as they examined a dummy on the roadway near the Co. Monaghan border of Annie's Bridge yesterday.

The detachment of R.U.C. men had been lured to the spot by a report that the hooded figure of a dead man had been discovered on the roadside 30 yards on the Fermanagh side of the Border. While they stood examining the dummy, a bomb exploded a few yards behind them on the other side of the roadway, injuring one of them in the leg.

Observers on the bridge saw the police emerge from a cloud of dust and smoke and one of them ran with a limp.

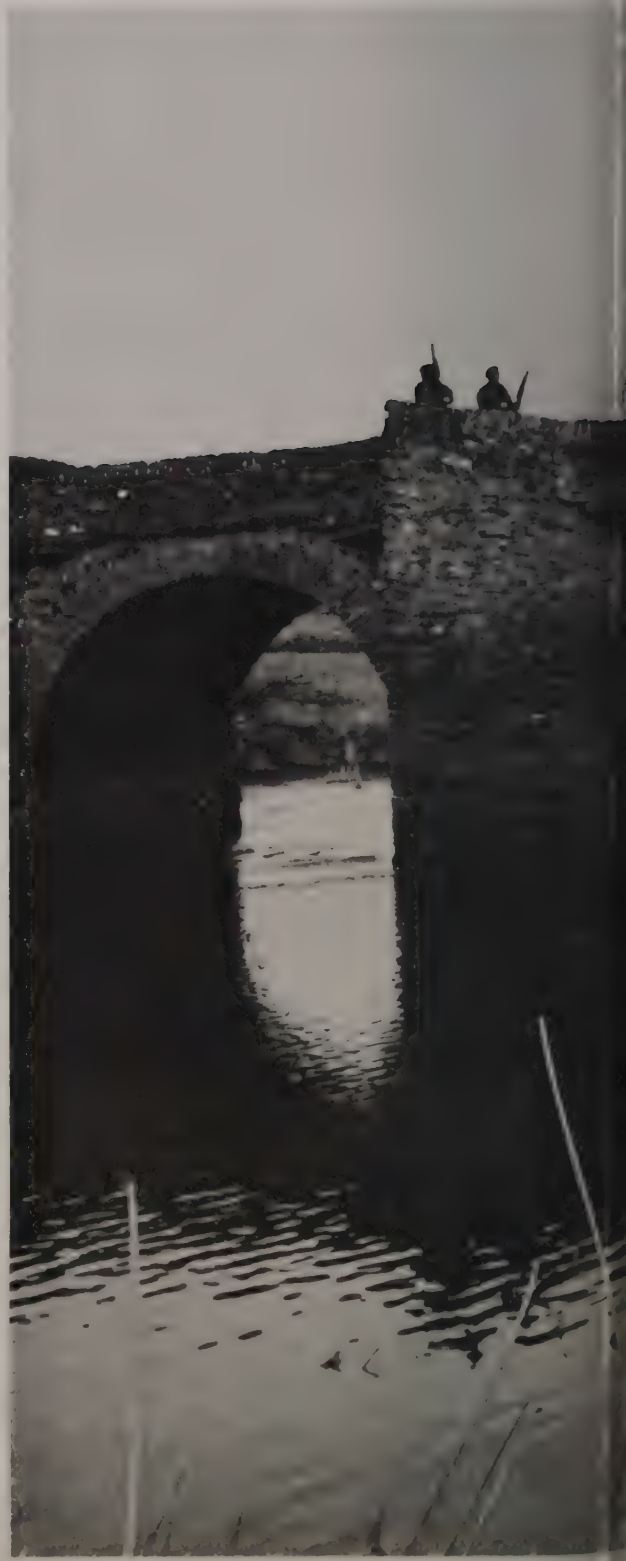
The police then rushed towards a hill, where it is believed a number of men had been seen, and the police fired two or three bursts of automatic fire towards the hill. All the incidents took place in Co. Fermanagh, at the spot where the River Finn marks the Border. The action was watched by about a dozen members of the Gardai, who took cover on the southern side of the river. searched the area and found a line of electric wire leading from the road where the dummy lay towards the hill where the men were observed. The Gardai also carried out a widespread search on the southern side of the river. No arrests were made.

A Garda spokesman who watched the bomb going off said: "It is a miracle how the R.U.C. members escaped. I thought they were all killed until I saw them emerging out of the cloud of smoke."

Remember, still, through good and ill,
How vain were prayers and tears,
How vain were words till flashed the swords,
Of the Irish Volunteers.

THOMAS DAVIS

Clady



Three times the British bombed the bridge at Clady. Each time, its people joined back the stones. Now, from its scars—and theirs—a legend grows.

It stands, massive, crossing the River Finn, stubbornly knotting County Tyrone in the north to County Donegal in the south, bridging the 6 and 26 counties. —That separation, incidentally, was inposed 40 years *after* the craggy, now weathered and mossed-over stones were gathered and cut by hand to form the Bridge 100 years ago.

Clady, a small farm and stoneworking village of 856 voters in County Tyrone, lies on the northern fringe of the *Gaeltacht,* on the western coast of Ireland—a stronghold of traditional Irish culture where Gaelic is spoken even today. It is no accident, then, that during the Civil War, Clady fought on the side of the Republicans.

In 1922, seeking to reinforce the river boundary they had established the previous year, the British made their first attempt to sever Clady's link to the 26 counties. —Clady Bridge was bombed. Then while I.R.A. guerillas attacked B-Special patrols, the people of Clady repaired the damaged crossing themselves.

It was partially destroyed again in 1956, in an apparent effort to contain the I.R.A. The tactic was again defeated, however, by the people's volunteer bridge rebuilding brigade.

In 1971, after British explosives wrecked the approach to the bridge, in a third attempt to strangle Clady, it was again rebuilt in less than a week—this time under the armed watch of the I.R.A.

After hearing about Clady and its long history of bitter resistance, and then about the active I.R.A. unit now openly operating there, I arranged permission, through the Brigade Commanding Officer, to visit the village. It was the first nationalist-controlled village I had seen in Northern Ireland.

The Brigade O.C., whom I met on the Free State side of the Bridge, introduced me to two local I.R.A. veterans, with whom, later that night, I crossed the River Finn into Clady. We crossed unarmed, sure that the village was secure in I.R.A. hands.

I saw outside the village a memorial to one of its immortals, John James Kelly. Kelly was actually born in Donegal, but went to Clady to fight the British in 1920. He quickly moved to become staff commandant of the I.R.A. and a member of its executive council. He believed in the socialist philosophy of James Connolly, and by the late 1930's was highly regarded as a teacher and as a leader in the Irish resistance.

He died in 1938—while preparing a bomb intended for a border customs post—but this poem was written after his death to honor him:

Your life one long attempt to free
Your land and class from slavery.
Unconquered Gael, your race is run,
Your watch upon the hill is done.
The Drumbo martyrs rush to greet
The Connolly of Clady Street.

* * *

The point man carried a Thompson submachine gun. He said it was for quick cover-fire in case of attack. Then he led the eight man I.R.A. patrol—armed with British Enfield .303's and carbines—through the streets of Clady. It was broad daylight.

They had met at the house that morning, arriving before the weapons were delivered. The guns came later in a private car, along with black berets and camouflaged paratrooper jackets "liberated from a laundry in Derry." Burnt cork on their faces and dark glasses were the uniform even in Clady, helping to shield their identities.

The purpose of the daring daylight uniformed patrol was twofold. It was an unquestioned show of strength, a flaunting of Clady's I.R.A. power. At the same time, it was hoped the patrol would lure British soldiers into the heavily defended village.

Just weeks before I arrived, in spite of the heavy British presence at the Army base in Strabane, the border unit had driven baldfaced into Strabane's City Hall, unloaded high explosives and destroyed records. Now, the men patrolled the road leading to Strabane, but no British troops appeared to challenge the I.R.A. patrol.

Upon reaching Clady Bridge, some of the men positioned themselves at its entrance. Others took positions atop it. One man collected tolls, which went into a repair fund, should the British strike again. Not one motorist grumbled.

They held the Bridge for three hours. An occasional unfamiliar car was stopped and searched, and the passengers frisked. This was mainly a search for weapons, but it had another, more grim purpose. "If you stop enough cars and search enough people, someone will drive down the road and tell the British," one of the men explained. The expected, sought-after ambush then would surely follow.

