



The Irish People

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**THE VOICE OF
IRISH REPUBLICANISM
IN AMERICA**

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May 16, 1981

New York

10,000 MOURN



Pallbearers proceeding to the U.N. Plaza, in the New York Memorial for Bobby Sands.

More than 10,000 marchers closed off five Manhattan blocks in front of the British Consulate last Saturday, in the largest Republican demonstration in America in ten years. The second largest demonstration occurred spontaneously on Tuesday, following the death of Robert Sands. These demonstrations were organized by Irish Northern Aid.

Similar demonstrations occurred across the country. In San Francisco, more than 2,000 demonstrated, and there was a call by Fr. Devine for a boycott of British goods which received extensive media coverage.

In Boston, there have been daily demonstrations since Sands' death and the daily pickets continue in Chicago.

Philadelphia has also been the site of major protests.

Meanwhile the Longshoremen announced a one day refusal boycott of British ship-

ping. Transit Workers Union leader John Lawe called upon his members to drive with headlights on all day on the day of Sands' burial. A national boycott of British Airways has been announced.

These are but samplings of activities across the nation as Irish-Americans unite as never before behind the hunger strikers and against British colonial rule in Ireland.

Irish Northern Aid will continue daily demonstrations in New York but has announced

each Saturday as a major demonstration. This Saturday's demonstration will feature guest speaker Dr. Martin Abend.

Frankie Hughes

See page 12.

HUGHES MURDERED

Irish Northern Aid, while still in mourning for Bobby Sands, murdered Member of Parliament, must now also grieve for Francis Hughes who died today on his 59th day of hunger strike in the infamous H-Blocks of Long Kesh.

Once again the British colonial rulers have been unmoved by considerations of humanity, morality or justice. The British have murdered a second young Irish man in defense of a political propaganda fiction that those who resist British colonial rule in Ireland are criminals when it has become blatantly self-evident, by their deaths, by the election of Bobby Sands to Parliament, and by the thousands who have marched in mourning for Bobby Sands across the world, that these men died for the freedom of their country and Britain's position is an ignominious lie.

Francis Hughes and Bobby Sands have lived and now died amidst a British colonial state in Ireland, which is based upon military terrorism, the manipulation of sectarian division by sectarian privilege, economic

Cont'd. on pg. 3

The Funeral in Belfast

centerfold



• Twinbrook estate, last Thursday

The unchanging desire for freedom

THE biggest IRA funeral since the burial of hunger-striker Terence MacSwiney, MP, was that of Bobby Sands, MP, last Thursday.

In 1920 it was expedient for local authorities, for unions, for people in high places, for cardinals and bishops, to come out and march behind the man who hungered after justice and who supported the use of arms in the struggle to overthrow British rule and establish Irish democracy. That most of those people have retreated from the struggle is an indication that they have been purchased by partition rather than been intimidated by the 'defenders' of this realm.

What has not changed in sixty-one years is the desire of the Irish people to be free and of a new generation of freedom fighters to fight.

STORY

The story of Bobby Sands is a sad one,

of northern nationalist youth and people left without moral or political direction from those who claim leadership. And with ridicule poured upon malignment and scorn from the same hypocrites whose moral and physical cowardice perpetuates the evils which Bobby Sands, like MacSwiney before him, fought against.

British rule destroyed Bobby Sands' life just as it destroys peace in Ireland and threatens to destroy the lives of Francis Hughes, Patsy O'Hara and Raymond McCreesh.

STRENGTH

Though saddened at the tremendous loss, republicans draw strength from Bobby Sands' death which like his life on the blanket testifies to the fact that English rule cannot work when there is Irish resistance. It is a terrible price to prove a point but such is the cost of resistance, and the point when proven draws in greater numbers of hitherto uncommitted people who recognize that

this is the only way, and that the course of resistance and armed struggle has already forged a leadership in the Irish Republican Movement.

British attempts to criminalise the Irish freedom fighters have foundered to the extent that ironically the prison hunger-strikers have inspired and politicised thousands of otherwise relatively docile Irish people and internationalised the struggle to unbelievable proportions.

Irish people do not watch such funerals as Thursday's without being moved, emotionally as well as to action. The world has also seen an extract from the political struggle of the jail spilling on to the streets — and its recognition of the struggle for Irish national liberation will have its effect, will take a heavy toll on British rule, and may well be a watershed in British demoralisation. And all because of the hunger-strikers and Bobby Sands.

Cont'd. from pg. 1

HUGHES MURDERED

exploitation, legalized torture and murder. All people of good will who search for peace in Ireland must now concede that there is indeed violence, the violence of terrorism, sectarianism and poverty exacted each day from all Irish lives so that British colonial rule might continue on Irish soil.

Francis Hughes, as did Bobby Sands, has died to free his people from such violence.

We extend our condolences to his relatives and friends and restate our determination that his death will not be in vain.

IRISH NORTHERN IRISH NORTHERN AID Richmond Hills Unit

Will Sponsor A

SOCIAL

Sunday, May 17th

6 to 10 p.m.

At

Lydon's Pub

109th Street & Liberty Ave., Richmond Hills

Music By Matty Connolly & Martin Mulhaire

Donation \$5.00

For Information Call Steve Lowry 441- 9524

Co. Antrim Society

Will Sponsor A

SOCIAL

At

The Breffni Inn

The Breffni Inn

10th Street & Queens Blvd.

On

Sunday, May 17th

Between 4 & 7 p.m.

There will be a drawing for a round trip ticket to Ireland

Music by The Buckley Family

IRISH NORTHERN AID Olney Unit

Will Sponsor An

IRISH DANCE

On

Saturday, May 16th

9:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m.

At

Baker Hall

5532 Rising Sun Ave., Phla., Pa.

— Featuring —

Rosaleen & The Rebels

○ \$5.00 per person ○ Tea & Scones

○ Beverages

For Information:

455 7409 352- 8148 535- 5348

FERRARO TO THATCHER—

U.S. Rep. Geraldine A. Ferraro today implored Great Britain's Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher to stop the hunger strike of Irish Republican Army leader Bobby Sands.

"I am asking you not to let Bobby Sands die," said Ferraro in a telegram sent to 10 Downing Street in London. "His death will result in more violence and senseless deaths. It's within your power to bring this situation to a peaceful end. For the good of England, and the good of Ireland, please set forth this important peace initiative."

In another statement from the floor of the House, she said the government of Britain

was being "unjustly obstinate" in refusing to yield to the demand of the IRA that its members be allowed to wear their own clothing.

"It is a petty issue when weighed against the potential loss of lives and heightened violence that may very well result if Mr. Sands soon dies."

Ferraro said that the solution to the problems in Ireland must come from the Irish people, "and not from a nation which is occupying their homeland. The essential problem in Northern Ireland is whether England has the moral or legal right to govern any of the northern Irish counties."

KANSAS CITY—

The Irish Northern Aid Unit of Kansas City, Missouri, has been on the street with an informative protest each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 12:00 noon to 1:00 p.m., and we will continue this protest until the British recognize political status. We switch between the Federal Building, the Federal Courthouse (where our Senators and Congressman have their offices) and the City Court House.

DETROIT —

Nearly 1,500 Detroiters met at Holy Trinity Church for a memorial service for Bobby Sands on May 7th. Irish Northern Aid, along with all Detroit Irish organizations, were joined by people of various nationalities and creeds to mourn the death of Bobby Sands.

The crowd then marched to the Gaelic League, where the featured speaker, Frank Durkan, voiced the crowd's determination that Bobby Sands' death would not be in vain. We asked the crowd present to join in the nationwide boycott of British Airways and tourism to Britain. All Detroit TV stations, major newspapers, and radio stations were on hand to cover the largest Irish-American protest march in Detroit's history.

Bobby Sands leaves behind a legacy of strength, courage, and involvement in the struggle for a United Ireland, free of domination and occupation by a foreign power. Bobby Sands, regardless of the many differences within the movement for a United Ireland, has become an important symbol of strength and determination of the Irish people to be free.

SEAN OGLAIGH—

The annual Commemoration held every year by the Sean Oglagh na h-Eireann and Clan na Gael of America at the Fenian Plot in Calvary Cemetery will take place on Memorial Day, Monday, May 25, 1981, at 2:00 p.m.

We are appealing to all friends of Ireland to join with us that day, to show the people of the north of Ireland that we are with them in body and spirit at this tragic time in their history.

We will also visit the grave of Matthew P. Higgins, the Past President of the Old IRA Veterans and the Donegal Association.

To get to the cemetery by train, take the IRT, Number 7, Flushing Line, to the Bliss Street Station and walk four blocks to the entrance at 47th St. and Laurel Hill Boulevard, where the parade will assemble.

OHIO —

The Columbus Unit of Irish Northern Aid has commenced operations as of March 8, 1981. On Friday, April 24th, forty-five people gathered to celebrate the Anniversary of the Irish Rebellion in 1916. All in attendance received that week's copy of The Irish People, a copy of the pamphlet distributed by Eire Nua, The Congressional Record, as well as the latest literature on the renewed hunger strike, and the latest reports

on the condition of Bobby Sands. There was great enthusiasm and interest in subscribing to The Irish People, as well as planning an event in the near future. Tentative plans call for one in early June held in a larger facility, which seems necessary after the numerous calls received inquiring about future activity by people not in attendance. A future notice will be posted in The Irish People with additional details.

MEMORIAL MASS —

Limerick Men's Benevolent and Social Association - Memorial Mass on May 25th

Arrangements have been made for the 32nd annual memorial Mass of Requiem, for the deceased members of the Limerick Men's Benevolent and Social Association, Inc., to be offered in St. Agnes' Church, 143 E. 43rd St., New York, on Monday Memorial Day, May 25, 1981 at 11:00 a.m.

The Right Reverend Monsignor John M. Brew, P.A., Pastor, will be the celebrant and a

trumpeter will sound "Taps" to conclude the service.

The sounding of "Taps" will be a reminder that the Mass has patriotic military overtones, 35 members of the Association having served in World War II, Sergeant James P. Alymer and PFC Patrick Fitzgerald killed in action.

Michael A. Hickey, President, extends an invitation to the members' friends and relatives of deceased members to attend.

William Geary, trustee, made the arrangements.

MARIO BIAGGI —

Congressman Mario Biaggi has released the following statement:

"The intransigence of the British Government throughout this matter is to be condemned. They have displayed arrogance in their spurning of world pleas -- including the Pope's -- for a humanitarian solution. Their

failure even to attempt to work for such an outcome reflects the moral bankruptcy of their policies in the north of Ireland. It is my fervent hope that the call of Bobby Sands' mother for non-violence will be followed so that the British Government can suffer the glare of a much-deserved, negative world reaction."

MINEOLA —

The Irish American Society of Nassau, Suffolk, and Queens, Inc., is pleased to announce that their next Society Dance will be held on Saturday evening, May 30, 1981, from 9:30 pm to 2:00 am, at the Irish American Center located at 297 Willis Avenue, Mineola.

The music for this affair will be provided by the very popular

Pat Roper and Tommy Doyle. Admission will be \$5.00 per person and the affair will be chaired by Kevin and Carol Hopkins of Rockville Centre.

For further information and reservations, please call (516) PI-6-9392, Monday through Friday, from 9:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m., or any evening after 8:30 p.m.

