

THE STRUGGLE MUST GO ON!

NUMBER

4

DOIRE

AN UA

PRICE

3P

BARBWIRE SPECIAL

9th AUGUST 1973

THINK OF THEM!

Children Crying in the Night
Did you hear them,
Children calling out in fright
Did you hear them,
Children sad and peading eyes
Did you see them,
Trun away like all the rest
Let them lay there,
There is nothing I can do there
So pass by there,

HOW DOES THIS GRAB YOU?

This is a nightly occurence brought about by the senseless and wanton incading of Irish homes by the British forces of occupation in a fruitless bid to capturer our FREE DORN FIGHTERS.

How many times have YOU stood by and watched our young men and women being dragged away half naked and terrified from their homes in the early hours of the morning,? And taken to that infamous place of torture "BALLYKELLY".

Here they are brutally tortured and forced into signing fabricated statements in some cases the threat of even dcidental death is used.

Can you honest call yours. If a true Irish man or woman if you have stood by while these armed thugs have committed this crime on Irish soil. without doing any thing to help each victim WE hope not.

We are not asking you to do much, all we want is if house are being pialed then gise the alarm signal by rattling a bin lid or blow a whistle also to give as must help as possible to the family concerned.

THEY MAY BREAK OUR BODIES
BUT NOT OUR SPIRIT

PUT THEM UP

We would like to advise the B.A. in the Creggan area of Derry to watch the manner of action that they take towards the people of this area. After a foot patrol had been confronted by a barrage of stones and bottles they indiscriminately opened fire at the youths. This enraged the people of the Creggans heights, Circular Rd area, where this incident took place. The occurred about 8.00pm on Tuesday night.

When one of the residents went to complain about the incident to the leader of the patrol he was brutally beat around the body and head. After seeing this the already provoked residents, began to retaliate against this uncled for attack and the against the shoot ing incident with their bare hands.

AN S'AIN'IN

effectionality, like religion is most effectua ly instilled at a mothers knee. Sham-nationality is most fatally imparted in the same way. There are as we know, families in every part of the country, that have a tradition of nationality. There are other families that have a tradition of anglicisation.

Friendly hints and sympathetic references in the ear of a child, unconsciously perpetuate this tradition in the case. Harshness insenua ion, and natural ridicule propogate anglicisation in the other. It is usually from the home in which the word word Ireland is never heard, except in disporagement that the nationally blank and aimless boyar girl comes, and it is in the school where nationally colourledds education is given that these nationallys youths, who sneer at their own land and set out to ape prevailing foreign fashions. They are denied there own and are grafted in their school days, to English civilisation. They are taught to i imitate, and must consequently cling to or imitate something. A people like an individual must absorb intruding foreign influences into its own personality or ultimately become absorbed by them.

These nationally aimless young people have been in the past, as they are to day, and will be in the furture, the most powerfull and effective enemies of Irish nationality.

"Let the scoffer scoff as he wills," said Pearse; "Let the up-to-date young Irishman.....sneer, as he and he only, can sneer;" let him solace his soul with the gibbering of the modern day pop scene; but the fact remainsthat by wilfully making up his mind to ignore the national characteristics and language, he is committing an act, not merely of folly, but of actual criminality, for which his children and his children's children may curse him yet.

ellise E'ire mo chlann f'ein do dhial a mathair

* oo o oo o oo *

brutall attack and against the shooting incident, with their bare hands, thus showing the "profisional" for what they are. So in future it would be addvisable to the B.A. to take notice of the out come of this incident. It seems that the guns, batons and might of the B.A. could not deter the struggle carried on by the people of Derry.

WE SHALL OVER COME

JOIN A SINN FEINCU

LETTERS

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TO

THE EDITOR

LETTER FROM A MAYDOWN WORKER

Dear Editor,

May I through the medium of your columns take this opportunity to draw to your attention the daily harrassment a Maydown worker has to endure. Namely the continued searching of cars and persons going and coming to work.

The time the workers clock in depends upon the frame of mind the soldier in charge of the check-point happens to be in. If there has any explosions or if any have been injured or killed. The searching becomes very vigorous and abusive.

This kind of treatment only serves to turn normally moderate people into militants. The army state that these searches are essential security measures. But when a the traffic builds up some of the soldiers in the check-point act as if they are totally uncerned at the inconvenience they are causing. They stand about in groups smoking and chatting, while one soldier carries out the searching.

In the past few months some workers have been "lifted" and detained for no apparent reason causing concern and anxiety to the families. Sometimes these men have been taken to "BALLYKELLY" and subjected to hours of interrogation.

MAYDOWN WORKER

P.S.
This has caused unrest and loss of working hours in the firms these men work. There would have been walkouts in sympathy with the men that were "lifted" had it not been for the quick action of the union representatives on the shop floor. In finding out the whereabouts of these men, and their eventual release.

MASSIVE ANTI-INTERMENT MARCH

THURSDAY 9th AUGUST
7.30 P.M.

