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LEST WE FORGET

AUGUST 9th 1971

AUGUST 9th 1973

800 plus DEAD

AUGUST 9th 1971

AUGUST 9th 1973

**1500 plus
INTERNEED**

IT IS EASY TO FORGET the above facts, except for the point that they are true. It is not easy to forget them when you are in Long Kesh Concentration Camp as a result of decisions taken by Brian Faulkner or William Whitelaw. Yes, Brian Faulkner still holds responsibility for 19 here in the Camp. You will of course remember Faulkner . . . he is the man who "personally studied" the "individual files" of 320 men arrested on August 9th, 1971 . . . 301 of those men have been freed, but 19 remain. Is Faulkner still 'positive', or does Whitelaw consider 19 out of 320 reasonable guesswork?

Or is there just no difference in the systems used by both gentlemen? It would appear there isn't. The men behind the wire, speaking for our female comrades in Armagh Prison, have put this paper together in the hope that it will recall to the people who read it the true situation regarding internment here in the North of Ireland. We are not going to comment on the campaign for Irish Nationhood, on the rights or wrongs of the war. Rather we wish to confine ourselves to the facts as we here see them.

Faulkner instituted internment two years ago, and with that decision, which was directed entirely against the Catholic minority, he started the greatest bloodbath of death, destruction, intimidation and cruelty this country has seen since the Civil War in the early '20's. There can never be any doubt about that fact. Internment brought in its wake all of the troubles we are afflicted with today.

The Unionist leader, Faulkner, in conjunction with his Tory master, Heath, brought to your doorsteps the terrible events that have since occurred. Long Kesh Concentration Camp will always, for the Irish, rank alongside Dachau and the other German camps of the 2nd World War; Long Kesh was something new in a long line of contrivances invented against Republicans by the British. It was specially de-



Picture taken inside Long Kesh Camp

signed to demoralise, to maim, yes, maim, to corrupt the high ideals that Republicanism brings with it.

Hollywood was the most savage weapon ever employed by any Army against civilian populace. There are many mute testimonials to its methods of unchristian cruelty and brutality still in Long Kesh. In fact, the names of places usually, for years associated with other important items, are now down in the history books as places to be avoided because of August 9th 1971 . . . Ballykinlar, Girdwood, Magilligan, Castlereagh, Lisburn, Ballykelly. The list is endless.

Many organisations have sprung to the defence of the internees, and equally as many have sprung to the defence of the decision to introduce it. But one fact can never be altered. Internment brought with it death, destruction and sorrow. We have been told that the decision was made despite advice to the contrary, at all levels. Since then the blame has been attributed to just about all the high and mighty who were around at that time, but on 19 internment orders for the 9th August 1971 the name of Brian Faulkner is appended, as it also appears on the orders for 50 other men still here from 1971.

(Continued on Page Two)

political hostages edition
Guest Editor : SEAMUS LOUGHRAN

Lest we forget

(Continued from Page One)

Direct Rule brought with it releases from Long Kesh. It eventually brought a bi-lateral Truce between the British Army and the IRA, which same went to pieces in the fallacy of Lenedoon, when political

Lenedoon, when politicians appeased the Orange bigots and caused a War to continue. Direct Rule brought the Great White Saviour, William Whitelaw. It brought more detention orders, interim custody orders, The Detention of Terrorists (N.I.) Order, and now it brings the Diplock Laws, a new system of Court

the Diplock Laws, a new system of Courts where touts, informers and just about anyone who likes can offer evidence from the cloak of anonymity, which will be accepted and used by a one-man type of justice which is alien and unacceptable to any of us.

You will read elsewhere, if you have not already done so, some of the atrocities carried out by the British Government and/ or its agents. You will read also of what life is like in Long Kesh. You will read of the sheer hopelessness of internment, the aggravated psychological state which has resulted from the use of barbarities, all of which is a consequence of that fatal decision made on 9th August 1971. Two years have gone by since then, two long weary and bloody years, two years which is a long time out of anyone's life. But what must those two years seem like to an internee? You will read of that also. You will read a lot of things in this paper. We hope it will remind you of this terrible place, of the men, youths, aye, and children in it, and of the young girls who languish in Armagh, a mediaeval prison, so long over-used and decaying.