Editorial

SANDS' DEATH

One week has elapsed since the death of Robert Sands, Member of Parliament, in a British prison on Irish soil. Of necessity, the emphasis has begun to shift. It is right that such a shift begin. The English do not afford us the luxury of time. Francis Hughes lies near death. Raymond McCreesh and Patrick O'hara approach critical. Joe McDonnell has commenced hunger strike "to the death", a phrase once scoffed at by the English, but now one that resounds ominously. Our actions now must be directed primarily towards preventing more British murders in the infamous H-Blocks, rather than in further mourning for Robert Sands. This certainly would be the wish of Robert Sands, who volunteered to precede his fellows in hunger strike by two weeks, in order to maximize his opportunity to save their lives. However, it would be unseemly to turn ahead to the tasks which lie before us without a few final words about the death which Bobby Sands died, in order to free his country.

SIGNIFICANCE

There are those who do not understand. They cannot comprehend dying for one's country. After all, they assert, Sands will not live to see the benefits of a free Ireland. Such people do not see beyond the limits of their own lifetimes. Bobby Sands was not so limited. He grew up in a country oppressed by terrorism of British troops and the poverty of British economic exploitation. In boyhood, his family was driven from their home by Loyalist

sectarian paramilitaries, who fired shots through their front door. His first job ended with death threats from Loyalists. He spent nine of his twenty-seven years in British prisons on Irish soil. His marriage was broken. His wife left him and his son was taken from him. For five years, he suffered daily physical and psychological torture. He served as officer in command during a fifty-three day hunger strike and jubilantly received the concessions which ended the hunger strike. The British reneged. He commenced a hunger strike, asking only that the British recognize what the world already knew to be so, that he was a political prisoner. The Irish people elected him to Parliament. He died. He died so that one day, even if he would not live to see it, Irish men and women might be born into a country free of the military terrorism, sectarian bigotry, poverty, imprisonment, and torture, that is British colonial rule in Ireland. Such a death speaks for itself. It is enough to say that on the day he died, 7500 people marched for him in a country 3000 miles distant from his own, and similar demonstrations were held across the United States, England, France, and Australia. Mere words could never provide a more eloquent tribute. In narrow terms, the span of his life has ended. In a deeper sense, however, Bobby Sands lives on. He will live forever in an Ireland which has freedom and generations of its children will live enriched by the absence of British colonial rule which he helped to remove.

MICHAEL DALY

Suddenly, Michael Daly, columnist for The New York Daily News, has been forced to resign. The cause of his departure is reprinted on page fifteen. It was an anti-British column, written from Belfast. The column describes the experiences of a British trooper. It provoked outrage amidst the English press, ultimately forcing Daly's departure. The British claimed that there was no trooper named Spell as Daly had identified. Of course Daly imputed a fictitious name. One can only imagine the horrors inflicted by the British on one of their own who dared

to give an interview to an American journalist. Daly protected his source rather than breach confidentiality, and resigned. Pete Hamill is gone from The Daily News. Dr. Martin Abend has been curtailed so severely, that, as Ireland leads the headlines day after day, he, perhaps the leading American commentator on the subject, was permitted to speak on Ireland only once, and that was on the day Bobby Sands died. Now, Michael Daly is gone. Censorship on Ireland was dealt a major setback by Bobby Sands, but it has by no means ended.

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NEWS

Resolution

RHODE ISLAND Senate Resolution S1154

Memorializing the President of the United States to urge the Government of Great Britain to recognize Frankie Hughes, Raymond McCreesh, and Patsy O'Hara as political prisoners.

This was passed in the Senate of the State of Rhode Island, on roll call vote, 40 Ayes, 2 Nos.

WHEREAS, British injustice in occupied Ireland violates the fundamental principles of common law and human decency, in that persons are interned without being charged with a crime and persons are unable to obtain a trial by a jury of their peers; and

WHEREAS, coerced confessions are admissible into evidence and persons are presumed guilty until they have proven themselves innocent, which has resulted in a conviction rate of approximately 90 percent; and

WHEREAS, Amnesty International in 1972 and again in 1978 investigated the treatment of political prisoners of war in British-occupied Ireland and found evidence of torture of these prisoners; and

WHEREAS, the British-established Bennett Commission reported in March of 1979 the ill treatment of internees and prisoners; and

WHEREAS, in British-occupied Ireland, through the use of special courts called Diplock Courts, the law is being used as a propaganda cover for the disposal of unwanted members of the public;

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, that this Senate of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations expresses its abhorrence of the inhuman conditions that have led to a second hunger strike, and request the President of the United States to inform British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and the Government of Great Britain of our desire that the proposals submitted by the British Government to those on the first hunger strike on December 18, 1980, and accepted by them as fulfilling the conditions they sought on embarking on their hunger strike, be implemented by prison authority without delay;

AND BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that this Senate of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations request the President of the United States to contact British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher immediately and request her and the Government of Great Britain to recognize Frankie Hughes, Raymond McCreesh, and Patsy O'Hara as political prisoners, and to request that they not be classified as common criminals;

AND BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that this Senate of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations expresses profound sympathy on the death of Bobby Sands, an Irish patriot and member of the British Parliament.

AND BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that the Secretary of State be and hereby is authorized and directed to transmit a duly certified copy of this resolution to the President of the United States.

IRISH NORTHERN AID Sunnyside Unit

Will Hold A

DANCE

At

Four Green Fields

47th Street & 48th Avenue, Woodside
On

Sunday, May 17th, 1981

From 5 p.m. to 9 p.m.

Music by Pete McMonagle & The Glena
Showband

Committee

Thomas McGuire • Robert Fleming • Tilly McPartland
Kevin Donnelly • Angela Maguire • Tom Hayden
Gene Conlon • Mike Conway • James Campbell
John Timlin • James O'Leary

All Drinks \$1.00

Donation \$5.00

Staten Island Advance

To the Editor
Staten Island Advance
950 Fingerboard Road
Staten Island, N.Y. 10305
Dear Sir:

Terence J. Kivlan's column (Staten Island Advance 5/3/81) relays inaccurate statements made by Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan about the recent Fermanagh/South Tyrone by-election. Some of the errors were minor ones but others grossly misrepresented the facts.

The incumbent was not "Hugh" Maguire but Frank Maguire. In the 1979 Westminster General Election, the last two-man race in the constituency, Frank McManus, the Nationalist candidate received 32,832 votes and Lord Hamilton, his Unionist opponent, 31,390. Presuming that the nationalist vote represents the Catholic population in the district, a simple calculation shows that they make up only 51% of the voters, a majority which does not justify the description "heavily Catholic area".

Frank Maguire, the incumbent whose death necessitated the recent by-election, was stated to have "shied away from involvement in the vitriolic politics of Ulster". Maguire was in fact a Republican activist who had been interned for two years in the late 1950s. As an MP he was noted for his work in behalf of Irish political prisoners in English jails.

Senator Moynihan refers to the by-election, as if only two candidates had been nominated "right up until the filing dead-

line for candidates". What about Bernadette Devlin McAliskey? The party Senator Moynihan referred to had in fact used political pressure in an effort to force her to withdraw. To quote Bernadette: "If I ran, the SDLP said they would contest the seat, thereby splitting the nationalist vote and giving the election to the Unionists, which was the same thing they did in 1973 to get rid of me. I promised to withdraw only if we could find someone whom we would unite around, which was Bobby Sands."

SDLP stands for Social Democratic and Labor Party. Senator Moynihan referred to the SDLP as "Christian Democrat and Labor Party". The error I would normally accept as a slip of the tongue. In the light of the fact that there is a propaganda effort in the United States trying to link the IRA with a Marxist philosophy and a Moscow controlled conspiracy, I doubt that the error was a slip of the tongue. The anti IRA SDLP was described in "Northern Ireland: A Political Directory" as "a radical, left of center party", which is a "member of the Socialist International and the Confederation of Socialist Parties of the European Community". Senator Moynihan and the other 'Big Three' of the recently formed 'Friends of Ireland' movement are believed to rely on John Hume, current leader of the SDLP, for much of their information about the current political scene in Ireland. The party was reject-

ed by the nationalists of Fermanagh/South Tyrone in the May 1979 Westminster General Election and John Hume has already exercised political discretion by declaring that the SDLP would not put forward a candidate if another hunger striker is nominated for the seat in the event of the death of Bobby Sands.

Senator Moynihan quotes anonymous sources when charging that the IRA brought pressure to bear on Noel Maguire to get him to withdraw. The story, he alleges, was not printed in Ireland because: "They've had a civil war in this country. There are some things they don't print." Anyone familiar with Irish newspapers knows that this is a blatant falsehood. Editorially and otherwise, Irish newspapers have not hesitated to give their readers material critical of the IRA.

Permit me, in concluding, to thank the Staten Island Advance for giving coverage to both sides involved in the situation in northeast Ireland. If all newspapers in America had acted similarly, many lives would have been saved. The greatest single factor conducive to a just peace in Ireland is the moral pressure that could be exerted by an informed American public. Senator Moynihan and Irish American politicians could help by joining the work of Congressman Biaggi's Ad Hoc Committee.

Sincerely,
Maurice Burke S.M.A.
Staten Island

New York Times

The New York Times
229 West 43 Street
New York, N.Y. 10036
To the Editor:

The New York Times editorial of April 29, referring to IRA guerilla killings, states "to declare that these crimes are somehow lessened because the aim was political would debase justice."

The drift of that statement is misleading. IRA killings are made political by Britain's political presence in Ireland, not by the 'aims' of the IRA. It is not possible for a person to become a political activist of any kind simply by declaring it as one's aim. We don't exist in subjectivist bubbles. There has to be an actual political issue out there in the real world before there can be a political action made in response to it.

It is the political situation in the north of Ireland before the fact, and not any declaration of aims after the fact, which makes IRA guerilla action political. As much could be said for the British army. It is

not the personal motivation of British soldiers which makes the British army a political force in Ireland. It is Britain's physical presence in the north of Ireland which makes its army action there politically relevant.

The effort to criminalize the IRA in the prisons and press is an attempt to change realities by changing names and classifications. It doesn't work. And while attention is diverted by these mental abstractions, life in the concrete goes on. The Irish are caught up in a situation where politics, not crime, debases justice.

What we must set our minds to is the question of whether or not the Irish people as a whole have the political right to establish the law and the state under which they are to be governed. If the British say no, this would explain the British gun in Ireland. If the Irish say yes, this would explain the Irish gun in Ireland.

Sincerely,
Raymond Clark

PASS ON
THIS COPY OF
THE IRISH PEOPLE
TO A FRIEND.

Readers' Views,
The Cincinnati Enquirer
617 Vine Street
Cincinnati, Ohio 45201

To the Editor:

It seems the editorial staff of the Cincinnati Enquirer is on a seesaw of justice and principles. On April 22, your editorial, "FBI: Reagan Pardon a Final Chapter in Tough Case" approved the Presidential pardon of two former FBI agents convicted of violating the civil rights of American citizens. Then on April 30, your editorial "Ireland" states "Crimes are crimes - whether by terrorists or anyone else." Not only is the editorial hypocritical and prejudiced, it is erroneous.

