

VOLUNTEER

BEAL TAINE, 1975

LUACH 5p



IN SPITE OF THE PRESENT CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES BY REPUBLICAN FORCES THE NATIONALIST POPULATION OF THE WATERSIDE HAVE WITNESSED THE CONTINUING HARASSMENT OF YOUNG PEOPLE IN THE AREA BY R. U. C. PERSONNEL. ON NUMEROUS OCCASIONS YOUNG MEN HAVE BEEN HELD WITHOUT CAUSE BY R.U.C. MEMBERS EAGER TO DEMONSTRATE THEIR DISLIKE OF THE NATIONALIST COMMUNITY. INDEED ON ONE PARTICULAR OCCASION MEMBERS OF THE R.U.C. WERE SEEN TO OBSERVE WITH NO CONCERN WHATSOEVER AN ATTACK ON A CATHOLIC YOUTH BY A NUMBER OF LOYALISTS. THE ATTITUDE ADOPTED BY THE R.U.C. MEN IN QUESTION IS NOT AT ALL SURPRISING WHEN ONE CONSIDERS THE CONTENTS OF THE ABOVE PHOTOGRAPH. THE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE INFAMOUS BURNTOLLET AMBUSH OF 1969 SHOWS ARMED LOYALISTS ATTACK DEFENCELESS CIVIL RIGHTS MARCHERS. FEATURED ON THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE IS A MR. McDERMOTT FORMALLY OF BUSH GARDENS, IRISH STREET ESTATE, ON THE LEFT IS A MR. PAUL TAYLOR FORMALLY OF BANN DRIVE, IRISH STREET ESTATE. BOTH OF THESE MEN, SEEN HERE AS CLEARLY PARTICIPATING IN THE ATTACK, HAVE SINCE BECOME MEMBERS OF THE R.U.C.

Blind Mans Bluff

IT IS just too ridiculous to observe the pathetic self-delusory efforts of the various soiled Castle canaries and Ascendancy pigeon-hawks, as they flutter around their British built cage, hopefully, that through applied extremes of wishful thinking, they might successfully sow the seeds of mass hallucinations in the minds of the people in this six-county area.

Indeed so anxious are they to see all things restored to their former positions, i.e. - they on top - you on the bottom, with a chain securely around your neck: - that they flit hither and thither like powdered nymphs of Spring, decorously declaring to audiences of prepared jubes, that their bland brand of dear sweet 'normality' is unmistakably on the return.

Like tray-loads of bad eggs, ponging higher than ever, they assemble to be photographed at a miscellany of

chapter meetings, hack investitures and institute jolly-hocks: while elsewhere, Crown Magistrates deliver their excretory comment as of old, in best ascendancy tones, as they thrash and malign the native niggers. And loe behold, we see such 'leading' faces sniffling the breeze as have not been hosed in sight for many a year, all eagerly grinning their death-and-hope smile. And on a lesser level, we observe members of the dust-bin councils making startling sorties into the heart of the tribe, to display the inept tin medal of the great white queen, thereby to beguile the innocent and cloak the crass inefficiency and bad faith of an Ascendancy administration. Surely, indeed but surely, with such 'normality', all we need to complete the picture is - the RUC.

Dare we, the mere Irish, approach such a fantastic wishful bubble, with

but a few sharp points of pertinent reality, for we would say it simply to all who have ears to hear, and wisdom besides.

The IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY, at present observes a truce specifically with the British Army. Thereby to permit the British Westminster Government, to negotiate the clear demands and requirements of the IRISH REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT. Failure to meet those necessary requirements or, such negotiations lacking satisfactory headway after a reasonable period of time, that truce shall speedily give way to a full resumption of hostilities, on a vastly increased and precipitated scale. The IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY awaits, poised in the fullness of strength and determination, and HISTORY SHALL RECORD OUR SUCCESS.

The Spirit Within

THE SLOW months of truce, may indeed seem long and strained to the many who daily accept the honourable mantle of duty, in pressing forward the task of freeing this nation.

