

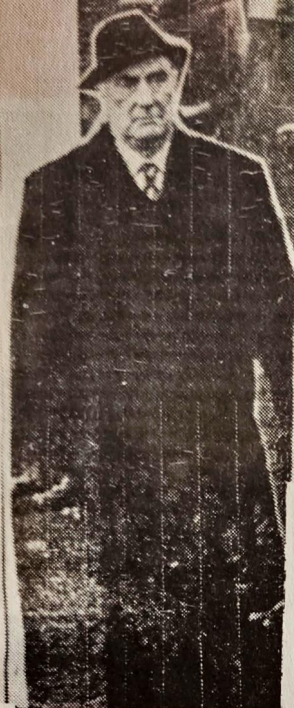
VOLUNTEER

LUACH 5p



**On Behalf of The Internees
We Thank You All**





A chara,

Permit me to express my disgust with the comments made by Mr. Patrick Donegan, regarding the role Irish troops will play in dealing with Republican activity on the border.

Mr. Donegan informs us that Irish troops have been issued with "green" cards. These "green" cards are a subsidiary of the "yellow" card carried by Eng-



Donegan madness

lish Army troops in the North and spell out the conditions under which Irish troops may open fire. It is interesting to note that one of these conditions is the "prevention of a criminal outrage or the commission of a crime likely to cause loss of life."

In other words, Mr. Donegan is telling us that anyone who engages English troops with gunfire or in any way helps the carrying out of an I.R.A. operation is liable to be fired upon by Irish troops.

The implications involved with this latest piece of Donegan mad-

ness are enormous and far surpassing anything seen yet. The memory of the Civil War still remains with us but the Fine Gael government still insists on creating the foundations for another, by their constant harassment and restrictions which they rigidly apply to Republicans.

As every new restriction is applied it is becoming more and more evident that although Fine Gael outwardly are the government of the 26 Counties, the English Government through its economic ties, still has the final, and indeed, ultimate say in the policy making decisions.

A classic example of this involvement has been seen recently with the building of Irish army posts along the border in an attempt by the Dublin government to placate their English overlords.

Hard earned tax-payer's money is being squandered by this unprincipled, likespittle, green tory government whose ultimate aim, so they claim is an ALL IRELAND REPUBLIC.

They have now settled down quite comfortably in their easy chair and decided to have the Republic when England gives it to them on a plate. One thing Cosgrave, Donegan and Co., can be certain of, when England severs all links with Ireland, it will not be because she wants to but rather forced to by the risen people of Ireland, who unlike the quislings who now govern the 26 counties will not sit idly by and watch Irishmen be slaughtered and butchered while attempting to unite the country and free the Irish people from English imperialism.

Mise le meas,

Press Officer, Cage 3, Long Kesh Concentration Camp.

OUR PICTURE :
Free State Army Riot Squad Standing by at Army Barracks, Kildare



In the courts

Whether times are hard for it is not the gentlemen of the English bar. Witness the fortune they are receiving at the N. Ireland internment proceedings.

Since defence lawyers are excluded from much of the hearing these are a judicial travesty. About 600 men are currently interned (550 of them Catholic), many have been confined for 2 or 3 years without hearing the evidence against them and very few of them have a release date. Long Kesh is widely recognised as the I.R.A.'s best recruiting centre.

To persuade English barristers and judges to take part in the hearings has been the work of a moment, a simple matter of adding a few noughts to the usual fee.

One defence barrister who recently submitted a bill for £35 was paid £210 for 3 hours work. Fees for judges and prosecuting counsel are even higher. A solicitor has said that he was paid £171 for 2 days at the hearings, more than he usually earned for 3 months litigation. Every time a solicitor visits a client in Long Kesh (or "the Money Factory" as it is now called by the legal fraternity) he is paid £7, and most solicitors visit up to 12 clients at a time.

These briefs are the easiest any barrister is likely to get. The charge is usually simply of "being a terrorist", the evidence is generally hearsay from Special Branch officers or paid informers, much of the time can be spent on the bench outside, and there is in any case no defence to the charge.

In view of which it is not surprising that, so far from making the proceedings unworkable by refusing to take part, barristers are falling over each other to turn a quick penny.

Taken from Private Eye —
we invite comment.