Mr. Sands is near death, and even though you do not espouse

The New York Times
229 West 43rd Street
New York, NY
Gentlemen:

I noted with some irony the papers were full of youths with masks, haunting troops and throwing rocks at armored vehicles in the wake of the death of Bobby Sands who was referred to as an IRA guerrilla or a terrorist. Nowhere were we shown photos of the bereaved mother nor was he ever alluded to as the only elected member of parliament who ever cared enough to starve himself for sixty six days and lay down his life to show the world the horror of the British concentration camps in the north of Ireland.

Focusing on the violence, but careful never to censure the cause of that violence, namely, the continuing violation of human rights and illegal and immoral occupation of the north of Ireland by England, the media conveniently overlooks the colonialist legacy of British misrule in India, Ireland, Africa, and the attendant atrocities inflicted on those "colonies" by the keepers of the empire. Our own little colony fought two wars of independence and George Washington was called a terrorist, as were the twelve Irish men who signed the Declaration of Inde-

pendence, and the eleven Irish generals who served under him.

The pages of American history are red with Irish blood and the battlefields of the American Republic have been crimsoned with their sacrifices for freedom from Valley Forge to Fredericksburg, from the Alamo to Vietnam.

No matter how many English judges "convict" freedom fighters in special courts where the accused is denied the right to a trial by jury and convictions are "obtained" solely on the basis of "confessions" extracted through torture, the world knows that a man who is willing to starve himself to death for his belief is no criminal and stands in hushed awe in the face of such self-sacrifice, where the name of the game is play it safe and take care of number one.

Two thousand years ago on Calvary a man was also tried and convicted by the authorities and spat upon and called a fool. That sacrifice reverberated down the centuries. Bobby Sands also died to make men free and in fact his father's kingdom has many mansions, would that I were he.

Very truly yours,
William A. Kelly
President, Div. 11
Clarkstown AOH

Irish Northern Aid

Daily Picket

From
12 To 1 P.M.

The
British Consulate
33 North Dearborn

For information Call (312) 775-2826

Cincinnati Enquirer

his Republican principles and beliefs, at least have the decency to report the truth of his arrest. There was no "gun battle with police". Bobby Sands was arrested in a parked car with three comrades and the police found one unloaded weapon. Convicted in a "special court" without the benefit of a jury, Mr. Sands and his comrades were sentenced to 14 years imprisonment each, for the possession of the same weapon.

If one uses the same logic as the editorial staff, then George Washington and the brave Americans who struggled for liberty against British armed oppression would be labeled terrorists.

I also must comment of Bob Brumfield's disgraceful article, "Bobby Sands Merits His Horrible

Fate". Brumfield is a disgrace to his profession. I have never read and I hope never to read again, such a disgusting, hate-filled sick style of writing in The Cincinnati Enquirer. Brumfield conveniently ignores the religious discrimination, systematic gerrymandering, and the Loyalists' complete domination in employment, housing, and government services. I demand a retraction and an apology from the Cincinnati Enquirer and Brumfield.

Tony Lang's article on May 2, "Smallest Irish Patriot Longs for Freedom" shows the true picture of English oppression of the Irish nationalists. I thank Mr. Lang on behalf of Ireland and the oppressed Irish nationalists.

Sincerely,
John McLean

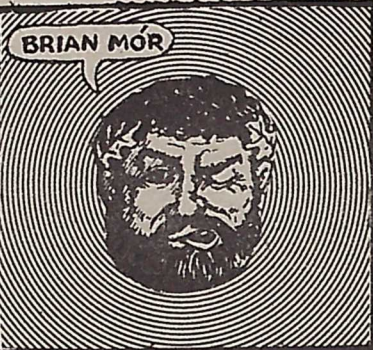
OISÍN

Those who authorized the torture of internees in August 1971 must have realized that details of the interrogation procedures used would eventually become known. When that did happen and the political storm broke, the 'Five Techniques', as Peter Taylor points out in "Beating the Terrorists", became a red herring. "They attracted most of the publicity because they were dramatic, although only fourteen men, the 'guinea pigs', were subjected to them...But the 'guinea pigs' were only fourteen of the 3,000 suspects interrogated by the RUC in the year that followed internment." The publicity generated however, made it necessary to find other means to accomplish what Britain's Brigadier Frank Kitson called "the disposal of unwanted members of the public." By December 1972, Lord Diplock's commission had submitted its recommendations which became law with the passing of the Emergency Powers Act of 1973. Under this Act, Diplock Courts were set up, juryless courts in which specially selected judges, operating under special rules of evidence, were empowered to convict solely on the basis of confessions signed by suspects while in police custody. Fathers Denis Faul and Raymond Murray, Prison Chaplains, give details of methods used to get confessions in "British Army and Special Branch RUC Brutalities" which was published in 1972. In 1974 they found it necessary to publish

"The RUC: The Black and Blue Book". In "The Castlereagh File", they give details of ill-treatment of suspects by the Royal Ulster Constabulary in 1976 and 1977. Amnesty International in June 1978 declared that "maltreatment of suspected terrorists by the RUC has taken with sufficient frequency to warrant the establishment of a public inquiry to investigate it." On March 18th 1981, the International League for Human Rights called for the immediate revision of emergency laws for the interrogation of suspects and urged that disciplinary action be taken against police officers who extract confessions. Unlike the 'Five Techniques', the brutal methods used to induce suspects to sign confessions did not follow a set pattern and were not confined to one interrogation center. The evidence shows that blackmail, drugs and brutal, degrading physical ill-treatment were used in police stations throughout north-east Ireland to secure a 94% conviction rate in the courts. Dominic Liddy, one of those blackmailed, was taken to Ballymena RUC station at 6 A.M. on May 21st, 1973. "At 8:00, after being questioned until this time, I signed statements. I signed these statements after being beaten by a detective called ----- and threatened that my father, who suffers from a heart condition, would be lifted and detained in Long

Kesh. The detective was able to tell me that he suffered from this condition." Bernadette Doyle signed to protect her unborn child. "They saw I was pregnant and they started shouting to me about having a miscarriage. They picked me up out of my chair and threw me back against the wall, punching me in the stomach. They told me they were going to make me lose the child unless I confessed to these incidents. They were hitting me badly and I was really scared that I was going to lose my child. Eventually I told them that I would make a statement admitting to whatever they wanted." The use of drugs, long suspected was confirmed in May 1972 when an attorney sent a urine specimen to the City Hospital in Belfast for analysis. The result showed that his client had been given a considerable dosage of amphetamine. Most suspects however signed confessions after being physically abused. Some were held over electric fires. Cigarettes were pushed up nostrils and were applied to wrists, between fingers, to arms, backs, and the genital area. Matches and candles were also used as were electric cattle prods and medical nerve stimulators. Hand squeezing of testicles is a frequent practice, as is punching in the stomach which is sometimes accompanied by simultaneous chopping blows to the ribs from behind. Some interrogators indulge in kicking bouts, concentrating on the inside of legs and thighs, while the victim is held on the ground with legs stretched apart. Others play Russian Roulette, taking turns to pull the trigger near the victim's ear. While the guns are usually not loaded, blanks are sometimes used and once a blank was exploded in a sus-

pect's mouth. Prisoners have been urinated on and females have been strip-searched by males and threatened with rape. Interrogation may go on for up to seven days during which the suspect is not allowed to see an attorney. The Bennett Committee of Inquiry into Police Interrogation Procedures reported: "To our surprise, there is no provision requiring a woman officer to be present when a woman suspect is being interviewed." Medical evidence submitted noted that prisoners charged in police stations throughout the province showed "significant bruising, contusions, and abrasions of the body and evidence of hyper-extension and hyper-flexion of joints (especially of the wrist), of tenderness associated with hair-pulling and persistent jabbing, of rupture of the eardrums and of increased mental agitation and excessive anxiety states." "Injuries sustained during the period of detention in the police office were inflicted by someone other than the prisoner himself. This is indicated beyond all doubt by the nature, severity, sites, and numbers of separate injuries in one person. An example would be hemorrhage into the eye, a swollen nose, a cut lip and multiple bruises on various parts of the body, all in one prisoner." "They would never have been convicted in an American court", Dr. David Lowry, an English born professor at New York School of Law, has commented, referring to those convicted in Diplock courts. "These men were put on an elaborate conveyer or belt in which innocent people were railroaded into prison. They were denied due process. Perhaps some are criminals, perhaps some have killed innocent people, but we will never know."



Much has been made and said of Margaret Thatcher's intransigence in the matter of the murderous conclusion of the hunger strike. The name that a commentator employed on CBS Radio's Spectrum was very fitting "Attila the Hen", although the infamous barbarian seems to come up short when compared to his modern counterpart. History recounts how the earlier "Scourge of God" listened and heeded to the pleadings of the Pope. During the Nazi reign of terror that has come to be known as the Holocaust, one woman stood out from the Satanic horde that was officially named the Department for the Final Solution to the Jewish Problem. Her name was Ilse Koch, but history remembers her as the "Bitch of Buchenwald". Her crimes against the helpless inmates of that death camp are well documented and the thirty odd years that have passed since those dark days have not diminished the enormity of the horror. Margaret Thatcher, the present leader of Britain's love/hate relationship with Fascism, deserves to take her place in the annals of barbarity and what better sobriquet for this Himmleresque deviate than "The Bitch of Long Kesh". Since the death of Bobby Sands, we have been treated to numerous television interviews with authorities on all phases of Irish history, topped off with an explanation of the hunger strike as being a traditional form of redress of injury in Ireland since the days of the Brehon judges. Fasting on the doorstep of the offending person, be it king or commoner, was a common practice, and when the offender was shamed in retribution, the fast ended. There is another form of peaceful protest that is uniquely Irish, and though not as steeped in the Bardic tradition as the fast, it works. It is boycott. This very effective form of protest springs from 19th century Mayo and bears the name of the offender, one Captain Boycott, who was forced to abandon his holdings and leave Ireland. This could be accomplished again with a concentrated effort on the part of Irish-Americans and other freedom loving peoples in the USA. Don't buy British goods. The list of British owned companies in America is huge and touches everything from supermarkets to commercial linen suppliers, shoe and clothing manufacturers, audio and electronic corporations and of course the British stranglehold on the liquor industry. Watch the "Irish People" for a complete list of these foreign firms and "Don't Buy Brit!".

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FRANCIS HUGHES

BY SEAN DELANEY

THE SECOND REPUBLICAN to join the H-Block hunger-strike for political status — a fortnight after Bobby Sands — was twenty-five-year-old Francis Hughes, from Bellaghy in South Derry: a determined, committed and totally fearless IRA Volunteer, who organised a spectacularly successful series of military operations before his capture, and was once described by the RUC as their 'most wanted man' in the North.

Eluding for several years the relentless efforts of the British army, UDR and RUC to track him down, Francis operated boldly throughout parts of Tyrone and north and south Antrim, but particularly in his native South Derry, with a combination of brilliant organisation and extreme daring — until his capture after a shoot-out with the SAS — which earned him widespread popular renown, and won general support for the republican cause, as well as giving him an undisputed reputation as a natural-born soldier and leader.

Now completing his eighth week on hunger-strike, his physical condition drastically deteriorating, Francis lies on the verge of a coma, close to death, and ready if necessary to bring tragically true the words of one of his former comrades-in-arms:

"He loved this old country and was prepared to die for it anytime. There'll never be another man like Frank again."