But the British never came that day. They seldom do any more, residents will tell you, as they point to the reasons: a burned-out bus on the side of one road, the remains of a blown-up transformer. They will also give you guided tours of recent ambushes.

Blood has often stained the stones on Clady Bridge, and snails crawl its mossy surface now. And the I.R.A. stands watch, as the River Finn flows by.

Come all you young rebels and list while I sing,
for the love of one's country is a terrible thing
It banishes fear away with the speed of a flame
And it makes us all part of the Patriot Game.

THE PATRIOT GAME
DOMINICK BEHAN

The Revolutionary

August 1957 saw Kevin Mallon detained by the British. He was charged with the murder of a Royal Ulster Constabulary Seargeant who had been killed by a booby trap. While awaiting trial, he was tortured and threatened with death if he did not confess. Once a noose was strung around his neck. On another occasion he was brutally beaten by nine detectives, taking turns.

No sooner had a jury acquitted him than he was rearrested; charged this time with being a member of the I.R.A. and having possession of explosives. He was convicted, and spent more than five years in Crumlin Prison in Belfast until amnesty was declared in 1963.

Now in his mid-thirties, the tall young man is a legend in County Tyrone.

We spent considerable time together in Monaghan, and I came to admire greatly his honesty, thoughtfulness and outspoken idealism. He carries his staunchly Republican vision of Ireland like a torch. Or, when necessary, like a gun. Light and witty at home, he is fearless and a leader in the field. At all times he is a dedicated revolutionary.

His I.R.A. partner, Brendan Hughes, is married and the father of two young children. Brendan, like Kevin, is a fearless fighter for a united Ireland. His wife visits him on occasions, crossing the border from their home in Coalisland to the south. It is a romantic existence, though seldom easy; it is never pleasant.

The Aughnacloy Customs Post bombing and the subsequent ambush is their 54th operation together since both went on the run into the south when internment was instituted again in August, 1969. Still, Brendan says, wincing: "It doesn't bother me as long as I don't see their faces. I don't want to see the enemy's face."


WESTERN AUSTRALIA
SUNNY SAN
APPLES

We arrived at the Customs Post—two floors of brick, glass and concrete blocks—at 11 that morning. Along with Kevin and Brendan, I had spent the night in a billet 13 miles away. An early cup of tea, some soda bread and butter. Tomas and Malachy came along.

The local I.R.A. quartermaster had arranged a drop. We picked it up at another house nearby: 15 pounds of gelignite, cortex, fuse, detonators, pistols and a Thompson submachine gun.

Inside the house Kevin and Brendan worked at putting it all together. The cortex was laid through one gelignite stick. *Gently.* Other sticks of gelignite were taped around that. One more fuse was added to the main bundle. When they were finished: three bundles, strung together on 50 feet of cortex, in a cardboard box. —Three bombs in 30 minutes. . . .

We drove down the Monaghan-Aughnacloy Road, then turned into a small lane. We came to a cottage, and parked behind the barn. The gear we were carrying was dumped in the hay.

We drove on to alert the ambush party stationed near the Customs Post. Then we sent a woman and her child to scout the route in her car. She drove past the Irish Customs Post at the south border and over the Blackwater River Bridge, past the British Aughnacloy Post at the northern border and into the town itself, where the British troops were stationed. We waited on the south side of the border. When she returned, she told us the only British in the area were moving away from the Customs Post.

We instructed the ambush party to hit anything, troops, or armor, if it should come after the operation began. Then we returned to pick up the gear.

Tomas drove us down the road toward the British Customs Post; Brendan sat in the front seat with the cardboard box in his lap. We rode and discussed the last minute details. We pulled up to the Post and went in the front door wordlessly.

Malachy motioned everyone out with his .45 Webley. Then he helped Brendan plant the three five-pound charges. Kevin, in the meantime, with the Thompson, herded workmen outdoors—keeping them out of danger, but unable to call the authorities. —He could see 200 yards down the road.

As Brendan carried in the cardboard box he met a workman who didn't believe his order to "Clear out, for we're going to

bomb this post." The man stared at Brendan in disbelief. Brendan set the box down. He pulled out his Luger. Now the man walked out slowly, as if not quite convinced the whole thing was happening.

Everyone worked quickly. Brendan and Malachy stretched out the cortex. The main charge was placed in the center of the building, the remaining two at each end. The charges were tamped down with concrete blocks. The fuse sputtered, and went down. It was cut and lit again. —We called to Kevin, on the run.

We drove quickly back across the border. Tomas slowed down at the Irish Customs Post, where Kevin lept out. He dashed inside, shouting to the agent to stop all cars going north. The agent ran out on the road, frantically waving all traffic to a halt.

We pulled up about 50 yards away to wait for the explosion. It came three minutes after we'd arrived at the Post.

We went back by a number of side roads, and reported to the Brigade O.C. in Monaghan. Happily, excited, they described the operation, then turned to the radio to hear the news. "The new British Customs Post being made ready at Aughnacloy has been damaged by a bomb left by four men armed with Thompson submachine guns," the broadcast said. Then: "The men also left a second bomb which hasn't gone off and Army experts have been called in to deal with it."

Kevin was sure this meant British Army bomb disposal experts—another of their prime targets. "Ah, they *should* put a little security on it," he said, deciding to have another go at the Post.

Scouting the countryside for a second time, we were stopped by the *Garda* at the Irish Customs Post and searched. A pair of field glasses which Brendan used to scan the hills was found. "You fancy the races?" the *Garda* inquired, then waved us on.

We headed down the road to a spot with a good view of the Customs Post. The road past the Customs Post, going into town, is a long stretch with little cover, but therefore can be secured. They set the ambush point. Kevin, Brendan and I got out of the car. The others went on, to check the area for likely escape routes.

Then the car returned with the gear, bringing Brendan's favorite rifle—ironically, also the British Army's—a fully automatic 7.62 SLR. Kevin carried a 30. caliber U.S. Army Garrand.

One man stayed behind with the car, and the rest of us started out cross-country. Kevin's field glasses scanned the hills around us. It was a cold day with a light rain falling, the fields slippery, and mud several inches thick.

When we reached the ambush spot, Malachy scanned the hills once more in a final check for British soldiers. He kept watch on the Post through binoculars. A target was sighted. Kevin knelt swiftly and Brendan stood over him. Suddenly they opened fire at a man in R.U.C. uniform 300 yards away. Kevin's rifle jammed; but Brendan fired eight rounds.

We returned to the car quickly, and loaded the gear. But in order to start the car on the road out, we had to push it down a steep hill. We decided it was a proper joke.

As we started back down the main road past the Irish Customs Post, two R.U.C. Armored Land Rovers were spotted coming past the British Post. Brendan ordered our driver to stop and reached for his SLR. I followed him out of the car. We crawled back down the road until we reached a mound. Brendan knelt on the shoulder of the road and opened fire at the R.U.C. vehicles. Then he rolled rapidly off into the ditch, and, crouching low, ran back to the car.

A mile further down the road was a black *Garda* patrol car coming our way. They pulled their car diagonally across the road in front of us. The road was narrow, and it looked like we were caught. All of a sudden Kevin shouted: "Go through!" The driver tore half way up the side of the blackthorn hedge and skimmed past the *Garda* car.

We returned, by a roundabout way, to the Brigade Headquarters.

Later Kevin said of the operation: "It's a British Customs Post. And when you're trying to unite a country, one of the things which divides it is a customs post. The Post itself is worth roughly 75,000 pounds, money which comes directly from the British Exchequer. So we're hitting at their economy as well as at their symbols of power."

Give me some personal history?

Kevin: I first joined the Army in 1956. As with most young lads of 17 or 18 who join, I would say it was more bravado than anything else. And there's the age-old hatred of the English and this idea of uniting the country. I'd read quite a lot, and of course the stuff that I read was all nationalistic. There wasn't any real politics involved. I'm talking about politics in some sort of economic sense. It was all nationalistic—stories like Dan Breen's "Fight for Irish Freedom." It was all gunplay. So that would have been the motivation, if you'd like to call it that.

But that changed to something else. When you're in jail you meet lots of people, people from different walks of life. —Dustmen, graduates and everything in-between. You know, men from different parts of the country and different social levels. There's a great exchange of views. You hear theories put forward that you've never heard before. You have plenty of time to read and do a bit of studying.

