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THE ORGAN OF IRISH REPUBLICANISM

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## **Sean Russell**

When the Irish Volunteers were founded in 1913 there flocked to the ranks many unselfish, patriotic young men who felt that at last had come their chance to organise for another, and to their minds, final attempt to win by arms the freedom of Ireland. Then came the Redmondite debacle. The sincere young men cleaved to the separatist ideal and took their stand with Pearse and his colleagues who were determined to bring Tone's dream of "breaking the connection with England" to happy fruition in their own day.

Among these ardent young men was a fair-haired medium-sized Dublin youth whose very countenance radiated character and sincerity. The earnestness with which he set about his work in the Volunteers, coupled with his thoroughness and application to detail, drew the attention of his superiors and soon we find him as Section Commander in E Coy., 2nd Batt., which was captained by Thomas Weafer who was later killed in action against the English in 1916. The young man was Sean Russell who was destined to become one of the foremost and most colourful figures in the fight for independence.

His real active service commenced when he and other members of E Coy. carried out a successful raid for arms at the North Wall, Dublin. This was but the first of a long series of successful operations carried out by Sean Russell's unit and his comrades have constantly asserted that the success of their many daring exploits was due as much to his initiative, energy and capacity for organisation as to the leadership of their actual company commander and director of operations.

In the 1916 Rising, Sean commanded



(From a plaque by Albert Power)

a post in the Fairview area and had the position fortified in a manner that would do credit to a soldier of many years' experience of active service. Later, Sean and his comrades were summoned by G.H.Q. to the G.P.O. and no sooner had they arrived than Sean was again in the thick of it. For nearly three days he fought without sleep or relief, and his high spirit, indomitable courage and boundless energy were an unfailing source of inspiration to his comrades in the post.

After the surrender of the G.P.O. garrison, Sean was deported to Frongoch Prison camp in Wales whence he was with his comrades released the following Christmas. He resumed his former activities without more ado and again his flair for organisation was very evident. Be-

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fore long he was O/C. of E Coy. and maintained the highest standard of efficiency. The first major activity after the re-organisation was the successful seizure of a consignment of gelignite which was being moved by rail in August 1918. The operation was carried out by E Coy., under Russell's command.

Later in the year when Dick McKee was promoted O/C. of the Dublin Brigade, Sean was appointed O/C. of the 2nd Batt. and before long he had the Parnell Street munitions factory in full swing. On "Bloody Sunday," 21st November, 1920, thirteen of the sixteen executions of English intelligence officers were carried out by the 2nd Batt. under Sean's command. A few days later when the Dublin Brigade staffs were re-organised after the brutal murder of Dick McKee and Peadar Clancy, Sean Russell was appointed Vice-Brigadier, but shortly after G.H.Q. claimed him to fill the all-important post of Director of Munitions. In a very short time he had organised and equipped five more munition factories and thus made

possible the successful campaign of the Dublin Brigade in the year that followed.

Sean was concerned in a big way with the burning of the Custom House and was one of the principal organisers of the escape of Frank Teeling, Ernie O'Malley and Simon Donnelly from Kilmainham Prison where Teeling was awaiting execution by the enemy. And despite his onerous duties on G.H.Q. staff, he managed to keep in touch with his old E Coy. and his colleagues on the various staffs in the Brigade.

When the Truce came it was a case of "business as usual" with Sean. His every instinct warned him that the English were bent on treachery. When the English-imposed "Treaty" of surrender split the country, Sean, though very upset, was nevertheless undaunted and set about rallying the forces that remained true to the Republican ideal. He was absolutely uncompromising and was, up to the day he died, resolute in his opposition to any connection with English imperialism.

The so-called Civil War was over at last. English guns and English diplomacy had for the time being defeated the Republican cause. After a long imprisonment and a severe hunger-strike of forty-one days, Sean once more stepped into the gap of danger to gather the broken remnants of the I.R.A. Many of them, completely disillusioned, had emigrated, others broken by gaol or bought over with jobs and pensions, gave up the struggle. Not so Sean. He would continue on despite every obstacle.

When the Cosgrave administration was defeated primarily because the people could not brook the coercion of Republicans, many attempts were made to seduce Sean from the physical force movement but what coercion had failed to achieve, bribes or diplomacy could not gain. Seeing many of his former comrades now prepared to accept the English king as King of Ireland, he set about his task all the more vigorously so that in 1939 he was able to carry the war into the heart of the Empire itself.

For this De Valera, now a thorough-going Imperialist of the Smuts brand, never forgave him; and when Sean was arrested in America at the request of the English Government, there were secret rejoicings in Flanna Fail inner circles.

(Continued on next column)

## NIGERIA DEMANDS INDEPENDENCE

England, the theoretical advocate of freedom for small nations, is again in the dock, charged with preaching freedom and practising slavery; Nigeria is convinced that all the fine preaching England is doing nowadays applies only to countries subject to Russia. It seems countries subject to England are in a different category; they must remain slaves that England, in her imperial moments, may boast of an empire on which the sun never sets.

Dr. the Hon. Nuando Azikwe, president of the National Council of Nigeria and the Cameroons, despairing of ever obtaining justice from England, will use the International Conference on Human Rights at Prague to seek the help of Russia, Czechoslovakia and any other coun-

tries who will support the Nigerian demand for independence.

In an interview, Dr. Azikwe is reported as having said:

"The debates at the United Nations Trusteeship Council show that Britain, with France, Belgium, and Holland, is opposed to proposals favouring the political advancement of the colonial peoples.

"It has been left to the U.S.S.R. and the Ukraine to fight for the rights of colonial peoples. Whether they are doing it for good or bad reasons does not matter, so long as they aid us to achieve our independence from an oppressive imperialism. We feel, therefore, that we are entitled to adopt an independent line of action in aligning ourselves with any ideology which will accelerate our struggle for national liberation."

### NEWSPAPERS AND EMIGRATION

Everybody with the interests of Ireland at heart recognises that emigration is one of the greatest evils with which we have to contend, and ways and means of countering this evil are continually sought, yet all our big "national" newspapers lend their support in luring away to an enemy country the flower of the youth of Ireland.

Every day enticing advertisements appear. The wages offered seem good, the conditions of work promising, fares may be paid and other difficulties smoothed out. It is not mentioned of course, that they will be helping the war potential of our only enemy. It is not even hinted that bombs and bullets manufactured by those exiles may be used to maintain British rule in Ireland.

How can those newspapers reconcile all this with their claim to be called national? It is downright treason. But will those newspapers be suppressed or is it the newspapers who are tactless enough to expose the racket that will be suppressed?

Did somebody whisper that the Labour Exchanges in Ireland were offering a hand to England also?

#### COMHAIRLE CEANNTAIR

##### SINN FEIN

Please note that **GRAND Christmas Dip** will now be held on the 21st Dec.

An early return of cards is requested not later than Dec. 17th.

# The 1916 Rising In The South

A REFUTATION OF P. S. O'HEGARTY'S VERSION

By Eithne Nic Shuibhne

I should have written earlier in refutation of P. S. O'Hegarty's statement that "it is well known that the first plans did not include a Rising outside Dublin," but that I hoped someone from the south would do so. I feel that some facts and comments from "outside Dublin" may interest your readers.

P. S. O'Hegarty's statement that Sean McDermott gave him this information in Welshpool in 1915, reads very strangely in view of the fact that, in 1915, Sean McDermott asked my brother, Terry, to give up his post as Technical Instructor for the County of Cork, and devote his whole time to the organisation of the Volunteers in the county. Until then Terry had been giving all his free time to the work, but this was not considered good enough by Headquarters. The request would have been strange if there had been no intention of a Rising outside Dublin.