You are asked to do what you can to see that this form of inhuman torture is desisted from immediately. You are asked to see that the families who have suffered even more than their menfolk are compensated for their terrible days and nights. You are asked to see what

that Justice, if the British can still understand the word, is done and seen to be done. We don't want to go on remembering Long Kesh or August 9th 1971 forever, as our Orange bretheren do with 1690, because we realise that if a New Ireland and Eire Nua is to rise from this holocaust then we must be prepared to forgive and forget, hard though it will be, and to strive to attain the ideals we started off with, a Free Ireland, a United Ireland, a Just Ireland.

by
Seamus Loughran

CAGE FOUR

Professional ethics and internment

There are ethics associated with most professions, and no codes are more rigid than those on morality to which doctors and lawyers must subscribe in their daily work-day life. It is therefore, sad and unfortunate to have witnessed the degrading of both the legal and medical professions during those days of political upheaval in our country.

Prior to August 9th, 1971, a group of legal minds drafted and presented a document on arrest and internment; medical men reported on the after effects of brutal physical and mental tortures. These men, members of both professions still today on August 9th, 1973 aid and abet the tormentors of untried civilians.

The lawyers in their participation at undemocratic courts and commissions give encouragement to a Government which has attempted, in many forms of pressure, by internment, by unjust trials, by savagery of her military forces, to suppress and humiliate the whole Nationalist people. Apart from a few individual members, the legal profession has remained silent and I accuse this association by their silence, of involvement

The medical board too, must assume their share of responsibility for exactly the same reason. Its voice was silent also except for a few fearless men in their midst who spoke out against evils which have shamed the British Government and people in the eyes of the world.

There is still time for the seniority of their professions to bring their members back to heal and remind them of the ethics of their profession. There is time yet to demand in a united voice an end to all the unjust imprisonment, suppression and harassment in Ireland once and for all.

GERRY MAGUIRE
(O.C. CAMP COUNCIL).

BEHIND THE HEADLINES



"..ARMY INTELLIGENCE IS IMPROVING"

Simple Spyman

By COEIAM

This isn't the story of Robin Hood's men
That hoary old English myth
Its tale of two other Littlejohns
And Geoffrey-Johnson-Smith
Now Geoffrey is Minister of State for Defence
A prominent man in Ted's force
When they aren't cavorting with Call-girls or drugs
They're seeking a third-time divorce
Our Geoff had a friend of title and fame
And she had a friend—Littlejohn
So what was more natural for noblesse oblige
They'd make Littlejohn into a pawn
So they sent Littlejohn with brother to help
To infiltrate the Shinnars
Just rob the banks and blame the Rebs
We'll forget that you were sinners

Then they laid their plans with English guile
And by English money backed
They robbed the Bank and laid the bombs
That passed Lynch's coercin Act
Then they fled to Brittania's bosom cold
But the plan began to crack
When they'd done their master's dirty work
England handed them back!
So for twenty years and for fifteen years
They'll meet neither kin nor kith
But the man who should really be in the 'Joy'
Is Geoffrey Johnson-Smith!
So all who would bow to English laws
Should always hedge their bets
"Thank you England" said Littlejohn
That's how she pays her debts!

HENRY JOY McCracken—
LOUIS SCULLION SINN FEIN
CUMANN (Unity Flats)

We are very disturbed at the recent behaviour of the 40th Marine Commandos in the Flats complex.

On Sunday the behaviour and attitude of this regiment was clearly mirrored, when they threatened a woman because she displayed a flag from her home bearing the words: "Britain's Political Hostages" a symbolic gesture to show her support for the Anti-Internment programme. They informed this lady that if she flew this flag, the y would confiscate it.

This attitude towards a flag, clearly define the petty mindness and depths to which these members of the 40th Marine Commandos will stoop to, to further add to the harassment of the local people. By their actions the Marines have shown that the people's determination to have internment ended is really a great thorn in their side.

THIS SLOGAN WAS PAINTED ON THE WALL BY OCCUPATION TROOPS FROM THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT IN THE LOWER FALLS AREA OF BELFAST. IT HAS NOW BECOME COMMON POLICY FOR OUT-GOING REGIMENTS TO CAUSE AS MUCH HAVOC BEFORE THEY LEAVE. THE GLOSTERS WORKED HARD IN THIS PARTICULAR FIELD



THE TRUTH OF INTERNMENT ... British style



Many words are already entered in the book of evidence against Britain for the pursuit of her internment policy. Some of the facts have been shrouded in mystery because of the grip that government has upon the press and other news media. We in Long Kesh suffer no such inhibitions and are ready, willing, and able to explain just what did occur when the right time comes along. Here for your perusal are some of the cases we have had to deal with since 9/8/71.