Plenty of time to think about who you are and what you are doing there. And have you been fighting for the right reasons. And I don't think we had. We were nice fellows, there's no doubt about it; but we didn't really know what we were fighting for. If you approach it in economic terms, we didn't know what we were really fighting against!

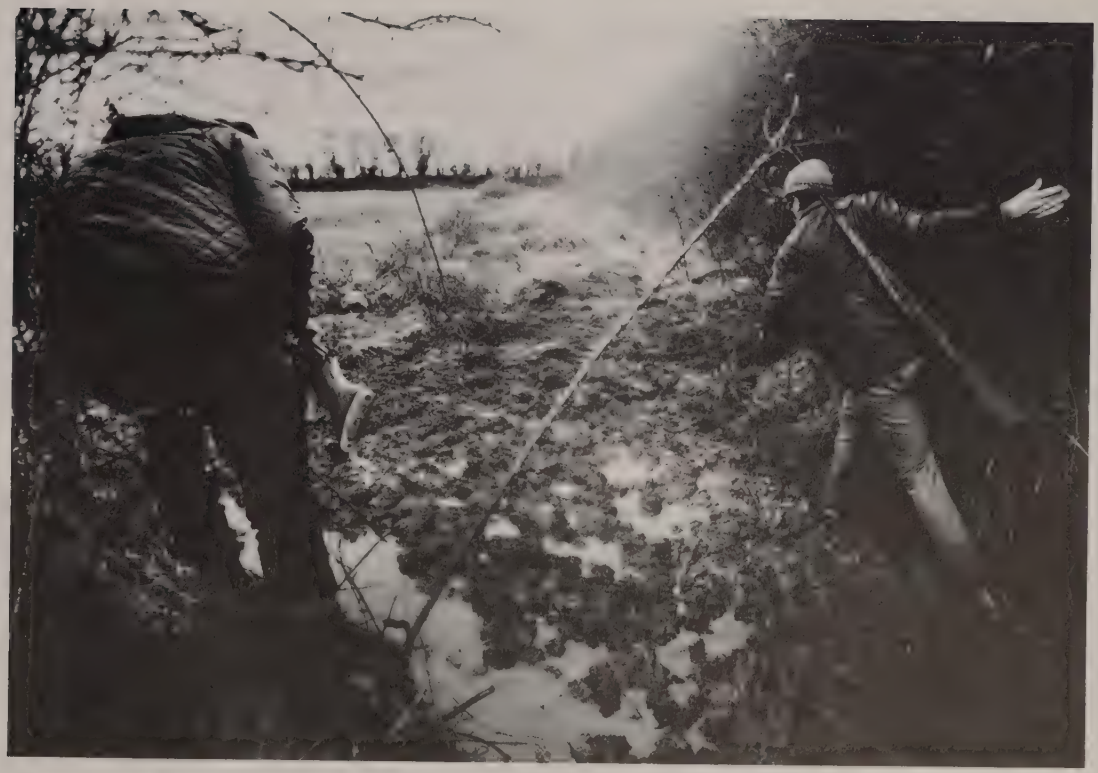
After about three years in there, several of us had hard and fast ideas about how we felt the country should go and what should be done. I haven't changed. That is, it must be of the people, by the people and for the people.

For me it's not the same war now. I believe 1916 was a failure. I believe 1956 was a failure. I believe it was a good job we didn't win, as well; we would have had a nice, green, fascist state.

After prison, I immediately went back into the Army. I came out seven days before Christmas in '63. At that time I was one of the people who thought there ought to be a shift in policy; to take the emphasis off the armed struggle and move it more into the social field; to make the Army part and parcel of the people. We could show the people that they had power. We worked like that, in a small way, until 1966 or '67. Most of the people in Tyrone thought that the abstentionist policy should go. That we were hitting our heads against a stone wall. It wasn't revolutionary, or a bit flexible. We were losing members rather than gaining. The people wanted a voice, so we spoke very strongly against abstention. In 1967, Cathal Goulding, afraid of a split in the movement, refused to speak on it. But we felt that abstention was not a principle, only a tradition.

The I.R.A., really, was represented by Bernadette Devlin. They got their people to vote for her. Someone who we didn't have any control over, whatsoever, and it didn't make sense to me because we could have fielded our own candidate. As a result of that, six of us resigned from Sinn Féin and the I.R.A. Public resignation. And my men were first up to the barrier on the first civil rights march.

Up until the time I rejoined, I had my own organization that fought. I was a free agent. We were independent but composed of both officials



and provisionals. In the part of country where I come from, where you have officials and provisionals, we all work together. If I go into any part of Tyrone tonight, and I need ten men to go along, five of them might be officials. And we all work together.

About a month before internment, the I.R.A., which had the support of the people, reckoned that Stormont would have to go. The officials were saying, "We don't fight." The provisionals were saying, "We do fight." I agreed with that policy of the provisionals. That's why I joined and the principal reason I'm with them now.

What do you want to see—beyond a reunited Ireland?

Kevin: I want to see a socialist republic. Where the means of transport, production and exchange are definitely vested in the people. That the people have a say. I believe that any talents or abilities you have are God-given. If you have certain intellectual ability or a certain physical strength, or anything at all which may be an asset to you, then these are God-given and you can't claim any kudos for it. I

believe if a hod carrier expends as much physical energy within the limits of what he has, as the intellectual expends his energy, then the one is entitled to the same standard of living as the other. And certainly the dustman's family is entitled to the same standard of living as the Pope's or the Queen's or anyone else's. You may say that this is impossible, that it's a utopian society. Well, maybe it is impossible. But we have to make a start in that direction. Whereby there aren't women living in places with no heat, no lights, wondering where they're going to get a bob for the gas. Particularly when there's somebody driving a Mercedes, with a Bentley in the garage and drinking brandy and living with the best. Or somebody like, for example, the chairman of Ford Motors there in America who makes over a million dollars a year.

Is fighting the only way to go?

Kevin: Well, this is what I think: this is the only way at the moment. I think it's essential that the whole country be united so that we can go forward towards the socialism that I'm talking about. And one of our main efforts through the civil rights association was to try to get things peacefully. When pressure was brought to bear on the government through marches and demonstrations to try and provide work in different places, they were refused. When people tried to speak, they were batoned off the streets. And then you're physically attacked. And so, we engaged in self-defense.

How do you feel about the tactics of violence?

Kevin: I think we've been driven to it. But it's a matter of survival. It's a question of whether you allow the British troops to come in and wreck your town, beat your people up and then go out again; lift as many as they like and torture them and throw them into jail. You either have to accept that, or else you fight it. We're fighting it the only way we know how.

There's so many types of violence, you know. It's a terrible thing that children have to see violence, but what can you do? This child has also seen his father and mother and three other kids as well as himself sleeping together in one room. Isn't this violence? Which has the worst effect on the kid? Who's to say —One room where they ate and pissed and slept and made love and went through all the functions that people go through!

Bombings really are terror tactics, if you like. Because they do strike terror, especially if you have a remote control. Like soldiers, looking for mines, usually have wires. But with remote, there's nothing to look for. And by the time you get close enough to see them, you're blown to bits. Because if a charge is shaped right it will blow for 50 yards. That is why, the first time we used it, we made sure the road was blocked. We didn't know for sure, but there was a possibility that a car ignition could set it off. You don't rig it up until the last second. And then you have to be sure that you've created a situation where no traffic will pass. We also made sure that it wouldn't be armed for half an hour, as a safety precaution.

We have a system for coordinating things, a central committee. Different OC's just keep in check with each other. Like they'll say, on Monday and Tuesday we'll be operating close to your territory—so your men lay low. In rural areas, where we have adjoining territories, somebody may tell you to keep out of the road for a day, or even a week, that type of thing. We've had some wounded. But we haven't lost any men.

The area that you and I, Mike, are most concerned with—Tyrone—has been fantastic. The whole country knows we're there, but nobody talks.

But we've reached a position now where the military thing goes on and on, but there's a political

vacuum. And, at the minute, I don't think we're filling it. An army must have a political wing. If military action is an end in itself, then you've defeated your own purpose, haven't you? There's a danger—that the same old politicans would be in power. You could go back to the politicans for awhile, I expect, but if nothing was forthcoming, I could forsee a civil war. A class war. . .

St. Pat's Day

The British patrol had been spotted regularly in the past few days; each time on the same narrow road inside the border. The farmer who spotted them got word to the I.R.A., and an ambush was planned. It fell, appropriately enough, on St. Patrick's Day.