However, let it be understood, let no person be so misguided to assume it is a time for idle wasting. It is a pause - certainly nothing more - simply a measurable period granted to the enemy in which to allow him to consider his position, as he faces the inevitable fact of the invincibility of the soldiers of Oglagh na hEireann and the nation they so magnificently serve. Verily, our spirit reaches firmly towards the approaching dawn, conscious of the ability of our people and the strength of our determination. We shall not falter, neither shall we flinch, in that which remains ahead.

And what of you - and of the manner in which you use this period, for on you also rests a duty, as on each Irish person within our nation.

Certainly many of us are inclined to take ourselves for granted, as we drift through each day existing merely like vegetables on the rich soil of Ireland. We imagine of ourselves as being so vulnerable and weak that we dare not even consider saying

boo to a fly, - fine specimens I must say - for who indeed would ever think you were Irish at all.

Certainly you should feel ashamed if you've allowed yourself to develop into such a person. I'll tell you this, there are very few cowards amongst the Irish in Derry - so why you? Is it simply you've got into the habit of displaying weakness - certainly it's a pathetic sight to behold and something your best friend would definitely be too embarrassed to tell you about. - Remember, I'm not speaking about the weakness of age or of the limbs. Sit down and think about it - and if you have any connection at all with the pro-British SDLP alliance, then to regain your own self-respect the first thing you do is sever that connection immediately, and take a good cleansing bath. - Get back to being Irish, I mean really being Irish, - not a mousey little creature scuttling about pretending you might belong to the British Rat family. Let people see you are indeed a real person, by showing them you really are Irish. Remember, you have the entire heritage of a nation behind you, nurturing you, supporting you, and that is a birth certificate no

English queen can ever attain, all of which is hardly surprising, as the Irish in ancestry have always stood leagues above the British.

So what of you -

Were I now to take you into my mind I would not hail you merely as a reader, but as a compatriot - for I hold that to be a whole Irishman one needs every word, every fundamental truth, that Irish Republicanism so ably teaches, and with that truth, every principle that underlines and defends that truth. As through the uncrushable steadfastness of their sacrifice, your ancestors have gifted you with a proud heritage of noble struggle: - so equally in the present holding true cause and in unbroken lineage with the ideals of Tone, Emmet, Mitchel, Pearse and Connolly: the Provisional Irish Republican Movement by the strength of it's people and through the glorious courage, valour and sacrifice, of it's members in arms, has reinstated the true and rightful ownership of this land in the people of Ireland: and by their continuing endeavours, will ensure for all the children of this land the fruits of a free and unfettered nation. There clearly lies our duty - yours and mine.

Press Statement

6th May, 1975

DERRY SINN FEIN wish to point out a few facts about the results of the Convention election, to correct a mistaken impression created by an analysis carried on the front page of Tuesday's JOURNAL.

The author, a JOURNAL staff reporter, claims that the most remarkable factor about the Convention election result was the way in which the voting followed the pattern of the 1973 Assembly elections. Sinn Fein think it most remarkable that the JOURNAL bases its analysis of the 1975 Convention election on a comparison with 1973 figures.

The last major election was for Westminster in May 1974. When these figures are compared with those of May 1975, a completely different picture emerges from the one painted by the JOURNAL reporter. The picture does not flatter the SDLP.

We draw attention to the following facts of the 1975 Convention election in the Derry constituency: Of an electorate of 92,003, 27,817 did not vote at all: 1,784 spoiled their votes.

(To claim, as the SDLP does, that "up to 1,000" of the spoiled votes had three X's for SDLP candidates, is a weak attempt to cover up their embarrassment at the success of the boycott. "Up to 1,000" means simply any number between 1 and 999.) Adding spoiled votes and nonvoters gives 29,601 votes -- a boycott of 33 per cent.

The JOURNAL analysis claims that "the only party to increase its share of the vote" is SDLP, quoting a rise from 35.3% to 37.2%. We draw attention to the misleading character of this percentage rise.

In 1974, the SDLP candidate, John Hume, got 27,000 votes. In 1975, the SDLP candidates got 22,222 first-preference votes. In one year, John Hume's SDLP lost 4,000 voters in Derry. The SDLP did show a 1.9% rise from 1973 to 1975. But this increase in percentage shows despite the loss of 4,000 voters: it is an increase on the percentage of the total vote, and the size of the poll fell from 1973.