PATRICK BURNS

Age 37, Unity Place, Belfast. Labourer. Arrested on the steps of Belfast Prison where he has just completed a six month sentence for rioting. Brought to Girdwood Barracks where for 48 hours he was tortured while interrogated by Special Branch, led by Mark Crozier. His interrogation consisted of a welter of verbal and physical abuse, which included no sleep, no food drugs in his tea or other drinks, heated by an electric fire while standing prone against a wall, made to do exercises, and all the while had to listen to all sorts of threats and abuse. This included a threat to shoot, which they then demonstrated with the usual loaded weapon. At the end of the 48 hours he was served with a detention order and taken to Long Kesh where he remains to this day. His actual date of arrest was 27th October 1971. He suffered upon his arrival a series of hallucinations which we attribute to the drugs used upon him.

ANTHONY SLOAN

Ballymurphy. Age 17. Arrested near his home in the early hours of December 8th 1971. En route to the Henry Taggart Army Post he was beaten severely, same treatment from there to Springfield Barracks, where he was subjected to hours of interrogation in the normal Special Branch methods. When he reached Holywood he was taken by Military Police and beaten again, photographed from all sides, made to sit on a chair looking at a wall, not allowed to sleep. If he fell off the chair he was

dragged up again by the hair, made to brush, the floor and other menial tasks, degraded and abused verbally, kicked in the 'privates', pricked with pins on the inside of his thighs, punched on the kidneys, stripped and beaten repeatedly until he passed out, was made to clean his own blood off the floor before he was brought to Long Kesh. Was released from here in January 1972, and arrested again and re-interned in January 1973. . . . names Special Branch man McKinney as chief torturer.

JOHN CARLIN

Derry City. Age 25. Hotel Porter. Arrested 24th April 1972. Brought to Waterside Station and questioned. Went to Limavady via Victoria Station, Derry. It was in Limavady that he saw firsthand the finer arts of interrogation by the Special Branch, led here by Ernest Allen, and then on to Ballykelly where he was tortured abominably by the SAS and the Special Branch. The tricks here included all the new-style methods, but added the shoving of a brush shaft up a man's rectum, singeing his eyes with cigarette ends, cocking loaded weapons at his ears, ably demonstrated in this case by two Special Branch men called Brian Meenan and Harry Bennett. His hands were scraped with needles, his testicles were kicked and squeezed until he was dizzy and sick, and at this time he was forced to sign a 'no complaints' form. This case is one which has been referred to the European Committee on Human Rights, and Mr. Carlin is still receiving treatment for a nervous disorder, a direct result of his trip to Ballykelly.

PATRICK McDONNELL

Age 20. Arrested 9/8/71. Taken along the routes of others' to Girwood Park Barracks where he was degraded as with all the first internees, beaten and forced to run over broken glass on his way to Belfast Prison through the infamous hole in the wall. He is in Long Kesh since it opened.

This list is endless. . . . Henry O'Neill, John O'Carroll, William Smyth, Frank and George Gillen, Billy McAllister, Frankie Rafferty. It is impossible to name them all. After all, there are 512 of them here at the moment, each one has his own tale of cruelty and perversion to relate.

Noteworthy among these earlier statements are those taken from the men who were on the prison ship Maidstone which has a story of its own to tell. These events are not figments of anyone's imagination, but they were and are real. . . They happened in the places we have mentioned, and were conducted by the men we have mentioned.

It would be unfair to leave out Harry Taylor who did his best to completely wreck those unfortunate enough to pass through his hands. These men know that their names are all known to the internees. They fear nothing, or appear that way because they are convinced we will never get the chance to even the score. The men in Long Kesh could tell them a different story, and if any changes are contemplated in the RUC then the removal of any authority from these men should be top priority. While men of that mentality and calibre exist, then there will always be a vendetta against them from the minority.

It is interesting to note that after the Compton Report was released other men were subjected to the hooded treatment in various places, which includes Black's Road Post, Lisburn and of course Ballykelly. Another "method" was to place a man in a room with photographs of people blown to pieces in explosions (real or imaginary we do not know) and to leave the man there to contemplate on his alleged way of life. Lack of sleep, as you can see, has always been the mainstay of all forms of interrogation, and anyone who has had to do without sleep for any period of time will have a good idea of how difficult it becomes to focus on one's mind after a spell.

