

SAOIRSE ÉIREANN WOLFE TONE WEEKLY

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1938

Twopence.

KEVIN BARRY AND HIS LIVING COMRADES

ON the 20th September, 1920, a party of troops were ambushed at Monk's Bakery, near North King St., Dublin. One was killed outright; two died of wounds later. When the attackers drew off they left behind one of their number in the hands of the enemy. He was a mere boy of eighteen, and his trial attracted little attention. The hunger-strikes dominated the public mind. Anyway the Government would not dream of hanging one so young. The prisoner himself maintained a calm demeanour, acquitting himself at the courtmartial with splendid spirit. Unmoved he heard the sentence of death. The country was stirred, became uneasy, but settled again in its tense expectancy. Almost everybody believed that Kevin Barry would be reprieved.

THE days passed, but no reprieve came. From the most influential quarters appeals for clemency rained upon the authorities. The Archbishop and Lord Mayor visited General Macready, who referred them to a Castle official, who referred them to Lord French, who eventually promised that their appeal would be forwarded to the proper authorities—a pleasant game of "send the fool farther" if there were not a young life at stake. On the same day, October 30th, the Government of the Republic issued a "Message to the Civilised Nations" in which this passage occurs.

"The English Government now proposes to set aside the high standard set by the Irish Volunteers and to execute prisoners of war, previously attempting to brand them before the world as criminals.

"Such an outrage upon the law and customs of nations cannot be permitted to pass in silence by civilisation. It may be in the power of England to hang an Irish boy of eighteen under such circumstances but it is not in her power to prevent the conscience of mankind reproaching with horror such an action."

APPEAL and expostulation were alike met with a stony refusal. Now as the hour approached every eye was turned on Mountjoy. Life or death? The question was eagerly debated in every home and in all quarters where men foregathered. Plans

of rescue were discussed but set aside as impracticable. Morning came—November 1, 1920. Kevin Barry was hanged. The infamy was accomplished. Calmly, deliberately, full in the teeth of a nation stirred to its depths, Britain claimed her pound of flesh and drained the blood of the victim.

THUS died a soldier of eighteen years. I will not harrow the feelings of my readers by detailing the terrible physical torture which he had to endure before his death. I but pay a humble tribute to the boy who accepted torture and death rather than betray his comrades.

HORROR swept the people, but after horror came pride. A newer, younger martyr had been added to the long roll—a martyr as high, as gallant and as fearless as any that had gone before. They sang songs about him; they told stories of him, of his cheerfulness, his staunchness under torture, his refusal of all offers for the betrayal of his comrades, and his boldness at the end. Before he was dead a month he had become a legend and an inspiration. Kevin Barry dead was an immensely greater menace to England than ever he had been living.

MANY men in many ages have died for Ireland and not a few of them hold places forever green in the heart of the nation. Tone was our greatest man, our sturdiest fighter, but he is not our dearest. Emmet is that. Through his personality, his hapless romance, his last noble words, and the poetry which he inspired, Emmet more than any other man has won the hearts of his countrymen. Yet it seems likely that beside him will stand for future generations the heroic boy, Kevin Barry, your comrade and mine. Are we worthy of him? Are we worthy to speak his name? Are we as true to the Republic as, with his dying breath, he asked us to be?

IT was to a cause sanctified by Sacrifice that Kevin Barry devoted his life. Very soon it claimed it. The young have many things to make life sweet. There is health and vigour and hope and the expectation of years. Be one never so brave the dungeon and

the gallows are a bitter exchange for all life has to offer. No matter how sacred the cause in which one suffers there is always a pang in renunciation. The parting with loved ones, the might-have-been, the memory of happy days, the beauty of the world, all these cannot be lightly set aside by an effort of will. If Kevin Barry felt them he gave no sign. His bearing throughout was calm and unruffled. Even his foes gave testimony to his courage. He was true to the best traditions of a people which, no matter what its faults, and no matter how low it has sometimes fallen, has been rich beyond all others in noble and gallant martyrs.

ÉAMON.

KEVIN BARRY

THEY have taken him—a soldier of the people,

A boy in years, a man in fearless faith—

They have tried him with a mockery of justice,

And the sentence of his enemy is—death.

They have offered him the freedom of the traitor,

They have hurt him with the cruelty of hell,

But their tortures and their bribes were unavailing—

No tale of black dishonour would he tell.

The hour has come to test a true man's courage;

No craven fear he feels, no pang of shame,

For God is with him walking to the scaffold,

And faithful Ireland kneels to bless his name.

The deed is done; the tyrant's blow has fallen;

The brave young soldier's hard-fought fight is o'er.

The bell is tolled; the prayers are like a chorus—

And Kevin Barry lives for ever more.

BRIAN NA BANBAN.

FLAGS UP!

THERE are men and women in jail in Ireland, shut out from the light of day in their own land because they refuse to accept as a right and natural thing that land's dismemberment, its reduction to the position of a mongrel adjunct of the British Empire, an area in which bullocks will be raised and wheat grown to feed the English in time of war. Because our comrades in the jails of Belfast and Armagh have, like self-respecting Irish men and women, tried to end that humiliating state of affairs, they are branded as criminals in their own country!

Most of our prisoners are bread-winners. Some of them have been torn away from the little children they love, and the most agonising part of their imprisonment is the thought, the fear that their loved ones may be in want.

