



ULAIÖ AZ AISÉIRGE



NÍ SÍOÍTÁIN SAN SAOIRSE RESURGENT ULSTER

Vol. 2. No. 21.

AUGUST, 1954.

Price—THREEPENCE

COURAGEOUS STAND

The Cork Old Fianna Association passed a resolution recently congratulating Messrs. Cahir Healy and Jack Beattie, members of the British House of Commons and who have taken an oath of allegiance to England's Queen—on "their courageous stand" in the British House of Commons to have the principles of self-determination subscribed to by President Eisenhower and Churchill at the recent conference in Washington applied also to Ireland.

We are at a loss to know how and where the "courage" was shown.

The I.R.A. raid on Gough Barracks has done more to propagate to the world, England's partitioning of Ireland than all the speechmaking that has ever been done by the Healy's and Beattie's in the Parliament of the Invader: As Seamus MacManus, world famous poet stated "Its richest result has been to awake the world to the fact, long cloaked from them, that Britain, loudly bawling for Russia to free her oppressed satellites has all along been maintaining by her

side her own satellite in disrupted North-Eastern Ireland." This magnificent operation has had the attention of the world's press headlines.

But the continued presence of Messrs. Healy and Beattie in Britain's Parliament, falsely claiming to represent Republican Ireland, tends to create confusion and doubt in the minds of the people in the free countries of the world. They must know that outside Ireland and probably parts of America their Parliamentary mouthings are not taken seriously, if given publicity at all. Neither does the British Govt. take any serious notice or show any uneasiness about their utterances—they have heard the same tune over and over again, in fact it is a case of politician knowing politician and acting accordingly.

Both would serve their country better were they to follow in the footsteps of the elected representatives of the Irish nation from 1918 to 1921. Whilst, it would be more in keeping with

the spirit of Na Fianna were the Cork Old Fianna Association to congratulate the organisation and its members who organised and carried out the Armagh raid where real and genuine courage **WAS SHOWN.**

THANK YOU! BELFAST WORKERS

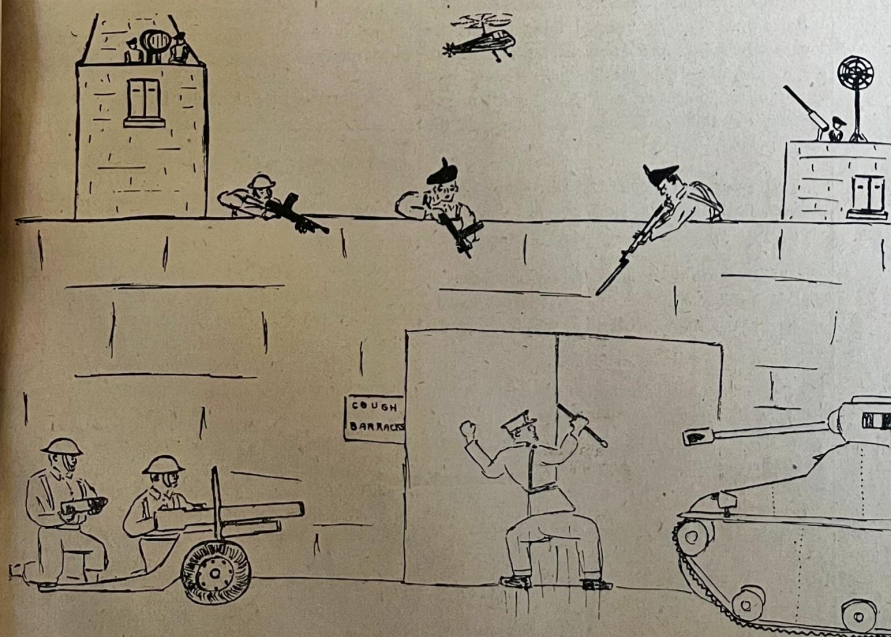
Gratefully we acknowledge receipt of £7 (seven pounds) generously subscribed by a group of Belfast workers in admiration for the men who raised the banner of Irish Republicanism to its highest peak in Armagh town on Saturday, June 12th, 1954 and in appreciation for the splendid work being done by "Resurgent Ulster."

TO OUR READERS

Copies of "Resurgent Ulster" sent post free for one year on payment of 5/- (five shillings), U.S.A. One Dollar.

Enquiries to the Secretary, c/o 37 Institution Place, Belfast.

Articles, Pars., Poems suitable for publication welcomed by the Editor.



"BUT I TELL YOU I AM GENERAL TEMPLAR"

IRELAND NEEDS YOU

JOIN SINN FEIN

Our Exiles' Column

Exiles Return

A young Irishman travelling home on holidays reports that on arrival at Rosslare he was dismayed to find that a number of coaches on the Dublin train was reserved for the British Legion. A delightful contrast was provided en route to Dublin however by a slogan on a wall in Wexford which read "Join the I.R.A."