Everyone in Cork in close contact with the Volunteers knew that there was to be a fight for freedom during the European War. There was constant and continual communication between the Executive in Dublin and the Volunteer leaders throughout the country. The plans and date of the Rising were, of course, known only to the leaders in Dublin, and to the senior officers in the different areas as the date approached. Early in 1916 (February, I think) Countess Markievicz, speaking to my sister, Maire, in our home in Cork, stressed the impatience of James Connolly and the Citizen Army at the Volunteer leaders' delay in fixing the date, and said that the Citizen Army would strike alone if the Volunteers did not decide to strike soon. No one, at any time, as far as my knowledge goes, and I met people from many different parts of the country in the pre-1916 days, ever suggested that the Rising was to be only a Dublin Rising. Everyone was afire at the thought that a Rising was coming.

It was known to the Cork officers, and undoubtedly to the senior officers elsewhere, that there were divided counsels in Dublin, and the

Cork officers wanted to make sure that they would not be at the mercy of conflicting orders at the crucial moment.

Consequently, on Tuesday of Holy Week, 1916, Tomas MacCurtain (first Republican Lord Mayor of Cork) came to our house from Ballingearry, Co. Corcaigh, where he had been in conference with Terry and Sean O'Hegarty. He told me that Terry wished me to go to Dublin next day (Spy Wednesday) and see Tom Clarke, Sean McDermott and James Connolly. I was to ask them to arrange for the following day, Holy Thursday, a meeting with Terry about 2 o'clock p.m., so that he, Terry, could leave home by the first train on Thursday morning, meet them at the appointed time, and return to Cork on the same day. I was also to call to the Volunteer Headquarters, and tell Eoin McNeill that Terry might be in town next day, and, if so, would like to see him, and I was to wire Terry a code answer as to whether or not the meeting could be arranged.

Sean McDermott was awaiting me in the vicinity of Kingsbridge when I arrived on Wednesday. He did not address me, but we travelled in the same tram to O'Connell Bridge, and as we alighted he told me to be at Tom Clarke's tobacco shop in Parnell Street at 8 p.m. that evening. During the afternoon I went to the Volunteer Headquarters. Eoin McNeill was not there. Bulmer Hobson was. I gave him Terry's message for McNeill. He made no comment, but said he would deliver it.

At 8 o'clock I was at Tom Clarke's shop. Mrs. Clarke was there. She showed me the "Castle Document," and sent her son, Daly, to take me to their home in Ballybough. There, for the first and last time, I met Tom Clarke. His personality gripped me. He was just a living flame of optimism. He spoke exultingly of the triumph of the Republic, of the help the Germans were sending, and told me that "Recognition of the Republic signed by the Kaiser was in the hands of John Devoy in New York." His mention of Germany came as a

profound shock to me, for I had no idea that there was collaboration with the Germans, distrusted continental complications, and told him so, reminding him of the failure of the Spanish and French attempts to aid us. But he laughed aside my doubts, told me we could not fail this time. Victory was certain. "Of course," he said, "we in the front rank will go down, we know that, we expect that, but the Republic is safe."

During our conversation Brian O'Higgins came in. It was also my first meeting with Brian O'Higgins. He was in uniform, saluted Tom Clarke, and handed him a despatch which the latter read with eager and satisfied look. I stood apart and watched them—the grey-haired Tom Clarke with, behind him, this young Brian O'Higgins, the embodiment of the generation to which Tom Clarke was handing on his trust. Both men were knit in an elation and a triumph that filled me with a strange excited wonder. I had no clue to their exultant feelings as I looked on them.

But it was Spy Wednesday. The Rising was fixed for Easter Sunday. No shadow of the tragic disaster off Fenit marred their vision of success. There was every reason for their exultation. Only I, knowing nothing of the plans for Easter Sunday, wondered at the compelling force in that room in Ballybough.

On the departure of Brian O'Higgins, Tom Clarke told me that it would be madness for Terry to come to Dublin, that he would be arrested at the first attempt to board a train, that every officer was needed at his post, and no one should run the risk of arrest. The meeting could not be arranged.

I wired that answer in code on Wednesday night, and returned to Cork on Holy Thursday. I could see that Terry was deeply disappointed that the meeting had not been arranged, for the Cork officers had hoped for a definite guarantee of a unified command.

Good Friday morning brought Sean O'Sullivan, the third senior officer in Cork, to see my sister, Maire, about 10 o'clock a.m. A wire had come

from "Ginger" O'Connell asking Tomas MacCurtain to meet him at Mallow. The usual 12.45 p.m. mail from Cork to Dublin did not run on Good Friday, and a car was urgently needed for Tomas. Hence the message to Maire to hire a car, drive to Mallow, picking up Tomas en route as she passed through Blackpool.

Maire and I left immediately to get the car, but owing to the very stringent regulations regarding their hiring, we had some delay in securing one, and, on our arrival in Mallow, found that the Dublin train had gone on to Cork. Tomas learnt from Volunteer employees at the station that "Ginger" O'Connell had not left the train, so we returned to Cork, and found him at our home with Terry and Sean O'Sullivan. There Tomas joined them, and there the four were in conference till midnight, with the exception of a very short break for a meal.

Later we learnt that "Ginger" O'Connell had brought word of a very definite cleavage in Dublin, of McNeill's refusal to agree to the plans for Easter Sunday, and that, consequently, the whole Rising as planned was doomed to failure.

Consequently, neither my sister nor I could understand the atmosphere of gloom that descended on the house during that conference. We were not, of course, present. We knew nothing of the divided counsels in Dublin, for Terry never revealed any matters discussed at Brigade or other meetings. Our knowledge of all these came later, and as Terry had been most buoyant and eager during the preceding months, we had no clue to this awful gloom that had taken possession of the three Cork officers. "Ginger" O'Connell seemed an outsider—a rather complacent spectator of the gloom.

About 8 p.m. Miss Alice Cashel called "for instructions." She was told "to wait." When 11 p.m. came she said she could wait no longer, and was told there were "no instructions," which information bewildered her—the reason being that she had, under an assumed name, hired cars to ostensibly, take touring parties round the Killarney beauty spots during the Easter week-end, but in reality, to collect and distribute arms from the German gun-boat. The cars had been hired, and she was to call on Good Friday evening to find out at what hour the cars were to be at the appointed venue on Saturday to pick up the "tourists" (who were

to be Volunteers in charge of the distribution). Her bewilderment and dismay can be readily understood when told there were "no instructions." She was just told she would be communicated with, but it was then 11 p.m., Good Friday, and the garages were to be notified at 10 a.m. on the following morning, Holy Saturday.

About midnight the four men left the house. We heard Terry come in later and go to his room. Next morning, Holy Saturday, about 6 a.m. we were awakened by gravel thrown at the windows. A Volunteer, Riobard Langford (now owner of the Lee Printing Press) was in the garden, seeking Terry. Soon both were hastening to the city.

About noon Terry came—all gloom gone, brightness and buoyancy again—saying he wanted us to catch the 3 p.m. train to Macroom with a message for Sean O'Hegarty, who was in Ballingearry. It was, he said, an "urgent despatch" and had to be got off at once. We caught the train and delivered the despatch to Sean O'Hegarty that Saturday evening. A despatch received from Dublin on Saturday, signed jointly by O'Neill and Pearse, assured the Cork officers that all despatches thenceforth would be from a united command, dispelled the gloom brought by "Ginger" O'Connell, and when, on that Saturday evening, the evening papers published McNeill's order cancelling all parades and manoeuvres for the Easter week-end, the order, though it dumbfounded and dismayed the Cork officers, was unquestionably accepted as an order from a united command.

