

REPUBLICAN NEWS

"THE VOICE OF
REPUBLICAN ULSTER"

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper



VOL. 2 Number 96.

WEEK COMMENCING SATURDAY 28th JULY, 1973.

Price: FIVE PENCE

"CHARLIE FIDDLE"

Republican Volunteers Honoured in London

"Republicans here in England must realise the more serious side to our Movement," said Derek Heghsted, Chairman of London Sinn Fein, when he spoke at the reception held on Thursday last for four Irishmen released on the completion of their sentences in Jails here in England.

"We welcome home these men, Jack McElduff, Finbar Kissane, Richard and Alex McLaugherly. It is a joyous occasion for us all. But we must never forget all those who to-day are still behind bars. At the same time, we have a duty to support their dependents."

Mr. Heghsted, went on to ask for a more concentrated effort to ensure the War is brought to a speedy conclusion on the terms set out by the Army Council of Oglagh na hEireann.

"We who are 600 miles away tend to forget the realities of the situation," he said, "I hope that our 400 guests to-night will remember especially two members of the Movement in England who returned to Ireland to assist and in the last three months had given their young lives."

Mr. Heghsted mentioned the work over the years of the late Sean Loughran (Dungannon) and especially his efforts in Leeds, prior to his going on active service 18 months ago. He also paid tribute to the work of Eddie O'Rave, (Belfast) in South London and the fact that he had only returned

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CHARLIE ZERO
... CHARLIE SIX
.. CHARLIE FIDDLE

WHO ARE THEY OR WHAT ARE THEY?

A reasonable question that any person might ask. However in this English capitalist dominated society which we reluctantly live in it is highly unlikely that any sane or honest person will ever get a truthful answer which you would expect in this alleged open and free society.

Because to do so would only turn over another rock, revealing all kinds of Tory creepy-crawlies, scurrying frantically for cover to some dark corner where the light of public condemnation might not shine upon them.

The true story of "CHARLIE ZERO", "CHARLIE SIX" and CHARLIE FIDDLE may never emerge due not only to the efforts of the 'establishment' but also those elements in the English Press who, unfortunately constitute the majority (the 'Daily Mirror' calibre) and who are daily proving them selves masters of distortion and the 'cover-up'.

We of the Irish Republican Press, although heavily handicapped, will endeavour, through our contacts with the ever dwindling free Press in England, to tell the whole sordid story as it slowly, but surely unfolds.

'Charlie Zero', 'Charlie Six' and 'Charlie Fiddle' are all code references to the unwholesome Poulson Affair. They all appeared on a document which was intercepted somewhere between New Scotland Yard and Whitehall. The contents of this document have since been placed under the notorious "D" notice, which, like the "Official Secrets Act" effectively prevents newspaper publishers from using any of the material, therein under penalty of imprisonment. Notwithstanding this, enough of the unsavoury contents HAS leaked out and promises to make WATERGATE sound like the sermon on the Mount.

It seems that the Special Branch (English brand) have enough evi-

dence of criminal activity to jail at least four ex-Ministers. One of these is said to be none other than Reginald Maudling, ex-Minister of Home Affairs.

You may not remember Reggie, but an awful lot of people in the Falls Road will never forget him. It was Reggie who in June, 1970, within days of taking office as the new Tory Home Minister declared war on the I.R.A. and then proceeded to send into the Falls area, thousands of English troops and imposing the now infamous 'Falls Curfew'.

Reggie, who was visiting Belfast at the time master-minded the curfew from a 'War' operations room at Stormont Castle until things started to go sour. It was then that he decided to pack his bags and get out, leaving General Freeland holding the baby. He was heard to say as he flew out from Aldergrove . . . "What a bloody awful place," while below him, on the streets of Belfast English soldiers were wrecking and robbing Irish working-class homes and murdering Irishmen at his behest. Yes! Reggie, it WAS bloody and it WAS awful.

Again when faced with a crisis situation last year when the "SUNDAY TIMES" uncovered the Poulson Affair and linked Maudling's name with it, he decided to resign from the Cabinet, in the vain hope that nobody would pursue the matter. But alas, the TRUTH will come out, no matter how long it may take and we may soon see the Tories reap the whirlwind. Indeed we may soon witness the whole Tory set-up collapse around them as one disaster after another befalls them.

Just consider the long list of problems which confronts the Heath Administration, all of serious dimensions and all seemingly insoluble.

First we have the war being fought here in Ireland with an enormous loss of men and prestige throughout the world. Add to this the campaign to "Bring the Boys Home" If the truly staggering figures of British Army losses were to be published in England the "Boys" would be home within 48 hours.

Then there is the 'Industrial Relations Act' which has already jailed trade-unionists. With the onset of autumn there will be a flush of wage demands and subsequent strikes which will leave the Tories reeling. Then we have the "Race

Relations Act" and dear old Enoch who wants to repatriate all coloured people whether they like it or not Then there is the bleak economic scene with rocketing prices and the interest rate which already stands at a record 9½% and is to be increased by another 1%. Think of the devastating effect this will have on people who are buying their homes through Building Societies. But the thing which has completely destroyed all their credibility is the involvement of Cabinet Ministers and people in 'high places' in sex and financial scandals which came to the surface . . . despite all their efforts to conceal it from the people.