It is to dispel that fear, to ensure that the dependents of those in jail for Ireland will not want during the coming winter, that a big effort is being made on Sunday week—November 6—in every part of the country to give tangible proof of the respect that is felt for them and theirs.

Flags up for the men and women in jail! Flags up for their courageous dependents! The Games are good, the Ceilidhthe are good, but make a sure and certain success of the Flag Day. If you are on a Committee, work with might and main until November 6 is over. If there is no Committee in your area, set one working at once. And see to it that every member of your household, and every friend, and every neighbour, and every person you can persuade to buy one will wear a Belfast Flag on Sunday, November 6.

Remember, remember
The Sixth of November

"UNPRIZED ARE HER SONS."

THE "Free State" Prime Minister had all the qualifications to fill the chair made vacant by the other delegate of a "sovereign" state, the Agha Khan. The British controlled talking shop at Geneva was of course talking while questions of war and partition of nations were being debated, and momentous decisions taken elsewhere. There was naturally *cáid míle fáilte* for the ex-Republican who was armed with George VI credentials. With customary pious platitudes the matter of Partition was raised. The first syllable of the name of the country came through familiarly and with emphasis. Had the ex-rebel to the king relapsed into disloyalty to his sovereign, for whom he voted on 12th December, 1936? *Honi so!*—there was no trace of treason. It was over the partition of Irak (not Ire-land) that the first Minister under the Crown in the "Free State" was distressed. He would of course get his walking papers from his British patrons had he ventured to introduce a topic, the Partition of Ireland, which had been deliberately reduced to a domestic matter by himself. Between a sovereign and his subjects, gladly proclaiming his sovereignty and kingship, and glorying in the shame, questions of partition are not the concern of other nations. Outside nations have nothing to do with a domestic quarrel between parts of territory claiming the same sovereignty. So much is obvious. But "the whole Truth in the News" would, like Othello, be without occupation if it featured the disagreeable fact. Rather does it maintain a sort of king's jester, or two, to bemuse the "natives" with raiments about the "sovereign state," or the old recruiting platform catch-cries about "national defence," while their actions show that they have only one sovereign in mind and one imperial system of defence. Ireland of the exiles is to foot the bill for the Geneva stunt, and for a share of the earousals that have been going on there, as has just been revealed in the newspapers.

"Unprized are her sons 'till they've learned to betray."

GEORGE VI. OVER ALL.

IT was fitting that the colonial parliament in Dublin should inscribe the name and royal titles of King Edward VIII and his successor, George VI, as king. That is the institution, to enter which would mean, as Mr. Oscar Traynor once said, that the face of Liam Mellows would haunt him. Needless to say Mr. Traynor was then a Republican. He is now a Minister under the British Crown. Taking longer strides than any of the Prime Ministers that went before him in the jobs, the present "Free State" Prime Minister weaned his Republican followers by easy stages. As far as he could, he put the Republic into parenthesis. Roped in like that and with bands playing and tar barrels burning he marched them to the very steps of the Colonial Office, and entered, bringing the flag of the Republic

and the national airs, to foster the illusion. But the Republic refused to be liquidated, despite all the arts of the would-be liquidator No. 3. Then became necessary the most elaborate pretence and "the greatest prevarication in history". That was made possible by "Truth in the News" which is vainly trying to teach the lie that to be in direct line with Tone and Emmet, Mitchell, Pearse and Cathal Brugha and Connolly, one must be a Minister under the British Crown. When his loyalty to the Republic gave no reason for suspicion the "Taoiseach" quoted with approval Lloyd George's assertion that "We want Independence and the Irish Republic". The future Prime Minister of the "Free State" added these words to the Welshman's admission:

"Is the truth not the same to-day? Why should we fear to say it and confound the propagandists ('Truth in the News') who have been telling the world the *base lie* that the Irish people have, of their own free will, chosen to become a partitioned British province? The world is once more looking on. Shall it be said that this generation has turned renegade to the national faith and outdone (in Leinster House!) the disastrous submission of the princes and prelates to Henry II. God will be with the brave and true. Where the will is, the way will not be wanting, and—to be brave is to be wise—for there can be no progress, no stability, no rest for this nation so long as a single shred of foreign authority remains here."

BOATS BURNED

MANY afterwards gave their young lives filled with that noble resolve. But what about the man that inspired them with the words? "The disastrous submission" was effectively made by himself, and he actually boasted of it! The boats were burned when the "Muirchu" and the spoils of office became sufficiently alluring. It was no surprise afterwards when Scotty McDonald did the hat trick, and showed that he did it well by rejoicing and throwing his Scottish bonnet in the air, in the streets of London, after emerging from a heart to heart talk with the "Taoiseach". His words still mean something and he has assured the gullible that there are "no commitments" with England, for Imperial Defence presumably. Which of course would be quite true in the sense in which "Truth in the News" would use the words. But it would never suit the Imperial game to add the bitter truth that *none were necessary*. All such vital commitments are of course inseparable from his declared allegiance to the British sovereign; that is for willing subjects who had, in the most solemn way, by the law put through by themselves, acclaimed their king to be Edward VIII and his successor, George VI of England.

DISLOYALTY.

FOR the Ministers to refuse to toast their king would be rank disloyalty. They had not only taken

the Oath but they backed it up with fresh law putting the British king into the Act of submission.