The City Volunteers paraded on Sunday morning, when James McNeill and Dr. Jim Ryan appeared with a despatch confirming the order published on Saturday evening. The rank and file of the Volunteers did not know the plan of campaign (which plan for the counties of Cork and Kerry, was a general attack on the police barracks throughout both counties, holding both counties, and linking up with Clare and Limerick). The Volunteers went to Macroom for that day, returning in the evening under Sean O'Sullivan in compliance with the published orders. The County Volunteers had dispersed. Tomas MacCurtain and Terry continued through the county, visiting the different areas, and reached Ballingearry about 2 p.m. on Monday.

(To be concluded next issue)

## An Appeal

The home of Matthew Murray, Gurthacullen, Co. Tipp., was completely destroyed by fire. Unfortunately the place was not covered by Insurance. He, his wife and five children, with ages ranging from eight years to one year, are now homeless. An effort is being made to provide them with a home before the winter sets in. It is a very sad case, and we confidently appeal to the general public for a little help.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received by any of the following and publicly acknowledged:

Very Rev. J. McCarthy, P.P., Ardinnan; Denis Prendergast, Gurthacullen, Clogheen; David Hennessy, Gurthacullen, Clogheen; Michael Loneragan, Gurthacullen, Clogheen; Michael Myles, Graigue, Clogheen; Michael O'Brien, Graigue, Clogheen; Patrick Sheehan, Graigue, Clogheen; Michael Kenneally, Graigue, Clogheen; Samuel Clutterbuck, Gormanstown; John Butler, Gormanstown; Mrs. E. Devereaux, Gormanstown; Patrick Kearney, Clogheen; John Hally, Clogheen; Thomas Kelly, Clogheen; Cor-O'Brien, Goatenbridge; John Farrell, nellus Walsh, Castlegrace; John Ballyporeen; John Daly, Ballyporeen; Thomas Walsh, Ballyporeen; Mrs. Russell, Ballyporeen; Cornelius Creagh, Ballyporeen; Thomas Myles, Ballyporeen; William Myles, Ardinnan; Stephen Grace, Ardinnan; Jeremiah Ryan, Graigue, Clogheen, Cahir (Hon. Treasurer).

## SEAN RUSSELL MEMORIAL

His comrades in the Irish Republican Army and in the Clann na Gael organisation in the United States are erecting a life-size monument of Sean Russell in Fairview Park, Dublin, the scene of his heroic defence in 1916, and we appeal to all his former comrades, friends and admirers, as well as to all lovers of freedom, to subscribe in a manner that will enable us to build a memorial that will be a fitting tribute to the indefatigable, lionhearted I.R.A. chief—Sean Russell.

## SINN FEIN ARD FHEIS

The Sinn Féin Ard Fheis, held on Sunday the 13th November, was an outstanding success this year. Delegates attended from every part of Ireland, from the Glens of Antrim to Cork and even all the way from Glasgow. New cumainn affiliated during the year included Belfast, Derry, Glendun, Co. Antrim, Portlaoighise, Offaly, Dungarvan, Limerick, Miltown-Malbay, Swinford, Co. Mayo, Drogheda, Duleek, Co. Meath, as well as two in Dublin City.

For years Sinn Féin has been content to pursue its way quietly and unobtrusively, relying on the small band of loyal stalwarts who have kept the organisation going, in good times and in bad. To-day it again comes to the forefront, a virile, active force with flourishing cumainn in all five provinces—for in Sinn Féin the old Gaelic division of the "cúig cúigi" is the recognised provincial division. An encouraging feature of the Ard Fheis was the big number of young people who attended and took part in discussions on the various resolutions on the clár, covering every aspect of Irish life, political, economic, social and cultural.

The standard of debate was very high. The presidential address delivered by Mrs. Buckley was greeted with prolonged applause. One listened with interest and attention every time Seelie rose to speak—he was so informative in his historical references and so vehemently sincere in his denunciation of political chicanery and trickery. When Pádraig Mac Logain stood up to speak everyone was instantly alert; his clear concise logic, well-balanced arguments and forceful delivery were the admiration of all. Clíod Ceabhasa was a colourful figure, with his silvery hair, national attire, and his beautiful western Gaedhealg which he uses on every occasion.

Reference was made to the proposal of the northern cumainn to nominate the Republican prisoners in Belfast Jail, as candidates in the forthcoming general election, and it was stressed that Sinn Féin candidates would be not merely abstentionists from the British institutions, but they would go forward on the positive policy of working for the 32-County Republican Parliament. Sanction of the Standing Committee had already

## Fianna Fail T.D. Toasts THE KING

Since this happened in England recently, and as many Irishmen would not be likely to hear about it, the *Irish Press* wisely decided not to publish it. The following is a copy of the menu card of a dinner held in Middlesborough:

Anti-Partisan League of Ireland  
Middlesborough Branch  
Complimentary Dinner to

MAJOR VIVION DE VALERA

at the Marsham Hotel,

Saturday, 8th October, 1949.

Reception by Mr. de Valera

Toast List:

THE KING

The Major

Anglo-Irish Friendship

Response by Major V. de Valera

Our Guests

Response by Mr. T. Mullins

If instead of honouring the toast of THE KING, the symbol of England's Army of Occupation in Ireland, at this convivial meeting, Mr. de Valera had proposed the health of the I.R.A., he would probably have been severely reprimanded by the Party and possibly expelled. Or has he inherited that infallibility peculiar in Ireland to his illustrious father?

## NATIONAL COMMEMORATION COMMITTEE

9 North Frederick Street,  
DUBLIN.

Our Annual Christmas Turkey Drive will take place this year at THE TEACHERS' HALL, 36 PARNELL SQ., DUBLIN, on Sunday, December 18th, at 3 p.m.

In addition to the usual work, we have undertaken the organisation and carrying out of the Easter Commemoration and other Commemorations, hitherto looked after by separate bodies. This will entail considerable expense, which can only be met by the holding of such functions as the Annual Christmas Turkey Drive. For this reason we solicit your generous support.

Gifts in cash or kind should not be sent to the above address but to the undersigned:

Moss Twomey, 24 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin.

Joseph Clarke, c/o Irish Book Bureau, 68 Upper O'Connell St., Dublin.

All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged.

Mise, le meas,

ATRACHT NI CHONGHAILE,  
Runaldhe, Turkey Drive  
Committee.

## Christmas Greetings

to

## REPUBLICAN PRISONERS

## In Crumlin Road Gaol, Belfast

been obtained, but the active support of every individual cumann throughout the country would be needed to make the campaign a success.

Young and old were agreed that the task ahead was difficult and that it would not be completed without much earnestness and hard work. The help of every Republican is needed and will be welcomed. We are confident this help will be forthcoming, and with it we feel sure that the Republican cause will take up the advance again.

The following officers were elected for the coming year:

President: Mrs. M. Buckley; Vice-Presidents: Ned Gargan and Críostóir O'Neill; Secretaries: Séamus

Russell and Tomás O Dubghaill; Treasurers: Mrs. Russell and Carmel Ni Néill; Standing Committee: Messrs. F. Kilmurry, C. McGlade, Gearóid O Broin, Séamus O'Neill, Seán Poole, Gearóid O h-Aodha and the Misses R. McSweeney and Mairéad Ward.

Munster: Miss A. McSweeney, J. Cronin, E. McNamara, P. Crowe (Tipp).

Leinster: P. McLogan, Séamus Mitchell.

Connaught: C. de Cheabhasa, Eoghan Mac Cumhail.

Meath: O. Martin.