We left our billet in Monaghan at nine that morning; Brendan, myself and three others. Kevin would join us later. We drove into the country and alerted two others to the impending action, then on to a small thatched-roof country cottage. Laughing and brushing aside the request of the old woman who lived there that we allow her "a go at the British bastards," we got back in the car, taking the rifles and ammunition which had been stored there.

On a narrow lane close to our position, we waited for the others. Three minutes later Brendan startled us by grabbing his rifle. He shouted to us to "move out," then dove over a low barbed-wire fence. A *Garda* patrol car had suddenly appeared ahead of us, on the same narrow lane. Grabbing rifles, we followed Brendan. All except the driver took off cross-country—he being caught in the middle of a piss. He did, however, manage to dispose of a small bag of ammunition which in our haste we had left behind. Going cross-country in Ireland means roughing it through dense blackthorn hedges, bogs, swamps, rivers and mountains.

Having been spotted, we were certain to cause the Free State Army to search the area. So we hid the weapons—safely, it turned out—in a small pond, under the mud.

That done, we hid; crouched in a ditch beside one of the many "secondary" roads, waiting for a chance to escape. A few minutes later—miraculously—Kevin came driving on his way to meet us. He had just delivered an automatic rifle to another ambush near Monaghan. We piled into his car and drove back to Monaghan.

We arrived just in time for the St. Paddy's Day parade traffic

jam. Kevin, meanwhile, related a story of a different kind of *Garda* he'd encountered.

He had been out scouting a British patrol and was stopped by a *Garda.* They exchanged pleasantries, the *Garda* looking over their faces all the while. "And would there be any British patrols about the area," Kevin finally asked him. "There's one a bit down the road," he answered, "Are you going to have a go at them?"

"We might, and where would you be?"

"Well if you do, I'll be off having me tea," he said and he waved them on.

We drove through the city center and let out the other men. On our way out of Monaghan we passed a *Garda* patrol car going in the opposite direction. It turned and followed us.

We turned onto a road winding over the crest of a hill; three *Garda* cars were parked in the lane. They searched us and found nothing. It was 11:30 A.M. Escorted by a convoy of *Garda* vehicles, we drove back to Monaghan *Garda* Barracks.

Chief Inspector McMahan guided us to "the usual spot," a large room with a couch and two large over-stuffed chairs, a table with straight-back chairs and a fireplace that soon was roaring, thanks to Kevin's liberal use of the "state's coal."

From there I was led upstairs to McMahan's office, and was charged with the Offences Against The State Act of 1939, Section 30. I could be held 24 hours without being charged.

When he returned me to the big room, the other men sat playing cards with the guards. Since it was St. Paddy's Day and I was a guest from America, Kevin persuaded them that the least they could do was buy us some beer. The guard was reluctant, but a crisp five-pound note, Bank of England, was pressed into his hands. He brought back a dozen Guinness, a dozen Harp, and 100 cigarettes.

The authorities mounted a massive search for the weapons we had dumped; more than 150 soldiers and police searched the area. They found nothing, and we were released, all of us, for lack of evidence.

LEADERSHIP

To man and God we made oath that we would never cease to strive till an Irish nation stood supreme on this island. The genius which had organised us, the energy which laboured, the wisdom that taught, the manhood which rose up, the patience which obeyed, the faith which swore, and the valour that strained for action, are here still, experienced, recruited, resolute. This future shall realize the promise of the past.

THOMAS DAVIS

Leadership

Daithi O'Connell, Joe Cahill and Sean MacStiofain—all senior officers in the Irish Republican Army—are three of the top men in the Republican Movement in Ireland. What follows results from conversations recorded in April, 1972.

Daithi O'Connell

To some people Daithi (Gaelic for David) O'Connell is the I.R.A.'s foremost theoretician. He couldn't care less. He is first and foremost a revolutionary. And a serious one, interested in the success of the revolution, in seeing its realization as a social fact. That is all that matters.

He is a scholar and activist, a student of history and mover of events. Beneath the pragmatism forced upon him by this duality, Daithi O'Connell remains a burning idealist; one who, to use one of his favorite James Connolly phrases, believes that "revolutionaries have to dedicate themselves twice; first in the flush of youth, second in the fullness of maturity."

He was 17 when he joined the Irish Republican Army. Today, at 34, by any measure in the youthful fullness of maturity, he has become one of its top leaders.

Learning began in his Republican home as a youth. One uncle had been killed in Cork, in 1921, "fighting in the ranks of the I.R.A." In 1955, at 17 years of age, he joined the Irish Republican Army.

Rising rapidly in the ranks, he was sent to train and organize Volunteers in County Fermanagh in preparation for the 1956 campaign, during which he commanded one of the I.R.A.'s famed "flying columns."

Although memories of the abortive 1956 campaign are bitter for many men, there is no bitterness in O'Connell. The time simply wasn't right, he says. The I.R.A. had misread the mood of the people. The campaign had been planned from the south and executed—perhaps to too large an extent—by southern volunteers. The north "was not involved to the degree that we should have been," he says. And he admits "there was not sufficient thought given to the need for public support for a guerrilla force."

That lesson was of prime importance, heavy with implications for the future. O'Connell maintains that one of the things which should have been taken into account both then and now is that there is in Ireland a "northern mind" and a "southern mind." He claims that because the people of the north have suffered more than any of the Irish people, they are "far more realistic on the questions of life and nationality and the national problem." Being a minority population, northern nationalists and Republicans have been up against it in an effort to survive.

"Kevin Mallon showed me that." O'Connell says that once when he and Mallon, a northerner, were projecting into the future, discussing such things as a new flag or a new anthem for the nation of their dreams, Mallon suddenly said: "To hell with those. It's bread and butter. It's flesh and blood, the happiness of life, the beauty of life, the reality of life." That was what the struggle, what Connolly's words, were all about.

In 1957, following a New Year's Day raid on Brookeborough Barracks, he was arrested. Sean South and Fergal O'Hanlon, two of the Movement's best-known martyrs, were killed while lying in a barn wounded as a result of that battle, and O'Connell served six months in Mountjoy Prison. Since internment was reinstituted one week prior to

his release from Mountjoy, his release was a mere transfer from one prison to another. He escaped from Curragh Prison the first chance he got, going "under the wire" with Rory O'Brady in 1958. Nine days after his escape, he was appointed Director of Operations for the I.R.A. and O'Brady became its Chief of Staff.

The Army was in disarray and dogged with internal differences then, which internment only aggravated. In May, 1959, a General Army Convention was held. By summer of the same year, a new Army Council came into existence, with Sean Cronin as Chief of Staff. O'Connell remained through it all: "I felt my place was in the I.R.A."

During a January 1961 inspection tour of County Tyrone with J.B. O'Hagen, he walked into an R.U.C. ambush. Badly wounded, he took off cross country. He carried six bullet wounds in his body and was shot through both hands. He landed in Crumlin Road jail in Belfast. He was then sentenced to eight years in prison for possession of firearms, although he had carried none when arrested. Of his time in Crumlin Road, the revolutionary says, "When one is handed an eight-year sentence, one matures very quickly." It was a time for study and reflection.

When he came out of prison in September 1963, after serving two years of his eight-year sentence, he found another crisis within the Movement, between "those who were willing to accept the *status quo* and work within it, to achieve the Republic, and those who would never accept a *status quo,* who were seeking a new way forward." The I.R.A. unit in Cork was "taken up with issues more concerned with the 1920 civil war than with the Ireland of 1963," and so he withdrew to pursue

"a personal viewpoint—to marry, settle down and make a home."

But he couldn't remain out. The period from 1963 to 1968 was a time of great social consciousness in Ireland and "I felt I had a duty to be involved." He says of then, "We were groping and searching for a new way forward."

He was a nationalist and a Republican and as such he was also a minority: "Many of those from the university at the time went overboard for social consciousness," he says. "They prided themselves on being socialist, they prided themselves on the fact that they were Marxists." It appeared that nationalism had lost its relevance.

He turned to college teaching, but on finding that it was "inhibiting, frustrating, and stultifying," he took off to south Donegal, to become involved in a cooperative socialist experiment around which a priest, Father McDyer, was organizing a whole village. O'Connell became totally involved, finding the work challenging but a very positive experience.