These scandals will continue to reverberate throughout the coming months and the latest instalment of the Poulson Saga promises to reveal another crop of the 'big names'

The weak excuse put forward by the Heath Administration that . . . "the Attorney General had received no instructions" regarding the "Charlie Fiddle" document, not had the Department of Public Prosecutions.



Due to increased operating costs we are reluctantly compelled to increase the paper to 5 pence.

B.A. Units crossing Border

"Once again the British Army have crossed into the 26 counties within the past few days in the Hackballscross Area", say the Goss & Gaughran, Sinn Fein Cumann, Dundalk, in a recent statement.

A local man was arrested when a helicopter full of Brits swooped on him on the Border. This was in full view of the Free State Forces. After some hours the man was released.

Continued on Page 8

Smash Portuguese Imperialism! But....

What About Britain's Massacre in Ireland?

Britain carried out its own horrible massacre in Ireland in January last year . . . the massacre of 13 innocent, unarmed civilians who were marching in a demonstration against Britain's military dictatorship in Northern Ireland. Do you remember it? This was the **BLOODY SUNDAY MASSACRE** in Derry.

WILSON sent in the troops into Ireland in 1969.

HEATH gave them the order to fire in Derry. The Widgery Tribunal which inquired into the massacre was a lying dose of whitewash.

WILSON is now having a pious orgy of morality. He had condemned the 'obscene savagery' of the Portuguese massacre of hundreds of Africans in Mozambique. He says the Portuguese Hitler CAETANO, should not be allowed into "this or any other civilised country." Quite right, but . . . How civilised is England's 800 years of invasion, massacre, robbery and exploitation of the Irish people? The British Army's S.A.S. assassination squads and pro-British storm troopers like the U.V.F., the U.D.A. and the U.F.F. are murdering and torturing innocent Catholics every day of the week in the streets of Belfast. The S.A.S. is trained for assassination and torture just like the Nazi SS and just like the Portuguese DGS. Just as Mozambique is a colony of Portugal, Northern Ireland is a colony under the dictatorship of England.

British workers must fight for the **COMPLETE INDEPENDENCE** of the Irish people in **ALL THEIR 32 COUNTIES**. Not only must Caetano be kept out of Britain, and harassed wherever he goes if he comes in . . .

Britain must pull all its troops out of Ireland!
Britain's concentration camps in Ireland must be closed down!

All of Ireland must be returned to the Irish people!

Many people are hiding the true facts about England's bloody hand in the Mozambique massacres. For about a hundred years the Portuguese have carried out the orders of **ENGLISH MILLIONAIRES** in Southern Africa. No sooner had the English financiers grabbed the gold mines of South Africa in the Boer War of 1899 - 1902, than Lord Milner made an agreement with the Portuguese colonialists called the **MOZAMBIQUE CONVENTION** which still stands to-day.

The Portuguese agreed to press-gang hundreds of thousands of black slaves in Mozambique, and hand them over to the white South African racists to be slave-driven in gold mines owned by **ENGLISH CAPITALISTS**. Most of the wage slaves who are sweated by English capitalists in the South African gold mines to-day come from Mozambique. That is the real meaning of the "Anglo-Portuguese Alliance."

That is why 'BUTCHER HEATH' is playing pals with 'BUTCHER CAETANO.' Angus Ogilvy, the husband of Princess Alexander, is one of the idle parasites who live off the blood and sweat of the black slaves in Mozambique. He runs LONHRO, which is simply a gang of thieves who own huge properties in Mozambique, including the Umtali-Beira pipeline. No wonder these exploiters give NATO tanks, aircraft and machine-guns to the Portuguese to massacre the Africans. No wonder Ogilvy's militaristic chum, Prince Philip, has just come back from wining and dining with Caetano.

Britain's Imperialist crimes in **IRELAND** and **MOZAMBIQUE** must be brought to an end!

British workers must support the revolutionary fight of the Irish and African peoples for independence. Anything less is dishonest and hypocritical. The British left has a disgraceful tradition of supporting national liberation struggles when these are far away, and against capitalists of some other nation, but keeping silent about the crimes of their own ruling class, especially in Ireland.

HOW can the **COMMUNIST PARTY** honestly fight for the independence of Mozambique when it refuses to fight for the independence of Ireland? The CP confines itself to pressing Whitelaw's military dictatorship for a "Bill of Rights." What use would a "Bill of Rights" be in Caetano's Mozambique? So why in Ireland?

HOW can we accept the sincerity of the **MILITANT** who called on the British labour movement to arm **FRELIMO** but attack the **PROVISIONAL IRA** week after week as "terrorists" and "sectarian maniacs?" What about the **INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISTS** who de facto supported British troops going into Ireland in 1969 and now refuse to support the Irish campaign for the release of Irish political prisoners in Coventry. This sort of Great British chauvinism is no different in the **SOCIALIST LABOUR LEAGUE**, who have never supported a single Irish demonstration against the crimes of their own capitalists.

With very few exceptions, nearly the whole British left has shown itself in Ireland to be heavily tinged with Imperialism and even racialism. When it comes to Ireland,

internationalism stops at Holyhead. All their moral indignation against the Portuguese atrocities in Mozambique is **WORTHLESS** unless they are prepared to say and fight for:

SOLIDARITY WITH FRELIMO!
SOLIDARITY WITH THE IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY!

Why has there not been a single case of industrial action against Britain's own imperialist war in Ireland?

BRITISH WORKERS - FIGHT YOUR OWN IMPERIALISTS!
PORTUGAL OUT OF MOZAMBIQUE AND AFRICA!
BRITAIN OUT OF IRELAND!