ROOTED

Francis Hughes was born on February 28th 1956, the youngest son amongst ten children, into a staunchly republican family which has been solidly rooted, for most of this century, in the townland of Tamlaghtduff, or Scribe Road as it is otherwise called.

His parents, who married in 1938, are Patrick Joseph Hughes, aged 72, a retired small cattle farmer born in the neighbouring townland of Ballymacpeake, and Margaret, aged 68, whose maiden name is McIlwee, and who was born in Tamlaghtduff.

A quarter of a mile away from the Hughes' bungalow, on the other side of the Scribe Road, live the McIlwees, who have two sons — Thomas and Benedict — on the H-Block blanket protest: they are first cousins of Francis. Elsewhere along the two miles of the Scribe Road, almost every small farm or dwelling is owned by some relative of the Hughes family.

It is hardly surprising, therefore, that prior to Francis' capture the Brits and RUC should have regarded Tamlaghtduff as 'bandit country' and a virtual 'no-go' area, from where a well-executed ambush on enemy forces by Francis and his comrades was a strong possibility, and where a checkpoint on the Scribe Road was far more likely to be manned by republican Volunteers than by Brits or RUC.

In Tamlaghtduff, as throughout the rest of Bellaghy, sympathy as well as active support for the republican cause runs at a very high level, a fact testified to by the approximately twenty prisoners-of-war from around Bellaghy alone.

POPULAR

Francis is an extremely popular person, both to his family and to his republican colleagues and sup-

porters. Since childhood he has been noted for his perpetual good humour and easy-going nature, his complete generosity, and his inability, or refusal, to become angry or depressed.

His father recalls that as a boy he was always whistling, joking and singing: a trait which he carried over into his arduous and perilous days as a republican, when he was able to transmit his enthusiasm and optimism both to Volunteers under his command and to sympathisers who offered them — at great personal risk — food and shelter.

Arriving through the door of a 'safe house', armed (as he always was), and dressed in the military combat uniform which he almost invariably wore while 'on the run', and at the end of a tiring day's march across country, one of his typical, laughing, catchphrases to his solicitous hosts was: 'We've never had it so good.'

It is qualities like these, of un-

complaining tirelessness, of consideration for the morale of those around him, and his ruling wish — to lead by example, that have made Francis Hughes one of the most outstanding Irish revolutionary soldiers this war has produced, and a man enormously respected in his native countryside.

BOY

As a boy, Francis went first to St. Mary's primary school in Bellaghy, and from there to Clady intermediate school three miles away.

He enjoyed school (though he was glad to leave too!) and was a fairly good student whose favourite subjects were history and woodwork. He was not particularly interested in sport, but was very much a lively, outdoor person, who enjoyed messing around on bikes, and later on, in cars.

He enjoyed dancing, and regularly went to *ceilidh* as a young man, even while 'on the run',

although after 'wanted' posters of him appeared his opportunities became less frequent. From a young age, he also had a keen interest in antique objects, collecting bottles and old clocks in particular.

His parents recall that Francis was always extremely helpful around the house and farm, and that he was 'a good tractor man'. On one occasion, however, Francis refused his father's request to shoot an injured dog: he could not bring himself to harm an innocent life.

DECORATOR

Leaving school at sixteen, Francis got a job, with his sister Vera's husband, as an apprentice painter and decorator, completing his apprenticeship shortly before going 'on the run'. Vera recalls that he enjoyed the work and that he was good at his trade.

In later days, Francis would often do a spot of decorating for the people whose house he was staying in.

On one occasion, shortly after the 'wanted' posters of him had been posted up all over South Derry, Francis was painting window frames at the front of the house he was staying in, when two jeep-loads of British soldiers drove past. While the other occupants of the house froze in apprehension, Francis calmly waved and smiled at the curious Brits as they passed by, and continued painting.

It was such utter fearlessness, and the ability to brazen his way through, that saved him time and time again from capture, during his relatively long career as an active service Volunteer.

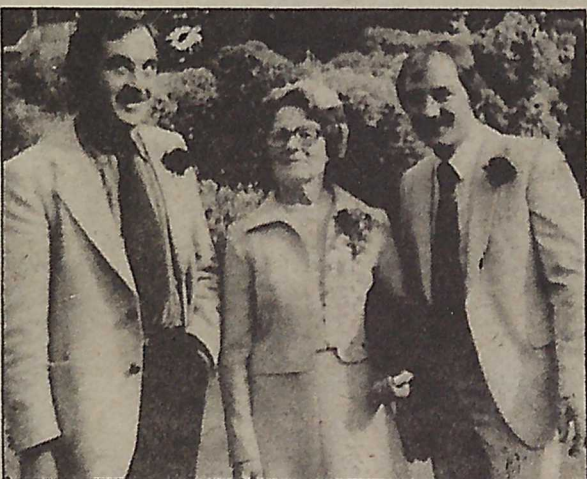
On one such occasion, Francis was paying a rare, brief visit home, when a British army helicopter descended on a field outside the Hughes' farmhouse, about a hundred yards away. Francis, watching the patrol jump out and run over to the Scribe Road to mount a road-block, coolly remarked, 'that's alright', and went back into the kitchen to finish his tea.

Another time, when stopped along with two other Volunteers as they crossed a field, Francis told the Brit patrol that they didn't feel safe walking the roads, as the IRA were so active in the area. The Brits allowed the trio to walk on, but after a few yards Francis ran back to the enemy patrol to scrounge a cigarette and a light from one of the British soldiers!

TROUBLES

Although at the start of 'the troubles', the Hughes family — in common with most nationalist families — would frequently discuss the civil rights campaign, Francis' father recalls that the young lad never appeared to show an active interest at that time, and certainly never went on any of the early

(continued on next page)



■ THE HUGHES FAMILY: top, left: Oliver, aged 31, who still lives in Bellaghy; top, centre; from left: Josephine, aged 40, who lives in England; Dolours, aged 21, who lives at home in Bellaghy; Maria, aged 27, who lives in Scotland; Philomena, aged 41, who lives in Scotland; and Noreen, aged 29, who lives in Belfast — the picture was taken at Maria's wedding, two years ago; top, right: Vera, aged 37, who lives in Magherafelt; bottom, left: Francis, pictured at Clady school, aged then about 14; bottom, centre; from left: Meagher, aged 36, who lives in Dublin; Mrs. Hughes; and Roger, aged 26, who lives in England — this picture was also taken at Maria's wedding; bottom, right: Mr. Hughes

THE FUNERAL OF BOBBY SANDS

THE BODY of IRA Volunteer Bobby Sands was brought to his Twinbrook home in Belfast on Tuesday evening when a steady stream of thousands of mourners filed past his open coffin which was alternatively flanked by guards of honour from Oglagh na hEireann, Na Fianna Eireann and Cumman na mBan.

Bobby's seven-year-old son, Gerald, was brought to the Sands family for a sad reunion with his grandparents. It had been over two years since they or Bobby had last seen him.

On Wednesday night Bobby's remains were flanked by six uniformed IRA Volunteers and an officer who marched alongside the coffin on the short journey to St. Luke's chapel. On Thursday, the day of the funeral, over fifty thousand people marched in pouring rain from St. Luke's chapel, after requiem mass, to the republican plot in Milltown cemetery.

St. Luke's was thronged and the congregation were uneasy when the parish priest, Fr. Mullan, delivered a sermon on violence despite a consensus that the politics of the IRA had stopped at the church door with the removal of the tricolour from the coffin and the dismissing of the guard of honour, so the politics of the church could, for the sake of harmony, have been foregone.

But not so. Everytime Fr. Mullan spoke about peace an old man in a front pew echoed emphasis on 'a just peace'.

FUNERAL

Around two o'clock the funeral set out for the four mile journey to the cemetery and most of the time the sea of people resembled Tehran scenes from the Iranian revolution.

The Iranian charge d'affaires in London, Abdolrahim Gavahi, had been assigned by his government to attend the funeral but because of flight difficulties he arrived in Belfast two hours late. A telegram to the Republican press centre from Tehran's municipality announced that "a street on the western side of the British Embassy building in Tehran was renamed after Bobby Sands" to "honour the heroic death of the IRA freedom fighter."

Men, women and youths wept as the funeral went by. People blessed themselves with the sign of the cross and some old men gave a military salute to the republican martyr.

At Suffolk the procession turned up and round into Lenadown to avoid the small Protestant enclave opposite Woodburn barracks. A piper played one of the H-Block songs, the words of which are:

*"But I'll wear no convict's uniform,
Nor meekly serve my time,
That Britain might call Ireland's
fight."*

"Eight hundred years of crime,"
The funeral stopped close to the Busy Bee shopping centre and Bobby's coffin was removed from the hearse and placed on tressles.

Then, from among the people emerged three IRA Volunteers armed with rifles who were called to attention in Gaelic by a fourth uniformed man. They delivered three sharp volleys over the coffin, removed their berets and bowed their heads in silence for a full minute. The impressive tribute captured the hearts of the huge numbers of people on the road and was eagerly filmed by the world media.

CEMETERY

At the gates of Milltown



● Young Gerald was accompanied at the funeral by Bobby's sister, Marcella

cemetery those assembled on the pavement spontaneously burst out into a recitation of the rosary as the hearse, the guard of honour and the funeral cars carrying Mr. and Mrs. Sands, their daughter Marcella and son John and others of the family, slowly passed through.

Gerry Adams officiated at the graveside ceremony which began with the playing of the Last Post. The tricolour was then removed from the coffin and along with beret and gloves presented to Mrs. Sands.

Wreaths were ones from the GHO Staff IRA, Belfast Brigade IRA, Cumman na mBan, Na Fianna Eireann, Sinn Féin, the Republican POWs in the H-Blocks and Armagh, and the families of the remaining three hunger-strikers.

ORATION

The oration was given by Fermanagh republican Owen Carron, who was Bobby Sands' election agent. He was given roaring applause when he said that armed struggle was the only way forward.

The full text of his oration reads:

"A chairde, a mhuintir na hEireann, is mor an bhron ata orainn go lear an la inniu is muid inor seasamh ag an uaigh seo. Maraíodh Bobby Sands ag na Sasanagh."

"Irishmen and women, it is hard to describe the sadness and sorrow in our hearts today as we stand at the grave of Volunteer Bobby Sands, cruelly murdered by the British government in the H-Blocks of Long Kesh."

"Four weeks ago to this very day, the people of Fermanagh and South Tyrone, on behalf of the whole Irish nation, elected Bobby Sands as their MP, and I was very happy to accept victory on his behalf. Many people had high hopes of saving Bobby's life and little did I think then that in one short month we would all be standing at his graveside."

"Bobby has gone to join the ranks of Ireland's patriotic dead. I have no doubt that the name of Bobby Sands will mark a watershed in Irish history and will be a turning point in the struggle for Irish freedom. Bobby Sands was the bravest man I ever met. He faced death calmly and with confidence."

"Indeed Bobby is a hero and I would like first of all to express on behalf of the Republican Movement our sincere sympathy to his family and to pay tribute to them for standing by him courageously to the end. Someone once said it is hard to be a hero's mother and nobody knows that better than Mrs. Sands who watched her son being daily crucified and tortured for sixty-six long days and eventually killed. Mrs. Sands epitomises the Irish mothers who in every generation watched their children go out to fight and die for freedom."