With the outbreak of "The Troubles" in 1969, he again went on active service, at first mainly doing organizing.

During the autumn of 1970, defense was the top priority. "It would have been madness then to come into contact with the British Army. So the main effort went into building up the I.R.A. in the six counties. My work was training and formulating strategy in the northwest."

Of developments since then, O'Connell says this:

"By January 1971, the I.R.A. had reached the stage of negotiations with the British Army. They had told the British that if they pulled out of the Ballymurphy area of Belfast, there would be no problems. The British Army leaders on the ground had agreed to negotiate, although they had not yet agreed to get out of Ballymurphy. Chichester-Clark, however, got wind of all this, and went on television to state that there would be no negotiations with the I.R.A. and that the barricades would have to come down. The result was that the British Army went into Ballymurphy in force and carried out intensive searches. In doing so they abused the people to such an extent that rioting broke out, and the people called upon the I.R.A. to take action against the British.

"The I.R.A. was not keen to see the riots develop, since among other things, at that time there was a full-scale I.R.A. program of training, which the rioting disrupted.

"However, there was no help for it, so the start of offensive action began then; it was the second switch in policy. The sabotage campaign came into full swing, because earlier we had determined that from a strategic point of view, it was vital to hit in the northern colony. We picked out a number of targets and trained units to hit them.

"On the fifth of February, we shot down the first British troops. That began a new phase of retaliation against the British forces. The policy of retaliation continued against the British right up until internment. However, during that time, since military action alone could not achieve victory, we had to keep before us the concept that we were a revolutionary organization, that there would have to be an interplay of military and political factors.

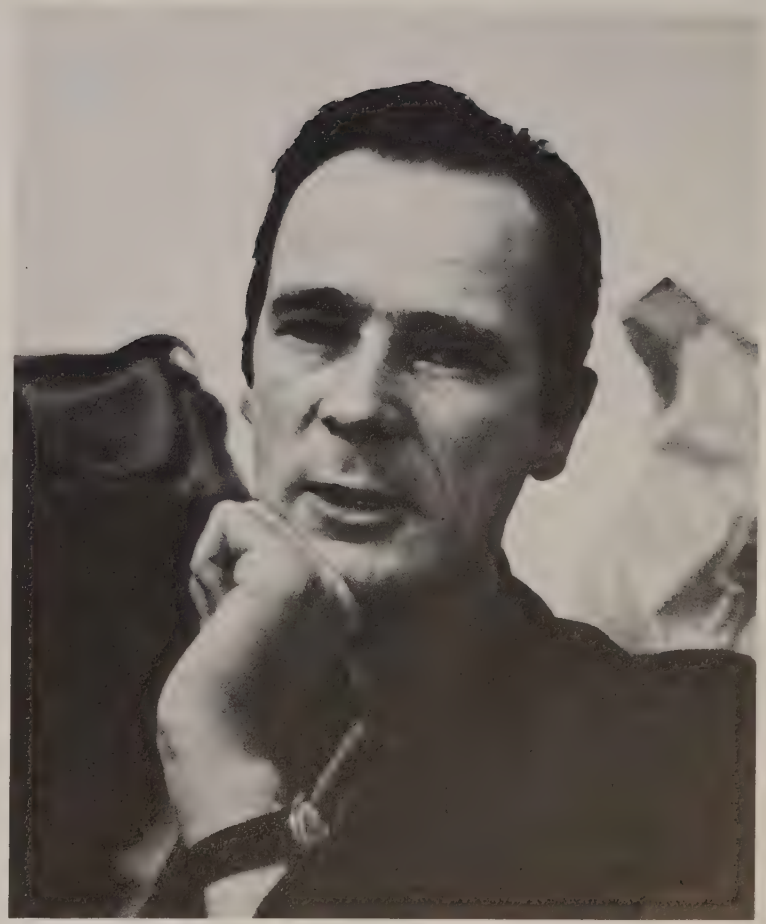
"As a result, on May eleventh I resurrected a proposal which I put before the Army Council: to establish the Ulster Parliament based on the nine counties. By then all opposition parties had dropped out of Stormont, and in doing so they put Stormont in a position that was impossible. We had to find an alternative. What we proposed was realistic. We suggested a regional parliament for the nine counties of Ulster; it was the first step toward a reorganization of the government. On the eleventh of August we publicly stated the choice: the military

way forward was continued resistance, and the political way forward was the creation of a new structure. We then held a convention August 21, 1971, with the determination that the convention would appeal to all segments of the community. From it evolved a council which was visible expression of the movement's desire to have a political as well as a military front. After internment began in August, the sabotage campaign became much more offensive. We were gaining much more expertise, and we were having a definite effect on the economy. All forms of investment had dried up and a number of key industries were feeling the pinch very much.

"In a military sense, the campaign had been highly intensified. On the political side the Dublin government had become estranged from Britain. We were faced with using our own resources and resourcefulness to come up with new tactics and methods to intensify the campaign. We hit harder than ever. Political factors came into play.

"On the fifth of September we made commitments to meet Heath in Britain. We outlined five points, the granting of which would result in a suspension of activities. Our statement was overlooked. At one stage I thought the peace feelers would achieve something worthwhile, but with the development of the European Common Market, we detected a lack of interest on the part of Mr. Heath, and then with the coalminers' strike, the cabinet in London did not have as much time for considering the Irish situation. So we were faced with the reality of pressing, pressing. And we pressed so that things were reaching the breaking point. We found that it was dawning on the British government that a military solution alone would not work.

"Many of our political supporters were amazed at our apparent ruthlessness, and so we were conscious again of the need to introduce another



element into the situation. So the Council accepted the idea of a 72-hour suspension of operations. We moved to secure four conditions which we succeeded in securing and we got a bonus in that Wilson requested a meeting with us.

"We had that meeting. And it was decisive in determining the package: that the chief preoccupation of Wilson was not the suspension of Stormont but the transfer of security to Britain's hands. The Heath government was reluctant to face up to that because it feared a backlash from the northern counties. The Republican spokesman at the meeting with Wilson put it bluntly: that a cabinet member in London could not be influenced

all the time by a threatened backlash within the Stormont cabinet. It was a question of facing up to it before it became an impossible problem. Wilson left the meeting with the Republican leader in a somber mood, and the net result was that Heath did opt for a total transfer of security. It was too much for Faulkner to stomach, to the extent that he resigned.

"One of the chief factors in our strategy has been the suspension or abolition of Stormont, and it's gone and will never return. So major change has occurred in the situation.

"However, the rest of the meeting was the same old story: total frustration. Wilson outlined his 15-point plan. We reiterated the five points which we had made to Heath in September, which if granted, we agreed would bring about the suspension of our activities. Our clear and simple statement was again ignored entirely. As a result, we concentrated on the sabotage campaign and on hitting the British military as hard as we could. That's where we find ourselves today.

"It has been very difficult to quantify the backlash, although we allow for the worst possible situation. But we are very anxious to avoid sectarian conflict. One way to overcome it is to prove politically and publicly that we have positive proposals which would be meaningful to the Unionists. We have a better chance than ever of securing a total British disengagement from this country, and it is to all our interests that she get out. She is working against an inevitable timetable, but time doesn't mean a lot to Britain. We are in a better position than ever to prove that she will be besieged for maintaining control, that she will have to pay a price that is unacceptable.

"So the most immediate, most pressing problem, as far as we are concerned, is that we've got to show the Unionists that their future lies within the context of all Ireland. Many of them might want to resort to action, which would bring a swift and ruthless response from us, but in the long run I am sure they will realize that their future is with us. The best way to prove this to them is by sitting down and listening to them, reasoning with them, and convincing them that when we say that we want a different society, we want the type of society which can accommodate them.

"I think that the great onus lies on us as Republicans. The fundamental philosophical basis of our movement places the onus on us, more than anybody else, to convince the people that there is a way forward."