Taking into consideration the fall in the actual number of voters, the decline in large numbers of the Sticky vote, the fact that the Loyalists were voting 15 year olds and many dead people, plus the impersonation we observed ourselves at on Creggan polling centre, we conclude there is a swing of between 9,000 and 10,000 voters in our favour.

Sinn Fein thanks all those who supported the boycott. Your boycott was not merely support for Sinn Fein as a political organisation. Your boycott was your refusal to participate in a political game which had nothing to do with your vital everyday needs.

Sinn Fein calls on you to continue to support your own interests against the interests of professional politicians. Support the issues we will be calling to your attention. In particular, we ask for your support for a hospital on the west bank on the Foyle, and in the coming anti-EEC campaign.

P.R.O.

Derry Comhairle Ceantair.

PHOTO TAKEN AT BUSY CROSSROADS NEAR FEENY



Sitting on the Fence

ON MONDAY 21st April, John Hume paid his usual pre-election visit to Desmond's factory in Dungiven.

As he was about to leave - with a fat cheque in his pocket to cover election expenses - it was decided that he should have his photograph taken with some of the workers.

All thought of production was put to one side as the manager and directors searched for a dozen girls to take part in the stunt.

Outside the factory the girls were told to gather around Hume who was perched on a wooden fence.

When the photographer was about to click his camera the fence collapsed under Hume's weight. Even when he sat on another part of the fencing the same happened again.

John Hume is so inept a politician that he can't even sit on the fence or does he miss Rees and Cosgrave holding him up.

Workers of Desmond's.

Dr. Dugdale continues hunger strike

DR. ROSE Dugdale continues her hunger strike in Limerick Jail in protest against conditions. She and Mrs. Rita O'Hare are demanding free association: open visits (i.e., the right to receive visits from others than relatives): the right to receive letters from friends: and the use of their own notepaper.

Mrs. O'Hare is not allowed visits from her children and is refusing all visits. She supports Dr. Dugdale in her demands.

In the course of a letter to the newspapers, the veteran I.R.A. guerrilla leader, Tom Barry, writes that the news of Dr. Dugdale's hunger strike compelled him to speak out.

"On the night before the hunger strike at Portlaoise Jail ended, I received a telephone call asking me to meet an un-named man. I did so at 8.30 p.m. in his car in a street adjacent to my flat. He was unknown to me," he writes.

"This man told me a distressing story of inhuman treatment, isolation, lack of letters, visits, harassments, etc., of Dr. Dugdale in Limerick Jail. Although I told him I could not influence anyone in the matter, he was so pressing and obviously distressed, I said that when the hunger strike at Portlaoise was resolved, I would try to help. He then told me he was

Dr. Dugdale's husband.

"Two days afterwards, Monday, I wrote to Dr. Dugdale, stating that my wife and I, having heard of her isolation were anxious to visit her, and if she desired it, she might inform the Governor's office. I told her I would phone the jail office at 11 a.m. on the following Wednesday.

"This I did, and the Deputy Governor informed me he knew nothing about the letter or the proposed visit, but that he would make inquiries.

"We arranged that I would phone again at 4 p.m. My wife phoned at the agreed time 4 p.m., and on giving her name, the Deputy Governor said: 'I need not delay you. The visit will not be allowed': and that ended the telephone call. This, to me, was at least some confirmation of the husband's allegations.

Believing that this issue might be handled best without publicity, I contacted a Dublin friend and asked him to arrange an appointment for me with a well known humanitarian Dail Deputy who had been engaged actively in trying to end the Portlaoise hunger strike.

"I met the Dail Deputy in his Dublin office and gave him my information on Dr. Dugdale's treatment and asked that he would attempt to have the responsible Government Minister

grant the visit of my wife and myself: or, if I were objected to as a visitor my wife alone be allowed to see Dr. Dugdale.

"The Deputy promised to do his best and I am certain he did so. Eventually, on 20.3.1975, I got a letter from the Deputy, stating the Minister would not allow the visit on security grounds.