↑
**Protecting
British
interests
in
Mozambique!**

(Sunday Press) Fig 2

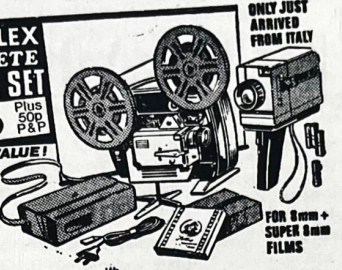
The MUXLEX COMPLETE CINEMA SET
Plus 50p P&P
£36
AMAZING VALUE!

Absolutely amazing price breakthrough! Never has a complete cinema outfit like this been offered at such a ridiculously low price. And just look, it's positively bristling with new features only found in far more expensive outfits.

THE CAMERA:
★ Superlight, with the pistol-grip incorporating a recessed on/off switch.
★ Main lens, with built-in filter system for outdoor shots.

THE PROJECTOR:
★ Finger-grip 5 stage light range system, with built-in filter systems for outdoor shots.
★ Main lens, with built-in filter system for outdoor shots.

ONLY JUST ARRIVED FROM ITALY
FOR 8mm + SUPER 8mm FILMS



THE NEW LONG RANGE
SUPERMARINE Sports Binoculars

LOOK AT THESE 7 IMPORTANT FEATURES

1. Excellent focusing for sharp, close views.
2. Central bar enables adjustment to correct distance between your eyes.
3. Strong but light in weight.
4. Telescopic synchronisation gives quick focusing.
5. Giant objective 50mm. lenses widest possible and clear views.
6. Special eye protectors guard against glare.
7. Galilean optical system accurately calibrated with lenses ground and polished by experts. Not to be confused with ordinary cheap lenses.

£4.50
plus 25p p. & p.



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6. Special eye protectors guard against glare.
7. Galilean optical system accurately calibrated with lenses ground and polished by experts. Not to be confused with ordinary cheap lenses.

£3.75
PLUS 25p P&P



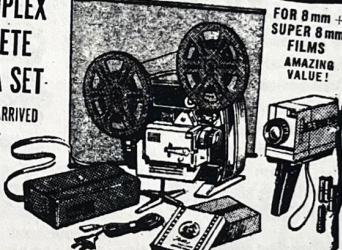
The MUXLEX COMPLETE CINEMA SET
ONLY JUST ARRIVED FROM ITALY and only
£26.95
Plus 50p P&P

Absolutely amazing price breakthrough! Never has a complete cinema outfit like this been offered at such a ridiculously low price. And just look, it's positively bristling with new features only found in far more expensive outfits.

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★ Superlight, with the pistol-grip incorporating a recessed on/off switch.
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FOR 8mm + SUPER 8mm FILMS
AMAZING VALUE!



(Daily Mirror) Fig. 1

Europa Mailorder Swindle...

The two advertisements above are taken from different papers, Fig. 1 is an advert which appeared in last week's DAILY MIRROR, Fig. 2 is from the current issue of the SUNDAY PRESS.

At first glance they look identical . . . in fact they are! One glaring difference however, is the cost of the articles.

The DAILY MIRROR advert was inserted by a company calling themselves "Europa Mailorder" with an address at 79 Prince of Wales Road, London NW5.

The SUNDAY PRESS version was placed by a company of the same name, "Europa Mailorder," but with an Irish address, 17 Grange Park, Foxrock, Co. Dublin.

If any of our readers are thinking of buying the "Muxlex Complete Cinema Set," they can get it at what is described as an absolutely amazing price breakthrough" of £26.95 by sending to the London address. If however, a prospective customer wishes to purchase the set through the Dublin based offices of the same firm they will have to fork out almost a tenner extra.

The same applies to the sale and purchase of the binoculars, a saving of 75p is made by buying the glasses through the London agency.

What is the reason for the huge discrepancy in prices?

That remains a mystery . . . When a REPUBLICAN NEWS reporter attempted to get through to the Dublin based firm he found it impossible to make contact.

Until someone can give a satisfactory explanation for the "Mailorder phenomenon" we can only assume that a huge confidence swindle is being foisted on the Irish.

A lighter flicks. The noise seems very loud in the hut as it echoes off the corrugated iron. A bed creaks and a man moans in his sleep up at the top.

I suppose I should be sleeping, but I have to write something for tomorrow. I still don't know what I should write so I just lie here musing about it. I realise it doesn't make sense to do so as I will have to get up at the same time as everyone else. However I can always catch up with sleep in this place.

I remember when I was out in 1972, people kept asking me what it was like in here. I gave them all the same answer, "not too bad."

People still write to me enquiring what it is like. Guess I could write about that . . . trouble is though people will think I am putting on the agony, as the song says. But there is after all, little else to write about.

These men lying here now sleeping, snoring, reliving in their dreams whatever it is they are reliving, they could really tell you. They are all people who have gone through it with me. Some were unfortunate enough to get a rougher deal than I. That's the way the cookie crumbles and I sure ain't complaining!

The daily routine never varies here and yet it is never the same. Impossible! This is Ireland . . . here nothing is impossible!

Terrible warm

It is terrible warm in the hut. That's a start. You freeze in the winter and toast in the summer. The small windows at the top are all open as far as the wire will allow, but there is little air.