Continued on following page

The ingenious ideas thought up for the tortures of men are too horrible to think about, but it is no use being naive and blaming it all on the British Army. Even Irishmen were happy to do the work of the oppressor by doing his dirty tasks for him. There were Special Branch men to hand in all the various detention centres, or should we call them torture chambers. The day must come when these people will have to stand up and give an account of their activities. We will be there to see that the truth is told.

SEAN MURPHY

Age 26, Single, Andersonstown. Arrested 4.30 9th August 1971 tells his own story of that particular day:—

I was arrested at my home by British soldiers of the Royal Horse Artillery Regiment. A sergeant and six soldiers took me at gun point, took me with my hands handcuffed behind my back, to a lorry parked on the Glen Road. In the lorry I was forced to lie on my stomach while the soldiers stood on my back and removed my foot wear. About ten minutes after this another group of soldiers arrived with two other men, and the three of us, minus our foot wear, were put into an A.P.C. and taken to Girdwood Barracks.

On the journey to this place I was subjected to physical abuse by the sergeant who forced my arms up my back, causing me considerable pain. An SLR rifle was forced against my chest by one of the soldiers who threatened to "blow my head off". In front of the A.P.C. was an Officer who condoned the behaviour of his troops. At Girdwood I was forced to sit on the floor along with about 260 other men. We sat there, with little or no relief, for over 48 hrs. During this time I was interrogated five times; before each interrogation I was dragged by the hair to the main entrance of the building and made to crawl on my hands and knees for a distance of about 60 yards to where a Wessex helicopter was waiting.

All this time I was being punched and kicked by the MPs and RUC men. In the helicopter another MP was waiting. He pulled me in by the hair and the machine took off. I was then thrown out of the Wessex which was hovering about six or ten feet off the ground. I was made to crawl back to the building, still being beaten by the MPs and RUC men. Inside, Special Branch Officers began the questioning which I refused to answer because of the treatment they were giving me, and I would then be given it again. I was told this would continue "until I saw sense." Between these efforts I was forced by the MPs under a sergeant Vivian (?) to brush the floor and wash dishes and other cooking utensils.

The Barrack came under attack at this time, and I was made to stand at the large window by the MPs, so that they could use me for cover, for about ten minutes. This was on the 11/8/71 in the morning. I was put into a room by a corporal and a loaded, cocked sub-machine gun was placed against the back of my head. He told me that he intended to shoot me and say I was killed in the attack. A sergeant came in and knocked the weapon aside, took me out to the corridor where another MP twisted my arm up my back, cocked his pistol and placed it behind my left ear, and then with four other men I was forced to run across the yard and to a hole in the wall of Crumlin Road Prison.

Members of the Parachute Regiment ran alongside us beating us along the arms, legs and joints with riot sticks. At approximately 6.00 am on Wednesday, 11/8/71 I was locked up in a cell in the basement of D Wing of the jail and kept there in solitary confinement for five days. On the fifth day I was told that I had a visit, and I was then taken to the visiting area. Two Branch men were there. I was again interrogated and refused to answer, and later that day I was taken to C Wing where the rest of the men already were. I arrived in Long Kesh with the first batch of men on 24th September, 1971, and I have remained here since that time.

To me, internment has meant that my career as an Architectural Draughtsman has suffered at a time when it was at a crucial stage. I was the main wage earner in the family as my parents are old age pen-

sioners, as a result, any little they had saved for their retirement has gone to enable them to exist and to supply me with food parcels. My home has been raided on many occasions since I was arrested, the strain on both my parents has been terrible, especially my mother has been terrible, as she is in a constant state of anxiety over my well-being.

It is too early for me to say if internment will have any effect on me, physically or mentally. This will only become apparent in later years."

Sean Murphy was a playing member of the McKelvey's GAA Club, and took an active interest in our national games. He was a studious type of lad who kept himself to himself, and Long Kesh is not the place for either of those two types. The financial loss in his case, as in many others, cannot be assessed as yet. His possibilities of regaining employment must also be a lot less than they would have been had he been able to continue his studies.

MARTIN HENDERSON

Age 23, Beechmount area, Chef. Arrested 4.30 a.m. 9/8/71. When we asked Martin to give us his opinion what internment meant to him and his family, he replied:

"Internment has meant many mental and physical hardships for both my family and myself. My mother seems to have aged 20 years since my arrest, and she now suffers from a severe heart condition, as a direct result of internment. Her worry and stress were increased by the fact that another brother is interned here, and yet another one was recently released after a year behind the wire.