This they afterwards brought forward into what they called a new Constitution. An imposing structure, but on the old British plan of the "Free State", with its evil origin and laws fully acknowledged on its face. Even when his republicanism had been watered down to the "parenthetical" stage, with one eye on the Colonial Office, the "Free State" Prime Minister-to-be used to protest against England's threat of immediate and terrible war as the obstacle to the functioning of the Republic. But when in office a day came when he discovered that the list of "matters of common concern" was so important that separation and independence were out of the question.

"MATTERS OF COMMON CONCERN"

1. King George and all his resources, naval and military.
2. Governor General, euphemistically styled President, but pledged to maintain the sovereignty of King George over Ireland.
3. Military instruction for imperial defence.
4. Imperial interests in India, Palestine, etc., and at the League of Nations. Bombing of the "natives" of "Carthagenia".
5. The Colonial Office.
6. The High Commissioner.
7. The High Executioner.

Apologies should be offered to the latter for placing him at the bottom. As to No. 6 he is one of the main linch-pins, holding Ireland securely to the war chariot of the Empire. Almost continuously over the week of crisis he was on the mat at the Colonial Office, that living symbol of "the disastrous submission."

GAIRE SHASANAIGH.

WHEN the British tool, the Agha Khan, vacated the chair at Geneva, it was easily possible for Britain to push forward another augural stable companion of the Indian despot, the parasite whose fabulous wealth is made on the sweat of the half starved millions of native Indians of that other "sovereign state" whose sovereign is also the "Free State" Ministers' king. Let any one who doubts their loyalty propose to wipe out the record of George's sovereignty, that anthem of British hope and glory, and "native submission" that is safe in the archives of Leinster House. The proposal would be treason to "the State". The smile of the Saxon is no longer the snarl of the cur. He has changed his nature. Our forefathers who taught it had not "Truth in the News" to guide them. They only knew that "it was Englished our Motherland, 'twas England laid her low". The same England that set up the two-headed monster of statecraft, to partition Ireland and prey on the Republic. The spinal column of that monster is British sovereignty, and in our own day the "BASE LIE", that that is the will of the Irish people, the basic lie once challenged by the present Prime Minister, has by himself been put on record in the Colonial Par-

liament as true! As if moldered by British flattery and preferment (for hours he has been closeted with Chamberlain) he cannot see the Gilbertian situation his abandonment of the Republic has produced for himself. If that were not so he would recognise the futility as well as the fun of labelling the Governor General a president, while that official himself is pledged to maintain the British king's sovereignty over Ireland in return for £15,000 a year. Of course the explanation is that, as the "State" was reared on lies it can only subsist on lies. When the Imperial game started to gull Tir Chonaill South it was natural that words should be twisted from their ordinary meanings and that the man in the mask in the Phoenix Park should be styled President. His efforts at cold shouldering and boy-cotting the men of Easter week makes him particularly acceptable to the British king. "Their honour rooted in dishonour stood, while love of honour keeps them falsely true." Meanwhile the country readers of "Truth in the News" have been led to believe that King George is just a sort of patron of Leinster House, like the patron of a racing club, and that anyhow it is only for as long as the British Commonwealth Empire lasts! The quack doctor Sequah's example was an inspiration. His band played loudest when his tooth ached stricken victim in torture by the "painless extraction". So the band played patriotic airs pressed into Imperial service. So the mockery of Tone and Emmet and all the other dead Republicans, by almost daily columns of praise, side by side with adulation of the smiling "Carthaginians" in power, who have won them over to learn "national defence" measures.

PERFIDIOUS ALBION.

ANOTHER "State" which England helped to set up at the same time as the "Free State" has come to grief. Of course the wily Sasanah would not go to its help unless that could be done with an *economy of English lives*. If Hitler could have been beaten without risk to England, it would have been all right for the new "State". The "Free State" Prime Minister is to call England to his aid when his "State" needs help. But if England's hands are too full he has not said what might happen. History has a habit of repeating itself. Meanwhile it is a help to know where the Ministers' hopes lay. Their Maginot Line is the Colonial Office and Downing Street. England's military agreement signed behind the backs of France and Czechoslovakia is expected to be a relief to the Crown Forces in Palestine, but it may prove a mirage for the "Carthaginians."

SEUMAS OG MACDARAIG.

SINN FÉIN

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(AS "MO SŠČAL FČH")

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The Secretary was instructed to write to Congressmen of the United States of America to draw their attention to the present reign of terror in the Six Counties—the raids, round-ups, house-searches, detentions and deportations to be specially pointed out to them—and calling on the American nation not to conclude a pact with Britain until she ceases subsidising the Craigavon dictatorship.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1938.

DISTRACTIONS

MANY things are happening these days, at home and abroad, which should be regarded by earnest Republicans as mere distractions, and discussion of which, except as mental pastime, should not be allowed to waste one hour of the precious time that needs to be devoted to the one important supreme task that lies in front of us—the task of proving our loyalty to the dead who died for us and to the cause to which we have sworn allegiance, the task of smashing British rule and British laws and the British mind in Ireland, and enthroning in proud strength and beauty the sovereign Republic of Ireland, “not free merely but Gaelic as well; not Gaelic merely but free as well.”

THAT is our task and no other, and we should give no countenance to any plausible propaganda for the setting on foot of “a strong Republican party” that would go into the “Free State” Parliament or the “Free State” Senate to win through to Separation there. Such proposals come only from men who are ambitious or mischievous or insecure and should not receive a moment's consideration from Republican Ireland.