ASSEMBLE at CREGGAN
SHOPS
MOCK TO INTERMENT
CAMP

LETTER FROM THE MAYDOWN

Dear Sir,

Could I through the medium of your uncensored paper "DOIRE NUUA." Ask the people of Free Derry not to listen to the recent spate of british army lies and propaganda in the Bogside and Brandywell areas.

Recently on Tuesday the B.A. sent letters to some of the above area's, those letters are not new. The lies in them are not new. They said that they found explosives near a children's playground in the hamilton St. area. They then mentioned their usual cry of "children could of been hurt." This is all low down dirty lies. The B.A. did not find explosives, so no children could have been hurt or killed. So to the soldier responsible for these lies. I would like to tell him. IT WON'T WASH.

BRANDYWELL

* HOUSE HOLDER

LETTER FROM CREGGANMAN

A CHARA?

I would like to counteract the lying, mythical propaganda which is circulateing around the Free Creggan area of Derry. In connection with PROVISIONAL I.R.A. having no or little support of the majority of people in Creggan behind them in their campaign.

If they try and deuide us into believe that our "BOYS" are finished and without support. Then explain to me and the people of Free Creggan how they seem to come about to their very very misled opinion.

When people look at the facts over the last few months they would relies just how mythical.

If their is a raid by these thugs warning signal goes by the banging of binslids which is then raises the alarm and the people of Free Creggan come out in the thousands to beat out these terrorists. This type of signal ing was always used in days before moterman.

In marches thousands come out to protest and to comemorate dead soldiers of OGLAIGH NAH HIKEARANN.

So why can't the B.A. wise up and go home for you can not break or make us believe these fornicated lies.

PROUD CREGGAN PROVO SUPPORT

NOBODY SHOULD FORGET 9th AUGUST 1971 DONOT FORGET THE BINLID

DOIRE NUUA IS THE VOICE OF JOHN BRADY AND JIMMY CARR S.F. CUMANN

SONGS OF THE RESISTANCE

AND

POEMS

FORWARD TO THE SONGS

During the last four years, the Struggle against British Imperialism has been fought. By the Nationally minded people of the six counties. By gun and song. Here are some of them songs.

MEN BEHIND THE WIRE

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

Through the little streets of Belfast,
In the dark of early morn,
British soldiers came maulding,
Wrecking little homes, with scorn,
In the softness crying children,
Dragging fathers from their beds,
Beating sons while helpless mothers,
watch the blood flow from their head.

CHORUS
Not for them a judge or jury,
Not indeed a crime at all,
Being IRISH means your guilty,
So were guilty one all,
Round the world the truth will echo,
Cromwells men are here again,
Englands name again is sullied,
In the eyes of honest men,

CHORUS
Proudly march behind our banner,
Firmly stand behind our men,
We will have them free to help us,
Build a nation once again,
Onward people step together,
Proudly firmly on your way,
Never fear and never falter,
Till our boys come to stay,

CHORUS TWICE

ON THE DEATH OF PAT CRAWFORD

They held my heart in a barewire net,
My hopes in a cage of steel,
My freedom with their british guns,
Was stolen from my soul,

Slowly they broke my mind,
By rights and hopes removed,
My mind once free like a flying bird,
Lay broke now and dead,

Our people turned away,
For british lies they left me,
My hopes was gone that day,
Our people fighting held my hope,

But they could not hold your Patrick,
Your soul flys free,
Through british lying killed you,
Our prayers shall set you free.

By PADRIAG BANN.

LONG KESH

We were born here in Ireland,
Brought up in the slum
And so make a better life,
We were forced to take up guns,

They took us through the big gate,
We wandered round and round
They took us through some more gates,
The number 8 compound,

They placed us in old huts of tin,
Inside were beds of steel,
They told us to "get ready,
"for soon the cold you'll feel,

They brought us in three blankets,
Two sheets, a pillow too
they were right a old bloody mess,
The dirt it seeped right through,

My God, I through where am I,
This placed it looked like hell,
And to the people outside
My thoughts I had to tell
By E. Mc callion & W. Hammett.

TO ALL INTERNETE'S

We are the silent people,
How long must we be still,
To nurse in secret at our breast,
An Ancient Culture,

Let us arise and cry thens
Call from the sleeping ashes, of destiny a chieftain
who will be our voice,

He will strike the brass,
And we will erupt,
From our hidden caves,
Into the golden light of a New-Born Day.

IRELAND

NEEDS YOU

JOIN SINK FEIN

INTERNETE'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 muscle
And to have my feet reclining
And 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.

Taken from Belfast's Republican news

BY

Mrs Keown.

KEEP YOUR SPIRITS UP

To all the Political hostages and P.O.W. of the hell holes of Long Kesh, Crumblin, Magiligan, Curragh, Mountjoy.
Not forgetting the brave and gallant Girl of the concrete hell hole of Armagh.

"LET FRIENDS ALL TURN AGAINST ME.

LET FOLKS SAY WHAT THEY WILL.

FOR MY HEART IS IN MY COUNTRY.

I LOVE OLD IRELAND STILL.

From the
J. brady & j. carr
SINK FEIN CUMMAN?

"GOD SAVE IRELAND"