"Despite the vilifications and slanders of some guttersnipe media and despite the hypocrisy of scribes and pharisees of high churches and establishment politicians who condemned him, Bobby Sands will be remembered by freedom loving people throughout the world as a freedom fighter and a political prisoner hungering for justice. As he wrote himself: 'Of course I can be murdered, but I remain what I am, a political POW and no-one (not even the

British) can change that'.

VISITS

"I never knew Bobby Sands until March 31st 1981, which was also the thirty-first day of his hunger-strike. Added together all my visits were but a few short hours, but still I believe that I got to know his heart and mind. Bobby was just my own age with many hopes and ambitions to fulfill."

"Although he left school at an early age, it was obvious that he was an intelligent person who through a process of self-education had advanced his learning. He became fluent in the Gaelic language and was enthusiastic about his native culture. His determination and resolve were remarkable and his commitment and dedication total and without compromise. Always evident was his sincerity and compassion despite his own situation. Even his enemies would agree there was no hatred in him."

"Bobby Sands was a very ordinary young man from this city who, through a process of events, became politically educated and at eighteen decided he no longer would accept the injustice of a partitioned Ireland with all its inherent evils. No longer could he accept second class citizenship in his own country."

"So he joined the IRA and embarked on a life of hardship and suffering and in the end made the supreme sacrifice of his life for the cause he believed in."

DIED

"Bobby Sands, as representative of the blanket men and women in Armagh, died rather than be branded a criminal. The hunger-strike was embarked on for five just and reasonable demands, (to give testimony to the world that Irish republican prisoners will never wear British prison uniform or do prison work and must have the right to associate with each other and communicate with their families and have remission restored)."

"The callous intransigence of the British government has made the hunger-strike a symbol of the struggle for freedom and Bobby Sands and his comrades are symbols of Irish resistance to British rule in Ireland."

"Bobby Sands is a symbol of hope for the unemployed, for the poor and oppressed, for the homeless, for those divided by partition, for those trying to unite our people. He symbolises a new beginning and I recall the words of his manifesto to the Protestant people: 'The Protestant people have nothing to fear from me.' They too have their part to play in building a new future, a new Ireland."

"We have the moral right to struggle for freedom and self-determination. Britain has no right in our country and has no faith in her pretence because the moral right she pretends to have has to be backed up by a monstrous war machine of guns and tanks and the torture chambers of Castlereagh and the H-Blocks and by creation of division within the Irish people."

SYMBOLISES

"Bobby Sands has not died in



● Hundreds of wreaths were laid at the graveside of Bobby Sands, IRA Volunteer, H-Block hunger-striker, and Westminster MP, in Belfast's Milltown cemetery on Thursday

vain. His hunger-strike and the sacrifice of his life is a cameo of the entire resistance movement. He symbolises the true Irish nation which never has surrendered and never will. Let us picture him lying all alone in his cell, his body tortured and twisted in pain, surrounded by his enemies and isolated from his comrades and nothing to fight with but his will and determination."

"The big British murder machine assisted by those in high places in church and state tried to break his spirit. There were those in power in Dublin who could have saved him but as Liam Mellows said in 1922: 'Men will get into positions and hold power and will desire to remain undisturbed.'"

"They tried to compromise Bobby Sands, they tried to compromise his supporters, but they failed. Around the world Bobby Sands has humiliated the British government. In Bobby Sands' death they have sown the seeds of their own destruction. Bobby once wrote about Britain that 'her actions will eventually seal the fate of her rule in Ireland for they may hold our bodies, but while our minds are free, victory is assured.'"

"The people of Fermanagh and South Tyrone stood by the prisoners and gave them a mandate for political status. This has been rejected by the arrogant British government. We, the people who

supported Bobby Sands and the blanket men and women of Armagh and who have tried everything to get the British to give the five demands, that though we have not got the tanks and guns (and please God this will not always be so) we can only conclude, along with P.H. Pearse, that we must take what they will not give and that there is no way, in which freedom can be obtained, and when obtained, maintained, except by armed men."

INSPIRATION

"Finally, I salute you, Bobby Sands. Yours has been a tough and lonely battle but you have been victorious. Your courage and bravery has been an inspiration to us all and today we take strength from your example."

"The courage of your family has been an inspiration to us. You have the consolation of knowing that your son died, with all of you assembled at his death bed, free in conscience and now free from the hardships of the H-Blocks."

"Bobby Sands, your sacrifice will not be in vain. We re-dedicate ourselves and our struggle and pledge ourselves not only to win the five demands but to drive England out of our country once and for all."

do Shaghduiri Arm Phoblacht na hEireann!

"Victory to the Irish Republican Army!"



● IRA Volunteers and mourners paid their last respects to Bobby Sands



● AN IRA guard of honour accompanied the coffin of their comrade Bobby Sands in Twinbrook. The coffin is borne by the Westminster MP's election agent Owen Carron, who delivered the graveside oration, and by Bobby's father and brother John



Bobby Sands



Frankie Hughes

MURDER #1

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NEW YORK

Irish Northern Aid Committee

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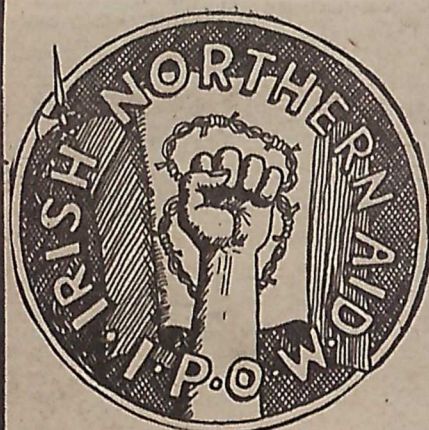


Raymond McCreesh



Patsy O'Hara

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British Consulate
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New York City, New York



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MURDERED

Irish Northern Aid has had considerable success in countering the pro-British bias shown by sections of the communications media in America when reporting on Irish affairs. While we are confident that we can continue to offset the British propaganda effort, the current hunger strike requires the immediate expenditure of large sums of money if the lives of Frankie Hughes, Raymond McCreesh and Patsy O'Hara are to be saved.

— Send Contributions To —

INA Hunger Strike Defense Fund
4951 Broadway, New York City, New York 10034

an ceacht faelacht Irish lesson=38

PRONUNCIATION EXERCISE

Read the Irish passage below slowly without looking at the key below it. Then read it a second time, making use of the key if you are unsure. Do not try to make sense of the words; concentrate on the pronunciation and on grouping the words into phrases:

Má tá am agus dúthracht fagagh, an máid a fuair siad, tamall gearr ó shin. Rinne go leor daoine, as ceantair éagsúla, an ráta malartáin gan an bealach a oscailt. Maraíodh le déanaí strainséirí agus céad acra faoi ghlasraí, ag tagairt don chuairt. Aeráid chineálta mhuiri agus ordoig airtriteach ag mo chomharsa béal dorais. Má monarchana bróg go dtí fuinneog lañ píosai práis, beartaithe ag cuairteoirí.

Key: maw* taw* oun AH-guhs DOO-hrahk*t FAW*G-uh, un may*d uh FOO-ir SHEE-uhd, TAH-muhl gyahr oh hin. RIN-ye goh lohr DEEN-uh, as KYAN-tir ay*g-SOOL-uh, un RAW*-tuh mah-luhr-TAW*-in guhn un BAL-uhk* uh OH-skilt. MAHR-ee-oh le DAY*N-ee, strahn-SHAY*R-ee AH-guhs kay*d AHK-ruh fwee GLAHS-ree, uh TAHG-irt duhn K*OO-ahrt ay*r-AW*-id hyin-AW*L-tuh VWIR-ee. AH-guhs ohr-DOHG ar-TREE-tuhk* eg muh K*OH-uh-suh bay*1 DUH-rish. maw*s MUHN-uh-r-k*ahn-uh brohg goh dee fwin-YOHG law*n PEES-ee praw*sh, BYAR-ti-he eg KOO-ahr-TYOH-ree.

If you are working with someone else, a possible exercise for you is to listen to the other person reading from the original or the key, and to write in Irish what you hear. This will improve your perception of the language as it is spoken to you.

DRILL

Go through the present and past tenses of these verbs: Bailigh (BAHL-ee), gather

Cuimil (KIM-il), rub
Seachain (SHAK*-hin), avoid
Freagair (FGAG-ir), answer

For example: Bailim (BAHL-eem), I gather, bailiönn tú (bahl-EE-uhn too), you gather, etc. Bailimid (bahl-EE-mid), we gather, bailiönn sibh, etc. Ní bhailim (nee

VWahl-eem), I don't gather, etc. An mbailim (un MAHL-eem), do I gather?, etc. Nach mbailim (nahk* MAHL-eem), don't I gather?, etc.

Bhailigh mé (VWAHL-ee may*), I gathered; bhailigh tú (VWAHL-ee too), you gathered, etc. Bhailiömar (vwahl-EE-uh-muhr), we gathered, etc. Níor bhailigh mé, etc. Ar bhailigh mé? etc. Nar bhailigh mé?, etc.

The next three "syncopate", that is, a syllable drops out as you say the forms. It is easier to say the words when this syllable is absent, as you will readily determine.

Cuimlim (KIM-leem), I rub; cuimlionn tú (kim-LEE-uhn too), you rub, etc. Cuimlimid (kim-LEE-mid), we rub, etc.

Chuimil me (K*IM-il may*), I rubbed, etc. Chuimlimar (k*im-lee-uh-muhr), we rubbed, etc.

Seachnaim (SHAK*-neem), I avoid; seachnaíonn (shak*-NEE-uhn) tu, you avoid, etc. Seachnaimid (shak*-NEE-mid), we avoid, etc.

Sheachain mé (HAK*-in may*), I avoided, etc. Sheachnaíomar (hak*-NEE-uh-muhr), we avoided, etc.

Freagraim (FRAG-reem), I answer; freagraíonn (frag-REE-uhn) tu, you answer, etc. Freagraimid (frag-REE-mid), we answer, etc.

D'fhreagair mé (DRAG-ir may*) I answered, etc. D'fhreagraíomar (drag-REE-uh-muhr), we answered, etc.

This finishes the extensive drill for the present and past tenses. We will do work on the irregular verbs in the present and past tenses next.

CONVERSATION

Pól (pohl): Dia duit, a Úna.

Hello, Úna.

Úna (OON-uh) Dia's Muire duit, a Phóil (FOHil).
Conas tá tú inniu?

Hello Paul. How are you today?

Pól: Bhí slaghdán (sleye-DAW*N) trom (truhm) orm inné, ach anois tá biseach (BI-shahk*) orm. Conas tá tú féin?

I had a heavy cold yesterday, but now there's improvement on me. How are you?

Úna: Tá mé go maith, buiochas lé Dia. Tá suil agam (SOO-il uh-GUHM) go bhfaca tú an díospoireacht (dee-SPOH-i-rahk*t) mhór (vwohr) ar an teilifís areir.

I am well, thank God. I hope that you saw the big debate on television last night.

Pól: Ní fhaca mé rud ar bith. Bhí mé i mo chodladh (muh K*UH-luh) ó sheacht a chlog go maidin. Cad a tharla sa díospoireacht mhór?