Ulster: J. McGurk, T. Campbell, G. Traynor.

Scotland: J. Kerr (Glasgow).

# EIREANNAC AONTUISTE

SEAN TREACY HOUSE,  
94, SRÁID SEÁIN UÍ TREASAIS,  
(94 TALBOT ST.), DUBLIN  
DECEMBER, 1949

## POGROMS AHEAD

Christmas is with us again, and with this happy season there crowds in upon us memories of those other Christmases of bygone years, memories of the festive board, of the blazing yule log and the throng of happy faces, but intermingled with those cheerful memories are other less pleasing reminiscences of Christmas spent in gaol or in the internment camp. Wisely and well did Pearse say that "Ireland unfree will never be at peace."

England, openly and in defiance of all the pious talk of her statesmen about "human rights" and the "freedom of small nations," maintains an army of occupation in one part of Ireland and indirectly rules the remainder by means of laws and institutions forced upon us with the help of self-seeking Irishmen. As long as this position lasts, there can never be the Peace of the Gael.

Even now there are rumblings of the next phase of the unavoidable conflict; arms are pouring into Belfast. Rifles, machine-guns and explosives are being distributed among the unthinking Orangemen. These poor misguided men schooled for years to bear their slavery in patience cannot visualise a free Ireland with justice for all. They have been so accustomed to inflicting wrongs and injuries on Republicans with the help and connivance of England that in their ignorance they cannot see themselves getting a fair deal in a free Ireland.

It is plain now as it has always been that freedom by negotiation is but a chimerical dream of the Anglophile; Grattan negotiated and was shown the pacifying influence of the North Cork militia. O'Connell, with

all his powerful gifts as an orator, could not withhold the Famine. Redmond saw the value of negotiation in 1916, and even since then all the evidence goes to show that "force against force" is the only sane policy.

The Orangemen are arming now. They will be given all the "dirty work" to do, for realising the value of world opinion, England will try to give the forthcoming conflict the appearance of a "civil war." Undoubtedly, much of these arms in the hands of the irresponsible Orange mob will be used to plunder and rob, and it would be strange justice if their own leaders and masters were the victims, but on the whole they will be used to kill and murder Republicans, blast and burn their homes, and force many others to flee before the blind hatred of a fanatical infuriated mob urged on by unscrupulous leaders.

The case is of some urgency as such a mob cannot be long restrained, and with a general election in the offing, we may expect a repetition of those pogroms that have disgraced for ever the irresponsible leadership of the Orangemen.

There is only one remedy and that is for patriotic Republicans north and south to follow the example of the Orangemen who at least must be given the credit of a strong determination to fight.

We have no desire to dictate to the lawful government of the Republic what they should do. We have full confidence in their ability and in their patriotism. They have shown by their loyalty all down those sad years when desertions, defections and treachery weakened the cause, that

## TOM BARRY IN AMERICA

Mr. Tom Barry, speaking at an anti-Partition meeting in America, is reported as having stated, *inter alia*, that the Irish Government had earmarked thirty-five million pounds for the purchase of guns to take the six north-eastern counties, and also that there was sufficient man-power available for that purpose.

Presumably Mr. Barry is referring to the Partition Government of the twenty-six counties, and the most charitable thing we can say about his speech is that it is very misleading; he must know that successive administrations in the twenty-six county assembly, the present inter-party administration included, have denounced the use of force as a means of removing the British army of occupation from Ireland; that the Cumann na nGaedheal and Flanna Fail administrations openly co-operated with the British Government in an effort to suppress the physical force movement; that the leader of the present administration has publicly stated that force will not be used; and that a motion in Leinster House to eject the British Army by force was not seconded.

Mr. Barry knows this — nobody knows it better.

On what evidence, then, does he base his wild statement? Or is he trying to justify his desertion of the Irish Republican Army, and his acceptance of the twenty-six county statelet?

## Join the I.R.A.

they are worthy of our confidence, but we do appeal to those well meaning Irishmen who have been fooled by promises of short-cuts to freedom and have only got the treaty, partition and the Ireland Bill—we appeal to them to return to their old allegiance. We appeal to the youth of to-day not to interest themselves in party bickerings but to assure that by joining the I.R.A. they will, when the time comes, be able to play a man's part in restoring the lawful Republic.

# Charlie Kerins

This month of December, with its festive season, usually puts Irish Republicans in reminiscent mood. They recall Christmases of the past, reviving memories of joy mingled with their counterparts of sorrow—absent faces, general amnesties, roadside murders, midnight raids, "Tragedies of Kerry," "Rory, Liam, Dick and Joe," prison Christmases, and family re-unions.

But, for the last five years, this blessed month of Christmas has assumed a significance all of its own. The first of December has become almost a day apart—a day when one experiences anew the feelings of tragedy and shame, of sorrow, and of joy and pride that filled our hearts on that dreary day five years ago—the tragedy and the shame of erstwhile Republicans who had become so enslaved by the very Free State machine they had twenty years before avowed to break, who had become so bitter and vindictive towards those who strove to uphold the ideal they, themselves, had reneged, that they brazenly imported a British hangman to send a splendid young Irish Volunteer to his death; aye, and the joy and pride that overwhelmed us at the realisation that here was one of a new generation, who by his steadfast adherence to principle, by his fidelity to his ideals, by his calm demeanour and natural cheerfulness and heroic courage in face of death—the death of the scaffold—had proved himself fit to rank with Kevin Barry, Francis Flood, Roger Casement, Joe Brady, Henry Joy and all our glorious dead who in succeeding generations proudly ascended "England's Gallows Tree" in the cause of Irish Freedom. Yes, that was how we felt when the Free State (Pianna Fall brand!) hanged Charlie Kerins on the first of December, 1944.

Born in Tralee, 1918, Charlie, like Maurice O'Neill and Paddy Dermody and many others of his colleagues, felt that fate had been unkind to him in that he had not been of age to do his share in the five glorious years. He had a deep love for Ireland—her language, her music and her games—and ere he reached his teens he was determined to take part in the next phase of the struggle for her independence.

So, when he left school to enter the

wireless business, he joined the local unit of Oglai na hEireann. A good footballer, with a droll sense of humour, Charlie was very popular with the lads. His diligence in his Volunteer duties coupled with his keen initiative singled him out as a natural leader and soon he was "ascending the ladder."

Thus, in 1942, when Free State coercion was at its height, we find Charlie in Dublin as Chief-of-Staff of the I.R.A. Imprisonments and internments, at home and abroad, had depleted the ranks of active Volunteers to an alarming degree. But, nothing daunted, Charlie and the small group that formed his staff "forged ahead." The manner in



CHARLIE KERINS

which, under almost unprecedented difficulties, they strove to "rally the forces," and fan the embers to a rich glow, provide a story of sacrifice and hardship, of loyalty and devotion to an ideal, which, however, like the many thrilling escapes and escapades, and indeed humorous incidents must remain untold till some future date.

Towards the end of that year the man-hunt was intensified; Charlie and his colleagues were sought day and night throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. He travelled fairly openly, and had many narrow

shaves till, eventually, in the summer of 1944, he was arrested while sleeping in the house of his devoted friends—the O'Farrells—in Rathmines Road.

When charged before the Military Tribunal with the shooting of Det.-Sgt. Dinny O'Brien of the Special Branch he refused to recognise the court or to enter any plea whatever. On the flimsiest of circumstantial evidence he was convicted and sentenced to death by hanging—a further proof, if such were necessary of the intense hatred the Pianna Fall administration of the Free State had developed towards those who remained loyal to the ideals of Tone and Emmet, MacSwiney and Mellows and Brugha.