Incident at Post Office St. check point

17th SEPT '74

ONCE AGAIN Her Majesty's peace keeping force excelled itself in stupidity and the use of Jackboot tactics. When will these Borstel boys learn that they can't stamp the Irish into the ground. This incident at the checkpoint was another prime example of their continuing blind stupidity.

At 10.20 p.m. the audiences from the two city centre picture houses and from a bingo hall in Foyle St. converged on the check point. It was quite obvious to everyone present that the one soldier and one female searcher was inadequate to deal with the hundreds of people waiting to be searched. Of course the four soldiers that were standing holding up the Northern Counties did not relieve the situation any, and naturally enough the crowd who had thronged to several hundreds by now started to voice their opinion. Then to everyone's astonishment a soldier, who was obviously in need of mental care, started to roar at everyone at the top of his

voice. He was laughed at, of course in his deranged condition the laughing made him worse.

Meanwhile the two who were searching stopped they said because the crowd, which was now even bigger, were not behaving themselves. Of course when this happened, what else could one do to get home or get to the pub, — which as a matter of fact was where I was trying to go, — but to go through the check point without being searched, which was what in fact happened. Of course when our friend the nutcase in uniform, saw this happening he went berserk, he jumped on top of a cement slab with his gun at the ready shouting he was going to shoot. Of course we knew that was nonsense as there was only eighteen bullets in his

mag. But the crowd paid no heed to this madman which I thought was very brave of everyone involved, after all he was in such a state that he could have quite easily pulled that trigger, in fact I was standing beside him when he roared in a hysterical manner. Enough to frighten the best of us. Well of course the outcome of the story which you probably realise anyway was that the soldiers lost and were made a laughing stock of, the crowd marched through the barricade and through the maniac with the gun, and went on their way in an orderly fashion.

When will this race of fools, professors of justice and honesty realise that they no longer have, nor had any right, on Irish soil.

Warning to Doctor

The Intelligence Section of the Derry Brigade have been informed that a certain doctor in Gransha Hospital is asking people from the Creggan and Bogside areas who are attending the hospital if they see or have seen any weapons or people making or carrying bombs. We thought that anything which was disclosed in a doctor's surgery was like a confession box, it was a confidence between doctor and patient, like priest and sinner. We pose the question why was the doctor asking these questions and to whom was he going to give the information received. Our unit is collecting all known facts about this doctor, and if his cross-examination of people of the areas does not stop we will send the full facts to the British Medical Association. We would also suggest that he devote all his energy and questions to the welfare and to the medical treatment of his patients, or he could find himself needing medical treatment before very long.

contd. from page 4

or liberty of our Volunteers, or cause an incident that could result in the capture of war materials. We realise that people concerned are not in no way could be classed as touts, but we would ask them to think before they act. If the occasion arises that Volunteers or war materials are lifted because of their carelessness or stupidity then we shall be forced to take action against them.

IRELAND IS Ireland. and nothing that Harry West nor Ian Paisley nor Bill Craig nor John Taylor say or do can change that indisputable fact.

Let them realise for once and for all that while they hold allegiance to Britain they are the aliens here. They are the ones who need to become reconciled. Reconciled to the facts that while they profess to be British they cannot lay claim to this island; that if they wish to give credence to their expressed love of Ulster then they must speak and act as Irishmen for this is the God-given land of the Irish and they will never live in peace until they accept that.

One way or another the Irish people are on the march, imbued with a new sense of identity and dignity won for us by our fathers, sons, husbands, brothers, and sisters. Never again will we be cowed by orangemen; nor accept "concessions" from over-lords who grow fat at our expense. What need have we to talk or ask for an Irish dimension? What need have we to ask to share power? What need have we to count the good graces of loyalists?

This country is ours.

Have we not for fifty years and the rest turned the other cheek and accepted all the rottenness loyalist representatives could dish out? Have we not been done out of jobs, houses and votes; ostracised, sneered at, humiliated in the dole queue, patronised — in fact just tolerated as long as we kept quiet and still priests talk of reconciliation!! What more can be asked of us other than to disappear off the face of the earth. Does being Christian mean to become a non-entity?