English Pettiness

Reports are continually reaching us that Republican prisoners in English Jails are being deprived of their mail. Although great care has been taken by their correspondents to exclude anything which would give the slightest pretext for banning the letters—the letters have not been delivered to them nor returned to the senders whilst the prisoners are not informed about same. This of course is an old method of attempting to break the spirits of men who are imprisoned because of their love for and service in the Cause of their country's Freedom. But it will fail as it has ever failed in the past.

Living Conditions

Exiles all over the world must be wondering over the recent statement made by U.S.A. Congress-man, Thomas J. Dodd, part of which read "Irish living conditions are extremely high and everyone appears to be happy and contented."

What must be the reaction of our 75,000 unemployed to such a statement.

Republican Papers

The sellers of Republican papers outside Hyde Park report an unprecedented boom in their sales as a result of the Armagh raid.

REPUBLICAN SOLDIERS IN PRISON

WAKEFIELD PRISON, ENGLAND—
Cathal Goulding, Dublin. 8 years.

WORMWOOD SCRUBBS, ENGLAND—
Manus Canning, Derry. 8 years.
Sean Stephenson, England. 8 years.

LIVERPOOL PRISON, ENGLAND—
J. P. MacCallum, Belfast. 6 years.

BELFAST PRISON—
Joe Campbell, Newry. 5 years.
Leo McCormick, Dublin. 4 years.

These soldiers do not want sympathy—they want practical help in the form of service to the Cause which they represent and for which they are suffering. Financially too, you can help by assisting the Irish Republican Prisoners' Aid Society—start a branch in your area or send subscriptions to this office c/o 37 Institution Place, Belfast or Sean Tracey House, 94 Sean Tracey St., Dublin.

CENSORSHIP

We would wish to remind our readers that all correspondence coming to this office is censored before it reaches us.

READ "THE UNITED IRISHMAN"

Thou shalt not pass

Orangemen of Annalong and Ballyvea areas Co. Down have made many attempts to parade through the predominantly Republican area of Longstone, Co. Down. Each time the sturdy Longstone and women of the district manned the barricades to prevent them doing so—no Union Jacks will ever be carried in procession along the Longstone Road they have declared. From the surrounding townlands, men and women have taken their stand with them. "Thou shalt not pass" is the order of the day and the R.U.C. authorities realising the earnestness and sincerity behind that slogan have decided that the Orange processionists must not use the Longstone Road for that purpose.

This year however, with police protection, the Ballyvea Orange Lodge decided to march along the Valley Road, another Nationalist district on their way to Kilkeel—a road which is longer and more indirect for their journey.

On their way in, on the "Twelfth" morning they found the road blocked with a huge tree cut down during the night. Police with rifles helped to remove the obstruction and the Orangemen wisely decided not to return that way. Had they come home that way, a large bonfire of burning motor tyres, blocking the road was there to greet them.

The Republican people of the Mournes have no desire to foster the evil spirit of sectarianism or bigotry. It is their wish to live in peace and harmony with their Protestant or Orange neigh-

bours, but they will not allow the flag of Invader and oppressor to be flaunted in their face as a symbol of foreign domination—political religious.

Their allegiance will not be given to England or her satellites in Ireland, rather is it given to the Ireland visioned by the great Protestant patriots, Tone, MacCracken, Russell, Mitchell, Cheneys, etc. the Free, United Republican Ireland of 32 Counties whose Government will guarantee as outlined in the Proclamation of 1916 "Religion and Civil liberty, equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens, with the resolve to pursue the happiness and prosperity of the whole nation equally and oblivious to the differences carefully fostered by an alien Government which have divided a minority from the majority in the past."

ROGER CASEMENT'S
LAST WISH FROM PENTONVILLE JAIL
WHERE HE WAS HANGED ON 3rd AUG.
1916.

O'er in majestic Murlough let me lie
Beneath my Antrim earth and Irish sky;
Among my kindred lay my ashes deep,
That I may rest content—that I may sleep
Far from these high grim walls where I was
slain,
The cold and alien earth where I am lain.
There—gently lay me where I long to be
'Neath my green hills—where Murlough
greets the sea.

ORANGE ORATOR REFUTES MIDGELY & CO.

A RIFT IN THE OLD ORANGE (F)LUTE

"Most Orangemen are not ashamed of Tone, MacCracken and Mitchel or any Irish rebel who stood up to England when right and justice demanded it. The paradoxical thing is that the loyalists of Ulster probably distrust and dislike the English more than the Southern Republicans. Our thought, processes, our idiom, our humour, our wit are all those of the Gael and not of the Saxon.