"I am not asking for special treatment for Dr. Dugdale, but only for the same treatment now being given to the I.R.A. who, in her career, she undoubtedly helped. Nor am I asking anyone to condone the charges on which she was found guilty.

"I am asking every Irish citizen to pressure their public representatives to press for a really independent inquiry into the alleged inhuman treatment to which she is now subjected.

"Surely three persons of integrity, not identified with the establishment, political parties or the relevant organisations, should be allowed visit her and hear her own story in the presence of jail officials?

"If something like this is not done, in the last analysis, it will be the Irish people who must accept the responsibility for Dr. Dugdale's present plight and any resultant tragedy," the letter, written from 64 St. Patrick's Street, Cork, concludes.



MAY POLL

COMRADES ALL

ON THE occasion two weeks ago, of a recent rugby football fixture featuring Irish/Scot. V England/Welch teams, played in Dublin: the Dublin papers gave high prominence to a group photograph which showed the "Free" State Presidential office holder, Cearbhall O Dalaigh, happily surrounded by his guests in the "Presidential" box. His guests??? - Seated on O Dalaigh's left, Merlyn Rees, and behind the pair was the British ambassador to the "Free" State. Cearbhall O Dalaigh, has long been purveyed to the public by the "Free" State political press as being the very essence of everything that is truly Irish. - Before he was given their "Presidential" job, he was a leading member of the "Free" State Judiciary - the same Judiciary that has filled to overflow the "Free" State jails with the true conscience and blood of Ireland. How happily, how joyously, he is seen to rub shoulders in such contented union with someone else who, (under British prerogative) holds Irish men and women by the hundreds, on Irish soil, in concentration camps and goals - and for whose deeds of torture and brutality, his country stands indited in the eyes of the world and before the Court of human rights. On O Dalaigh's record, Faulkner, Craig, and Paisley have every chance in the "Free" State.

BRITS. AND

'LOYALISTS'

ALL IN ALL

REPUBLICAN Intelligence Units operating throughout the North Antrim area of national territory, report that British Army personnel have on a growing number of occasions recently been coming under fire from "loyalist" para-military factions. Ambushes on their vehicle patrols have become such a regular feature in these districts that the British are now forced to drive at breakneck speed to avoid the hail of flying lead from their "friends." How strangely odd - not a mention of it in the yellow press, including mark you that around the world special, Hume's 'London Derry Journal.' (Perhaps the 'loyalists' have heard that Hume, Fitt, Faulkner are now being chauffeured on a tour of old graveyards in armoured Brit P. Cs. in an effort to increase their "ballot." - So we'll know better now who John Bull Hume is actually referring to, when in future he talks about SDLP con-sit-u-ants. Some deep laid people. - postal "votes" how are ye.)

HYPOCRITES

Perhaps you were watching the T.V. 'Play for Today' programme, "Child of Hope" on BBC 1(24/4/75). It portrayed the South African regime's brutal and sadistic treatment of native Africans who dared stand as people on their own soil. We compliment the play-writer John Elliot. We condemn the blatant hypocrisy of the British Administration.

HEATED WORDS GRACE PAROCHIAL SUMMIT.

WE CAN confirm reports recently carried in certain papers, concerning the Bishop Daly - Rees summit. Not alone were hard words and recriminations hurled across the table in the parochial house - Rees actually spent 15 minutes indulging himself in screaming viciously at the bishop, the result possibly of the subservience of clerics in their past record of association with the British Ascendancy Administration. However, America's most recent behaviour in Vietnam should be a salutary lesson for some nearer home, and we take strong exception to such British behaviour, in attempting to brow-beat the bishop.

KILMAINHAM JAIL, DUBLIN, received its first political prisoners in 1796. From then until 1924 countless patriots suffered imprisonment, many of them, death, within its walls - the United Irishmen, Emmet and his comrades, the Young Irelanders, the Fenians, the Invincibles, the men of 1916, the soldiers of the War of Independence and the Civil War. Abandoned in 1924, the jail fell into ruins. In 1960 voluntary workers undertook its restoration as a National Monument and Historical Museum. The Museum was opened Easter, 1966.