WE should learn wisdom by the bitter experience we have had. Men told their sincere but wavering followers twelve years ago that they would enter the “Free State” Parliament only as “a flying column” to seize it and smash its oath and all its humiliating links with the British Crown, and to restore to power in double quick time the Republic of Ireland to which they had sworn a solemn oath. They were believed; they took an oath to break an oath; they abolished it and retained all its essential obligations; they ended the Governor Generalship and then set up a Governor General camouflaged as a President; they deposed one King because England deposed him and immediately proclaimed his successor King of Ireland; and instead of restoring the Republic they have definitely linked up Ireland to the British Empire as a subordinate dominion.

AND don't forget that twelve years ago, nine years ago, six years ago they were “a strong Republican Party” whose objective was Separation! Pay no heed to such proposals when you hear them, and they will be heard often enough in the future. “Fool me once,

CHANGE OF MIND. WHEN AND WHY?

OUR sympathy goes out to those Irish-Americans who have to get their news of the home country from the pages of the *Irish World* and such papers. No wonder there is so much confusion in their minds and that they think all Ireland seethes with excitement every time Premier de Valera of the Dominion gives a Press interview or goes on the air. In the *Irish World* of October 15, an instance of this ballyhoo is given, and, incidentally, it is shown that Mr. de Valera must have changed his mind regarding a plebiscite in the Six Counties. A special cable to the *Irish World* from its Dublin correspondent (who is said to be in close touch with Fianna Fáil headquarters) is thus displayed across the front page:—

“DE VALERA DEMANDS PLEBISCITE! TELLS CHAMBERLAIN TIME HAS COME FOR UNITY VOTE

“Dublin, October 6.—Like the timing of a clock, in view of the developments in Central Europe of recent weeks and the arrangements made to settle the Sudeten German issue in Czechoslovakia, Mr. de Valera, Prime Minister of Ireland, has struck once again for the rights of the Irish people by demanding of Britain that she allow a plebiscite to be held in the Northeast on the question of unity, of the reintegration of the whole of Ireland's national territory. It was learned to-night.

“The move at this time is a master stroke and in perfect keeping with de Valera's policy of bidding for the opportune moment and demanding more of Ireland's rights at the propitious hour. The Irish leader is said to consider this the ideal occasion for the holding of a plebiscite in the Northeast, especially in the preponderantly Nationalist areas—Tyronne, Fermanagh, South Down, Armagh, Derry and other sections of the Six Counties—where the people yearn for reunion under the Irish national government.

“Returning from the League of Nations building in Geneva, where he was elected President of the Assembly, Mr. de Valera met Prime Minister Chamberlain of England at No. 10 Downing Street, London, where he put the matter of a Northeast plebiscite up to the English leader. Mr. de Valera visited 10 Downing Street in acknowledgment of a personal letter written in Mr. Chamberlain's own handwriting.

The news of Mr. de Valera's action electrified Ireland with delight and sent a profound thrill of joy through the hearts of all the Irish in the Northeast who have been enduring fierce persecution at the hands of alien-minded Orangemen who are tools of British imperialism in that section.

“When—and if—the plebiscite is held it is a foregone conclusion that at least four of the Six Counties would vote overwhelmingly for unity with the National Government. The

shame on you; fool me twice, shame on me.” Laugh at the distractions! Get ready for the fight!

remaining two counties, or areas within them, would also give a huge vote for the unity of the nation.”

THAT was on October 6, and may be taken as reflecting the Fianna Fáil official attitude towards Partition at the time. THEN CAME THE TWO-DAY SECRET MEETING OF THE FIANNA FAIL PARTY, and on October 18 was released for publication an interview conveniently given to a London paper by Mr. de Valera. In the course of that interview the question of a plebiscite was dealt with thus:—

“If there was ever any excuse for amputating any portion of Ireland from the rest of the country—which I deny—the only area for which the excuse could be made was a small area around Belfast. But it was a poor plea at best—and a solution based on it could never settle anything. If you are going to divide up a country according to political party divisions, there is no country on earth which could maintain its present boundaries.

“A plebiscite would give us territory, but it would not solve the problem of Partition. We are not seeking some territorial gain merely—we are not asking for some new Boundary Commission to perpetuate Partition in this small island—the whole of which is only the size of Lake Superior.

“A local plebiscite would leave in Belfast alone, a minority of 100,000 Nationalists permanently cut off from common life with their motherland. That is not a solution which appeals to me.”

WHEN and why did Mr. de Valera change his mind and let down the *Irish World* with a bump? Is it true, as has been stated, that he HAD to change his attitude toward this and other matters at the Party meeting? And will the *Irish World* now tell its readers that the change of mind “electrified Ireland” as the previous demand for a plebiscite had done?

How crooked are the ways of Empire politics!

“THE JAZZ THAT ONCE”

WE wish to make it clear that the criticism of the activities of certain Clubs in London published under the above heading in our issue of October 8, 1938, was in no way intended to reflect upon the Comerford Troupe of Dancers or upon Miss Lily Comerford or upon Rory O'Connor, and we wish to apologise for any misunderstanding which may have occurred in the matter. We know that these artistes are of high repute and that their characters are above reproach. The writer of the letter in question wrote solely from the National viewpoint.