The people were incensed at this savage sentence. Throughout the country they agitated for a reprieve. But the Free Staters were bent on having their "pound of flesh." Protest meetings were broken up by the police and scores of young men removed to the Bridewell. Women reciting the Rosary in the streets were batoned; a few justice-loving deputies who took the agitation into Leinster House itself were suspended on pretext; the Press was muzzled effectively by Mr. Aiken even to the extent of refusal to publish a letter by Mrs. Austin Stack asking the public to offer their Holy Communion on the morning fixed for the execution (sic)—the "First Friday"—for the Spiritual Welfare of the condemned Volunteer. The De Valera-Boland coercion machine was running smoothly. (Shades of Bloody Balfour and Buckshot Foster!)

Thus was public opinion stifled. Armed "S" men and their myriad cohorts prowled the streets. Extra precautions were taken (although there was little room for such!) for the safety of Free State Ministers. Police armed with sub-machine guns manned Mountjoy. The stage was set for the morrow's sacrifice. The "Imperial Beast" would be sated once more!

And 'mid all this panic and excitement, the central figure of the great drama was quite unconcerned in the condemned cell Charlie Kerins spent a quiet night. His last farewells had been taken, his last notes written, his little mementoes arranged for his

(Continued on page 8, col. 1)

## NEWS FROM AMERICA

Our attention has been drawn to a paragraph which appeared under the above heading in our October issue, viz.: "Suffice to say the ones who have always carried the fight for Ireland since Easter, 1916, whether in the ambush party or the barrack attackers were there carrying signs instead of rifles, but those who loudly prate their Irish Republicanism and who look upon themselves as the High Priests of the Irish Republic were absent . . ."

It has been asked if the reference in the latter portion is to members of the *Clan na Gael* organisation. It certainly is not. It refers to those loud-voiced politicians who support one or other of the pseudo-Republican parties in the Twenty-Six County Partitionist assembly. These are usually very willing to talk but are always missing when it comes to doing something practical for the restoration of the Republic.

## CHARLIE KERINS—(from page 7)

friends. He was cheerful as ever, quite serene, and chatted casually with his warders, till he went to bed for his last natural sleep in this world.

The morning found him cheerful breezy as ever. When asked by the priest how he felt, he replied: "I would not change places with any man in Ireland, Father. I am extremely happy and content; but I am sorry for you that you must be present." And to anyone who knew Charlie Kerins that last was a typical remark.

There is no need (nor indeed desire!) to enter into the harrowing details of what followed. Suffice it to say that Charlie stepped proudly and steadily and with noble mien to the scaffold, and died as he had lived, unconquerable and unconquered and immutable in his love of Róisín Dubh. (Even his very executioner paid tribute, saying he was the bravest and "most unflinching" man he had ever sent to eternity. But that poor man had met only criminals to date and an idealist of Charlie Kerins' type was something new to him).

Thus did Charlie Kerins of Tralee join the long line of Ireland's martyred dead. Of him may we justly pen Maynard's lovely words on Pearse: "He lived in honour all his lovely days and is immortal dead."

CEIRINEACH.

## BARNEY CASEY

Christmas 1940 was approaching but for some hundreds of Republicans interned at the Curragh, there was little prospect of a happy Christmas. No food, cigarettes, or any other of the little comforts that were the lot of prisoners-of-war in all countries, were allowed to be sent into the camp by Republican friends outside. The food supplied there was meagre, and the small ration of meat so bad that even when weak with hunger, few would risk eating it, and those who did were usually found rolling in pain on the floor of the huts some morning. The narrow compound was churned into a mass of mud inches deep and the weather was the coldest in living memory. Around the camp the armed hosts of a Dominion statelet gloated over the shattered remnants of the Irish Republican Army. Clearly, those Free State officers were intent on provoking a quarrel to further punish those men who even then refused to surrender.

The internees had no illusions about what to expect from men who had betrayed the Republic but nobody could have guessed that on Monday morning, 16th December, the Staters would, without warning or provocation, open fire on a little group of cold, badly clothed men chatting before the hut door while breakfast was being prepared. But such was actually the case. Bullets whizzed in all directions, many of them penetrating the wooden huts. Barney made a

rush for shelter but fell mortally wounded. A bullet had entered his lung from the back as he stood and within a few hours he died, having made his peace with God.

A lying statement was issued to the Press by the Fianna Fáil Cabinet, asserting that Barney Casey was leading an attack on the gate when the guards, armed with machine guns, opened fire. It was so obviously false that nobody was deceived. The lie was even more apparent when the Minister for "Justice" made a Special Order forbidding an inquest, and also ordered that Barney's father and younger brother be arrested lest they might ask awkward questions.

Only the other day De Valera, with assumed innocence, accused one of the present Twenty-Six County ministers of lying. It is not the first time he has shouted liar to an opponent, but during his sixteen years of office, scores of lies were circulated by his party and his paper, and always against Republicans. Of course, he first took care to suppress every Republican paper and silence every Republican advocate.

Barney Casey is dead but his spirit will ever guide us; and his memory and the thought of his cruel, cowardly, callous death will always be an incentive to us to suffer everything, even death itself, until Barney's ideal of a free Gaelic Republic be realised.

## CHARLIE KERINS

II

"He told me," said the priest who attended him during his last weeks, "that he would offer his life in union with his Crucified Saviour Who died for all men on behalf of his countrymen both enemies and friends."

"Charlie sang a song half an hour before he died."

I

Calmly he climbs to Ireland's Calvary  
The gallows tree where down the  
years

Our martyred ones have bled.

A smile is on his noble face;

The Saxon noose will soon embrace  
His dear proud head.

But near at hand, those steadfast eyes  
Behold a Cross whereon a Saviour dies  
Giving His life for friends and foes;  
So linked with His, no death is vain,  
And hempen rope will cause no pain  
When forth his young blood flows.

III

Ireland, a while, will mourn his loss  
Who died with smile and song nigh  
Calvary's Cross  
Hearing the voice of Barry call.  
Then hope will surge and joy and pride  
And strength to serve the cause for  
which he died  
That brave proud death by Mountjoy  
wall.

BRIGHID NI CHUINNEAGAIN.

# NEWS COMMENTARY

## "Irresponsible Criticism"

Ever since its foundation, the National University of Ireland has been neither national nor of Ireland. It has contributed nothing significant to the scholarship or well-being of the nation, if we except the efforts of a few illustrious scholars and patriots who certainly never found much that was inspiring or congenial in the precincts of any one of the constituent colleges. The whole orientation of the University has been, and is ascendancy.

Soltheach follamh is mó torann, and that is, perhaps, why we have heard so much more recently of U.C.D. than of any other University College. For the past three weeks the spotlight has been on its President.

First week: He attends, in full academicals, the Anniversary Celebrations in Maynooth of An t-Athair Eoghan O Gramhna, a great priest who wasted his strength for the Irish language and Irish culture.

Second week: On behalf of the Academic Council, U.C.D., he repeatedly shows his "consistency" by refusing, to students, papers in Irish in the examinations for College Entrance Scholarships.

Third week: He resents criticism of the un-Irish, un-national slant of the University. He calls it "irresponsible criticism," because, as he flatly pontificates, "there is, or ought to be, no such thing as a National University. Universities are, by their very nature, international." Of course, there is no necessity of adverting to the fact that what the President has in mind by "international" seems undoubtedly to be just plain English. One will seek in vain for any of the mellowing outlook of the continental universities, or even of the more ancient English universities like Oxford and Cambridge.

Well, now. The President is sufficiently acquainted with Latin to understand that "inter" means "among" or "between." "International," then, is the adjective meaning "among nations." This, of course, postulates nations, national entities. And, if there be no nation, no national entity, it is idle to talk of "international" matters.

