

REPUBLICAN NEWS.

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STAFF CAPTAIN MAURICE O'NEILL.

A little more than a month after the murder of Comdt. P. Dermody, the Free State Government has murdered another soldier of the Irish Republic, Staff Captain Maurice O'Neill. The Free State Government has shown that there are no bounds to its lust for Republican blood and it follows no law or rule in its hate-ridden persecution of Republican Ireland and her Volunteer soldiers.

Staff Captain Maurice O'Neill was a true son of a noble county - Kerry. An intimate knowledge of Ireland's history and bitter though dim, memories of the fighting in Kerry in 1922-23 with an unwavering faith in ultimate victory were the prime factors which helped to mould the fine character and brave manliness of Maurice O'Neill.

His efficient and thorough knowledge of military training enabled him to achieve the rank of Captain Cahirciveen Battalion, Oglagh na h-Eireann. His brother, Sean, was arrested in Dublin and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. Nothing daunted, but with even greater determination, Maurice trained and instructed his Battalion. At the end of August this year came the call for Volunteers for the Active Service Units in Northern Ireland. Maurice was one of the first volunteers and reported for duty at G.H.Q. Ever prepared to make any sacrifice, he fought as a soldier inspired. His chivalrous treatment of prisoners of war, his dashing courage in action ensures his everlasting honour. Then came a lull. A journey back to H.Q. and Maurice was promoted Staff Captain. His intelligent and enthusiastic interest in all departments of H.Q. and his untiring energy there won him the friendship of every officer. Captain O'Neill was impatient for his next chance to meet the Saxon, but the Free State Government had no intention of allowing any Irishman to strike a blow against its Britannic master. Thus the Donnycarney raid and the capture of Staff Captain O'Neill.

That shameful mockery of justice, the Special Military Court sentenced Captain O'Neill to death for the awful crime of "attempting to resist arrest." It is unnecessary to comment on either the charge or sentence, but the record of the trial proceedings will live as everlasting evidence of the treachery and injustice of that Government that has stained the glory of our race so often in the past ten inglorious years.

Staff Captain O'Neill had only one request to make to the Irish people after he was sentenced. "Let no man bow to the traitor by pleading for my life." This request was typical of that proud unrepentant Republican officer. He had always wanted to die, as he had lived - in the service of the Irish Republic, - and the Irish nation can appreciate how bravely he succeeded.

On the morning of Thursday, November 12th., in Mountjoy Prison, Captain O'Neill marched from his cell to the prison yard - serene, smiling and proud. He shook hands with every member of that Free State firing party - those young soldiers duty-bound to murder, which is none of their making, - marched to the appointed spot. A few seconds later the volley rang out and with a prayer on his lips Captain O'Neill gave his life to the immortal Cause of the Irish Republic.

He lies - in his quicklime grave beside Kevin Barry, Patrick McGrath, Thomas Barte and all the others who gave their lives for the same cause in the same prison. But "life springs from death and from the graves of patriot men and women spring living nations." (Pearse).

our struggle, to face dangers as he faced them, to fight as he fought, and, if necessary, to die as he died.

Ar dheis laimh Dé go raibh a anam uasal!

"THE FELONS OF OUR LAND."

The attitude of the Irish people to political prisoners has always been a good standard by which to judge the national position. It was a measure of the apathy which smothered Irish Separation in the decades following the Fenian explosions in England that the very names of even the greatest of the Fenians were forgotten by the Irish people. A well-known figure on the Irish political stage during the Land League was approached by a young girl at the conclusion of a meeting on behalf of the Treason Felony prisoners then enduring savage treatment in Millbank. She said - "Why do you never speak of my brother at any of your meetings?" The speaker asked her who her brother was - "Tom Clarke," was the reply.

Not even the publicists of that day knew the facts of Tom Clarke's long agony! Then there came a change. The pulse of the nation quickened. Young men began to look towards the physical force ideal for guidance; those who adopted a servile attitude to the British lord and master endured the contempt of a new generation, and the "forgotten" men of the Fenian Movement became the inspiration of the regenerated cause.