BAG AND
BAGGAGE

Here is another of the fine spirited national pieces written by Francis A. Fahey, author of "The Ould Plaid Shawl" over sixty years ago. The plea it contains is needed just as much to-day.

IRISHMEN, who blush to see
Ireland's life throughout pervading,
British marks of slavery,
Galling, hateful, and degrading.
Why should they one other day
Stand a theme for one other day?
Take a friend's advice, I say
Sweep them, bag and baggage, off
her.

British names of town and street,
Stamping alien domination,
Brands of ruin and defeat,
Fraud, and forceful usurpation;
Names that breathe of past disgrace—
Rings of thralldom hang about
them,
Wipe them from the Island's face—
Rout them, bag and baggage, rout
them.

British names, for boy or maid,
Give no more at font baptismal—
Names accursed in lands betrayed—
Names that tell of crimes abysmal.
Choose ye from your history's page,
Where they shine in lines of glory,
Name of hero, saint, and sage,
Sweet of sound and grand of
story.

British journal, book, and sheet,
Gutter song, and loose romances,
Where your pure-souled children
meet
Smooth-faced evil's first advances.
Give no more the rubbish room,
Teach your little ones to spurn
them,
Sweep them out of heart and home,
Make a bonfire gay and burn
them.

British goods, forbear to touch,
Leave on murt, unbought and
rattling;
Shoddy, Brummagem, and such,
No lace hinders you boycotting.
Clear them out of shop and store,
Buy but wears that Ireland offers,
Pour your Irish gold no more
Into bursting British coffers.

British manners, British ways,
All their "blood and glory"
toasting,
Boundless self-conceit and praise,
Braven brag and shameless boast-
ing,
Cringing low to wealth and state,
Scorning honest hearts without
them,
Fawning on the worthless "great"—
Rout them, bag and baggage, rout
them!

When these you've rid the Isle,
You shall walk with vision clearer,
And upon your night shall smile
Freedom's blessed dawning nearer.
When from depths where sorrow
cast her,
Erin, 'midst the world's laughter,
Springs to see her British master
Flying—bag and baggage, after!

MINORITY REPORT No. 3

MR. O'Loghlin was appointed by the "Free State" Government as a commissioner of the commission which was asked to report on matters of money and credit as those things affected the welfare of the people in the 26 Counties. He was one of 21; and of the 21, 16 signed the ludicrously anti-Christian majority report, though many of the 16 were not only Christians but Christians who claim the Roman Pontiff as their teacher and leader. It is no exaggeration to say that this fact has come as a pretty rotten shock to those who are working to bring about a Christian social order hereabouts; and perhaps the chief merit of Mr. O'Loghlin's report lies in the castigation of the crass ignorance, moral cowardice, and/or callousness of those who are responsible for the majority report. This castigation takes the form of copious and appropriate quotations, from Papal Encyclicals which shows how shamefully and insultingly the majority commissioners ignored not only the terms of reference but even the claims of common humanity.

ALL credit to Mr. O'Loghlin: but he should not have been astounded as he obviously is by the minority report. Has not his own leader with the typically town mentality just spent a whole month making flowery speeches in Geneva while thousands of his own Irish people are flying from Ireland as from a pest-house, and other thousands are so destitute that they can't do even that! And it is rural Ireland that is flying.

MR. O'Loghlin, who is himself an elected representative in the "Free State" parliament, very aptly quotes the Pope's teaching that the civil government ought to rule in kingly fashion, master in its own domain, and he knows that the teaching is familiar to his leader. Now, would it not be the proper thing for Mr. O'Loghlin, nay, his leader, duty, to demand (not beg) that the welfare of the people whom he represents be the first call on his leader's energies, and not the codology of a moribund wash-out like Geneva?

If Mr. O'Loghlin agrees that that is his duty (and I have no doubt that he does) he could quite easily test out the proposals contained in his report by asking his leader publicly in the "Free State" parliament to carry out the recommendation that the "F.S." government create enough interest-free money to give full-time employment, to everyone needing it.

TO use the lingo of the politicians, I think that the answer will be in the negative. I may be wrong, but the fact that the very tentative, partial and microscopic attempt of the "F.S." government to issue interest-free money in the form of meat-vouchers, and which it mysteriously stopped issuing—at whose instigation?—doesn't point that way.

THEN when Mr. O'Loghlin has put his question and got his answer, I suggest that he goes the

community's credit, and, therefore, of its money. I think it is under-rating the intelligence of the banks to assume (as Mr. O'Loghlin implicitly does) that they are sitting, nonchalantly flicking the ash off cigarettes while he exposes their money racket. And it is exposure of their racket to actually call on the "F.S." government to issue interest-free money to the extent of millions of pounds as if it were perfectly feasible to do so, as it is in fact. For if those millions can be rightfully issued interest-free why not the whole of our money! Consequently, Mr. O'Loghlin's partial issue will be just as strenuously opposed as a total issue.