But when we discuss universities, we are really not concerned with the word "international" in the "deeper sense" or any other sense. What we

would discuss is the word University itself, which is connected with Universitas, and has a connotation of universality. Universality is not to be confused, or identified with internationality. Is it not a sad commentary on the shallowness and bankruptcy of our university that a president of one of its constituent colleges can be so inaccurate in his terms, so loose in his expressions?

Will the President please take a glance at a few universities which have "in the deeper sense" a universal fame? Will he deny that they have attained their position because they also, "in the deeper sense," are vibrantly themselves, are deeply conscious of their nation, are proud of that nation, are mellow with the traditions of that nation, are steeped in the culture of that nation, are enriching that nation in learning and research, are paying a universal tribute to that nation in mind and body, in time and space?

What, then, Mr. President, of the Sorbonne? What of Oxford? What of Louvain and Salamanca? What of Heidelberg? What of Bonn? What of Yale and Harvard? Have they become, "in the deeper sense" universal by repudiating their own nation, by stinting recognition to their national language and culture and traditions? What of ancient Athens and Rome? What of Clonmacnoise? Do you think, with reference to these, that there ought to be no such thing as a National University? Did their fused nationality militate against their universal worth, their invaluable contribution to civilisation?

Now, what of Homer and Aristotle, Virgil and Horace, Palestrina and Vittoria, Leonardo and Donatello, Dante and Cervantes, Goethe and Miesiewicz, Tolstoy and Ibsen, Beethoven and Sibelius, Kosciuszko and Foch, Pasteur and Curie, Pearse and McSwiney, and all the others who are "in the deeper sense" universal? Will the President deny that they were also deep lovers of their nation, imbued with the virtue of patriotism, national in every fibre of their being? And is it not because they were national, because each was first of all a German or a Finn, or a Spaniard or a Pole or an Italian or an Irishman that their names ring down the ages, that their works have a universal, even an international appeal?

No, Mr. President! It will not do to become petulant and almost incoherent when you and your colleagues are criticised for your retrogressive notions, for your gross dereliction of duty to Ireland. It will not do to mouth moronic platitudes. History and experience are against you. A man cannot realise universality unless he first realise himself. And "in the deeper sense," a corporate body, no matter how well staffed or equipped, can never hope to attain to the dignity of a university unless it vibrate with the nation, unless it become mellow with the mellowness of its culture, unless it hold sacred its long-cherished traditions, unless it become, "in the deeper sense," national.

## The End Justifies the Means?

The trial of Field-Marshal Erich von Manstein is a nauseating procedure. It reeks of slimy hypocrisy and noisome self-righteousness. The English pharisees have their victim and one feels that even if Our Lord Himself, moladh go deo Lels, wrote their crimes on the sand, they would still insist on casting stones.

The defence of the Field-Marshal is not so much a defence of a defendant as an indictment against his prosecutors and their unscrupulous, amoral conduct of the war. Mr. Paget, in his endeavour to show up that the Hague Conventions did not hold in certain countries, has revealed revolting breaches of even the elements of civilised behaviour on the part of British commanders — "and quite rightly too, because otherwise they could not achieve their ends!"

As one clear example, he cited Churchill's order to annihilate thousands of Frenchmen acting under orders from Vichy. Churchill's admiral protested against this order because it was wholesale murder and contrary to all the laws of war. But Churchill was adamant, and with utter disregard for morality, peremptorily told Cunningham to go ahead with the job, and again the British, with their spastic morality, nodded approval — because no consideration of justice, law or ethics must prevent the British war effort or interfere with their possession of the earth.

Now this, of course, is the damnable doctrine which says that the end

## NEWS COMMENTARY—Continued.

justifies the means. Only those suffering from moral cerebral palsy could subscribe to such a doctrine. But Churchill and Attlee and all their gelatinised satellites, evangelists of the new amorality (which is really as old as sin), can frame their own laws of conduct, and interpret them according to the whim of the moment, and then justify their position in round, reverberating classical phrases, quoting, if necessary, scripture for their purpose.

One can deeply sympathise with the Field-Marshal when he has to face this gyrating code of morals. His prosecutors refuse to conduct the case on any fixed standards of behaviour, on any fixed mode of procedure ("the Court will decide its own procedure"), and so his defence, as Mr. Paget remarks, is almost impossible.

P.S. In a recent trial in Germany of shipbuilding directors, who were "convicted" of obstructing dismantling operations, Judge O'Hanlon—a fine British name!—held that the Hague Conventions did not apply to Germany. I wonder will the Hamburg Court take cognisance of this judgment.

## Population Statistics.

It may have come as a shock to people that the Report of the English Commission on Population has been banned here. One might not expect that such a prosaic thing as a Commission Report would be banned. But in this case the banning is absolutely justified.

This document is the product of the protracted deliberation of highly-placed statisticians and population experts in England. It may be taken as a faithful reflection of the mind of English dominant society. And it advocates gross, unnatural means of arresting the growth of population and of considerably reducing it. It is rampant, unashamed advocacy of paganism in its most perverted forms, violating the tenets of Christianity and generally accepted medical ethics. Its aberrated recommendations deny human dignity, the inviolability of the marriage contract, the sacredness of human life.

In view of such a mentality, as near-official as it can be, is it not tragic that there are many still in Ireland who regard England as a spiritual oasis?

## Oireachtas na Gaedhíle

Tá Oireachtas na bliana so im-thighthe ar leir na gaoithe, agus gan aon toradh foghanta seasamhach le taisbeáint na chiald. D'reir a chéile tá meath ag teacht air, sa tsilge ná fuil ann fé láithir ach rud gan téagar gan anam. Ní fuil ná feoil ann ach é mar abhéadh síodhbhradh cnapálthe mí-litheach.

Ní an rath air mar ná teigheann sé go croidhe an náisiúin. Ní bhogann sé cuise na tíre. Ní lorguigheann sé ach na samacháin abhionn a d'arráidh a gcuid féin do chothughadh. Polaiticeoirí ná feiceann aon nídh ann ach áis bhoilscáireachta, lucht ealadhan (sic) ná feiceann ann ach áis díolta a gcuid pictiúirí agus teangmháilidhthe ná feiceann ann ach áis chun a bhfoghmhar do bhaint. Go deimhin tá dream beag dílis dúthrachtach ann chomh maith, ach is beag áird a tugtar ortha san le linn na "Féile."

Sé locht is mó atá ar an Oireachtas ná an tsilge 'na dtreigear na daoine is mó a thugann beatha dhó, i.e. muinntir na Gaedhealtachta. Ní h-aon chabhair bheith 'á rádh go ndéantar freastal ortha nuair a thagad go dtí an Chathair (agus eadráinn féin is beag suim a cuirtear ionnta sa Chathair féin).

Tá an t-Oireachtas "aith-bheoldáite" le breis is deich mbliana anois, ach ní faic déanta ná ceapálthe ag na maithé móra chun fiú duine amháin d'ealadhantóirí na Gaedhealtachta do choimeád sa bhaile ó luing na h-imíre. Tá ana-chuid des na h-íomathóirí is fearr a sheas ar árdán an Oireachtas aifnadh iocéin anois.

I mbliana, bhuaidh callín óg ó Uíbh Ráthach roinnt duals i geomórtais amhránuidheachta. Bhí 'Thios ag gach aoine go mbéadh uirthi im-theacht thar sáile díreach nuair a cuirfí deire leis an Oireachtas. Ach cos ná lámh níor chorrúigh aoine de lucht an Oireachtais 'na cás. Ba chums leo i n-Eirinn nó thar lear i. Sin mar a chaomhuigheann an t-Oireachtas an Gaedhealachas. Go bhfoiridh Dia air mar Oireachtas! Is eagal lóm gurb é an Gaedhealachas a chodall amuigh atá ag déanamh tinnis dó.