"It is a pity, that our Unionist Party leaders should attack the Irish language, for a man can be an Irish speaker without being a Sinn Féiner.

"Irish dancing is immeasurably superior to that of our Scottish friends, yet it is unlikely to be seen at a Unionist ball as a war dance of the Masai.

"The Irish heritage and culture belongs to us as much as to the Nationalists, and to turn our backs on everything Irish is to deny our birthright and play into the hands of our political opponents."

Thus spoke Mr. James L. MacQuitty, M.A., LL.B. at an Orange demonstration in Co. Tyrone on the "Twelfth" Day.

Mr. Midgely and other Unionist leaders who have of late been attempting to create a new propaganda line by stating that Ireland was never a nation—had never a culture, or language, etc.

must now feel very much embarrassed and bitter that one of their colleagues should give the lie to their bigoted utterances and destroy the value among their own followers of that propaganda which they so shamelessly set out to broadcast.

Is there a rift in the old Orange (F)lute?

REPUBLICAN IRELAND CALLING

Are you a fire-side Republican? Are you one of those, whose Republicanism begins and ends with the tongue? Are you doing anything to advance or serve the Cause of Republicanism? Are you eager to serve that Cause? Remember there is a place for you in the ranks of the Republican movement. Age or sex is no bar to this service—There is work for everyone to do. For further information contact personally any of the following:—

Paddy Doyle, 45 Whiterock Cres., Belfast
Frank MacGlade, 126 Ardilea St., " "
Joe MacGurk, 37 Institution Place, " "
Joe Cahill, 60 Divis Street, " "
Seamus Steele, c/o 5 Ballymurphy Rd., " "

DOES THIS CONCERN YOU?

May we once again make a special appeal to those who have outstanding accounts with us to clear up same. We require the money—send it NOW. Maybe your Annual Subscription is also due.

TO MY ORANGE COUNTRYMEN

Shall we stand up and spar and fight
As to which creed is wrong or right
While foreign knaves with stealthy hand
Still draw the life-blood from our land ?

No for our land there is no hope
If you for King and I for Pope
Will fritter precious time away
Disputing what the band will play.

So now in spite of James or Bill
Let you and me a bumper fill
Our hearts for one great purpose join
Forgetting Limerick and the Boyne.

And with a strip of lily white
The Orange and Green unite,
Then side by side upon the plain
We'll rend the despot's galling chain.

Ah ! that has been the tyrant's dread
That Orange and Green instead of red
Should float above a gallant band
Whom Saxon might could not withstand !

Our country free they long have taught
To you would be with danger fraught;
They taught you that the Pope of Rome
Would rule the land from Peter's dome.

What if upon the Sabbath day
We kneel at different shrines to pray !
There's but one God for you and me
There's but one land we'll die to free.

Wolfe Tone and Emmet gave their blood,
MacCracken with Lord Edward stood,
And Orr the scaffold did ascend;
All died their country to defend !

Shall we forget those heroes slain
And still as bigot slaves remain
To make a foreign horde secure
In writhing taxes from the poor ?

Swear by the blood that Emmet shed;
Swear by the heroes that are dead,
That we shall hence united be
In spite of Saxon plot or plea !

Oh may God speed the coming day
When I can grasp your hand and say;
Farewell to feud, you fought with me,
"We're well repaid, our land is Free !"

Joseph MacGarrity
in "Celtic Moods and Memories."

When the Tyrants come Toppling down

The elections to that usurping body calling itself without any real claim, Dail Eireann, are over, and Fianna Fail, bosses of the Twenty-six County Republic, have been thrown out of their jobs. For them this is the only thing that matters, and it is worth noting that all the ex-ministers made sure to feather their nests in the way of fat pensions, by the mere fact of having even for a year or two, held down one or other ministry. Mr. De Valera senior is now "in the wilderness." In other words even the gullible population of the Twenty-six counties has grown sick of his platitudes, and perhaps too, in some cases of his steady though unadmitted loyalty to the British connection.

Short of actually driving the country into war this wily old twister, who certainly has no reason to be deceived by British hypocrisy, masquerading naked imperialism and international thuggery in the threadbare garb of "democracy and the rights of small nations" this wily trickster did all that one man could do to help Britain and her Communist friends, allies and fellow-travellers, to down Germany, the only nation, outside Spain and Italy to fling down the gauntlet to Communistic imperialism. Mr. De Valera did quite a lot of heroic posturing when he spoke of "neutrality," but when there was question of British interests as opposed to German, he never hesitated to twist the neutrality laws to benefit the enemy of civilization and human liberty.