I didn't see a thing. I was asleep from seven o'clock until morning. What happened in the big debate?

Úna: Ó. Labhair an feirmeoir (FER-i-moh-ir) leis an aisteoir (ash-TYOH-ir) le linn (le lin) uaire fada (OO-ir-e FAH-duh), ach níor thuig (hig) mé mórán de. Chuir (k*ir) siad tinneas cinn (TIN-yuhs kin) orm leis na focail mhóra (FOH-kil VWOHR-uh), na smaointe casta (SMWEEN-te KAHS-tuh), agus na figiúirí fada (fig-YOO-i-ree FAHD-uh).

Oh, the farmer talked with the actor during a long hour, but I didn't understand much of it. They gave me a headache with the big words, the involved thoughts, and the long figures.

Pól: Nā béc leis. Tuigim iad, ar ndóigh (er NOH-ee), agus mineoidh mé (meen-YOH-ee may*) duit gach rud.

Don't worry about it. I understand them, of course, and I will explain everything to you.

Úna: Go raibh maith agat (GU-ruh mah huh-GUHT), a Phóil. Fear cliste tusa, gan amhras (OU-ruhs) ar bith.

Thank you, Paul. A clever man you are, without any doubt.

Notes: A headache is "put on" a person, rather than "given" to him. "Focal mór", a big word, but "focail mhóra" (VWOHR-uh), big words.

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A determined and totally fearless soldier

(continued from previous page)

marches or protests.

The significance of the civil rights campaign, however, permeated the countryside around Bellaghy very early on — with the march from Belfast to Derry in January 1969 being barred from the village, and detoured over bog-land to Gulladuff, despite the 70% nationalist population in Bellaghy and the surrounding area. (Twelve years on, during this present hunger-strike campaign, marches are still forcibly prevented by hundreds of riot-clad RUC men from reaching the village.)

A turning point for Francis, in terms of his personal involvement in the struggle, occurred at the age of seventeen when he and a friend were stopped by British soldiers at Ardara in County Tyrone, as they returned from a dance one night.

The pair were taken out of the car and so badly kicked that Francis was bed-ridden for several days. Rejecting advice to make a complaint to the RUC, Francis said it would be a waste of time, but pledged instead to get even with those who had done it, 'or with their friends'.

Notwithstanding such a bitter personal experience of British thuggery, and the mental and physical scars it left — he still occasionally has pains in his leg from the kicking — Francis' subsequent involvement in the Irish Republican Army was not based on a motive of revenge, but on a clear and abiding belief in his country's right to national freedom.

INVOLVEMENT

During the early part of 'the troubles', the 'Officials' were relatively strong in the South Derry area, and Francis' first involvement was with them.

However, disillusioned, as were many others, with the Sticks' unilateral ceasefire in 1972, he left to set up and command an 'independent' military unit in the Bellaghy area. This was largely concerned with defensive vigilante patrols against a widely-feared loyalist assassination campaign, at a time when such attacks in many areas of the North were at a peak, but the unit also carried out a number of ambushes on enemy forces, and round about the end of 1973 the entire unit — including Francis — was formally recruited into the IRA.

Speaking of his feelings when he eventually learned of his son's involvement, Mr. Hughes states: "At that time everyone was wrought up, and it was part of the game to get involved. We were all in danger of being murdered — one time. The police and the Orangies were hand in hand. We remembered Burntfort and Bloody Sunday. That was enough to support them."

Francis' involvement brought him increasingly to the attention of the British army and RUC, and he was regularly held for a few hours in Magherafelt barracks and stopped on the road by British patrols; and on one occasion he was held for two days at Ballykelly camp.

As the 1975 IRA/British army truce came to an end, Francis, fearing his imminent arrest, went 'on the run'. From that time on, he led a life perpetually on the move, often moving on foot up to twenty miles during one night, then sleep-

ing during the day — either in fields and ditches, or in 'safe houses'; a soldierly sight in his black beret and combat uniform, and openly carrying his rifle, a handgun and several grenades as well as food rations.

RAIDS

The enemy reacted with up to fifty early morning raids on Francis' home, and raids on the homes of those suspected of harbouring him. Often, houses would be staked out for days on end in the vain hope of capturing Francis. Often, it was only his sheer nerve and courage that saved him.

One night, Francis was followed to a 'safe house' and looked out to see the Brits surrounding the place, and closing in. Without hesitating, the uniformed Francis stepped outside the house, clutching his rifle, and in the darkness crept gradually through their lines, occasionally mumbling a few short words to British soldiers he passed, who, seeing the shadowy uniformed figure, mistook him for one of themselves.

On another occasion, Francis borrowed a tractor and trailer from an unsuspecting local man, then loaded 300 lbs. of explosives on to the trailer, covered with bales of hay. As he drove to his destination he came across a Brit checkpoint, and pulled up short. Calmly climbing down off the tractor he picked up one of the bales and threw it to cattle in an adjoining field, before slowly strolling away across the field, returning only when the Brits had moved on.

On numerous occasions, Francis and his comrades were stopped at checkpoints along the country roads, while moving weapons from one locality to another, but always calmly talked their way through. Once, a UDR soldier actually recognised Francis and his fellow Volunteers in a car, but, fully aware that Francis would not be taken without a shoot-out, he waved their car on!

ACTIVE

The years before Francis' capture were extremely active ones in the South Derry and surrounding areas, with towns and villages like Bellaghy, Maghera, Toome, Magherafelt and Castledawson being blitzed by car bombs on several occasions, and numerous shooting attacks being carried out as well.

Among the Volunteers under his command, Francis had a reputation of being a strict disciplinarian and perfectionist, who could not tolerate people taking their republican duties less seriously, and selflessly, than was necessary. He also, however, inspired fellow Volunteers by his example and by always himself being in the thick of things, and he thrived on pressure.

Operations were carefully and meticulously planned and discussed with the Volunteers involved, but a decision once taken was strongly adhered to. His boyhood trait of generosity manifested itself during his republican life and Francis would give away his last shilling or his last cigarette.

During one night-time operation a weapon was missing, and Francis gave away his own gun to another Volunteer, taking only a torch himself, which he used to its maximum effect by shining it at an oncoming enemy vehicle, which had its headlights off, to enable the other



● Mrs. Margaret Hughes, and her youngest daughter, twenty-one-year-old Dolours, fully support Francis on his hunger-strike

Volunteers to direct their fire.

Francis' good-humoured audacity showed itself, too, in his republican activity. At the height of his 'notoriety' he would set up road-blocks, hoping to lure the Brits into an ambush (which by hard experience they learned to avoid!), or he would ring up the Brits and give them his whereabouts!

Such joking, however, did not extend only to the enemy. One day, lying out in the fields, he spied one of his uncles cycling down the country road. Taking aim with his rifle he shot away the bike's rear wheel. His uncle ran, alarmed, into a nearby house shouting that loyalists had just tried to assassinate him!

BATTLE

The determination of the British army and RUC to capture Francis Hughes came to a head in April 1977. In that month, on Good Friday, a car containing three IRA Volunteers was overtaken and flagged down on the Moneymore Road, at Dunroan in County Derry, by a carload of RUC men.

The Volunteers attempted to make a U-turn, but their car got

stuck in a ditch as the armed RUC men approached. Jumping from the car, the Volunteers opened fire, killing two RUC men and injuring another before driving off. A hundred yards further up the road a second gun battle ensued, but the Volunteers escaped safely.

Subsequently the RUC issued a 'wanted' poster of Francis Hughes, and two fellow republicans, Dominic McGlinchey and Ian Milne, in which Francis was named as the 'most wanted man' in the North.

At his trial in February 1980, however, charges against Francis, of being involved in this shooting attack, were dropped. As was the case with many operations in the South Derry area, the elusive Francis Hughes became the RUC's general scapegoat for IRA actions even when they had no proof of his involvement.

Not that Francis Hughes was alarmed. Shortly after the Moneymore Road attack, Francis lay resting on the settee in a 'safe house', in full military uniform, a revolver strapped to his waist, while UDR patrols drove past the house scour-

ing the countryside for him, casually watching a picture of himself on the television news.

He had no fear of capture or of death, having sacrificed everything for the republican cause unselfishly, and this attitude of ever-present confidence and self-reliance inspired local people who, if they learned of his presence in the vicinity, felt reassured, knowing that they had the guns and determination of Francis and his comrades to protect them.

When his eventual capture came, it was just as he had always said it would be: 'I'll get a few of them before they get me.'

STAKE-OUT

At 8 p.m. on March 16th 1978 two SAS soldiers took up a stake-out position opposite a farm, on the south side of the Ranaghan road, about two miles west of Maghera, in the townland of Ballyknock.

At 9.15 p.m. they saw two men in military uniform, and carrying rifles, walking in single file along

(continued on next page)

FRANCIS HUGHES

A determined and totally fearless soldier

(continued from previous page)

the hedgeline of the field towards them. Using their 'night sights' in the darkness, the SAS men observed the military behaviour of the two oncomers and having challenged them, and heard the men mumble a few words to each other in Irish accents, they assumed that the pair were UDR soldiers.

One of the pair, in fact, was Francis Hughes, the other a fellow Volunteer, and with only a second's hesitation both Volunteers cocked their rifles and opened fire. One SAS man fell fatally wounded, but the other — though shot in the stomach — managed to fire a long burst from his sterling sub-machine gun at the retreating figures, and to make radio contact with his base.

Within three minutes nearby Brit patrols were on the scene and the area was entirely sealed off. The following morning hundreds of Brits took part in a massive search operation. In the field where the shooting took place the Brits found an M14 American service rifle, a Smith and Wesson .38 Special revolver, black beret, gloves and holster.

Fifteen hours after the shooting, at around 12.15 p.m. the next day, they also found Francis Hughes, sitting in the middle of a gorse bush in a field three hundred yards away, bleeding profusely from a bullet wound which had shattered his left thigh. As he was taken away on a stretcher, he yelled defiantly, through his considerable pain: 'Up the Proxies.' His comrade, though also wounded, slightly, managed to evade the dragnet and to escape.

SURVIVED

How he survived the night of the shooting, possibly the coldest night of that year, bears eloquent testimony to Francis' grim determination to avoid capture. After being shot, he dragged himself — unable — to walk — across the Ranaghan road and across two fields, without a sound, before burying himself in a thick clump of gorse bushes.

At one point, en route, Francis fell down a sharp drop between fields, and his left leg — the muscle and bone completely disintegrated — came up over his shoulder; but Francis worked it carefully down before continuing to crawl on his way. In his hiding place, he lay through the night, motionless and soundless, till his capture.