## Rumours

Rumour has it that a certain organisation in Ireland with an honoured name is discriminating

## SEAN-CHOBRAID ÁRANN ABÚ.

Ar mo sílge dom ó Chobraid Árann  
So Caiséal eadh Álamh na Mumhan  
Do conaí an turban Reata bána,  
Fá ceannas de lása cuíam.  
Ba triomanta team iad na sámpir,  
Na rangas ag máiseáil go dlúit,  
Is ba cuma leo cuicim sa ngráscar  
Dé go mbéanparais barr agus buad.

## Cunpá—

Mo sháirín iad na buacailí breásta  
'Na treasas ag máiseáil go  
dlúit ;

Fir chroia na triomanta briosáiríe—  
Sean-Chobraid Árann Abú.

Ba fearman, fúmneamh fórsac,  
D'fearas cónac cruair,  
Na treasas i gcóinne na sámpir,  
Ag seasamh an fóir go mbuair.  
Fá ceannas a gceannas chroia  
Níod eagla leo gíeo ná suais,  
Dé ba calma eadh na h-óglas  
Ag cur slaisce na Coróinne fá nuais.

## Cunpá—

D'íad tneimín na triomanta briosáiríe  
Do conaí an tá úr fáid,  
Ag slaisceadh ar bóirne bána,  
So dornas bána cun gíeo :  
Toza chroairí Chobraid Árann  
Súid fearar leo a mbás ná a mbeo  
Muna mbéan an c-sáiríse móin dóib,  
Is díobit ar sáiríse go deo.

COLM Ó TUATHAIR.

НОДЛАІЗ ДАІВІНН  
Д'АР ЛЕІЗТЕОІРІ І  
ЗСЭІН АЗУС І  
ЗСОІМЗАР

against Irish architects and, without examining all the aspects of the case, is about to invite in an Englishman to do a job for which Irishmen are fully and competently qualified. If the rumour be well-founded, we shall certainly expose this matter and call for an adequate explanation.

Ba hálth lóm beannachta ó Dhia  
anuas do ghuidhe ar mo léightheoirí  
um Nodlaig agus choidhche.

Tomás O Glaisigh.

# CUIMNÍ CIME

AN NOBLAIG I NGÉIBINN.

Ní an 24ú lá a cosnuigh an Noblaig in Árdán an Doibnis aic i bparóimhis sin. Sead, is dóca go bfeadpaí ná go cosnuigh sé sa bpróimán órdá nuair a cosnuigh an bneachtán agus cáirteí Noblaig ó' árdá na bfeimíní i 'Tusaí san an Noblaig ní ba cómsaige ar cuma éigin. Aic ní cúisge bíor an comin veimeann mteige ar a aisteir go tús an Árd-Maoin (agus an raib beaí na mease ná cabairt a raib aice cun na cominí cionnlaic) ná mara cosnuigh bruo na Noblaig i gceairt. Ánsan a lúgí istead an véamh na gáirteí ná gáirteí féin. A leicéir ve fuasair is ve nuailte buailte ní feaca aomne niam. Cáime seana cáirteí ar an mbóro agus gac aomne a tul cáirte le céile a long smaomte sana cabairtíois féin Chief D'oeuvre a cipead an buacail bán," agus ná véamhgead gur sa Cúrrad a bí sé niorb foláin beir an-ealabanta. Véamh léimheas air ansan san aon agó. Ní beaí aon gáirte ar buacail bán ná buacailín Donn síos annsan a fimsit go lom véamh car a ceap sé ve'n iarrad! Marra raib peicéir oimeannac ar an gceairt véamh taighe i ngac aon leabair sa piosún cun teacé ar gneas, a beaí sásmhail. An gneas toigta agus seo cúige in Ámm Vé. Iasacé pinn annso, beagán péince an-súo agus piosa páipéir talí agus tá na dátaibíris go léin ar a n-óideall—curo acu go h-ealabanta agus curo acu ná raib aic bí pios ag gac aomne gur mó go mór le 'na gáirte cáirte a véamh istig ná an cáirte ba véame a ceannóipá. Nuair a bíor veime leis an gceairt cáirte bíor níos mó misnig acu cun cabairt féin cáirte ceann agus mar sin ve go tús go raib go leaí véamh ag gac caim bí féin agus b'féirín cúpla ceann sa breis ná cáirte ná raib ve misneac acu cabairt fúta iao féin. An dátaibíris véamh ta b'é an ponc ba mó ná véamh véas smasos pagáil cun gabáil leis an bpeicéir gur cailead oimead san nuair leis. Cuannagad na pítí go léin go véamh na béinsin ceirne line. Bí pot-veime a tug fé véamh a cumad i féin. Tar éis an t-saogail ní raib aon tuairim aice go tús go gur dátaibíris í-cá b'píos ná go raib féin na pítí-eacta mteige leis i ngan pios bí féin.

An lá noim Noblaig tagairte. Tá na cáirteí go léin véamh agus mteige tar saile agus go cúig árdá na h-Éireann agus gac aomne ar ba-

riciní a fanamh leis an bpost. Cáirteí agus beartanna a teacé go tuig. Nác fiail a bí an gáirte go léin Dail ó Dia oíca. Bí curo acu v'mteige san soisicéir a bí gann cun iao a cur a trill ar mgean ná véamh niam nua cáirte i ngéibinn. Téigean gac aomne istead 'na cillín cun an leicir ó baile a léigean. Bead an munnir sa baile i bparó níos uairín ná sinne an Noblaig seo mar beaí cáirteí pollaí a cun-feaí in níl dóib go raib véame ná b'féirín beirte ná trill ná munnir i ngéibinn. Connus a samlócairíis go n'Éireadóir leis an silas agam an sult agus an spórt féin a damt amac cé gur mó voras glasta a bí nior sinne pinn agus an saomne. Aic v'áim-veom san is uile is mó véamh a cur ar na leicreacáirí ó baile. Ní raib cairte cloicte ag aomne acu aic má bí véamh le silas b'féirín iao a silas i gceimeas an cillín. Aic nior b'páda gur bameann go léin seannad asta féin agus amac leaí go léin a cur na cáirteí i gcomparáirí—fead ar an gceann so ó'n gCúrrad. Nác b'pús sé go seoirí... "Ó tá! Aic péic car a fuair-eas sa treasa an balla"... "Tá ceann áluim agam-sa annso i nuair agus bán. Ní feaca a leicéir niam véamh"... "Ó comin é sin go cúrram—b'féirín go b'péamhís coip a véamh ve um Cáisc." Mar sin ve agus gac aomne a camnt ag an am céirte go tús gur piosad an seann-poc "seaca ban ná seaca géamh." Aic bí veime leis an ngéir sa véame agus bíor na ceolcáirí go léin a trill ar an gceairteacáirí v'áim cón i gceirín Áirneann na marone.

Tá lá Noblaig tagairte sa véame agus iao go léin baighe sa t-séipéir beag ar Áirneann. Cloistear ceol bínn an Adeste ó cúl an t-séipéir agus is baighe gur rug sé smaomte na geimí b'píos ó'n áit 'na raibíar. Véame acu b'féirín a cumneam ar séipéir beag tuairte san ve solus ann aic na comite ar an altóir agus sa trill, agus véame eile ar an sagant páirteir na ceip niam air seannmóir an an mbás a cabairt marnean lae Noblaig, véame eile pús a smaomeam ar Eaglais féal cáirte go raib cun áluim feicteir ann agus cón sár-binn. B'féirín gur áluirid ná raib an t-am acu an uair sin smaomeam ar mionúit na Noblaig aic ar cuma éigin ní raib sé cóim v'ioisneac, cóim h-ionganac ná cóim Naomta agus a bí Áirneann na Noblaig

annso mteiginn.