AGAINST a partial issue and in favour of a total issue must be set the fact that a partial issue is at best a temporary expedient whilst a total issue settles the problem permanently. For the partial issue is specifically designed to give employment on the production of material goods on the assumption that so only by the individual being so employed can that individual be permitted to get a decent living. That is an entirely false assumption, for the magnitude of the productive capacity of our time is almost incredible. The sole *raison d'être* of a machine designer and of a practical scientist is to eliminate the physical labour of men and women: which means, simply, to create unemployment in Mr. O'Loghlin's sense. It has been estimated that if all the installations in England were used to provide a decent living for one year for England's entire population, only a couple of months' work by the present working population would be required. The same applies to the U.S.A., and why should we not say the same applies to Ireland? In this light Mr. O'Loghlin's ideal of full employment solely by means of which we are permitted to get a decent living is distinctly out of date. Its only support nowadays is derived from the Manchester Scholars who teach, and enforce their teaching, that men would go to the devil unless they consigned themselves to penury by working their

heads off for someone else's benefit. The Pope doesn't think so.

MR. O'Loghlin's report is an advance in that he sees what the drain of emigration means and senses that it can be stopped temporarily by the creation as a stop-gap of a huge additional army of wage-slaves employed by the State. He doesn't seem to envisage the creation of a huge additional community of property owners in perpetuity, which is the desideratum, by the use of the land for feeding the Irish people. That is the only effective way to break the "link with sterling," for it would break the present export trade in food and base our trade dealings with England on the principle: Fair exchange is no robbery. We could then all live decently without the present cut-throat competition for work (meaning wages) which is demonstrably due to financial force and not to nature.

A little further advance by Mr. O'Loghlin and he will be in a position not only to fight but to beat the financial forces that are bleeding us white.

U'ISNEACH.

EMPIRITIS
AND THE SWEEP

NOT a word of protest was uttered in the Mansion House, Dublin, at the Hospitals Sweep Draw when Planter Powerscourt took advantage of his position to make a British Empire speech and to boost Mr. Neville Chamberlain even more heartily than he has been boosted by Mr. de Valera for his cleverness in double-crossing Czechoslovakia and in persuading France to break its word of honour.

The Planters who grabbed fine slices of Irish land and walked on the people to whom it rightfully belonged, were never more brazen than they are to-day. When will the youth of Ireland make itself strong enough to put the Planters in their place?

IRISH PRISONERS NATIONAL
AID SOCIETY, BELFAST.

Make arrangements now for

ALL IRELAND FLAG DAY

in aid of above.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 6

Area Committees should order Flags from:

HON. SECRETARY,

Irish Prisoners' National Aid Society,

9 Parnell Square, Dublin.

HOLD A CEILIDHE IN YOUR AREA

An poblaíocht abú

LIGHT COMFORTABLE DURABLE
SPECTACLES
ROBERT MAUDE & SONS 29 WELLINGTON QUAY

STEP TOGETHER

brian

peasár ó tuoba do scriob
CAIBIDIL IV (ar leanamh)

THE appeal for a conference made by Proinsias O Tiomanaidhe in your issue of October 15 has my unqualified approval. I think it is absolutely necessary, in view of the confusion and seeming helplessness that were everywhere in evidence during War Scare Week.

It is all very well to say, as I have heard from several Republicans, that we know what to do when the right time comes, but do we? And are we likely to stand out against a stampede by De Valera and Co. with the daily papers acting as buglers for the Empire which will be "on the right side at last"?

How very much stronger Republicans would be in time of crisis if they were all to step together, each knowing the mind of each, and all actuated by a spirit of true comradeship and determination!

War is surely coming; there will be conscription in England and in the Six Counties, and it may happen that the 26 Counties will also fall into line in this regard with their beloved comrades in Downing Street. There will be plenty of palaver first all over the Empire, to induce young men to join up voluntarily, and we should be ready to resist from the very beginning. How are we to be ready without conference, advice and organisation!

We have no use for the various "isms" that are at each other's throats all over the world, and that will be at deadly war within two years, but Britishism is the enemy we want to see broken in bits, and we should be ready to take a hand in the good work of breaking it when the time comes.

EDWARD J. HICKEY.

TO ARMS!

COMRADES in arms! a call I make

To Ireland's soldier men.
A call that was made in Easter Week,
That is echoing back again
Its clarion note through the land
will spread!

Like a trumpet's reveille at dawn!
For it comes as a voice from the
graces of the Dead
To awaken and urge us on!

No call is this to the cowardly knave
Who would dance in his slavish
chain,
But a call, my men, to the true and
brave

To wage the old fight again.
'Tis a call to arms! 'To arms!' I
cry.

Let the dastards stand aside;
For we must fight until Ireland's
free
Or we join the men who died.

So swell the ranks of the true and
bold;

Of our country's gallant men.
When our lads have all been drilled
and armed,

We'll take to the hills again.
In the ears of the foe, if they heed
us not,

Let the words of Brughra resound.
For we have not fired our final shot!
Our last man's not yet down!

TARLACH OG.

"I'LL TELL YOU A STORY!"

As one reads *Red Sky at Dawn*, by Philip Rooney (M. H. GILL AND SON, 50 UPPER O'CONNELL ST., DUBLIN, 7/6) the feeling comes that the author, weary of reading and perhaps reviewing tiresome books, suddenly jumped up (or sat down) and cried out: "I'll tell you a story that no reader will fall asleep over! I'll give you a tale that will set your eyes sparkling and your blood warming up and your breath coming in quick short gasps! I'll put a book before you as full of meat as a tailor's thimble!"