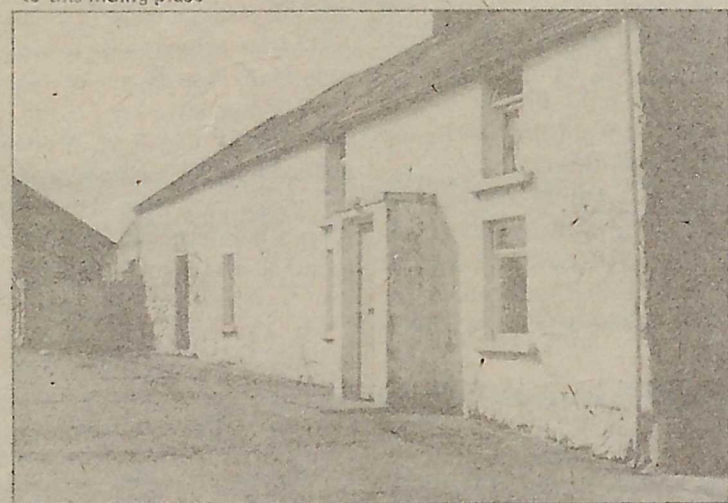
When he was found, unable to move through cold, pain and stiffness, Francis, knowing that both Brits and RUC were on instructions to shoot him on sight, gave his name as Eamonn Laverty, and gave his address as Letterkenny, County Donegal.

Francis was taken to Magherafelt hospital, and from there to Musgrave Park military hospital in Belfast, and it was only then that his true identity was revealed. He spent ten months in Musgrave Park, where his leg was operated on, reducing his thigh bone by an inch and a half, and leaving him dependent on a crutch to walk.

There, he kept his spirits up, never complaining, and used to tell yarns to gullible British army guards. For instance, he used to say



● In the heavy clump of gorse bushes along the edge of this field, a massive Brit/RUC search operation discovered IRA Volunteer Francis Hughes, bleeding profusely from gunshot wounds which had shattered his left leg. Despite being unable to walk, he crawled three hundred yards to this hiding place



● The Hughes farmhouse where Francis was born and grew up, before going 'on the run'. The Hughes now live in an adjoining bungalow, occupied for just six months, which Francis has never seen — the farmhouse is unoccupied

he was a farmer before his capture, and when he was asked whether he had a big farm, he would look up and say nonchalantly: 'Oh, about a thousand acres.'

CASTLEREAGH

On Wednesday 24th January 1979, Francis was taken from Musgrave Park hospital to Castle-reagh interrogation centre, where he spent six days before being charged on January 29th. For more than four days, Francis refused food and drink, fearing that it might have been drugged to make him talk.

His behaviour in Castlereagh was typical of the fiercely determined

and courageous republican Volunteer that he is. Throughout innumerable lengthy interviews Francis continually repeated the phrase, 'I'll have to see my solicitor before I answer that', laughed and smiled, and occasionally made fun of his interrogators with phrases like 'You're some smart outfit if you don't know the answer to that one'. His frustrated interrogators described him as 'totally unco-operative'.

Nevertheless, at his trial in Belfast in February 1980, after a year on remand in Crumlin Road jail, Francis was found 'guilty' on all charges.

He received a life sentence for

killing the SAS soldier, and fourteen years for attempting to kill the other SAS man; twenty years for attempting to kill the occupants of an RUC man's house during a booby-trap bomb attack at Coagh, County Tyrone, on January 25th 1977, and twenty years for causing the explosion; with a further fifteen years for possessing arms and ammunition.

H-BLOCK

In the H-Blocks, Francis immediately went on the protest for political status, and despite the severe disability of his wounded leg, displayed the same courage and determination that had been his hallmark before his capture.

During visits, he would never complain to his family about the harsh conditions or about beatings, just as when he was 'on the run' he would never have troubled his family with any of his problems. Instead, he continued to joke and laugh, as before, and to enquire about friends and relatives, and all the local 'scael' from around Bellaghy.

And just as always, wanting to be in the thick of things, and wanting to shoulder responsibility for other political prisoners as he had earlier looked after the morale of fellow Volunteers, Francis was one of those to volunteer for the hunger-strike which began on October 27th last year. He was not one of the first seven hunger-strikers selected, but was among the thirty men who joined the hunger-strike in its clos-

ing stages as Sean McKenna's condition became critical.

Regarding this hunger-strike, Francis' father states that he asked his son not to take part in it, but when Francis assured him that the blanket men had given it careful thought and that his mind was made up, both Mr. Hughes and the whole family threw their full support behind Francis.

Exactly ten miles from the Hughes' home is the County Derry village of Swatragh, the birthplace of Free State premier Charlie Haughey. Mr. Hughes feels very bitter towards Haughey, asserting that he has 'done nothing' and that the hunger-strike could have been resolved a long time ago if Haughey had withdrawn Free State troops from the border, and ended collaboration.

Meanwhile, as Haughey looks idly on, this young and courageous South Derry republican lies close to death. Francis Hughes has already loaned his life, through years of active struggle and imprisonment, to the cause of Irish freedom. He may shortly make the ultimate sacrifice, of life itself, as his comrade and fellow hunger-striker Bobby Sands has already done.

Now, only the immediate and resounding, unequivocal and insistent protest by the Irish people can force Haughey off the fence, smash Thatcher's intransigence, and save the life of Francis Hughes.

It is not much for him to ask, but time is swiftly running out.



Daniel O'Connell and the Repeal movement were in full swing. In wonderful speech after speech bristling with courage, ringing with hope, and thundering with defiance, he rallied the people forward in the joyous fight. But no matter how much he might thunder and roar, peace was a fetish with O'Connell.

The turning point of action in the great Repeal fight came in '43. That was the year of the great monster meetings, the year of the brightest hope and the highest resolve, of the mighty welding of two million people into a great rampart of freedom.

Yet, alas, it was the sad year of real defeat. One of the great meetings was at Tara. To the historic place of Brian Boru's Court, thousands had gathered. From daybreak, unending streams of people could be seen streaming to the great gathering. An army of Repeal horsemen had to make way for O'Connell, and it took them an hour and a half to guide him through the great multitude. Even O'Connell himself must have wondered at the great national spirit that moved the nation. "What," he said, "could England effect against such a people so thoroughly aroused, if, provoked past endurance, they rose out in rebellion?" Although the leader was very proud of his following, at the same time he became alarmed. For he added, "While I live such an uprising will never occur."

The last of the monster meetings were to be held at Clontarf, near Dublin, where Brian Boru had broken the hold of the Norse invader in 1013. By this time the English, thoroughly alarmed, took desperate measures. At the last hour they banned the Clontarf meeting. At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, from all over the land, thousands had made for the road to arrive at the great battle plain. Five regiments of soldiers with cannon and supplies were stationed at strategic

points in and around Clontarf.

Each town was preceded by its band in the national uniform, and by banners with suitable inscriptions. They were mustered by mounted marshals, distinguished by badges, horsemen four deep, footmen six deep, and the men of each parish marched. The procession itself was like a river discharging itself into an ocean. The whole district was covered with crowds of people.

However, by banning the meeting and surrounding the area with troops, the gauntlet was thrown down to O'Connell. The people were now full of fight, and thousands of them cherished the belief that if Prime Minister Peel did not surrender to O'Connell's terms, their leader, despite his pleas for peaceful measures, would whisper a word that would rouse a countless, indomitable army in a single night.

The British government had taken a risky venture and had won. They then quickly followed up on their advantage. The country stood anxiously awaiting "the word" from O'Connell to give battle. Had he done so then, while certainly there would have been casualties, think of the countless thousands that would have been spared the horrors of the Famine.

No resistance, however, was the word given by the Liberator. By this time, O'Connell, weakening, reformed the Repeal Association so as to eliminate from it things that had up till now been unlawful. He set the example of closing every meeting by calling for cheers for England's Queen! It was upon this toadyism and laudation of the British throne that the nation and young Ireland, violently opposing, began to break away from him. The most famous of the Young Irelanders was a young Protestant barrister, Thomas Davis. He did most to express the group's concept of Irish nationality.

Community Events

IRISH FORTNIGHT

Program Of Events

Thursday, May 7, 7:30 PM
Tony MacMahon: traditional Irish musician on the button accordion who is a music producer/director for Radio Teilifis Eireann (Irish national television).

Friday, May 8, 7:30 PM
Seamus O' Cathain: Irish folklorist who is currently senior lecturer in Irish Folklore at University College, Dublin. He has appeared on radio and television programs in England, Australia, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark.

Monday, May 11, 7:30 PM
Brian Ferran: painter whose works have been widely exhibited in Ireland and Europe. In his present position as Art Director of the Arts Council of Northern Ireland, he is in charge of all the Council's activities in the visual arts field.

Tuesday, May 12, 7:30 PM
Alan Titley: Irish novelist, critic, and lecturer who has written two novels in Gaelic (one an *Oireachtas* novel competition winner) and is the regular fiction reviewer for the Dublin *Sunday Tribune*.

Wednesday, May 13, 7:30 PM
Liam O Dochartaigh: Senior Lecturer and Head of the Department of Irish Studies at Thomond College of Education in Limerick, Ireland, will lecture on "Padraic Colum: A Voice from Rural Ireland." His main research interests concern the Irish language, literature and folklore, including the Irish language and culture among Irish living outside of Ireland.

Thursday, May 14, 7:30 PM
Peter Harbison: Irish archeologist and author of what many

consider the standard work on the subject will give a slide presentation on the subject and lecture on Ireland's ancient monuments. An accomplished linguist who speaks French and German fluently, he has lectured extensively on Ireland's ancient heritage throughout continental Europe as well as in the US and Canada.

Friday, May 15, 7:30 PM
Ronnie Masterson: veteran Irish stage and television actress will give a one-woman performance of "Padraic Colum - A Poet of the People". She has acted with all the major Dublin companies as well as on tour in such productions as "The Crucible", "The Importance of Being Earnest", "The Sound of Music", pantomime, and in a number of J. B. Keane's plays.

COUNTY ANTRIM FUND DRIVE

As the official representatives of one of Ireland's staunchest Gaelic communities, The County Antrim Society has for many years marched in the St. Patrick's Day Parade behind a banner which graphically illuminated a chapter in our ancient country's proud history.

Now after forty years of service in fair and foul weather, the flags and banners had been reduced to shreds. For this reason, the Society has set as its first priority, following our election of new officers, the acquisition of a new banner and flags to carry in the parade.

Because our membership has

steadily declined in recent years, due to the limitation on immigration, we are now reaching out to the larger Irish-American community for financial support towards the purchase of a new banner and flags. We ask for your help because we believe, and we think you will agree, that there is not more worthy endeavor that to carry on a tradition that the men and women of Antrim, with other Irish exiles, began over 200 years ago, when they marched up Fifth Avenue with their banners aloft, in celebration of America's first St. Patrick's Day.

A County Antrim Social will

be held on Sunday, May 17th, at the Breffni Inn on 40th Street and Queens Boulevard, Sunnyside, from 4 PM to 7 PM. Music will be by the Buckley Family. Sandwiches and soda bread will be served. A raffle will be drawn at this time for a round trip to Ireland.

May we, therefore, count on your attendance at this social, or a contribution to help us make this a success. Please make your check payable to County Antrim Society, 326 West 48th Street, New York 10036. New Members are cordially invited to join.

Tom Duffy

A benefit dance to assist Tom Duffy, Irish tenor from Co. Derry, will be held Friday, May 15, 1981, at 8:00 PM in Gaelic Park, West 240th Street and Broadway, Bronx.

Proceeds will be used to offset the enormous medical expenses Tom incurred recently. A drawing for a 19 inch TV set and other prizes will be held that evening.