Joe Cahill–Dublin, April, 1972

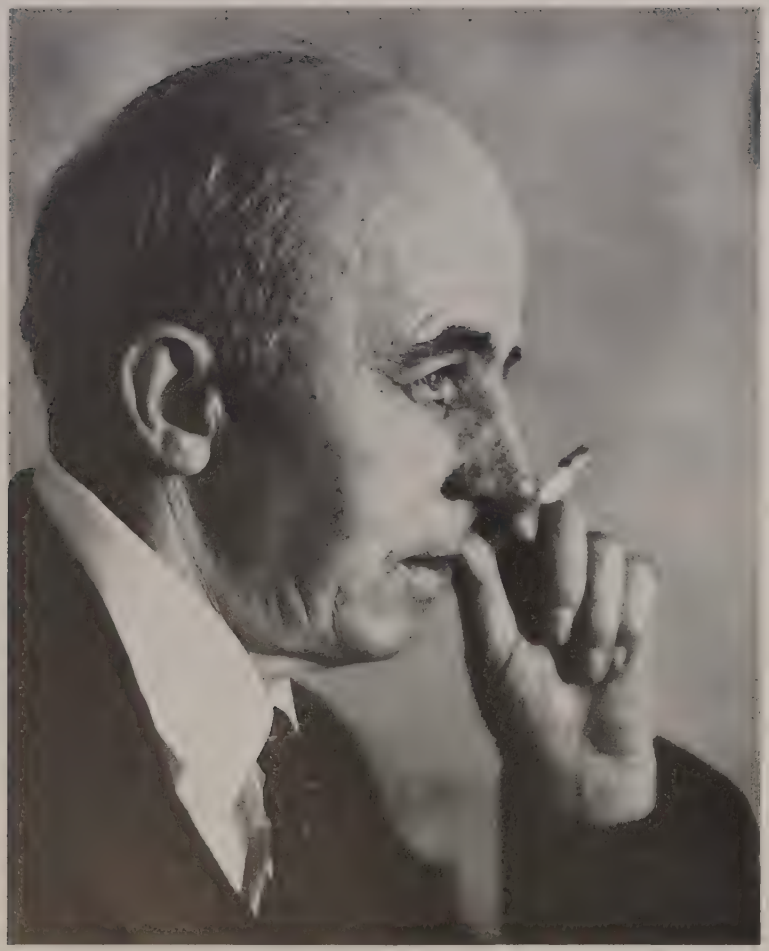
The former O.C. of the Belfast Brigade is presently a senior adviser to the I.R.A.'s G.H.Q.

O'Sullivan: When did you join the I.R.A.?
Cahill: That goes back a long time, man. I was a member of the I.R.A. starting in 1938; prior to that I was in the *Na Fianna Eireann,* the scout movement, for three years. Both my father and mother were Republicans. I was born in the years of trouble in Ireland, 1920. One of the things that interested me most in my early years was the terrible poverty that existed; in southern Ireland, too. I remember the hunger marches. I think all those things made a terrible impression on my mind. I suppose eventually I came to the conclusion that the only way that Ireland could prosper was for Irishmen to own their own destinies, without any outside interference.

Praise God, that will happen in the very near future, then Ireland will be the prosperous nation that it should be. I don't remember this being taught to me by my family, and yet, that idea is something that was always there for me; I must have had it from the cradle.
O'Sullivan: Where did your Army career begin?
Cahill: My military training started in 1940 in Newry. I was in Newry for about nine months and then I was transferred to C Company, Belfast Battalion, of the Irish Republican Army. I was only there a short while when I became the section commander, in charge of about 15 men. This was still in 1940. Internment was a very big problem then, consequently there were occasional switches in staffs. I remember after a roundup in early 1942, I was elevated to Company staff in the Clonard area of Belfast. From January, 1942, we carried out normal company work, organizing and training. Then at Easter, 1942, along with seven other people, I was arrested in an operation in which a policeman lost his life. Six of us were found guilty and sentenced to death. One of the great tragedies of this was that a personal friend, Tom Williams, was executed on the second of September, 1942. I myself, remained in prison for almost eight years.
O'Sullivan: Why wasn't the death sentence carried out on the rest of you?
Cahill: Tom Williams, who happened to be our O.C. at the time, had been shot during this particular operation. He thought he was dying. He made a statement to the police at that time accepting responsibility for the shooting, and I think this was the lever used to execute him.
O'Sullivan: Did the other men who had their death sentences commuted remain active Republicans?
Cahill: I'd say that they remained Republicans, but insofar as remaining active in the I.R.A.—no, they did not. I came out of prison in October, 1949, after seven and a half years and reported directly back to the I.R.A.

Although I remained a volunteer, I was not very active, because at this time there was a concentration on political aspects of the movement, and a complete running down of the military side. I remained loosely associated up until the end of 1963 when I resigned, although I didn't entirely break my links with Republicanism.

August 1969 came along, and with it the terrible holocaust. Anyone who had Republican sympathies at all forgot any past dissension and immediately reported back for active service. Literally hundreds reported in Belfast and several of us were given assignments organizing defense units. Remember that what happened in August of '69 was totally unexpected by the vast majority of the people. As a result we had no preparation whatsoever in any area of Belfast.



One of my first tasks was the Ballymurphy area where at that time people didn't have much regard for the I.R.A., which they felt had let them down completely. But we did succeed in getting an organization going.

O'Sullivan: How many men were actually in the I.R.A. in Belfast in August of '69 when the trouble broke?

Cahill: I have been told that when the trouble broke out there were about 105 men. And Belfast at this time was the strongest unit of the I.R.A. throughout Ireland. The entire I.R.A. strength throughout Ireland must have been a few hundred men. However this was when the I.R.A. came into great prominence. The people had gone south of the border to the government powers that be, looking for assistance and for help, which was refused. So these people had no alternative but to come to the I.R.A. and ask for their help. This is where the strength of the I.R.A. lies: it came about by the popular wishes of the vast majority of the people. Defense groups were built up. Barricades maintained control.

This was the picture until roughly Easter of 1970, when the normal demonstrations on Easter Sunday all passed very quietly. Then on Easter Tuesday, the Orange parades didn't pass so quietly. Several areas in Belfast were invaded. It was the first real showing of the position of the British Army. Where they should have repulsed and driven the Orange invaders back from the nationalist areas, they didn't. They stood back and allowed them to come in, and this resulted in a confrontation. When the mobs were eventually driven out of the nationalist areas, the British Army came in and started to search and arrest. Then the people realized that the British Army was not a peace-keeping force, but was there to bolster the existing regime. It was the start of the build-up of opposition to the British Army in the north of Ireland.

O'Sullivan: Were you prepared at that point for an offensive campaign?

Cahill: I think subconsciously, we were always making preparations for the day when we could take offensive action against the British Army. We knew that when the people did come to understand what the British Army was there for, and demanded action, we would have to be in a position to take action.

The very first move was at internment. We had prior knowledge of it being instituted, and the Chief of Staff and I spent that weekend around the north

of Ireland seeing various staffs, making preparation against internment, such things as insuring that men wouldn't be in their homes when the raids would take place. When it did come, on the ninth of August, the people's reaction was far beyond anything that I had thought could come. It was 100 percent opposition to internment and backing for the I.R.A.

Within a matter of hours, entire nationalist areas were barricaded and the people maintained these barricades for four days. In prior talks, we had expected barricades to last at the maximum, 48 hours. To last for four days was really fantastic. But we knew that sooner or later the barricades would have to come down, that the British Army would get into the nationalist areas because all their forces were concentrated on it. So I then gave instructions to units to dump their arms and prepare to resume activities of a guerilla force. I had thought it would have taken longer but within 24 hours the volunteers were operating offensively against the British forces, with snipings, bombings, *etcetera.* All company units carried out at least two operations in that time, so with 17 companies in Belfast, there were at least 34 operations carried out within the next 24 hours.

British propaganda had stated that the I.R.A. was defeated and that internment had been a success, that all I.R.A. officers had been interned. It was felt at this stage that I myself—as O. C. of Belfast—should come forward at a public press conference to declare our position. This was something new for the I.R.A. But it paid dividends in that it gave the people confidence to know the I.R.A. was still there.

An amusing point here is that on Friday morning aboard the *Maidstone,* the ship that had been brought into Belfast Lough for the detainees—a decade of the rosary was offered up for me. It had been reported that I had been shot and killed. There was great jubilation aboard the ship when over the wireless the men heard the press conference and heard my voice. The reaction of the men on the *Maidstone* was typical of the reaction of the nationalist people of Belfast. It raised morale very, very high.

O'Sullivan: It also marked you as the O. C.

Cahill: It did. It put an end to my effectiveness as an operator in Belfast. No man is indispensible. I.R.A. losses were very small. In fact, if every man had carried out his instructions the weekend of internment, our losses would have been nil. But losses aside, it was a simple thing to sacrifice me as a leader, as far as Belfast was concerned. There is no scarcity of leadership.