My family is constantly being harassed, my home is being raided persistently, thus bringing further hardship to an already distressed home. All the male members of my home have been beaten at one time or another by British soldiers. I cannot measure the effect internment has had on my own life yet. I was continually harassed before August '71 and had to change employment twice, and now, because of the lack of opportunity in Long Kesh I am unable to complete my trade examinations which surely have a drastic effect on my chances in later years.

"I have been before the Tribunal where I hoped to find out the reasons I am here. It turns out that it was because I gave biased history lectures. It is only faith in people that keeps me hopeful, as I can't expect justice from my oppressors."

(Martin Henderson has been in Long Kesh Camp since it opened, and has never asked for any favours since he was arrested. His story can be multiplied 500 times at least, for every man who passes through here has a story to tell, the curse of it is that they are all true).

As I see it now

PHILLIP McCULLOUGH

Married with one son, aged 2½. Ex-member 16th Paras.

Founder member of the Belfast Housing Action Committee which made tremendous progress towards the breaking down of sectarian attitudes in the City. Civil Rights Organiser and supporter from 1967. He was involved in the defence of the Falls during the '69 pogrom. Arrested by Paras, 4.00 a.m. 9/8/71. Taken to Girdwood Barracks with a hood over his head; made to run the gauntlet from Girdwood to Crumlin Road jail; deprived of food and sleep; wife had no knowledge of his whereabouts for seven days (this affected all those arrested at that time). Moved to Long Kesh by helicopter when it opened 24/9/71. Involved in riot in Cage Two. Received severe and serious beatings at the hands of the RUC and Screws while detained in Cooler. Has taken part in three hunger strikes in support of fellow Republicans, and in two strikes over visits, one of which

lasted sixteen weeks. Spent most of his time reading up on political theory, mainly socialism; enjoys corresponding with groups sympathetic to the cause of Irish Liberation, but finds this subdued by Special Branch/Censor, etc. Relaxes by annoying his mates with a guitar; active physically, but has had to reduce these activities because of high blood pressure.

As Phil was married in 1969 he has spent almost half of his married life behind bars and has missed his son's growing up. Admires his wife for her endurance and loyalty to himself and their home. Deeply regrets being here while the fight for freedom continues; also the fact that so many of his friends and comrades have died and he has been unable to pay his proper respects, especially in the case of his great friend Danny O'Neill. Has only the fact that he looks forward to being reunited with his family to keep him going in here and can only wait for the day when British oppression ceases to exist in Ireland and the people settle their own affairs without foreign intervention.

The six men who went through the "interrogation in depth" and are still interned here are:—LIAM SHANNON, Belfast; PACKER McNALLY, Armagh; GERRY McKERR, Lurgan; MICKEY DONNELLY, Derry City; JOE CLARKE, Belfast and KEVIN HANNAWAY, Belfast.

19 men here from 9/8/71 are as follows:—

JOHN O'RAWE, Belfast; GERRY MAGUIRE, Belfast; MARTIN HENDERSON, Belfast; SEAN MURPHY, Belfast; PADDY MAILEY, Belfast; PETER MALLON, Newry; SEAN McKENNA Jnr., Newry; JOHN DAVEY, South Derry; SEAN McDONALD, Dungannon; MOSS GRIBBEN, Armagh; FBED SCAPPATICCI, Belfast; ART McALINDEN, South Armagh; PAT McDONNELL, Belfast; PHIL McCULLOUGH, Belfast, plus the six men who went through the hooded treatment.

As can be seen from some of the names mentioned, these men took part in all kinds of private and public activities which were primarily for the benefit of their communities. They ranged from street committees to tenants' associations to Credit Unions and such like. Gerry Maguire is well-known for the work he did for the refugees in West Belfast during and after the 1969 pogroms. They are all well known in their respective areas and for the enterprise they showed when they were free.

They are all marked now for the rest of their lives as far as the British and police are concerned. It will only mean that the Irish people will suffer the loss of their talents. Many of them were self-employed rather than suffer the indignity of appearing at the dole and taking what they considered to be abuse for the inability of the powers that be to provide proper employment in the areas they originate from. The men in Long Kesh have been accused of many things in the past, but no one can ever accuse them of begging for anything that they will not do. They have not accepted the establishments directives without, in their own way, putting up a fight, though their attitudes are necessarily restricted in what they can use as a means of protest.