Harassment by British Army

I WISH to complain on behalf of my two brothers, a friend and myself about an incident which happened at Buncrana check point on Friday night, we were told to get out of the car by the Brits till they searched it, that took about 10 minutes, then they checked us out, when we complained about the long we had to wait, they got us out of the car again and got the sniffer dog in all over it, we got in again to wait, but after what seemed a long time we complained again, and told them we were fed up waiting and if we were not released within 5 minutes we would drive off whether they shot after us or not, but when we started the engine they pulled a landrover in front of us and the Brits behind us raised their rifles, we got out again and two of us said we were going to the toilet, we had to walk at least 50 yards up the road towards the housing estate, it was the worst kind of harassment, two men being checked out and allowed to walk away. They were just messing us about, When we came back I said I was going to the phone, I could not find one, but when I came back they said we could go. They were laughing and jeering at us when we drove away. Held from 10.5 p.m. to 11.20 p.m.

The four of us involved, Sammy Friel, Charlie Friel, Brian Coyle and myself Bobby Friel.

BLATANT ATTACK

IN Rosemount The Barry Walker Sinn Fein Cumann voiced strongly condemnation over a blatant attack on a young cumann member who was struck in the face with the butt of a rifle and was left unconscious by the blow, another cumann member who witnessed the attack received verbal abuse of a serious nature from the same soldier.

The matter is being investigated on both sides.

P. R. O.

Ireland's London Times

SOME DAY soon I must get around to dealing with Douglas Gageby who though no longer editor, still writes Northern leading-articles for the Irish Times. You know how this loyal Belfast Protestant has fomented an insane hatred of the Provisional Republican Movement among the Dublin bourgeoisie.

No man hates the Provisional ceasefire more than he. No one itches more than he for the Provisionals to start again. And in the meantime, he does all he can do to drag them in. You may have noticed some weeks ago, after a particularly horrible weekend of sectarian murder, that his Monday morning contribution was a filthy smear - not of the U.D.A. or U.V.F., no fear - but of the *Provisionals*.

Well, last week, as the sectarian murders had again reached a new peak - with the Provos still holding damnably to their ceasefire - even Gageby felt that another attack on them might

strain credulity a bit too far. So he made the following comment instead and they printed it as the *Irish Times* editorial assessment:

"In the last few days, there has been a sudden upsurge of murders in the North reflecting, almost certainly, a calculated attempt by militant organisations, Catholic and Protestant, to terrorise people into boycotting the Convention election."

So that's why the Loyalist killer-gangs were machine-gunning and blowing up Catholics - in order to terrorise them into supporting the Sinn Fein call to boycott the Convention elections! Note, too, that the killers were from "Catholic and Protestant" organisations - in that order.

To think that this ragbag of sectarian prejudice - this political dunce which is Douglas Gageby - has had the nerve, not once, but many times, to describe Provisional Republicans as "mindless"!

An Phoblacht

An Cumann Cabhrach

Má theastaíonn uait cuidiú le cothú na ndaoine atá ag brath ar na cimidí polaitiúla thuaidh theas agus thar lear cuir síntúis chugainn inniu.

If you wish to help support the dependents of the political prisoners, send us a subscription immediately. jailed, send us a subscription immediately.

An Cumann Cabhrach, 44 Cearnóg Pharnell, Baile Atha Cliath 1, Éire.

A hero of '98

IN THE Wicklow Hills in the memorable year of 1798, Joseph Holt, leader of the insurgents of Wicklow, defied the might of the British Army.

It was not by shirking engagements or skulking in glens which still whisper tales of his daring that he escaped capture. Parties of Yeomanry sent out to apprehend him and his followers on more than one occasion were obliged to beat a hasty retreat across the "gold lace" - Holt and his men chasing them into the suburbs of Dublin.

BREATHLESS ADVENTURE

No higher tribute can be paid to his intrepidity, military talents and expediency than to point out that his field of operations was limited to an area of twenty square miles.

This area was within thirty miles of Dublin at its furthest, and ten miles at its nearest point of approach.

Holt's life from the 10th May, 1798 until the 10th November of the same year was one crowded hour of breathless adventure and miraculous escapes from capture and death.