Compare these circumstances with conditions to-day. Five hundred men mill around in the muck of a Curragh compound behind closely guarded barbed wire. Mountjoy - Ireland's Bastille - holds scores of Ireland's bravest and best. In a part of it languish over a dozen heroic women - the Ann Devlins and Betsy Greys of our day. The prison yard there is still wet with the blood of murdered patriots. Portlaoighise wherein suffer in solitary confinement seven of Ireland's noblest sons, denied communication with the outside world, the very Sacraments forbidden them. The convict wing of his Britannic Majesty's prison in Crumlin Road, Belfast holds at the moment nearly one hundred Republicans serving vicious sentences. In other wings of the same prison are scores of Republican Volunteers serving sentences up to two years. In Derry Jail five hundred patriotic Irishmen are interned now for almost four years without charge or trial. Prisons in England and Scotland hold their quota - nearly one hundred. There the Fenians of the present day are serving the most savage terms that could be inflicted by British law.

That is the "crime" for which all these men suffer? They are in gaol because they fought Ireland's battle in the only way that Irish history has ever justified. They are in gaol because they believe in the age-old dictum that "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." They are in gaol because they feel that the time is ripe when Irish Revolutionists, Separatists and working men will re-organise life in their own country on the basis of Truth, Justice, Social Equality and Freedom. If they are guilty of a crime then so were Tone, Mitchel, Pearse, Connolly and Mellowes. They are in goodly company, they walk a familiar road.

No Ministerial clap-trap, or hysterical out-bursts from the present pro-British Government of the Free State, nor the sneers of their compatriots in Stormont, will deceive a single Irishman who has learned the lessons of history. They are imprisoned because the Imperialists fear the influence they wield amongst the mass of the Irish people. Only at intervals do we hear news of them. Two "convicts" die in Arkhurst... (Eddie Duffy died in Millbank). Bernard Casey murdered in the Curragh - (Tadhg Barry in Ballykinlar). D'Arcy and MacNeela suffer their long agony and die on hungerstrike in Arbour Hill. Wolfe Tone died there, too. Republican prisoners lie naked in Portlaoighise. Young boys are batoned into unconsciousness by brutal gaolers in Belfast Jails and in the Curragh.....

Yet the Cause they serve will never die. The ideal of Freedom is stronger than any force of coercion that can be brought against it, AND IT SHALL PREVAIL!

FIANNA FAIL AID FOR SIX COUNTY GOVERNMENT

To give credit where credit is due there can be no doubt that all efforts of the British garrison in north-east Ulster to destroy or entirely subdue all traces of republicanism in that area have been thorough, although ineffectual.

They have tried economic suppression. They have spared neither rope nor bullet nor lash in their wild and frantic attempts to crush the proud spirit of the loyal people of the north and only succeeded in fanning the flame of patriotism into a raging conflagration. They have tried to deade the enthusiasm of the soldiers of the Republic by the dreary monotony of prison cells, only to find them more eager than ever for the fight. Their latest tactics of turning the very homes of the people into so many prisons by the imposition of curfew has only met with defiance and derision.

But now from a seemingly unexpected quarter comes assistance of a most welcome nature. Mr. de Valera is trying to show them how he thinks the job should be done. Keeping before him as a guiding light the ancient maxim "Divide and Conquer", he has sent his emissary, Eamon Donnelly, before the people of Belfast in the vain endeavour to win the republicans of that city from their true allegiance. Mr. Donnelly describes himself, humbly, as a Republican. What kind of fools does he and his master, De Valera, think the northern Republicans are, to be deceived by his avowals of Republicanism? Have they not a living example of his "ideal" in the twenty-six counties? They have only to examine the conditions there to know what to expect from Eamon Donnelly's promises. Republicans are being murdered in the six counties. Republicans are being murdered in Mr. Donnelly's "Eire". Republicans are imprisoned, tortured and persecuted in the six counties. They are being imprisoned, tortured and persecuted in Mr. De Valera's "heaven on earth," but with even a lesser pretence of "justice". No, Mr. Donnelly, the people of Belfast have seen too much of the Union Jack to be deceived by the one you are waving before them; even though you have given it a coat of green paint its pattern stands out as plainly as the British Royal monogram stands out from under the green paint on "Free State" pillar boxes.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