Southern politicians harp on the fears of Protestants. What, we ask have they to be afraid of? Have any people not been haunted, their houses raided for arms, interned, tortured, murdered by the British Army, while the said Protestants remained silent. Have any people, especially in Belfast not been waylaid, shot to death, beaten to death or butchered and we mean butchered by Protestants. Are they not still being shot at day and daily, and yet have we not spoken out again and again stretching out the hand of friendship to Protestants, realising that the Protestant people have been misled and exploited by politicians over the years.

But enough is enough. The last five years have educated these people to the fact that Britain's interests here are strictly her own, and they demonstrated in the UWC strike their readiness to cut the ties; but instead of making it a United Workers front the UWC turned it into an exercise in Facism and they have been striding about ever since with an air of divine right — You know, all this talk about Protestants fears is beginning to sound like a sick joke!

Let them have their election. Let West and Paisley and the rest win their seat at Westminster and let them shout their throats dry, the UWC have another strike planned, little good it will do them for the power of the fascist orange leaders was wrecked when Stormont fell — Unionism is a lost cause — Ireland is Ireland.

The word protestant has unfortunately become a word of identification for anti-catholics we do not refer to people of the Protestant faith.

ENGLAND HAD LOYALISTS IN AM

Very soon the Americans will be commemorating the two hundredth anniversary of the start of their revolutionary War of Independence against England — a momentous event which led to the making of a new nation, to the emergence of modern rational forms of government which stood out in marked contrast to the semi-feudal monarchical states of Europe at the time, and to the loosing of gigantic social and economic forces whose energies have not yet spent themselves.

For the people of Ireland, who have been trying to free themselves from English domination for some eight centuries, the American Revolution has always had a certain interest. Because this particular revolt against domineering England was a successful one, and showed that the English Imperialists were not almighty and could be beaten by a volunteer rebel army with very limited means but prepared to fight long and hard for a cause its soldiers wholly believed in.

Though it took place two hundred years ago there are still lessons to be drawn from the American struggle for independence which are of immediate relevance to the prevailing situation in Ireland. One such lesson concerns the case of the Loyalists who sided with the British all throughout this long rebellion, and who formed a very substantial proportion of the people of the thirteen American colonies when the first shots of the war were fired — at English troops searching for men and arms in the small town of Lexington on a fine Spring morning in the year 1775.

Statistics as we know them were not to be had in those days but some reliable estimates of the period indicated that at least one in every three people in the American colonies were Loyalists; and that a goodly number of these were actively engaged in fighting or harrassing the revolutionary forces. Many of these Loyalists were large landowners, well-off merchants, Anglican ministers, men of the professions and government officials. But a considerable number of small farmers, particularly those in parts of North Carolina and New York State, espoused the cause of Loyallism. Perhaps this is an overstatement since Loyallism was not a cause as such and was concerned merely with preserving the status quo.

The American Loyalists, in fact, possessed a very narrow and short-sighted philosophy. They did not want change of any kind; and they were positively frightened of old and well tried ways being cast aside in favour of self government and a republican form of civil administration in the hands of fiery leaders and radical thinkers very different in outlook and attitudes from the pro-loyalist conservative statesmen who ruled them from England. In their eyes the idea of breaking the direct link with the "mother country" was too shocking to contemplate; while the Republican notion of uniting thirteen separate colonies into a single nation seemed altogether absurd.

In arguing the case for Loyallism one of its moderate protagonists had this to say in January 1776 when the rebellion was well under way: "If I be asked how we came to be sub-

ject to the authority of the British Parliament, I answer, by the same compact which entitles us to the benefits of the British constitution and its laws; and that we derive advantage even from some kind of subordination, whatever the degree of it should be, is evident, because without such a controlling umpire, the colonies must become independent states, which would be introductive of anarchy and confusion among ourselves.

The writer of these words was a certain Peter Van Schaak, who was very active in the pre-revolutionary agitation for American rights. But as the relatively placid current of verbal demands gave way to a frothing torrent of revolutionary action aimed at freeing America completely from English shackles this young liberal found that he had strayed into waters too deep and stormy for his liking; and so he dropped out of the struggle and tried to remain neutral. But he soon found out that it was impossible to sit on the fence. For shortly after the beginning of the rebellion American society had become fully polarised and the resulting sectarian hostility and strife — all of which England was ultimately responsible for — caused fierce gales of black passion to blow wildly across the whole of the thirteen colonies. Eventually in 1778, Van Schaak went to England where he stayed for the remainder of the war.