When a party of Yeomanry at the direction of a vindictive landlord, burned down his house and threw his wife and children on the roadside, Holt, who escaped, had no option but to take sides with the insurgents.

Holt entered the Devil's Glen on the 10th of May, 1798, and took the United Irishman's oath.

Here (Holt tells us) "at least one-third of the people were Protestants like myself - loyal men if they had not been driven into rebellion by which oppression and thus added to the ranks of revolt."

The paper that propounded the following recipe for making a rebel had Holt's treatment in mind: "Take a loyal subject, uninfluenced by title, place or pension: burn his house over his head: let the soldiery exercise every species of insult and barbarity towards his helpless family and march away with the plunder."

Some of the stories about his escapes are reminiscent of the 'Pimpernel's' tales which are told about Michael Collins during the Anglo-Irish strife.

On one occasion, when wounded in the head, he escaped capture by throwing himself down among his dead comrades. As the dragoons passed by, he overheard them say: "There is a brave parcel of the devil's dead."

After having his wound dressed by a kindly woman in a neighbouring cottage, he ventured forth only to run into the arms of a posse of police sent out specially to look for him.

He did not lose his head - to have run would have meant a volley in the back. Boldly he inquired of them which way the army had gone.

"What do you want to know about the army?" one of them replied, sneeringly.

"The rebels under Holt attacked me, robbed me, and stole my horse," he answered, "and I hope if any of you gentlemen find him you will return him to the lawful owner."

After sympathising with him, they rode off, and the man for whom the whole English garrison was seeking, again slipped through their fingers.

On another occasion he left his mountain retreat to visit Dublin. Posing as the owner of a number of cars conveying eggs and other provisions from Castlepollard to Dublin, he held a long conversation with a party of soldiery scouring the countryside for him. He arrived safely at Parkgate Street and left the convoy.

RECOGNISED IN DUBLIN

He passed without recognition through Old Kilmainham, James St., Thomas Street, and so on to Harold's Cross. There, unfortunately, a girl from his native district recognised him.

Holt felt her eyes on him - the recognition was mutual. She made off in a great hurry. There was a three hundred pound reward on his head. Informers were numerous. Could he trust the girl?

Some instinct prompted him to scale the wall on the roadside and take cover in a ditch. He was not a minute too soon.

A party of cavalry dashed up, and the officer dismounted not far from the spot where he was concealed. He approached a traveller and inquired of him if he had seen a fellow answering to the description of Holt.

The traveller apparently no lover of the soldiery, replied that he had seen a man running in the direction of Crumlin. With fierce oaths that they would soon have the devil's spawn, the officer remounted and the party went off at a gallop.

One night when a house in which he and several of his companions were in hiding was surrounded by military, he addressed his men in a

characteristic speech: "We are sold again by informers: let us act like men: if taken we shall be hanged like dogs."

Two men dashed out - a volley from the soldiers - they both fell dead. Holt crawled to the door - he saw the white belt of the sergeant - a shot from his pistol, and the sergeant crumpled and fell.

With pistol in one and sword in the other, Holt sprang through the doorway - a ball took off the loop of his hat, another severed the feather he wore in it: he stumbled, recovered and in a second was under cover. His companions escaped also in the confusion.

When they were all out the military poured a volley into the house, killing the family of the owner, who had informed on them while they were asleep.

HEROIC GIRL

In every fight for freedom the women of Ireland have played conspicuous and heroic parts.

Holt owed his life on more than one occasion to his 'intelligence staff' and 'moving magazine' - Lucy Toole.

She was a daughter of a blacksmith, who, having no son, apprenticed his daughter to his trade.

She had acquired strength of arm equal to any man's and was a match for most men in hand-to-hand encounter. Although scarcely more than thirty, she was such a adept in the art of disguise that she often passed herself off as a woman of seventy.

Under the cover of a 'beggar-woman' she carried message and ammunition to the insurgents.

Time and again Holt pays tribute to this brave, unselfish woman, who refused to divulge information about his whereabouts in face of threats and torture.