The record of the men behind the wire is a credit, as always, to the Republican Movement, and to the families of those who are incarcerated in this Camp. Many things are denied us which we claim we are entitled to, but the same goes for our wives, families and friends still out there. They have suffered a greater indignity. They have lost the bread-winners, they have lost fathers, brothers and husbands. They have stood along side us and permitted themselves to be counted in the struggle against British Capitalism and Imperialism. This sort of fight we can't lose, because the people are behind us, all we demand is the right to fight politically for our aims and objects. Even that has been denied us.

To free the men behind the wire is not the end of oppression and degradation, but it will be a step

Continued at bottom of following page.



THE COMPARRISON to two individual cases of "interrogation" . . . one on the 18th October, 1971, and the other on 4th April, 1973, leaves no doubt in our minds that the type of tortures associated with Holywood still continues, on a scale no different than what the world condemned after the attempted white-wash by Compton and the utterances of Heath, Maudling and Faulkner at the time.

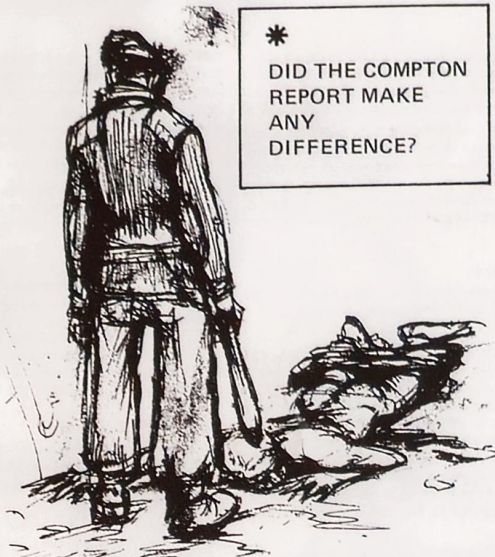
PATRICK TOLAN was arrested in October 1971, taken to Vere Foster School and then to Holywood Palace Barracks. He was questioned about his personal life, his family and IRA activity in the Ballymurphy area. He was placed in the well-known 'speareagled' position against the wall, and with a Special Branch man on either side of him he was beaten about the joints, the kidneys, the back of the neck, the ribs and the stomach. He collapsed during this vicious beating and was dragged up again by the hair and thrust against the wall again. He was threatened, his family cursed and derided, and he was told to co-operate or else. He was made to sit literally for hours staring at a wall, unable to move or turn away from it.

He was returned to the torture room, and this time a ginger haired Special Branch man talked to him, giving him a cigarette and telling him for his own benefit to co-operate. This didn't work so he was put against the wall again, and they played Russian Roulette with him, using a revolver which they let him see being loaded with one round. He was beaten again, collapsed and dragged to the wall repeatedly. He was put again in another room with peg-board type panning, and made to sit for hours staring at it.

He heard discussions about truth drugs and how they were so effective, and how they brought on hallucinations. The noises associated with this type of torture went on and all through the torture. All the time he was questioned and beaten, and if he fell, which was often, he was dragged up again and beaten some more. He was completely benumbed . . . "felt like a robot," but still they persisted. They offered him bribes, safe conduct out of the country, etc. . . . everything and anything to break his spirit. To this day Paddy suffers from headaches and has had to get glasses. He can easily identify the Branch men responsible. This case took place in October, 1971.



DID THE COMPTON REPORT MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE?



The case of SEAN O'NEILL, Kilrea, Co. Derry, took place in April, 1973, and except that the events took place in Ballykelly his statement in almost all details to that of Tolan is similar . . . the speareagled position against the wall with all his weight on his toes and fingertips, beatings, questions, offers of money, threats, verbal abuse of himself and his family, all too familiar stuff to us in here, no sleep, no food, except for bread and water, the impression that he was drugged, and the same sort of headaches to this day, coupled with a series of complaints about his knees, kidneys, ribs, practically all the joints of his body.

Did the COMPTON REPORT really make any difference?

We leave it to the reader to ascertain this for himself. Enough to say that there are many documented cases to prove that Compton, or anyone else makes little or no impression on the notorious Special Branch—these men who Whitelaw now openly defends as part of the efficient RUC force. While that force contains men of this calibre we will never be sure of any policeman. This is still happening and will continue until the laws that permit it are disposed of.

As I see it now . . .

(Continued from page overleaf)

along the right road; the road which must of necessity eventually lead to the complete emancipation of the Irish Race, and a step towards the EIRE NUA which we have had so long as our dream, our standard, and our one and only aim.