HE has done it, and that is what matters. Whether Philip Rooney said these brave words or didn't say them he has given us a story that is worth reading, a story that will assist on being read, a story that will not easily be forgotten. From the moment Niall Carolan, the young United Irishman, swings out of his cautious, covetous, unpatriotic father's house somewhere in Louth, in the year 1798, and goes up to his mother's people in Antrim, where he becomes a soldier of freedom under Henry Joy McCracken, until he swims under water in a creek of the western coast some ten years later to get to the boat that is to bear him in safety from a combined enemy of red-coats and ship-wreckers, all he on his track, there is not one dull page. The reader is swept along from incident to still more exciting incident, and feels as he finishes the 304th page that he could do with more.

IT is the opinion of some that no mere novel is worth 7/6. Perhaps they are right. Personally I think it is a pity that such books as *Red Sky at Dawn* are not issued at about 2/6 right away, so that they might reach many who would like it but cannot afford to read them. But the season of gift-giving is near at hand, and there must be many fiction-reading friends who are worth at least 7/6 in our estimation. This finely produced, healthily written book would certainly make the friend think of us with fondness and gratitude did he or she receive it from us as a Christmas gift. For my part, I have read it with the utmost pleasure; and I hope to read it again!

Coxall

Cumann na mBan

MISS MAIRE TWAMLEY has handed us a subscription of £10 (Ten Pounds) from the Dublin District Council, Cumann na mBan, to be forwarded to the Irish Prisoners National Aid Society, Belfast.

Cuala sae vume an bean as cumm an uplár agus d'áiríu rian as corp ra slór pan am céanna. Agus ce éilmeap é níor póitíne ná an asar fear agus an mac a bi amuis as an mban.

"Maith rian!" ar searcan. "Ó, a bhe!" ar fear agus a bhe. "Ó, a bhe!" ar fear agus a bhe. "Ó, a bhe!" ar fear agus a bhe.

Laetaim na mbó sciarraideac
bainne Saor ó Eitinn
D. Ó Riopóáin, an Cloicheán, Co. Áta Cliat

"MY GLORY AND MY DUTY"

CONTINUATION OF LIFE STORY OF TONE
BY AODH DE BLACAM

AFTER the interruption Tone bowed to the ruling of the court, and said that he merely meant "to express my feelings and gratitude towards the Catholic body, on whose cause I was engaged."

Gen. Loftus: "That seems to have nothing to say to the charge against you, to which only you are to speak. If you have anything to offer in defence or extenuation of that charge, the court will hear you; but they beg that you will confine yourself to that subject."

Tone: "I shall, then, confine myself to some points relative to my connection with the French army. Attached to no party in the French Republic, without interest, without money, without intrigue, the openness and integrity of my views raised me to a high and confidential rank in its armies. I obtained the confidence of the executive directory, the approbation of my generals, and, I venture to add, the esteem and affection of my brave comrades. When I review these circumstances, I feel a secret and internal consolation, which no reverse of fortune, no sentence in the power of this court to inflict, can ever deprive me of, or weaken in any degree. Under the flag of the French Republic I originally engaged, with a view to save and liberate my own country. For that purpose I have encountered the chances of war amongst strangers; for that purpose I have repeatedly braved the terrors of the ocean, covered, as I knew it to be, with the triumphant fleets of that power which it was my glory and my duty to oppose. I have sacrificed all my views in life; I have courted poverty; I have left a beloved wife unprotected, and children whom I adored, fatherless. After such sacrifices in a cause which I have always conscientiously considered as the cause of justice and freedom, it is no great effort at this day, to add 'the sacrifice of my life'."

BUT I hear it said, this unfortunate country has been a prey to all sorts of horrors. I sincerely lament it. I beg, however, it may be remembered, that I have been absent four years from Ireland. To me, these sufferings can never be attributed. I designed, by fair and open war, to procure the separation of the two countries. For open war I was prepared; but if, instead of that, a system of private assassination has taken place, I repeat, whilst I deplore it, that it is not chargeable to me. Atrocities, it seems, have been committed on both sides. I do not less deplore them; I detest them from my heart; and to those who know my character and sentiments, I may safely appeal for the truth of this assertion. With them, I need no justification.

"In a cause like this, success is everything. Success, in the eyes of the vulgar, fixes its merits. Washington succeeded and Kosciusko failed."

AFTER a combat nobly sustained, a combat which would have excited the respect and sym-

pathy of a generous enemy, my fate was to become a prisoner. To the eternal disgrace of those who gave the order, I was brought hither in irons, like a felon. I mention this for the sake of others; for me, I am indifferent to it; I am aware of the fate which awaits me, and scorn equally the tone of complaint and that of supplication.

"As to the connection between this country and Great Britain, I repeat it, all that has been imputed to me, words, writings, and actions, I here deliberately avow. I have spoken and acted with reflection, and on principle, and am ready to meet the consequences. Whatever be the sentence of this court, I am prepared for it. Its members will surely discharge their duty; I shall take care not to be wanting in mine."

Thus Tone spoke from the dock, delivering one of the most moving utterances that ever have been made from that honourable place. Silence followed for a time. Even the Judges were moved, it is said. It was Tone who broke the silence. He asked whether it was not usual to assign an interval between the sentence and execution. Paterson answered that the vote of the court would be taken immediately, and that, if the prisoner had anything else to say, now was the moment.

★

HERE Tone (greatly agitated it is said) pleaded for the death of a soldier—that he should be shot by a detachment of Grenadiers. Such was the treatment that the rulers of France granted to Frenchmen found in arms against them. Tone claimed it himself in consideration of the uniform which he wore, and he handed in his commission and letters of service in the French army in order to show that he had been for long and *bona fide* an officer in the French service.