Holt was not devoid of a sense of humour. When General Dundas issued a proclamation offering pardon to all offenders who should come to him and deliver up their arms and take the oath of allegiance - Holt, in reply issued a counter-proclamation:

"Whereas many misguided persons are anxious to show their fidelity to their country and to return to their houses now, these are to notify all such that shall come in to my headquarters and deliver up their arms and take an oath of fidelity to their country, shall receive protection from me and be allowed peacefully to gather in the harvest and attend to their affairs."

A PROVO'S PRAYER

The first long year
For Ireland dear
We've spent in these tin cells
Where England strives
To blast our lives
With torment fierce as hell's.

But their worst we scorn
For we're Fenian born
And by Heaven the same we'll die
No slaves are we
We bend the knee
To none but God on High.

Ah: no old man
They never can
Our Fenian souls subdue
For our love is bound
Too firmly round
Our cause, to prove untrue.

Here's to our land
May she withstand
The night of England vile
May the future bring
On swifter wing
True freedom to our land.

MICHAEL GAUGHAN

In the struggle for our freedom
Mike we hardly knew your name
Ah! but now it lives forever
In his country's hall of fame.

Not since the days of Terence Mc
Swiney

Has such a sacrifice been made
He suffered quietly in his prison
But young Gaughan was not afraid.

Another martyr for Old Ireland
Michael Gaughan has passed away
He died in one of England's prisons
From his homeland far away.

He struck a blow for Independence
That some day we might be free
Free from British domination
How he yearned that day to see.

Young Gaughan died in Parkhurst prison
His strong conviction to uphold
He died with love of dear old Ireland
And now he's gone to join the fold.

Of other martyrs gone before him
Like Ashe and Cosement, Pearse and
Tone

And now our only consolation
At last Mike Gaughan is not alone.

So let us not forget his memory
As still ahead, the fight must go
And when at last we have our freedom
Just think of Gaughan from Mayo.

Fear Cúin.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

The following Booklets and Pamphlets
are now available to the Public at The
Sinn Féin Advice and Complaint
Centres

Eire Nua: The Social and Economic
Programme of Sinn Féin.

Provos Patriots or Terrorists - G. O
Danachair.

The Quality of Life in The New Ireland
S.F. Policy Document.

Our People, Our Future - Ruair O
Bradaigh.

Mining and Energy - Ruair O Bradaigh
An tSiócháin is an ceart: Peace with
Justice. The Sovereign People - Padraic
Pearse.

Sketches of the New Ireland - Desmond
Fennell.

Take The Faroes for Example - Desmond
Fennell.

A New Nationalism for The New Ireland
- Desmond Fennell.

Tragedies of Kerry - Dorothy MacArdle
Hidden Ulster - Padraic O Snodaigh.

Abair i nGaeilge é

SAY IT IN IRISH

Dhíol mé - I sold

Dhíol sé an capall - He sold the horse

Dhíol an fear an bhó ar fiche punta

The man sold the cow for £20

Dhíol sí an t-asal le Tomás ar deich

bpunt - She sold the donkey to Thomas
for £10

Dhíol Seán na hearraí grósaera - John
paid for the groceries

Ar dhíol tú asta? - Did you pay for them?

Foghlaim abairt Ghaeilge achan lá.
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Ar leas na Poblachta

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Dhomhnall O Lubbhái,

250 Cuarbóthar Theas,

Baile Atha Cliath 8.

Arna foilsíú ag Gluaisseacht

na Poblachta.

A HERO OF '98

Contd. from page 7

His chivalrous conduct towards
women and non-combatants has been
favourably noticed even by hostile
historians. He refused to make common
cause with bands of desperate men
who robbed and pillaged and murdered
for the sake of money and greed.

His generalship is a matter of his-
tory, and does not require recounting
here.

Holt (according to a contemporary
writer) was tall, athletic, and mus-
cular. His hair was black as a raven's
wing, his eyes dark as sloes, his
smile benevolent.

His conspicuous bravery, loyalty,
and straight-forward conduct when
'on the run' should be ample reply
to the imputation in the 'Castlereagh
Correspondence' to the authorities
after his surrender.

He was lodged in Dublin Castle,
and later sent as a State prisoner
to New South Wales. He returned to
Dublin in 1814, and died in 1826 at
Dun Laoghaire aged about seventy.