Republicans will neither forget nor forgive Mr. De Valera for the hundreds of Irish boys and girls who rotted behind barbed wire in the Curragh and elsewhere for five weary years of war, still less the soldiers who died on hungerstrike or under inhuman concentration-camp conditions, because they claimed the right to come out as openly on the anti-Communist side, as let us recall. Mr. James Dillon did on the side of imperialism and its "gallant Communist allies."

But De Valera's treachery to the Republican ideal during the war years, was only of a piece with his pro-British policy before and since. How often has he not hastened to reassure his newly acquired friends and admirers of the 'Irish Times' in other words the strong "Buck-Mason" gang that controls such institutions as the "Bank of Ireland," and the "ROYAL" (sic!) Dublin Society "that he will never be a party to breaking the financial link with sterling. Now the link with sterling is simply another device for keeping this ancient nation in a position of enslavement. Even the frothy Mr. MacBride realises this, and the ranting President of U.C.C. demonstrated the fact in a fairly readable volume entitled "Money" several years ago. But to reason and patriotism alike our pro-British ex-"Taoiseach" is impervious. And now he has been booted out—"imeacht gan teacht air" they would say in the Gaeltacht. Not that his success is the slightest improvement on him. Fianna Fail, Fine Gael, Labour, Clann na Talam, etc., etc.,—they are all tarred with the same ugly British brush, they have all persecuted Irish Republicans, they have all sided with Britain and her Communist friends and allies. They are therefore unworthy of the trust of Irishmen.

It makes very little difference which of them draws a fat salary for next to no work at Leinster House and Merrion Street. One day Costello and his Unionist henchmen, James Dillon, Minister for grass, and the rest of the sorry bunch will be sent packing by an Ireland wakened up from the dream-atmosphere of the British-sponsored "republic" for three-quarters of our ancient nation. And when the petty tyrants come tumbling down, the Republic of Pearse and the boys who fought and died with him against our country's only enemy, will be re-enthroned once again among the free nations of the earth.

Cormac Mac Cuilleain.

MR. LIAM KELLY, M.P., NOW A SENATOR

Mr. Liam Kelly, M.P. for Mid-Tyrone at Stormont and leader of the new political group, Fianna Uladh, in recently imprisoned in Belfast Jail has been elected a member of the 26-County Senate on the nomination of Mr. Sean MacBride's party.

In the course of an interesting letter sent to the newspapers by Mr. James Clark, 32 Bridge St., Dublin, he speaks of the "Constitutional" Hoodwinking and goes on to quote Articles II of the Treaty of 1921 and III and IX of the Constitution of 1937 to prove same.

"Mr. MacBride" he writes "wants to prove his solidarity with the people of the Six Counties in their struggle against Partition, yet he and the leaders of Fianna Uladh have accepted the Constitution of Eire enacted in 1937 which recognises the legal existence of the Six Counties."

He then refers to Six-County M.P.'s being informed that they were not eligible to sit in Dail Eireann and points out:—

"If a representative (of the Six Counties) is not eligible to sit in Dail Eireann, explain to me, now is Mr. Kelly to become a member of the Senate, since paragraph II of Article 18 of the 1937 Constitution states— "A person to be eligible for membership of Seanad Eireann must be eligible to become a member of Dail Eireann."

According to reports Mr. Kelly upon his release in August will take his seat in the Senate.

LEARN, TEACH AND SING THE SONGS OF IRELAND.

Sentenced to Death

A young Irish soldier in the British Army was executed for being a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood or "the Fenians" as they were called.

This song was sung by Tom Williams in his cell on the eve of his own execution.

The grev dawn had crept o'er the stillness of morning,

The dewdrops they glistened like icicled breath,
The notes of the bugle had sounded its warning,
A young Irish soldier lay sentenced to death;

No cold-blooded murder had stained his pure conscience,
He called as a witness his Maker on High,
He'd simply been fighting for Ireland's loved freedom,

Arrested and tried he was sentenced to die.

Chorus :

Lay him away on the hillside, along with the brave and the bold,

Inscribe his name on the scroll of fame in letters of purest gold,

"My conscience would never convict me" he said with his last dying breath.

"May God bless the cause of Freedom for which I am sentenced to death."

He thought of the love of his feeble old mother;
He thought of the cailin so dear to his heart;
The sobs of affection he scarcely could smother,
Well knowing how soon from them both he must part;

He feared not to die though his heart was near broken,

'Twas simply remembrance of those he loved well:
His Ros'ry he pressed to his heart as a token,
Its touch cheered his soul in a felon's cold cell.

To the old barrack square they marched the young hero;

The bandage he tore from his eyes with disdain;
You think I'm afraid of a crime-soddened 'Nero'
I'd die for my country again and again:

I blame not my comrades for doing their duty,
"Aim straight at my heart" were the last words he said,

Exposing his breast to the point of the rifle,
The smoke cleared away the young soldier was dead.