O'Sullivan: How much longer were you able to stay in Belfast after the press conference?

Cahill: I remained in Belfast two to three weeks until the day before I left for America, at the latter part of August.

O'Sullivan: Any close calls during that time?

Cahill: Sure. One, the day after the press conference, when I was in the White Rock area of Belfast. I was proceeding toward a car which was waiting to take me on to another area. Remember that all the streets are blacked out in Belfast. While walking up the street, I tripped over a soldier in a crouched position. I realized that I had run into a foot patrol of British soldiers because I heard the S.L.R.'s being clicked home. Immediately I apologized to the soldier and helped him from the ground, and he told the patrol to hold their fire, it was a friendly person.

O'Sullivan: The tactics used in Belfast have changed greatly since internment—the strikes against British military barracks, then against their patrols, later the small bombings of economic targets, then recently the car bombs. How is it decided what

tactics will be used at which time?

Cahill: You've got to judge all your activities according to what your enemy is doing. There are two things which govern: the material and the circumstances at the time of the operation.

O'Sullivan: Do you know how much explosives have been used since internment? Eight thousand pounds in a four-month period?

Cahill: That is a very conservative estimate. We don't keep records of the amount of explosives used, it's a waste of time. As they become available we use them. Hoarding them could be dangerous. I would triple the figure of 8,000 pounds.

O'Sullivan: How well supplied is the Belfast Brigade?

Cahill: The British have employed every method in the textbook to smash us—and they haven't succeeded. The best answer I can give you is to say that we are well capable of conducting a war against the British.

O'Sullivan: Last year you gave the address at the annual pilgrimage to Bodenstown at Wolfe Tone's grave. What was it you said in that address?

Cahill: That pilgrimage, held the third Sunday every June, commemorates the birth, not the death of Tone. He is looked on as the Father of Republicanism, having founded it in Ireland in 1795. Not only did he found Republicanism in a cave in a hill which overlooks Belfast, but he was a Protestant, which is perhaps even more important. It's a great honor and privilege to speak at this ceremony, and last year I was selected for it. At that time I said: "Please God, by the time we have assembled here next year many things will have happened in Ireland. We will be well on the way to establishing an Irish Republic. By that time we will have seen the downfall of Stormont and possibly the British thrown out. By that time, the foundation stone of an Irish Parliament will be laid."

I think we've gone a long way toward reaching this.

O'Sullivan: What direction will the I.R.A. take now and how will the British react?

Cahill: The situation changes from day to day and from hour to hour. Right now, as we sit here, one can wonder what is happening in the north. I do believe we are near achieving something that has cost us very dearly: complete freedom. And, above all, a lasting peace. We don't want to see any patching up of present troubles, we want to see a final solution.

EASTER MESSAGE

Once England realizes that Irishmen, at home and abroad, are united under one banner to achieve one freedom, then the quicker they will react. What we want for Ireland in the next few months is that the seeds be sown for a lasting peace where every Irishman, irrespective of class or creed, can set down under the common banner of "Irishmen" and work out their destinies. It will bring a lasting peace, happiness and prosperity for our nation.

In particular, in appealing for unity, we appeal to our Protestant countrymen, in the north of Ireland. Though they differ from us in religion, deep down in their hearts, they are Irishmen. We ask them to join with us in this great purpose of unity, to build a new Ireland for future generations. To see that the freedom which has cost us so much in suffering, torture and death will pay a dividend of prosperity, happiness, justice and peace.

Sean MacStiofain

MacStiofain serves in the capacity of Chief of Staff of the I.R.A.

O'Sullivan: Tell me something about your own personal history.
MacStiofain: My family wasn't traditionally Republican. I was born in London—my mother was Irish from Belfast, and my father was of Irish descent. I always had a tremendous interest in Ireland, and soon realized there was a colonial problem that had to be settled. So I joined the I.R.A. in September, 1949, in London. I joined because I believed then, as I still do, that armed struggle is the only way to achieve Ireland's full freedom.
O'Sullivan: There has been a big increase in the ranks of the I.R.A. since internment. Can you give any figures?
MacStiofain: No, but the I.R.A. is stronger in March 1972 than it has been at any time since March 1923.
O'Sullivan: Generally, the war along the border has been downplayed by the Irish (Dublin) and Stormont governments, hasn't it?
MacStiofain: Not only the war along the border, but the I.R.A. operations all over the north are being downplayed by the southern government, the northern government, by the British government and the British Army. At least one-third of our operations are not published by any source. We issue a periodical statement about our own operations, and we know for a fact that the British are minimizing their casualties. And they are exaggerating any civilian casualties accidentally and inadvertantly caused by our operations. For example, when a bomb goes off in a commercial area, they'll claim 150 people injured. If you check into the hospital list, maybe only five or six of the reported injuries are serious.

Of course, even five or six people seriously injured as a result of one of our operations is very, very regrettable. But our attitude is the only correct one on this question: that the British government and those who support them in Ireland are responsible for the bloodshed and the loss of life.
O'Sullivan: Any statistics on the number of operations?
MacStiofain: Three weeks prior to the truce, 400 operations, 10 enemy casualties, and 40 or 50 wounded. Seven days following the truce, 120 operations, 4 enemy dead, 60 wounded. This war has escalated beyond the point that most people expected it to escalate. It is the most intensive campaign waged by the I.R.A. since the fight against the Black and Tans in the 1920's.

For one thing, we have the support of the vast majority of the nationalist people, which we retain because the British Army has behaved so badly against the people in the north. The British make a great play of the casualties that our operations have sometimes caused to civilians, but the actual number killed or injured by our operations is very, very small indeed, compared to the number killed and injured by the British Army. Our operations have probably led to 12 or 15 civilians very accidentally killed. The British have killed at least 10 times that number in the past 2½ years: 13 in Derry on Bloody Sunday alone. The Special Air Service (S.A.S.), the British counter-terrorist unit in the six counties, has also been responsible for the death of 15 people on one day alone, at the explosion at McGuirk's Pub. They blew up a Protestant pub—the Four Step Inn—where four people were killed, and another store where two people were killed. Their object, of course, was to cause a limited confrontation between Protestant and Catholic in

order to justify the worldwide British propaganda to the effect that the conflict in the north of Ireland is a sectarian one and not a political or a national conflict.

O'Sullivan: Has contact been made with other guerilla groups?

MacStiofain: When I was in prison in England, it was my privilege to know members of the E.O.K.A. (the Greek Cypriot organization led by General Grivas) who were also imprisoned there.

O'Sullivan: Where is the struggle at this point?

MacStiofain: The I.R.A. has survived the impact of a very intense period. The organization is intact and the fight is continuing. That is an achievement in itself when you realize we're up against 18,000 British troops, 6,000 part-time troops, 3,000 to 4,000 armed police plus 1,000 armed Protestant civilians. But the economy of the north is seriously disrupted,

the administration is seriously disrupted, the British casualties have been severe and the British people now know they must think in terms of a practical political initiative.

O'Sullivan: On March 10, the I.R.A. presented a plan which would have allowed for a suspension of operations. I believe it had three points: the withdrawal of the British from the streets of the north, the abolishment of Stormont, and general amnesty for all political prisoners. Am I correct?

MacStiofain: There was more to the first point: we demanded that the British declare their intention to withdraw their forces from the north of Ireland and recognize the right of the Irish to determine their future, this was coupled with a demand for immediate withdrawal of British troops from the streets. The declaration of intention to withdraw and the recognition of the right of the Irish people to decide their own future are, of course, the kernel of the entire problem. If this declaration of intent had been made, it would have brought Mr. Craig, the leader of the extreme Protestant Vanguard movement, and others like him, to their senses. It would have made them realize that they have no alternative but to meet with us and the other interested and involved people; made them realize that all Irish parties must thrash out among themselves a new Ireland—a new solution—and leave the British to get the hell out.

O'Sullivan: In the past few days, there has been Loyalist boycotting of Stormont. This seems to be the beginning of the "backlash." What do you expect will happen?

MacStiofain: The backlash has begun. Incidents such as the terror bombing of the Abercorn Restaurant are the work of Protestant extremists, also the bombing of a ladies' toilet in Lurgan in which a lady was killed, the shooting of the opposition M.P.'s, and the intimidating and forcing of Catholic families to leave their homes in "fringe" areas. There has been shooting of young men going with girls in Protestant areas, sniping into Catholic areas.