The irregular shape of the beds, they are nearly all different types and sizes, makes a peculiar pattern in the light which is always with us; the lights from the cage perimeter fence. A guy at the other end of the hut is actually reading in this light. It sure can't be good for his eyes.

Let me go back to yesterday morning. It is 3 a.m. Friday, 13th July. Now there's a good omen! We get up at varying times here. The vast majority are up and about round the set time of mid-day. Yes, I suppose we are a lazy lot in here but there is a reason for it. It is

REFLECTIONS OF A POLITICAL HOSTAGE

so cold in the winter and as there is absolutely nothing to do, we let the men lie on as long as possible with the result they have got into the habit. Most don't turn in until about 2 a.m.

Eat whatever is available

We rise, wash, and eat whatever is available. It is usually brown bread and tea for my clique. We take it in turns to make the tea. This system is used by all the men. They form cliques and work out a system for tea making, dish washing and general run of the mill stuff.

You can rest assured that this breaks down at least every meal time and causes a lot of confusion and laughs all round. The smaller the clique the easier to keep count of who is on what! Some men have visits in the mornings so they rise earlier and prepare togged out in their best clean and shining. They are a treat to see with their little parcels under their arms, containing whatever they have made for their loved ones.

They are usually gone for ¼ of an hour; 15 minutes for the trip to the visiting boxes, ½ an hour for the visit and 15 minutes for the return journey.

Again the expressions on their faces upon their return varies according as to how they got on with their visitors! The effect of a visit can take some time to wear off, depending on the sort of reception the man got and what the news is like from outside.

"Sceal"

News around here, we classify as "Sceal" and the first thing you are asked on returning is "What's the sceal?" Work will have started by now, the prison meal will have come and gone, probably unnoticed

by most of us. Someone will enquire, "What's for grub?" He will probably get the retort, "Another endurance test."

This may cause a few to grab a plate and run but it is highly unlikely. They will lift their heads, laugh and go back to what they have been doing.

We are working hard now for the Prisoners Dependent's Fund, making harps, crosses and the like. It is a slow process which takes a lot of time with the limited tools available. Don't laugh after looking at some of the items made here. Some internee may have worked for weeks to make it without proper tools.

Highest workmanship

Many of the articles made here are of the highest workmanship and are much admired in the homes of the men behind the wire. Budding craftsmen get plenty of advice here, such as, "What is it?" . . . "It is painful?" . . . "Which of your worse enemies are you making that for?" All in good banter of course with no offence meant or taken. Which is maybe just as well!

Occasionally a piece of wood, half carved, will land against the wall with a resounding smack followed with a few choice words about harps and internment in general! But a few minutes later it will be retrieved again and the work continues.

Tension . . .

Tension can mount over the slightest thing . . . this is not surprising. The afternoon is spent working or talking. Talking is a hobby we managed to regain despite the advent of television.

So the day drags on, tediously, monotonously, getting to the stage in the evening when you can say, "to hell with it" . . . and put your feet up and listen to the radio,

watch the T.V. or carry on talking about the many events happening outside.

There is a lot to talk about and we do it! Watergate, Vietnam, Dublin, Israel. You name it, we discuss it. We talk a lot about politics and we talk a lot of tripe. Is there a difference?

The cage, like all cages, is full of characters, all suitably nicknamed. We have our Richard Widmarks, our Oliver Hardies, our Andy Murphy's and so on. If the face fits, we use it to raise the odd laugh. We have to do something to try and keep the tension away and the pot from boiling. This is a full time occupation for some of us in Long Kesh.

Things happen outside. When we hear, we worry. Perhaps a murder in our local area. We sweat it out until we get the "sceal". Sometimes we get bad news and we mope about a bit. But we realise, that for us, moping is dangerous and it soon passes . . . life must go on, this is inevitable and who are we to stand in the way of progress?

Can't be put into words

It is hard to put what we feel in words. I don't have the education or the words to do it. There are many other things I want to say. How will I phrase it? I guess a smoke might help me to concentrate. Smoke! what a joke, we eat the damn things in here.

The P.D.F. is in need of money the way we smoke this is hardly surprising. I remember a doctor down here who told a man to pack it. About a week later, the doctor started it himself and now smokes 40 a day.

You can't win here. That's the reason they built the place anyway. But life isn't all free as ink here. We have our own established

by Seamus Loughran, Long Kesh Concentration

discipline . . . we have to have it. We elect our bosses and they lay down the rules. We are told when to clean the floor, when to empty the bins, when to do this and when to do that. I reckon if we had no bosses or rules, we would get nothing done.

The same boss had to fight for us with the camp administration. He has to see about visits, missing gear from parcels, welfare cases, medical cases. I figure the way we are training men here, we could run this country in the morning — well from mid-day at least! Some men here think that morning is too early for running anything.

Two year old

Long Kesh Concentration Camp is almost two years old. The set-up here is designed with one thing and one thing only in mind, to ensure that the inmates for ever finished as opposition to be British regime. The fools! Do they forget that we Irish have been bucking the alien establishment for 800 years. We will continue to do it until we get what we want.

Kitson was promoted for his efforts against Republicanism in the North . . . Long Kesh was one of his babies . . . I hope he sleeps at night. We have our share of TRAGEDY here. With 500 men plus, it is bound to happen.

Death and violence is second nature to this generation of Irish, or to be specific, Northern Irish. We get our fill of it. We hear of deaths in the ranks of the I.R.A. of deaths in families who are unfortunately represented in here. We hear of illness and we pray that there will never be another case like that of Paddy Joe Crawford.