Van Schaak was not the only Loyalist to go into exile at this time. For many thousands of his fellows — amounting to about one in every thirty white families — chose to go to the "mother country" or to Canada. Those who went to England soon found out that they were refugees in a country which while it was not hostile to them was very different from their homeland. Many of them were in fact destined to spend the remainder of their lives eating their hearts out in the "mother country" unable to return to their native land for a variety of reasons. But some were in a different position and when the war ended with the English army beaten in the field they went "home" again. Among these was Peter Van Schaak, who in October 1782 had this to say: "If America is happier for the revolution, I solemnly declare that I rejoice that the side I was on was the unsuccessful one."

No person in his right mind would say today that the Loyalists of America were right in the course they followed or were justified in their fears about the outcome of a successful revolt against England. To see how true this is one has only to answer the question: "Would the United States have become the Great Power she is now (irrespective of her faults and failings) had she remained a loyal and subservient colony of England? The answer is: no, of course not. Very possibly she would have become stabilised as a stretch of British controlled territory on the eastern seaboard of the North American continent; while the rest of what is now the U.S. might look very much like the political map of South America.

As in the case of their modern counterparts in Occupied Ireland, the leading American Loyalists were men of property who were not motivated by any ideals for the common good as such but acted only through a desire to

ERICA



preserve a situation which favoured their social position and wealth and was to the liking of their rank conservative whims and prejudices. This was a natural attitude for people of their ilk to take; but it was not a natural attitude for the many thousands of ordinary people who were foolish and gullible enough to follow their lead. Without realising it these masses of ordinary Loyalists were fighting against their own best interests. They had nothing in common with the big landowners and other men of wealth and they had even less in common with the vultures who were ruling England at the time. Were it possible for those of them who died in the struggle to return now they would surely rue the day that they had given their young lives for the ignoble cause of fighting their fellow Americans in the interests of the greedy English Imperialists.

What goes for the American Loyalists of old also goes for the Irish Loyalists of today — particularly the thousands of ordinary folk in the northern part of their native land who are still under the illusion that England is their mother country. As in the case of the Americans, England is not their mother country but is instead their exploiter and oppressor. And through their support of England's imperialistic policies over past generations they have unwittingly been harming their own best interests — interests which will be clearly seen if they take off the blinkers put on them by English propagandists and their fellow travellers and open wide their Irish eyes and see that they are Irish first and foremost and that while they came to Ireland as Strangers they are so longer to and are wholly part of Ireland.

Up to now, unfortunately, the Irish Loyalists have been fooled and misled by demagogues and other rogues; and so have never been able to develop a true identity of their own. Were they able to see fully who and what they really are, then a wholly new world would be opened up before them. They would understand fully that they are Irish and not British. They would become aware of what a useful and even indispensable contribution they could make to a 32 County Socialist Ireland. And they would realise that they, like the Normans before them, are now part of the Irish nation which fully united can and will carve out a future — unimaginably different from the miserable present — in which the deepest felt hopes and ambitions of the working masses of Ireland will find the fullest opportunity for realisation.

Proud of your Culture?

With acknowledgements to "Combat"
organ of the UVF Number 6.

The majority of Ulster Protestants equate Gaelic and Irish culture with Roman Catholicism and are of the opinion that no 'good Prod' would have anything to do with such popish traditions. The truth of the matter is, Ulster Protestants have as much claim, if not more in some cases, to the Gaelic culture as the Roman Catholic population. Someone once said that the Irish language was stolen from the Protestant people by the papists; it would be more correct to say that the Protestant people gave their culture away to the Roman Catholics.

Roman Catholics and Portestants are of the opinion that our Gaelic culture is the sole property of the Irish to the exclusion of the rest of the British Isles. Nothing could be further from the truth. The so-called alien 'Planters' from Scotland who settled in Ulster during the 17th century had common cultural and linguistic ties with the native Irish. The historic ties of kinship and affinity between the Irish and Scots can be traced back to the Ulster-Scottish Kingdom of Dalriada which was founded in 480 AD. So close were the ties between the two that one might be justified in saying that the Planters were 'birds coming home to roost'.