- (1) A little bird told us that Chief Supt. Gantly was very crestfallen after his recent visit to our puppet Minister of Justice, Boland. Could it be that the Dr. Wilson episode is having its repercussions, or that Det. Sergt. Lymes - the prime mover in the busbusiness - has become squeamish? Of course there was the inevitable "hauling over the coals" because of the sad spectacle that gallant band of Dave Nelliganite Campaigners cut at the Doneycarney raid. Hand picked and led by the gallant Gantly with Det. Sergt. Gill very discreetly in the rear, this posse didn't include one Brody Harrier. Presumably the desire that the least tinge of Republican sympathy might not permeate this gallant band was the deciding factor in its selection. Even with this trusted band of men Gantly didn't keep faith. At the subsequent enquiry and discussion into the possibility of D.O. Mordaunt having been shot by police fire, Gantly disclaimed all responsibility for the action of the late D.O. in entering the house. Of course had there been any laurels to be had or a £500 reward he would have attached both the responsibility and credit to himself as he did for the recapture of the escaped German internee, Hms Marchner - a feat that was entirely due to the personal initiative of D.O. Clarke. Perhaps the sought for interviews with the Commissioner will throw a little light on present biased police administration.

- (2) Two Republican Volunteers, John Graham and David Fleming were, at the Belfast Commission each sentenced to 12 years for shooting at police while resisting their arrest at Crumlin Road, Belfast, on September, 10th. Staff Capt. Maurice O'Neill was sentenced and shot to death on the same charge by the "Free State Government".

- (3) Recently 128,000 4-gallon petrol drums, marked B.W.O. (British War Office) were quietly transferred from British occupied Northern Ireland to the Free State Army and just as quietly transported to selected centres. WHY?

- (4) While workmen in the "Free State" stand idle for lack of cement for building schemes our factories at Limerick and Drogheda sent 10,000 tons in one joint consignment to the new Aerodrome at Saul, Co. Down and at a considerably lower cost than obtainable in the "Free State".

AN OBJECT LESSON.

Frequently letters are received in this country by their friends from the Irish Republican Prisoners of War in gaol in England. Never have men and women been so shamefully betrayed as were these faithful members of our expeditionary forces in the campaign launched in England on January 16th, 1939. We acknowledge this as a fact. Yet, never, in any of the letters sent out by them do we find one word of complaint - never a word of regret. Rather do we find that instead of disillusion and despair, ever greater hope and courage and fighting spirit fill the breasts of these living martyrs of ours.

Somewhere in this is hidden a lesson which many of us would do well to learn by heart - Think deeply on it.

TO MAURICE O'NEILL.

A vigil through the night - deep silence reigns,
A whispered word at dawn - "the hour is nigh",
Day steals from the East as at window panes,
We listen - and yet we hope he will not die.

That sound? My God! 'tis but a bird on wing,
And yet we startle, every ear astrain,
To hear that volley through the silence ring,
Breathless we listen for that leaden rain.

Reprieved perhaps? Ah no! that hope is vain,
Their quenchless lust for blood all justice scorns,
But he will feel the glory, not the pain,
His path is roses and not thorns.

At length the rifles peal, some pigeons fly,
Silence reigns once more - O'NEILL IS DEAD!
Noble bearer of a noble name, you lie
In hallowed soil - your sacrifice is made.

Bridh Ní Chuiimneagain,
(Mountjoy Prison, 12th Nov. 1942).

WHEN YOU HAVE READ THIS PAPER PLEASE PASS
IT ON TO A FRIEND OR LEAVE IT IN A TRAM, BUS
OR TRAIN.