This paper has been produced by the Cornhairle Cean-tair Sinn Fein within Long Kesh Camp, with the sole purpose in mind of alleviation, the plight of our families by letting the world know that though we are suppressed in here we have not died politically, and we issue this paper in an attempt to inform the world in general, that the internees are still very much alive and demanding their freedom, and that cruelty and oppression is still very much to the fore, both inside this camp and outside it. We hope it is read and remembered for a long time. We shall continue to publish any comment we feel is necessary in the months to come. While Ireland is under foreign rule we will never desist in our effort.

Some political hostages pictured inside Long Kesh.



WHEN WILL IT EVER END?

BRIAN DAVIDSON, Cage Four.

August, 1971, has become as well-known in Ireland as Christmas Day; the ninth day of that month that year marked the beginning of the one-sided Internment Policy of the British and Unionist Governments directed in the main against the Nationalist/Catholic minority population of the North of Ireland.

Three hundred and twenty men, bloody and beaten were dragged from their homes and families, leaving their loved ones to worry and fret as to where they had gone and why. The bad news was round about and it was with horror that our people realised that the impossible had happened. Internment had arrived!

On the 24th September, 1971, Long Kesh Concentration Camp was opened to take the over-flow of prisoners at that time housed in Belfast Prison, prisoners because they were Irish, and not afraid to state that fact. One hundred and eighty men were moved initially to Long Kesh, to exist in unknown conditions, conditions which were soon to be publicised right throughout the world. Conditions which proved to be tin huts, meant to hold 25 men, and at that time crowded with forty.

The first event of note, occurred on the 25th of October in Cage Two, when, as a result of the starvation diet, and the style of conditions, the men therein rioted and played into the hands of the Governor, ROBERT TRUESDALE, in that he summoned a battalion of British soldiery who took great delight in quashing the rioters, but at a high cost to the poor defenceless internees. 35 in hospital, nearly all the occupants of the Cage injured, and giving the C.O. the excuse he needed to search and ransack Cages 2, 3, and 4, which he did on the night of the 25th and the morning of the 26th of October, causing damage and thievery to the tune of thousands of pounds. Six months after it opened Long Kesh held almost 800 men and boys. The hue and cry had really hotted-up over the Internment Issue.

The Special Branch and the British Army were accused of barbaric activity and cruelty unheard of since the Nazis. These activities were brought to light through the A.L.J. and in particular FATHER DENIS FAUL, and the resulting white-wash operation did nothing to abate the outrage. In Girwood Barracks and in Hollywood Barracks the sort of action taken to torture uncharged and untried men was publicised to the extent that COMPTON, who did the white-washing, did not see any cruelty, and the action ceased, at least ceased in style, and it was not until recently that we have discovered that the hooded treatment was in use again. (Case of O'Neill at Ballykelly).

The type of Army cruelty shown by Truesdale in Cage Two at Long Kesh has been the standard procedure since then if trouble of any sort raised its head. Various methods of "vetting" internees were instituted. The Brown Advisory Board followed by another Board with Leonard on it tried to sort out the internees by asking them to appear in front of the Boards and giving an account of their movements. Those that did, and they were few, were released, though many who went through it were retained in the Camp. The advent of Direct Rule brought the infamous Tribunal. Allegations were made against the internees (who incidentally had become Detainees overnight by a stroke of Whitelaw's pen), who had to go along

and listen to the "evidence" offered by the Special Branch and Touts and Informers who gave their evidence from behind the curtain provided.

The Tribunal failed as did the two Advisory Boards and now we find at the end of the second year of Internment that the "new Men" are to be caged separately in Cage Six, so that they will be unaided by the older men here and left to the mercy of the system, and as the age-limited has gone down drastically, this will be a lot easier than thought. In fact, at the time of writing, 18th July, 1973, there is a lad in the Camp aged, wait for it . . . 15 years and three weeks!

What are the consequences of life in Long Kesh? Well, already two men at least have been brought to mental institutions; many have been released because their health has deteriorated to the point where the authorities considered them useless. More barbed wire goes up daily as the Camp expands to accommodate the numbers taken here (512 at the moment), while the other half of the Camp has been turned into the Maze Prison, thought to all intents and purposes it is replica of the end that holds the internees.

Military raids in the Cages are carried out with monotonous regularity - just as regular as the men here try to escape. Not the British Army or Truesdale need any excuse to mount a search. Already one lad has paid the price of extreme tension and insecurity brought about by the environment of Long Kesh and the hopelessness of internment. He hanged himself. It sounds simple, but how many more have thought along the same lines only to be brought down to earth by the reality of the position we are in here; and how many men will eventually emerge from here as mental or physical wrecks. We don't know. We do know that the attempt of Britain to destroy the moral fibre of young and old Republicans can never succeed.