The Reverend Cosslet Quin, a retired Protestant minister, reminds us in his foreword to the booklet 'Hidden Ulster', that our Gaelic heritage "is one which we share with the psalm-singing Sabbatarian Gael of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, as well as with Irish Roman Catholics of Saxon, Welsh and Norman ancestry." Mr. Quin also reminds us that the Protestant Church of Ireland produced the first Gaelic Bible and that the Scottish Presbyterians translated Calvin's Catechism and Knox's Book of Common Order into Gaelic. In a letter to the Minister for External Affairs of the Irish Republic in August 1970, the officers of Ireland's Heritage Loyal Orange Lodge No. 1303 said, "There has been a tendency among a section of our Protestant people in Northern Ireland to disregard the glorious chapters in Irish history and to consider themselves solely as Ulstermen and Britishers."

Gaelic culture is clearly the most important strand of Ulster culture; the music, poetry, songs, dances, stories and folklore — an inherited culture of 2000 years — are all connected and still influence the lives of the Ulster people. Even our Orange Culture is a development of our Gaelic traditions as regards music, lyrics and dancing. Brendan Behan once pointed out that he was amazed to hear an Orange Band on the Shankill Road playing 'Rose Catha na Mumhan' until it was pointed out to him that Protestants have renamed 'Rose Catha na Mumhan' as 'Boynne Water'. Much of the music of the Ulster Protestant is of a common root and part of a common heritage, as Padriag O'Snodaigh points out — "... the Englishman's skit on Tyroconnell and now an Orange ballad, 'Lilliburlero', is macaronic — Lilliburlero Bullenanlaw being corrupt translations of Irish phrases: An Lile ba Leir Dho, Ba Linn an La." Lilliburlero is more commonly known to Orangemen as the tune 'The Protestant Boys'.

There has been much talk about civil rights in Ulster recently. Is it not a civil right of all the people of Ulster that they have access, in education at least, to all that belongs to their heritage in folklore, in music, in literature, in song and in the Gaelic language? Ulster Protestants should be proud of their glorious culture instead of being ashamed of it. There is no contradiction in being British, and at the same time, wishing to enjoy and preserve our own distinctive culture. Our loyal Scottish brethren find no difficulty in enjoying their national culture and still maintaining loyalty to their Faith and British citizenship.



THE ROYAL ULSTER CONSTABULARY

Headquarters

Brooklyn Knock Road Belfast Northern Ireland BT6 6LE

Telex 74482 Telephone Belfast 650222

LIAM DUFFY WATERSIDE DISTRICT

Arrested 11th June 1974, taken to Victoria Barracks and beaten constantly for 6 hours by Special Branch Detective Monaghan.

When he told Monaghan that he was going to take an action against him Monaghan replied - "I could beat you for the next fortnight without leaving a mark on you and even if I did you would never beat me in court as my word would be taken before yours."

Liam did as he promised and took an action against Monaghan. His complaint was registered on 25th June '74. Since then neither himself nor his family have been approached by the RUC to ask any questions regarding the complaint, yet they received two letters as shown.

REPORT

Derry Brigade Oglagh na hEireann

Week ending Sat. 5th Oct. 1974

Sept has been one of the most successful months for our units, since the middle of the summer. During that period, we shot and seriously wounded seven members of the military. As well two members of the R.U.C. were shot. They both remain in a critical condition. We believe that one of the soldiers has since died. On Friday 4th Oct. our Active Service Unit in Shantallow inflicted serious casualties on a British Army patrol in the area. The patrol was lured into an infamous spot and was then fired on twice from a different location. Two members of the patrol were seriously wounded. Our unit withdrew safely.

Bombing in the city centre area of the city was toned down considerably during the latter half of the summer with just the odd car-bomb (Key's) to keep the Brits on their toes. However, Internment, raiding and British Army brutality continued so on Tuesday the 24th of September our bombing unit blitzed the Strand Rd. In all five bombs were planted, while a large force of Brits and Special Branch were keeping a close watch on Foyle St. where we left them a large amount of obsolete explosives as a decoy. As usual, they fell for it! Thanks to our top team of Engineers a new, small and highly effective type of incendiary bomb was developed. These worked with great success in Crook's, John Temple's and recently Wellworth's. During the month a wide variety of booby-trap devices were put into use, biro bombs, flask bombs, book bombs, camera bombs. You name it, we can put a bomb in it. Disciplinary action was taken against the owner of the Alleyman in Strand Rd. Having previously been warned, he continued to serve members of the R.U.C. and British Intelligence. The pub was blown up.