His terrible death only helps to underline what I am trying to leave alone. We have to live with many physiological tensions and strains here. A head shrinker could learn a lot among our men. He would be a better head shrinker for the experience.

Mere boys

The age of the average internee has dropped. There is actually a boy age 15 in Cage 6. Last year

we had a lot of older men. Now we have young men not long left school. There are young men, some mere boys, who should be courting and dancing or playing football. They should be doing the things generally that youngsters do all the world over.

These youngsters will never do that . . . they have seen what people their age should never be permitted to see. They have seen murder, great cruelty and brutality at a level not seen in Ireland since the days of the Black and Tans.

They are aware that a great change is coming over our people and they want to be there with it. They will survive Long Kesh . . . they will leave this place and return to their families and their own way of life.

Never be the same

A lot of them will never be the same again. They have changed as drastically as their country. They have seen too much, too quickly. It has left a scar, a deep scar. My God! Who will pay for this? Who will redeem the great debt we owe to these men and boys?

I guess it must be the lateness of the hour that has to be going on like this. Long Kesh is no place for tears but sometimes it is more than difficult to stem what must surely be a flow of it starts.

Some guy up the hut has just sat up and told the world in general where to go. He is still sleeping, but we are used to this sort of thing. Some of the best "smeal" comes from men in their sleep.

We have Sinn Fein here. Each cage has its own Cumann and the camp has its own Comhairle Ceantair. We have fought the Camp authorities to let political literature in, funny place, Ireland.

It is worth three years to carry a copy of the Sinn Fein constitution yet they have allowed me to have a few copies into Long Kesh. Perhaps they figure it is O.K., he can do no harm in there and we can't very well put him in prison!

Maybe they will wait until I am released and then charge me. Now that's a thought. What a mood at 4 a.m. I have a visit myself this morning. That will mean getting up early (about 9.30 a.m.) yes, that's early.

Effort to write

It is an effort for me to write, at the speed I type, it must be an effort for the men in this hut putting up with it. You dear reader are lucky. The only pain you have is reading it.

A typewriter makes a lot of noise in ahut like this. It can annoy guys but I get few complaints.

The Twelfth is over . . . only one assassination, a Protestant, found in an entry in East Belfast. Some family is in for a sorry holiday season. We thank God not because he is a Protestant but because he isn't one of our own.

I can't figure a way to end this article . . . is there an end to it? Internment is still here and now we have Diplock and "Special Courts" to worry about. Life is just a howl of cherries isn't it?

Morale is high here

I must finish on a good note. Morale is high here. That is the truth, though you might find it hard to believe. The fact that I can write this, after all this time must go towards proving it. The fact that we can still get a laugh out of life proves it. The fact that we are still fighting for release and improvements prove it, all this proves it to me anyway, and I am here to tell you.

Soon the sun will shine in every window in Ireland. It will shine a special light, a light of FREEDOM, PEACE and HAPPINESS. It will not shine in the window of hut 31 or hut 32 or any hut in Long Kesh Concentration Camp, because Long Kesh will have gone. It will be forgotten by some, but like the prison ship "Argenta," the deportment of Irishmen to Australia and the forced emigration of millions of others, it will not be forgotten by us.

For those of us who have to endure this hell-hole, Long Kesh will leave a mark, especially for the boys here who are becoming men . . . albeit the hard way. We will endure it for the cause of Irish Freedom and for the welfare of the Irish people.

I ask you dear reader, spare a thought for us and say a prayer for us.

To the men of Long Kesh and especially those in Cage Five, from Mrs. McKeown, Whitehall Walk, Divis Flats, Belfast.

Internee's Dream

I want to close my eyes and sleep,

I want to shut the door, I want to rest and dream as I

Have never done before.

To soothe my aching muscles

And to have my feet recline In harmony with all the bones

That activate my spine

I wish that I could put away

My struggle and my strife Just long enough to get refreshed

And start a better life!

I hunger for that peace of mind

That covers every care As truly and completely as The answer to a prayer . . .

And yet the struggle must go on

There is no time for rest And I must strive with heart

And soul to do my very best



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Your views, comments, criticisms are always welcome, just send them to the Editor, 182 Brompton Park, Belfast.

Dear Editor,

Many thanks for sending me the Evening Issues of the paper for last Monday/Wednesday, I was well pleased with them and hope the idea will be a success. You should be proud as most of the political organisations find it very hard to keep alive one small monthly newsletter. It will show all those who sneer at the Movement, the strength and support it has.

At the same time I would like to see a further development of the R.N. to a twelve page paper so that you could have enough pages to fill with articles explaining the movement's policy on so many political questions facing us to-day, even more so when it seems that the S.D.L.P. will keep on boasting that they and they alone represent the anti-unionist forces because they have 19 members in the new Stormont. They forget they are only back to square one because the old Nationalist Party had 12 members out of a total of 52 members at the old Stormont.

Anyway to get back to myself. I noticed the note asking me to start writing again. But what is the use of spending so much of my time on articles if they are not to be used. Don't forget it took you five weeks to use the article on emigration.

I have so much other work to do that I have neglected, that I would rather spend my time on it, that is unless you are in difficulties in regard to copy then I would send as much as you needed. Let r know how are you placed.

I suddenly realised that next week is "The Twelfth" so I have run off this small article for you maybe it could be used.

LIAM MAC.