Val McGann Exhibits

Val McGann, Ireland's foremost marine painter, will have a special fund raising exhibition and sale of his paintings of Ireland and Maine at Iona College, Spellman Hall, New Rochelle, New York on Sunday, May 17, 1981, from 1 P.M. to 6 P.M. A commission from the sales will benefit the American Irish Teachers Association. The public is invited to attend and admission is free.

Mr. McGann, who was born in Ballinasloe, Co. Galway, Ireland, studied at the National College of Art, Dublin, and the

Byam Shaw College of Art, London. He has exhibited in Dublin, London, Boston, New York, and Washington, D.C. His one-man exhibitions in the House of Representatives, U.S. Capitol Building, Washington, D.C., and the Butler Galleries in New York City were major successes. He is a member of the Copley Art Society and the Society of Marine Painters. Many of his painting depict his inexhaustible familiarity with the sea off the coasts of Ireland and Maine, while others show Irish landscapes. His gallery is in Ogunquit, Maine.

BENEFIT DANCE

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Tom Duffy

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Live Entertainment --

We apologize to our readers for the many typographical errors which appear in this week's edition of The Irish People. The pressure of events and the breakdown of our typesetting equipment made proofreading impossible.

On the streets of Belfast, the children's war

BELFAST—PEERING OVER the hood of an armored car, gunner Christopher Spell of the British Army watched a child not yet in his teens fling a gasoline bomb against the front of the Northern Bank on the Falls Road. There was a flash, and flames started to devour the building. In the



MICHAEL DALY

firelight, Spell could see a gang of youths building a barricade 100 feet down the street. A blue Ford was overturned and torched. Sheets of corrugated steel went up. A construction site was raided, and a jackhammer started tearing up the street.

"It's going to be a long day," Spell said.

One hour had passed since Bobby Sands, member of Parliament and prisoner No. 1086, became the latest person to die in The Troubles. For 15 minutes, there had been silence. Then, as he climbed into the armored car and rolled out of the Andersonstown Barracks, Spell heard crash can lids striking pavement. The sound had the rhythm of war drums.

"ZULUS," SOMEBODY IN the armored car said.

As the armored car roared down the Falls Road, Spell heard stones and bottles clang against its steel sides. Poking a riot gun out the back slit, another soldier fired a plastic bullet. The smell of cordite stung Spell's nostrils.

And now, Spell, with his SLR automatic rifle slung over his shoulder and a riot gun clutched in his hands, faced a barricade manne by children. Waiting for the soldiers to advance, the children distributed bricks and gasoline bombs. Watching them, Spell was reminded of a soccer team ambling onto the field and loosening up before a match. There was no fury in these children. Most of them grew up with The Troubles and for them rioting is a sport to be practiced and perfected.

"Give it to them," an officer now said.

Three soldiers to Spell's right raised their riot guns. Plastic bullets rocketed into the barricades. A boy in a blue jacket was hit in the chest. The other children carried him as they retreated half a block. Spell opened the breach of his riot gun and slipped in another cartridge.

"GO FOR THE HEAD," one of the soldiers said.

Then Spell heard an officer order the squad to advance. Stepping from behind the armored car, the soldiers formed a line across the road. The children fled 20 feet, froze and then ran forward. A gasoline bomb exploded to Spell's right. The soldiers froze. Then they fell back to the armored car. Bricks and bottles arced through the darkness.

For an hour, Spell and the rest of the squad hid behind the armored car. Over the police radio came reports of street fights in the Ardoyne and at Twinbrook. Shots had been fired in the Markets. An army observation post manned by undercover commandos had been torched. The police were running out of plastic bullets. At 4:30 a.m., the radio in-

structed security forces to use live rounds against gasoline bombers.

Hearing a sound to his left, Spell whirled. Three elderly women were coming out of the house on the corner. Spell nodded to the women. The women turned their heads. One of the women started banging a trash can lid on the pavement. A soldier on the other side of the armored car fired a plastic bullet. The round missed the women and crashed through the window of a first-floor apartment. A baby in the apartment started to cry.

"MURDERERS," ONE OF the women said.

Tired of waiting for the soldiers to take the bait and attack, the children came from behind the barricades. A gasoline bomb hit 100 feet from the armored car. A soldier to Spell's right raised his SLR rifle and fired two shots. A 15-year-old named Johnny McCartin fell with a gunshot wound in his right leg. Nine children picked him up and rushed him into a house behind the barricades.

"Come back, we're not finished!" a soldier shouted.

An officer came over and grabbed the soldier who had fired the shot. The officer told the soldier to never again shoot an unarmed civilian in front of a reporter. The soldier started to laugh.

"If I'm lucky, the little Fenian will die," the soldier said.

Ducking into a doorway, Spell took off his helmet. His rifle clamped between his knees, he rubbed his temples with his fingertips. He had spent two years looking for a job in his home city of Birmingham. He came from the wrong neighborhood, had gone to the wrong schools, and he spoke with the wrong accent.

SOME NIGHTS, HE WOULD walk to the north side of town and watch the people from the right neighborhood drink in pubs.

"What have they got I haven't got?" Spell remembers asking his mother.

"Everything," the mother said.

Last June, unemployment drove Spell to enlist in the army. There was basic training and a short tour in West Germany. There, he was prodded through mockups of Belfast streets. He was told the IRA was an organization of gangsters. He was told to keep his gun ready when on patrol.

"I was told you relax one minute and boom, you're gone for your tea," Spell remembered.

Then, the week before Christmas, he returned home on leave. For the first time in his life, he could hit the pubs of Birmingham with a pocketful of money. He met a girl and took her for a meal in a restaurant.

"Real sitdown, with menus," Spell would later say.

NINE DAYS LATER, HE boarded a troop plane for Northern Ireland. He sat next to a young lieutenant. The lieutenant told him that the Irish were subhuman. Spell had once heard a policeman talk this way about the people in his neighborhood of Birmingham.

After arriving here, Spell's lot became endless days of patrols. Spell searched people's houses. He stopped people on the street and checked their

identities with a computer. He watched policemen beat suspects unconscious. His face blackened, he lay in gardens at night, his eye glued to a Starlight sniperscope.

One night he peered into the window of a nearby house and watched a man tickle his daughter. Then the man picked up his daughter and kissed her on the forehead. Spell wondered if this was one of the terrorists he had been told about.

"Not once did anybody smile or say good morning," Spell remembers. "The harder we get, the harder they get. They won't speak except to answer questions and the questions only come because they don't want to get lifted (arrested)."

IN FEBRUARY, SPELL WAS on patrol in West Belfast when a shot rang out. Spell dived behind a car. He searched the building for an open window. Then he rose and saw that one of the soldiers, an 18-year-old from East London named Davis, was lying on his back. Blood was gushing out of the three-inch hole in Davis' head.

There was a house-to-house search. In a flat at the end of the road, a child of maybe 5 threw a milk bottle. Spell raised his hand to hit the child. The

child kicked Spell's leg and fled. Spell was shaking when he came back down the street. Other children had gathered around the dead soldier. The children looked very much like the children of Birmingham.

Then came the hunger strike. As the strike entered its second month, Spell noticed that his mouth grew dry when he left the barracks on patrol. He sweated even on the coldest night. On the streets, his muscles clenched until they cramped. Then, at 1:20 a.m. yesterday, an officer blew a whistle and announced that Bobby Sands had died.

"THERE SEEM TO BE A lot of people around here who aren't as pleased as we are," the officer said.

For four hours, Spell battled children on the Falls Road. At 6 a.m., he climbed back into the armored car. Riding toward Twinbrook, Spell sat across from the soldier who had shot the 15-year-old boy. Spell wondered if he would shoot a child before the day was done.

Pulling into Twinbrook, Spell's squad dismantled a barricade. Later, a hearse pulled onto the street and turned left toward the house where Bobby Sands' family lives. The mother was sitting in the living room with two friends. Tears still spilled down her face. The father sat in the kitchen with the man from the IRA. The man asked the father if he wanted Bobby to have a military funeral tomorrow. The father said he did.

"He gave us a last, weak smile," the father said. "He was gasping for breath. Then we knew he was gone."

OUTSIDE, GUNNER CHRISTOPHER Spell crouched behind the armored car, and, as he is paid to do, fired a riot gun at a crowd of teenagers. The teenagers scattered and then reformed. Spell moved up the street, fired again, and the kid from the poor neighborhood in Birmingham continued his war with the poor of Belfast.

"I'm glad I don't have to know what this is all about," Spell said.

Dedicated revolutionary

A TRIBUTE BY RUAIRIO BRADAIGH, PRESIDENT OF SINN FEIN

IN THE RECORD of struggle of peoples and small nationalities for identity and liberation, the place of Ireland is well to the fore. But in that chronicle of events one of the highest points and proudest achievements must be the experience of the hunger-strike.

Within the sixty-six days and nights of fasting to the death of our comrade Bobby Sands, the Irish people bestowed on him the highest honour that lay within their power in that period of time — they elected him their parliamentary representative for the constituency of Fermanagh and South Tyrone in the British-occupied six counties.

SERVICE

Before the achievement of that signal honour and recognition the gifted, humane and totally dedicated Irish revolutionary who was Bobby Sands had given years of service to his people. Nine of his twenty-seven years on this earth were spent in prison, the last four being in the unspeakable conditions endured by Irish republican prisoners in the H-Blocks of Long Kesh.

Whether as active service Vol-

unteer, political prisoner, officer commanding the protestors in Long Kesh or writer interpreting the excruciating prison struggle, Bobby Sands gave of himself for others to the full. Now he has laid down his last great burden, his final responsibility among humankind he has discharged in the fullest painful measure.

For human dignity at its greatest stature he has died on the slow agony of the hunger-strike. Surrounded by his political enemies he has resisted all blandishments and has triumphed before his people and the watching eyes of the world.

Nationally and internationally none followed the progress of his sacrifice with closer attention than did the downtrodden and the oppressed everywhere. For them there was no need to interpret, to explain;

they observed and they knew; his struggle and his suffering were theirs in common cause.

SYMPATHY

Now he has breathed his last, supported by the unflinching courage of his family, to whom flows the heartfelt sympathy of his comrades in struggle and of all who respect integrity and self-sacrifice.

His death is not a defeat but a triumph for the human spirit over material considerations. His martyrdom was bravely undertaken, heroically endured, and has now been consummated. Bobby Sands' life and death make Irish people everywhere prouder of their heritage and nationality.

He has left this world on May 5th, sixty-fifty anniversary of the execution of that courageous soldier and 1916 leader, John MacBride. As he goes to join the great company of Irish heroes and martyrs, his actions speak out for his generation in the struggle against oppression; and the words placed on record at the death of his great predecessor, Terence Mac



• TERENCE MacSWINEY, MP died on hunger-strike

Swiney in 1920 bear repetition today.

"At the shrine of his bier and the death-bed of his comrades we pledge that, while an Irish heart



• BOBBY SANDS, MP died on hunger-strike

beats, we shall resist till the hands of those who would rob our country of its independence shall fall nerveless, or a just Judge has taken His vengeance."

THE FUNERAL OF BOBBY SANDS



● Thousands upon thousands of mourners pour out of Twinbrook estate in West Belfast, last Thursday



● Wreaths are carried by hundreds, including Bobby's sister Marcella, and his seven-year-old son Gerard



● The funeral cortege is led by a lone piper and the hearse is flanked by republican Volunteers