The question is—will the backlash intensify to the proportions that many persons fear? We hope there will not be an all-out Protestant backlash because it would lead to a very serious confrontation between Irish nationalists and Unionist people. We do not seek an armed confrontation with our fellow Irishmen. We do not want to become involved in a senseless civil war with them. We want them to take a proper and rightful place in the Irish community. We hope that common sense will prevail, that their leaders will recognize their responsibility to lead their followers into their rightful place in the Irish community.

O'Sullivan: What will be the role of the British if the backlash should intensify?

MacStiofain: It would be hard for the British Army to stand by and watch. But I think that in some areas they would wait and see what happened. A limited backlash would be advantageous to them. It would draw the teeth of both militant sections of the community.

O'Sullivan: Will volunteers in the south see action?

MacStiofain: Some of them are in action already. As the struggle intensifies, the preparation of the 26-county personnel will be stepped up, particularly if the backlash intensifies. We won't hesitate to send 26-county men north to take part in defensive action.

O'Sullivan: What do you expect the Free State government to do?

MacStiofain: They're likely to do anything. We'll just have to wait and see.

O'Sullivan: Is there any government opposition to the Republican Movement in the 26 counties?

MacStiofain: At the moment there are at least 10

Republicans in prison in the 26 counties, and a very disturbing feature is that the Minister of Justice has declared that they're not to be treated as political prisoners. He has issued instructions that they are in effect to be treated as common criminal prisoners. The last time that happened, Sean McCahey died on a hunger strike in 1946. Should this policy be continued, it will cause a serious situation within the prisons, and without. The prisoners are determined not to accept criminal status and we are determined not to leave them to fight their struggle alone.

O'Sullivan: What exactly is this whole struggle about?

MacStiofain: The first objective is to end British rule in Ireland. The long-term objective is to establish a 32-county democratic, socialist Republic. Basically our struggle is for a new Ireland in which the people of Ireland will be able to live a better life, in peace, security and prosperity. The I.R.A. has always stood for this—to see the Irish people the masters of their own land again.

Epilogue

"When does a man cease being a terrorist and become a patriot?"

The question posed by Liam Hannaway of Belfast was spoken in anger as well as anguish. It was at the same time grimly and determinedly rhetorical. And it was steeled in the knowledge that yesterday's "terrorist" can—has—become "Mr. President," with De Valera.

The answer for Liam, for the I.R.A., for nationalists throughout Ireland and their supporters throughout the world, is found when the British leave at last, and Ireland becomes a united country, free from British influence.

Until that time, every I.R.A. volunteer—and their uncounted Irish sympathizers—continues the struggle against the British under the name of terrorist, gunman, murderer or thug, and will continue until such time as their task is done and Ireland belongs to the Irish.

The task was outlined more than fifty years ago for the Irish Republican Army. There never was an alternative to "Ireland for the Irish."

In the process, the Movement has survived the full wrath of England. Republicanism in Ireland has been outlawed, exiled, interned, tortured, executed and officially pronounced dead. Still it survives, more popular than ever and growing still. And if survival is a form of victory for a revolutionary guerilla force—and the I.R.A. can claim to have carried on the longest such struggle in modern history—victory is already theirs.

The British government has proven particularly obstinate in the case of Ireland, stubbornly refusing to bow before such historical precedents as Aden, Cyprus, Palestine, Kenya and Ghana. And even before them was the precedent of the 13 colonies which won independence—the United States of America.

At first Britain occupied all of Ireland. But the occupation was always by force of arms. Then came the partition—supposedly the cure to anti-British sentiment and to violence throughout the

country. It was never really intended to be permanent. The Government of Ireland Act, by which the country was divided, which was passed by the British Parliament at Westminster, imposed partition "with a view to the eventual establishment of a single Parliament" for all of Ireland.

But even in 1920, Irish nationalists opposed partition, meeting it with violence. And the I.R.A. led the opposition then. When the Army as a whole faltered, small but determined bands of nationalist guerillas carried on the struggle.

Irish nationalists—including the I.R.A.—are determined to fight until the very end, just as the North Vietnamese nationalists have fought and are fighting for reunification of their country. As surely as American troops in Vietnam have been the catalysts for violence in that land, British military escalation has been the principal—perhaps the sole—reason for the continuing violence in the six counties of Ireland.

And like the struggle of the Vietnamese, the solution to the problem of Ireland can only be political. More than 37,000 armed "security" forces—including 24,000 British troops and elite paratroop units—have been unable to contain the I.R.A. Resistance, in fact, has stiffened in the face of escalation.

The I.R.A. has never determined to defeat the British militarily. The military arm of the Republican Movement—the I.R.A.—has in fact struggled to bring about a political settlement. And that settlement, if it is to be the basis for a more lasting peace than the one by which the British divided the country in 1921, must be decided on and sanctioned by all of Ireland. Unfortunately for the Irish—and for Britain—every reform accomplished by nationalists in the north of Ireland so far has been preceded by violence. Nationalists have fought like embittered slaves: hard and totally determined.

The struggle, as Thomas Davis made clear, will continue indefinitely and is for unconditional freedom: "Will she (England) allow us, for good or ill, to govern ourselves, and see if we cannot redress our own griefs?"

"No, never, never," she says, "Though all Ireland cried for it—never! Her fields shall be manured with the shattered limbs of her sons, and her hearths quenched in their blood; but never, while England has a ship or a soldier, shall Ireland be free."

"And this is your answer? We shall see—we shall see."

"Violence is a legitimate response to tyranny" wrote Thomas Paine. The violence in Northern Ireland is the violence of revolution. "When does a man cease being a terrorist and become a patriot?" Rather, what is the influence of 50 years of organized British propaganda on the collective mind of world opinion?

There is desperate frustration, hurt and anguish in Ireland which is in no way connected to the military situation. Those who suffer most are the poor—Catholic and Protestant alike—especially in health matters and in housing. These are the people whose frustration is so desperate that England—in every sense responsible—fears a bloodbath beginning at the moment she withdraws her troops.

Reforms generated by the present struggle—notably the fall of Stormont and the subsequent assumption by Britain of security for the six counties—have been bought with the blood of hundreds of Irish men and women and that of British soldiers.

After fifty years of ostrich-like non-recognition, Britain was forced in 1972 to recognize the I.R.A. Behind the violence and the terror which now sometimes obscure the issues are still the most vigorous arguments of Republicans for British withdrawal—Britain's presence is, in plain and simple terms, a colonialist one. There is no valid logical, geographic or political argument that can justify British occupation of Ireland nor the continued division of the country. And behind the question of Catholic versus Protestant is the simple fact of the brutality of social class, of the undeniable economic advantage enjoyed by Protestants over Catholics in the six counties. There can be no doubt that the most abused people in the "wee Six" are the Catholics—though in Ireland as a whole, Catholics constitute an overwhelming majority. And there is one Ireland.

Within that context the I.R.A. is living legend. Its men are heroes, both dead and alive. It has sustained itself from generation to generation, each one apparently more determined than its predecessor that "please God" this campaign will be the last.

Political organizing by *Sinn Féin* at the grassroots level has paralleled the growth and development of the I.R.A. itself. All

effort is directed toward preparing for the day—not so far off now—when there will be an all-Ireland referendum on the question of unification. In fact the I.R.A. has already agreed to a referendum under the auspices of the United Nations.

The question is not how but when. No Irishman will ever forget the legacy inherited from Great Britain. Too many friends and relatives have been tortured; untold numbers have been deprived of either economic sustenance or their loved ones, who are dead, jailed without trial, broken from torture or on the run.

"The Patriot Game," "The Belfast Brigade," and "Rifles of the I.R.A." are more than popular songs; they are popular political and social sentiment. The goal did not originate with the I.R.A., but it is its focus, and Ireland's: a 32-county Democratic Socialist Republic. Nothing less.

Life springs from death: and from
the graves of patriot men and women
spring living nations.
The Defenders of this Realm
have worked in secret and in the open.
They think that they have pacified Ireland.
They think that they have purchased half of us
and intimidated the other half.
They think that they have forseen everything,
think that they have provided against everything;
but the fools, the fools, the fools!
—they have left us our Fenian dead,
and while Ireland holds these graves,
Ireland unfree shall never be at peace.

PADRAIG PEARSE, 1916