(This letter was posted to us on 2nd July. We did not receive it until the 16th - Editor).

Dear Sir,

I hope you don't mind me making enquiries re Jack Gaffney, who died on the Al Rawdah prison ship in 1940. I thought myself it was before that time.

Could you please tell me when he was arrested and how long he was on that "hellhole"? I know his people, his nephews and nieces but they seem to know little about him. Is his wife still living?

I do know that Mr. Gaffney was born in Broomhill, Ballinagh, Co. Cavan.

I and a few members of the E. Boylan Sinn Féin Cumann in

Crosserlough sell "Republican News."

God Bless and strengthen you all,
NELLIE KING,
Corlislea, Ballinagh, Co. Cavan.

(Perhaps one of our readers would write a short article on the late Jack Gaffney. Some details of this stirring Republican would inspire and interest our younger readers. Editor).

Drumlester,
Sixmilecross, Omagh.

A Chara,

I would like to bring to attention an incident which occurred in Cage 16 of Long Kesh on Monday 25th June. On this date my brother was transferred to the Military Wing in Musgrave Hospital. He was admitted at 5.00 p.m. and underwent an operation at 7 p.m. for his appendix. It was not until Thursday 28th June that my family were informed of Martin being in hospital. In the letter

which we received from the Governor he merely stated that Martin had been transferred. No details as to why he was transferred or of his condition were given. In fact it was not until a comrade of my brothers wrote to us on the same day and explained what had happened that we knew anything at all.

A visit which had been previously arranged for Thursday at 2 p.m. was immediately checked by telephone. I was told by the switchboard operator at Long Kesh that my brother was back at the Camp again.

My parents proceeded to Long Kesh and when they arrived the food parcel was accepted, they were searched and were waiting to be called for the visit when they were told that Martin was still in Musgrave Hospital. It was by this time 5.30 p.m. and when they proceeded to the hospital they were allowed to see him for ten minutes, under guard all the time they were in the ward.

I realise that this is just one of the minor incidents which occur practically every day in Long Kesh, but I wonder just how long we are going to have to tolerate this type of behaviour,

God save Ireland.

yours, MONA O MAITON.

U.D.A. Feminine Support

The crones who make up the 'feminine' support of the U.D.A. were out in force recently when a 22 year old, British Army deserter, Albert Walker Baker, appeared in Belfast Court on a robbery charge.

The Loyalist women who usually pack the court precincts to offer vocal support to the Unionist Extremists, screamed abuse at Baker, calling him a "traitor and a Fenian Lover." This unusual phenomenon was commented on by the British News media, but they were at a loss to explain the reason for it.

The explanation is simple. Brown was, in fact, a Lieutenant in the U.D.A. who deserted from that organisation and 'spilt the beans' on members of the inner council, who were involved in sectarian murders. This happened some months ago and the U.D.A. immediately attempted to discredit Baker. Initially, the inner council claimed Baker was a British Army spy. Later that he had given false information in return for a promise, that no criminal charges would be preferred against him.

The date of Baker's defection from the U.D.A. could be significant when one remembers that the infamous Ulster Freedom Fighters sprang into being about that time. It's probably that the U.D.A. leaders decided, after Baker's defection, to tighten security and centralise assassination squads into one unit - the U.F.F. This would have the added advantage of disassociating the U.D.A. from the killings. If Brown's information is, in fact, as important as he claims Whitelaw must have the names of men who have played a major part in the formation and early operations of the U.F.F. How many more innocent Catholics will die before he decides to take action against these sectarian butchers.

Printed and published by the Belfast Republican Press Centre, 182 Brompton Park, Belfast. Every Saturday.



RUBBER BULLETS, live bullets . . . CS gas, water cannons, electrical shock tortures, hoods, truth drugs, etc., etc., etc.

The people of the six occupied counties have had to face these, and more. Resistance is higher now than at any time previous, the Kitsonian tactics employed by the British against the Irish people have been dismal failures.

But now a new weapon has been introduced by the "finest army in the world" (sic) . . . not against the Irish people, but against the Irish canine species. Troops in the lower Andersonstown estate have been equipped with a spray to ward off dangerous dogs (both Provie and Official).

The cannister which the troops now carry a fluid which blinds the dog and leaves it in extreme agony for several hours, one dog in the Slievegallion area lay in the middle of the road yelping for 15 minutes after getting a dose of British hospitality in his eyes.

An obvious danger here is that dogs, normally friendly towards children, could become extremely dangerous when blinded, youngsters in the estate stand the risk of being mauled by one of the blinded animals.

If you own a dog keep a watch on it when troops are about, if it is blinded by a soldier report it immediately to the RSPCA and demand that a charge be taken out against the culprit.

SINN FEIN, BIRMINGHAM ANTI-INTERMENT MARCH AND MEETING ON SUNDAY 5th AUGUST

THE MARCH WILL ASSEMBLE AT 2.30 p.m. ON PUBLIC CAR PARK ON THE CORNER OF SOHO ROAD AND BOULTON ROAD (Outer Circle Bus), AND PARADE VIA WINSON GREEN ROAD AND DUDLEY ROAD TO DIGBETH CIVIC HALL WHERE A PUBLIC MEETING WILL BE HELD AT 5.30 p.m.

Speakers: BRENDAN MAGILL, National Organiser Sinn Fein. Prominent members of the Provisional Movement from Belfast & Dublin. All other organisations and members of the public are invited to participate. Support this march and meeting. End Internment Now!!