Paterson: "You must feel that the papers you allude to will serve as undeniable proof against you."

Tone: "Oh! I know it well. I have already admitted the fact, and I now admit the papers as full proof of conviction."

The papers were examined, and General Loftus observed that Tone was designated as serving in the *Armée d'Angleterre*—the army that the French had designed for the invasion of Great Britain and Ireland.

Tone: "I did serve in that army when it was commanded by Buonaparte, by Desaix, and by Kilmaine, who is, as I am, an Irishman. But I have also served elsewhere."

Asked if he had anything further to say, he said that the sooner the Viceroy's approbation of sentence of the court was obtained the better. He would count it a favour if it could be obtained within an hour.

Cornwallis refused the last demand for a soldier's death, and Tone was sentenced to die the death of a traitor in forty-eight hours on November 12th.

(To be continued.)

SOCCER PARADE

I FEAR that there is something in the complaint of a correspondent who states that many members of the N.A.C.A. support foreign games. The Leinster Council, G.A.A., have decided that all members of the Association under its jurisdiction shall be suspended if they take part in pure athletics unless they are controlled by the N.A.C.A. That is valuable support, indeed, and merits reciprocity. How can an N.A.C.A. man play or support English games (I am here excluding the primary logic of patriotism) when Englishmen forbid him to wave the Irish flag on the field of athletics? Now, some under-proof Irishman will object that "sport is sport" (a Colonial platitude), and that Rugby is played in France, and Soccer in Italy. His ilk condemned the Ban in pre-Treaty days solely on the Colonial platitude. They condemn it to-day on union-of-hearts grounds. An open word, so that all may hear, with such objections.

• • •

RUGBY, soccer, cricket and hockey are English in appropriation if not in origin. There isn't much doubt about the origin either. Whatever measure of support those games attained here soon after their introduction was due to the subtle propaganda of the "foreign faction" whose homes were in Ireland and whose hearts were in England. They were invested with a "respectable" atmosphere, and an accent. The accent was important. Its acquisition conferred distinction. To be sure, it sounded like two magpies conversing over the carcass of a sheep, but it was a passport to Society in Rathgar (Rathgar). Newly-rich shopkeepers encouraged their sons to play the English game in every sense of the phrase. Rugby, cricket, and hockey dances and reunions gave fresh hope to snobbish mothers and their unadmired daughters.

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SOMEONE will say that the foregoing comments are not correctly attributable to soccer, that here is surely a game for the plain people. It happens that I remember the beginnings of soccer in this country. The game was brought over by British soldiery. For some time it was confined to garrison teams. Then some of the four or five hundred Dublin gons who Sunday after Sunday marched behind a military band, which played from the Protestant Church in Arbour Hill to Phoenix Park, formed a club. Very soon I overheard these Tommy-struck youths speaking about this "ole crush" and that "ole crush"; the Yorkshire Light Infantry, and the Twelfth Lancers. Soccer smelt of the British canteen. The smell has lingered. The game was exploited by the English colony here who secured innumerable suits of clothes for England's army.

• • •

THE principal promoters of all these English games were and are Union-Jackers, poppy-day propagandists. That cannot be legitimately denied. Helped by British newspapers circulating in Ireland, they are effective in sabotaging National principles. France and

Italy are politically free. Within their respective territories there are no British heels bent on exploiting their manners, customs, and games. The people in those countries are immune from the social penetrations which in the spirit at least acclaim "England Over All."

OVER many, many years I have written on various aspects of foreign games. I have debated them with inspired idiots and with astute English-minded folk. When I scratched the overwhelming majority of these I found West-Britons. Occasionally I have come across Irishmen who deplore the weakness of their fellow countrymen in allowing themselves to be influenced by the atmosphere and environment of foreign games. May I merely say that Matt Talbot rose above his environment. How many have been so blessed!

DALCASSIAN.

N.B.—In case it might be your'd forget to remember, jot down in your note-book: The 2th of November. And then you'll look forward all blithely and go'll to the Flag Day, the Games and (O, won't) to the Criddle.

• • •

QUIBBLE

FROM Mr. de Valera's weak and lengthy interview with a London journalist, the following is a quotation:—

At this point I mentioned that some in the North were afraid that if they entered an all-Ireland Parliament that Parliament might secede from the Empire and separate themselves completely. Had, I asked, that fear any substance in fact?

"We can deal only with probabilities," replied Mr. de Valera. "I cannot say what the future may bring. But let us examine the probabilities. As long ago as 1921, in a correspondence between Mr. Lloyd George, then Prime Minister of Britain, and myself, I declared:

"A certain treaty of free association with the British Commonwealth group, as with a partial league of nations, we would have been ready to recommend, and as a Government to negotiate and take responsibility for, had we an assurance that the entry of the nation as a whole into such association would secure for it the allegiance of the present dissenting minority, to meet whose sentiment alone this step could be contemplated."

"From that day to this, I have always left that door of possible association open—to make it possible to meet Northern sentiment to that extent."

That is a mean quibble. Let us again remind those who need to be reminded that any association with Britain considered in 1921 was association on the part of an independent Republic of 32 counties. Association on any other basis will always be repudiated by "the intelligent minority". And Mr. de Valera knows it.