B'é "Árdán an Doibnis" é véamh um' nóm nuair táimís an n-Éireadóir nár ceip niam ar cara fiail a cur éica um Noblaig. An seomra feicteir le cuileann, éirnead agus páipéirí iolraicte agus b'ac féal bán ar an mbóro-bairtín ní ba véame ná mar ba gáirte a cur véame éigin i v'acáirte i gceirín na h-Éireadóir. "Fan go b'péicam car a cunneann suas céigam ó'n geisic. Dár so is síro i Turnaipi! Ní feacáim ar ó'n Noblaig seo caicte iao. Mo gáirte go véo iao—cuimhgeann go raib nior éigin neamh-gáirte a damt leis an lá. Nác mór an ionganac ná Stew a fuair-eamh."

Agus an Céirte um Cáirteanna. Níor aon mar v'áim beir a sult le buacail cun i cionnlaic abairte aic cáirteí an t-saogail ní raib aisteann niam piosa nómpa agus ní baighe go raigheis amú ar an silge. Bí an Cón Sé véame véas agus an Caróir cáirteannac go leaí v'áimveom agorta beir 'a cáirteam ag an b'páirteirneac mó uair a nimeannar le fear na file big ar fáilcú an Oimeadcais! Ní raib áluim ná uair an h-eólas nár gabáir i rí na h-óirde go tús gur buail an b'péirteirneac suas áluim na b'páirteir agus v'acann go pinnhár.

"Sean tús ar Sinnsear feasoia

Ní pagar féin cionn ná féin cáirte."

clóirna.

## A PRACTICAL POLITICIAN

Politicians have a bad name in Ireland. There has been so much changing of principles and so much unsavoury tactics used to take advantage of every situation that many an honest man may be pardoned for thinking that after all patriotism may be "the last refuge of a scoundrel."

As a rule, the politicians move in groups, as the wolves do, for their greater protection, but some weeks ago a minister was appointed to the Stormont Cabinet who could well be described as a quick change artist: he was a Labour M.P. from 1933 to 1938. Then he broke with the Labour Party and founded the Commonwealth Labour Party. In 1947 he left the Commonwealth Labour Party and joined the Unionist Party. He is now a Minister!

# AN GATH GRÉINE

## Cúinne Do'n Aos-Ós

(Is cuimhin linn gur éadail Caitteac a curd saibúris go léir. Táinig an Diabail agus o'iarr sé ar Caitteac a scát do tabairt dó. "An n'óan-fair margaó?" "Ars" an Diabail).

Bí Caitteac as cur is as cúiteamh 'na aigne féin. Tuig sé go ri-mait gur ádair an Éitig an Diabail agus nac dóir o'aoimne don teagmáil abeic aise leis. Ac, san am céadna bí samnt cún an aingio ann agus ní feaca sé don oíog-báil as baint le margaó de'n tsaghas abí 'a tairiscint as an n'Diabail.

"Duel," ars' an Diabail arís, "an mberó sé 'na margaó?"

Séil Caitteac do'n cat.

"Deró," ars' eisean.

Táinig meangao mailiseac ar aghar an Diabail, agus leis sé gáire as, gáire go raib faobar na ponnomaíve air. "Is ciallmhar an mac tú," ars' eisean. "Deró saibúreas tar na beartaib agat. Ní beró don nro ar doim-an de oit ort feasta ac do scát. Agus cé'n tairbe é sin duic?"

Leas sé mála ceann oir ar an mboró. O'féac Caitteac ar na piosai spréacarnaca. Bí mar a bead solus mioscaiseac as teact as gac ceann. Rug sé ar an mála. Ní thisce dem ná brac sé sahas gile i n-aise leis. Bí a scát mteighe, agus bí an Diabail mteighe, leis. O'airig Caitteac macalla a gáire go pollam cuasac ar fuaro an tige.

(Tuille le teact).

### OUR PRIDE AND OUR GRIEF

(8th December, 1922)

A cold, and dark morn in December.  
A Feast-day of Heaven's own Queen!

A dawn, we've sad cause to remember,  
The saddest there ever has been!

Our grief?—It is not for the brave ones,

Who died with a joy in their heart!

We hopelessly grieve for the strayed ones,

Who once had a proud noble part,  
And now have become the time-servers

Who've given their aid to the foe,  
To quench the dear hopes of their country:

Our pride's for the heads they've laid low!

### A CHRISTMAS STORY

Mary was twelve years old on December 20th and all her relatives gave her beautiful presents. Her grandfather dipped deep down into his long leather purse and brought forth a shining gold sovereign, all for herself. Mary's eyes bulged with delight. She tugged and tugged at her Mammy to bring her to town so that she could spend it all. Finally her Mammy consented. She muffled Mary carefully and comfortably against the bitter wind and then, all eagerness and anticipation, they trotted out.

On the way, they saw four poor little children gazing longingly into a shop window. Their noses were flattened against the big pane of glass. What do you think was in the window? Just bread! Imagine children so hungry that they had no desire to look at the wonderful toys displayed during Christmas week! They had eyes only for loaves of bread.

Mary immediately became filled with pity, especially for one small dark-haired pale-faced boy.

"Mammy," said she, "I don't think I want to buy any presents for myself. Let us buy food and toys for those poor children."

Her Mammy was delighted with her generous suggestion. And so they bought lovely cakes and sweets and—with the help of extra money from Mammy—wonderful toys. The poor children were enchanted. They thanked Mary and her Mammy so deeply that both were almost weeping.

"God reward you, Mary," said the

O! Ireland is proud of her Martyrs

Who died on the Feast of Our Queen!

They'll live in her annals, forever!—

Time-servers might never have been!

ALICE FRENCH.

dark-haired pale-faced little boy.

"How do you know my name?" said Mary, wondering.

"My mother's name is Mary, too," said he, "and she will not forget the kindness you have shown to her son. Peace be with you."

Mary went home with a heart filled with unusual joy and happiness.

### EXTRACTS FROM REPLIES TO SIR BASIL BROOKE

(Which I promised to publish)

... "You pledge us to England. You dare to say that the Six Counties will remain loyal to the British Crown. In the name of the youth of the Six Counties I repudiate your pledges. We vow that as long as a soldier of the British Army presumes to control any part of Ireland, we shall carry on active resistance. And if we ourselves fall, we shall pass on the gospel of resistance to those who come after us. Remember, Ireland unfree, shall never be at peace."

... "Well, Sir Basil, how foolish you are! Do you really believe that we of the South have become completely slavish? We owe a lot to the great spirit of the North and we will not fall them in their need. We are too young at present to fight, but we can pray for them. Like the great Northerner, Eoghan Ruadh, we will ask the assistance of God and His Blessed Mother. We stand before you and repeat his watchword, 'Sancta Maria.'"

Súróim n'ólaig doibinn áluinn díb go léir, a leanbaí dílse, le síocáin Oé agus le suaireas Muire.

GRÁinne.

## ARMED MEN

"WE KNOW OF NO WAY  
BY WHICH FREEDOM CAN  
BE OBTAINED AND WHEN  
OBTAINED, MAINTAINED—  
EXCEPT BY ARMED MEN."

—P. H. PEARSE