London Civil Rights Rally

By Donall MacAmhlaigh

"I always knew that God was a Protestant," Gerry Lawless said as we moved off from Speaker's Corner in the pouring rain. Gerry was of course joking but the rain was all in earnest and soon the "End Internment" placards we held aloft had a sodden, weebegone appearance and the clothes of the marchers dripped water like a turning mill-wheel. Two things operated against the annual July I.C.R.A. Rally for Peace with Justice and the ending of internment - the anti-Portuguese demonstration which clashed with it and the aforementioned rain. This time the Tory papers had no need to lie (as when a year or two ago they would reduce 30,000 strong anti-internment rallies to a mere 4,000 in their biased reports), for the sad fact of the matter was that there were no more than 250 or so taking part. Admittedly the anti-Caetano demo took away a great number of our friends from the British Left, those who so regularly and tirelessly turn out to Irish marches and demos here in England and as the idiomitable Edwina Stewart said later down in Whitehall we would not grudge the suffering natives of Mozambique the support of our British friends; but what can we say of London's Irish Clubs (that should be in inverted commas by right!) and the Irish county associations which proliferate like the shamrock on fertile ground - where were they in their thousands that could not turn out just once and show their colours? The I.C.R.A. Rally could have been supported by even the most non-political person alive - a fair and reasonable demand was all that was being made: give Irishmen justice in their own country, get the soldiers back to barracks for a start, release the men held without charge and trial, set free political prisoners. You do not have to come within a hundred

miles of being an I.R.A. man to call for things like that so where were the great Irishmen, the brave balladeers, the lads who bawled out "Off to Dublin in the Green" three or four years ago when rebellion was a public house past-time? They were still in the pub, I suppose, or at home watching telly, demonstrating in their own way by their absence that the crucifixion of the people of Northern Ireland means little or nothing

to them. Not but that on the whole the Irish here in Britain have shown more awareness and more concern than their compatriots who are snug at home, particularly the business classes; but this is not enough and we must appeal to them again and again to cast off their lethargy and to consider the plight of their brethren in Northern Ireland harassed, persecuted and humiliated day in and day out. It is the least we may do.

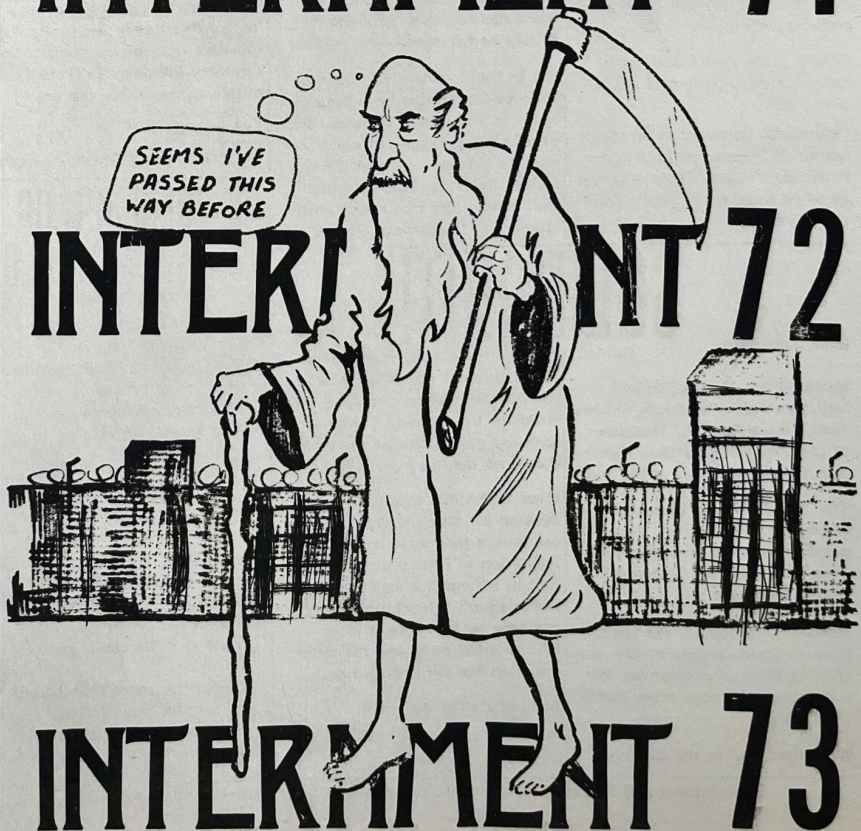
IRISH CIVIL RIGHTS ASSOC

The members of the Dublin Committee of the Irish Civil Rights Association pledge their support to Michael Farrell, who has demanded and fought so hard for justice for many people, in his just demand for status as a political prisoner.

Thomas Fay, P.R.O.
Dublin Committee
I.C.R.A.

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INTERMENT 72



INTERMENT 73

REPUBLICAN VOLUNTEERS HONOURED IN LONDON

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to his native Belfast a few months before he was murdered by the Brits.

"Let us resolve tonight," he said, "to ensure that the sacrifices of our comrades, the sacrifices of all who suffer and have suffered for Ireland is not in vain. Let us make certain that the final tribute to Vols. Sean Loughran and Eddie O'Rawe will be the establishment of the Republic for which they and their comrades have given their lives."

Republican sources in London say that it is hoped to pay a more fitting tribute to Vols. Loughran and O'Rawe in England within the next few months.