The desire to survive is strong. The desire for a new sort of life is stronger than any force that they can invent for us. Long Kesh will close. It must close. You, the public can ensure that it does, and soon. We anxiously await the cry of the people to overcome this evil which it will and surely must.



The following is an excerpt from the recollections of

Liam Shannon as he remembers going through the hooded treatment

" . . . It was a dark pit, dark and sweating and smelly. My fingers and shoulders ached, but it was the dark and the heat that I was concentrating on. Dark recalled Jolson Swanee, Swanee. Maybe thinking of songs like that would keep me sane. There was no use in taking my arms off that damn wall. I already tried that, and all I got for my trouble was more of the baton

How long have I been here? I don't know. Was I ever anywhere else? The things that are running in my head as I stand here are remarkable, but the suffocation worries me. Still, there is no good asking them to take his bloody hood off. More batoning if I do. To hell with them. If they can take it so can I. Wonder if my wife knows yet where I am? Knowing this system they have going for them she won't know until it is all over. Will they kill me? Couldn't be any worse than this . . . please God, let something happen. I think I'm passing out again. The wall seems to be moving away from me. I will probably go with it. The couple of minutes on the ground will be heaven . . . more thumps. Funny, I don't feel them anymore. That rest was great. Up go my arms again.

Christ the night, how long can I take this before I crack up completely? If I could just see the light a little while I would be alright. And that damn noise if it would just stop. What is going on now? They are lifting my arms down from the wall. They are steering me out somewhere. More questions I suppose. Maybe I will get this hood off me now. No such luck. God, my legs are shaking, I'm shaking all over. . . . is that the way it has to finish? . . . the feeling of choking is terrible.

I know now how people feel when they talk about claustrophobia . . . the pit is opening again. Down we go . . . Swanee, Swanee, how I love you, how I love you. God, aren't I a bloody fool. To hell with it. Here we go again against the wall. Oh, they are really laying it on. I wonder who that is screaming and yelling? . . . Is it me?

Jesus, God, don't leave me now, not after all this. I know I can still manage it. Think of the kids. There see all their little faces watching me. I can't let them down. Talk to them. I won't shut up. Now can they hear me thinking? Am I thinking, or am I talking out loud? It's none of their business anyhow. Why don't they leave me alone? The shaking is back again. Come on Liam, you can do it. Deep breath, but there is no air left. I'm choking again. Wonder what water tastes like? Think of all the times I walked past the tap in the kitchen. No Liam, don't think about that any more, concentrate on the wife and kids. Come on boy, you can do. How will I ever tell them about this, if I survive.

Maybe they will kill me now. That damn wall. Why the hell doesn't it stand still, spinning round and round like that. What sort of a bloody wall is it any way? Here we go again. Christ that was sore. What the hell is he saying now? How the hell can I stand up when I'm already standing up, stupid fool! God this is nice. Now if only they would let me sleep. Heaven was never like this. What now? God, I was lying down. Where is that damn wall gone to now? The bastards, they have let me fall deliberately; I suppose it keeps them happy. What about Jolson. He was great, wasn't he? "Mammy, Mammy" how is she sticking this.

Is it three days or four? I can't keep track of time. That wall is beginning to get on my wick. Can't feel it any more. My fingers are numb. I'm numb all over now. How long will this go on. Must have air, got to have air, and see the light again. Will I be able to see again?



As you can see, you don't have to be an expert to realise that the type of thoughts that ran through this man's head where the result of disorientation treatment dished out to him. It is a sad fact that Compton regarded this in his White-Wash Report as necessary and justifiable torture. Experts from the Medical Profession have documented this type of case in great detail.

Our purpose in repeating some of it was to remind you that this actually did happen and that this man, like the five others still in Long Kesh have received NO treatment for injuries received or worse still, no treatment for injuries that he doesn't know about yet. There is the inference that these men will never recover properly from the punishment they took, but we will never know this until they are released and time and home life gets to work on them.

The cruelty shown at Hollywood, if it was there(?) is only equalled by the establishment that keeps these men locked up to this day



BELFAST'S "FREE THE POLITICAL HOSTAGES" RALLY



Radio Collaboration (RTE) mentioned stone-throwing at Springfield British Army-RUC Post . . . but said little about the very successful monster rally.