B.A. UNITS STILL CROSSING BORDER

Continued from Page 1

"In Hackballscross residents are continually being harassed by British Army low flying helicopters.

"In another incident at Kileen Border, a young Dundalk man was brutally beaten by British Paras.

"Who gave the word to release the British Army M.R.F. (Murder Squads) in Clones recently.

"The Cumann will keep agitating for better conditions in the Curragh and Mountjoy jails. Republicans have not had visits for months in the Curragh because of armed guards during visits.

"There is the whole business of Extradition which should not go unnoticed.

"We pledge ourselves to campaign against all Repressive Legislation. Where do all local Representatives stand on these issues. Make your voice heard?"

SOLIDARITY

Dear Comrade,

Enclosed are some copies of a leaflet published by South Shields Trade Union Council. Thousands of these leaflets have been distributed to school leavers in the area.

The Trades Council is currently waging an anti-recruiting campaign and will be picketing local army offices on the first two Saturdays of August.

Especially welcome is the advice given to young people to join the growing body of opinion for the withdrawal of troops from Northern Ireland.

We believe that in the coming

Coventry Prisoners Defence Committee,
c/o 27 Paynes Lane,
Hillfields,
Coventry.
July 11th, 1973.

Dear Sir,

As your readers are undoubtedly aware, the next few weeks have two very important dates in the continuing Irish struggle. July 31st, is the anniversary of Operation Motorman when the British tanks crushed the no-go enclaves in Belfast and Derry. A year later the schools and sports grounds remain occupied. August 9th, marks the beginning of the third year of internment. Although the name has been changed to 'detention' the numbers involved are reaching pre-direct-rule levels.

Internment might appear to be no longer an issue judging by the press. The internees are the forgotten men. The only time Long Kesh (the Maze) is mentioned is when another tunnel is discovered, what other exercise is available as yet another 'riot' is quelled. Even the recent death by suicide of an internee was hardly mentioned. The second anniversary of internment must not be allowed to pass without the maximum amount of protest by socialists, republicans and trade-unionists throughout Britain and Ireland.

We, in the Coventry 7 Prisoners Defence Committee have been very active in attempting to secure the unconditional release of our own political prisoners here in Coventry. Indeed this struggle is only just beginning — the trial is not until October at the earliest. But we do

not distinguish between political prisoners in Long Kesh, in the Curragh or in Winslow Green. We call for the unconditional release of all Irish political prisoners, the ending of internment and an amnesty for all those involved in the struggle as an essential part of any acceptable settlement to the Irish situation.

To further these ends, we, in the Coventry Prisoners Defence Committee have called a march and rally in Coventry on Sunday, August 12th. We will assemble at Hearsall Common, next to All Souls Church (Father Fell's Church), Earlsdon Coventry, at 2.30 before marching to the Precinct in Coventry for a rally with national speakers. All organisations who actively support the march and rally are invited to send a speaker along too. We hope for an enthusiastic response to this from the people in Coventry. However, we urge, all socialists, republicans and trade-unionists throughout the Midlands areas to participate in these activities. We must combat the increased repression in Britain, (the use of conspiracy laws) and show those struggling in Ireland for self-determination that we have not forgotten them.

Further details about coaches leaving from towns in the Midlands, speakers, etc., please contact the Coventry Prisoners Defence Committee at the above address.

Fraternally,

WILLIAM THOMPSON (for CPDC).

COVENTRY SEVEN

War joke

A British soldier walked into a pub on the Falls Road and asked for a pint. "I'm sorry sir," said the barman, "I can't serve you here."

"Why not?" asked the soldier. "Well," said the barman, "You see that man behind the door. Well he's an I.R.A. man, and if I serve you he'll blow my pub up."

The soldier calmly pulled out his bayonet, walked over to the man behind the door, and stabbed him right through the heart. He then wiped the bayonet on his tunic and walked back to the bar.

"My God," exclaimed the barman, "you really are a brave man, 'I've never seen anything like that before. Now what will you have? It's on the house."

"I'll have a pint of beer and one of your pork pies," replied the soldier.

The barman brought them over and gave them to the soldier. He took a sip from the pint, and then got his bayonet out again, walked over to the dead man, and cut his ears off. He then put one ear either side of the pie and took a big bite.

"My God," said the barman, "You really are a brave man. Tell me, what regiment are you with, the Green Howards or the Paras?" "Neither," said the soldier, "I'm with the pioneers." (pie and ears).

IN MEMORY OF DERMOT CROWLEY

By Mick Grimes

Weep not for me
But weep for Ireland.
They have raped and plundered
Her for eight hundred years.
They have murdered her
Sons and daughters.
I say, "Enough!"
I take up arms.
I send a faceless man
To meet his God.
I see not his face but
His coat of arms
He is some Mother's son
So am I.
I know not when I go
If my one life could end
All this
I would be more than happy
To see the Flag of Green
Fly from shore to shore.
All men to live in peace

A Nation once again.
Our Fenians only slumber
They cannot sleep in peace
Because England roars and
Her Lackeys North and South
Still do her bidding and spew
Her sperm all over this
Ancient land.
But whispers come from out
The distant past
To follow in the footsteps
Of Emmett and Wolfe Tone
And all the gallant dead
From North and South.
And as I fall the day turns
Black as night.
I meet and join those gallant
legions who come
With faces wan but eyes
That gleam
For I have given all to
Rightify their Dream.