Regarding the position of members of the public who are employed by the B.A. or the R.U.C. anyone who has taken up employment since the introduction of

Internment will be classed as targets. This includes cooks, office workers, drivers, everyone! As long as our comrades are interned without trial no one will be guaranteed safety if they continue to collaborate with the enemy. Besides they must have no consciences, after Bloody Sunday.

We now give our final warning to those involved in vandalism and rowdiness in the areas. To an extent this has been curbed in Brandywell and Bogside, following the distribution of leaflets by our units in these areas, but we note that some fighting is still going on at the Stardust. To those involved, "END IT NOW!"

THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT

WARNING

At the end of September we the Derry Brigade issued a warning through the National and Local Press to several "touts" in the area to leave the Country or face the consequences. At least three of these vermin have left the City, but a few still remain, in the hope that our warnings are just empty threats, that and the thought of giving up easy money. (Foolish People) From Monday the 7th Oct. we again warn these people through the post. If they still do not leave we will publish a touts name in each following edition of the Volunteer. After the edition has gone on sale and the name of the tout made known to the public we shall then take whatever action we deem necessary.

Please reply to
The Chief Constable
Your reference

Our reference A147/412/74

Date 25 July 1974

Dear Sir/ Madam

I refer to your complaint, as above, and the acknowledgement already sent to you on 25 June 1974.

The Chief Constable has asked me to advise you that the matter has been investigated and the papers sent to the Director of Public Prosecutions for Northern Ireland.

You will be advised later of the Director of Public Prosecutions' direction and any further action which the Chief Constable may take.

Yours faithfully

Ro Henry
For Chief Constable

RECEIVED
Complaints & Discipline
25 JUL 1974
Royal Ulster Constabulary

BINGO

It has been brought to our attention that a few people who play bingo at the Stardust P.D.F. think that they are pulling a "flanker" by not paying for some of the books. These people are fooling no-one but themselves and a close watch has been kept on them over these past few weeks. Every penny is needed for the P.D.F. and these people by their cheap dispicable actions are depriving the hardworking P.D.F. committee of much needed cash. These people, and they are only a few shall be receiving a bill shortly for the money they owe and we can assure them it will be paid one way or another. While we are on the subject of the P.D.F. bingo in the Stardust, we would like to see more friends and relations of the prisoners going to the Stardust and they can't say its a money problem because they can be seen trooping off to other bingo halls every night of the week after all charity begins at home. We the Derry Brigade would like on this occasion to thank all those people who supported and those that work at the P.D.F. bingo. We know we can depend on your support in the months ahead.

CARELESSNESS OR STUPIDITY

OVER THIS past few weeks we have sent letters to a few people in the Brigade area who have been calling after the volunteers and out arguing with them in the street. These people may not support our military campaign and that is their right, but that in turn does not give them the right to endanger the lives

contd. on page 5

The mailed fist

Without exception, the Gulag Archipelago — a masterful portrayal of the brutalities perpetrated within Stalinist concentration camps in Soviet Russia — has been lauded by every serious news publication in America.

Also without exception, The Mailed Fist — a documentary succinctly outlining the brutalities perpetrated within British concentration camps in occupied Ireland, the only such cages which exist in the Western World — has been categorically ignored by these very same, largely Anglo-American owned news publications.

Now, the Irish lawyers, priests, teachers, engineers, housewives and clerks of The Association for Legal Justice who documented the brutalities presented in The Mailed Fist may not possess the Nobel Prize-winning literary punch of an Alexander Solzhenitsyn, but this does not, in and of itself, make the degradations attested to in their treatise any the less horrendous. The aforementioned documentary was published in 1971, but the conditions outlined within its

By NOEL MALONE,
Vice-President, American
Irish Republican Army

★★★★★★★★

pages exist to this day. The fact that the crimes committed against humanity are imperialist rather than communist crimes does not lessen their heinousness. The documented evidence and sworn testimony of the tortures being implemented daily within Long Kesh and other dungeon confines in Occupied Ireland speaks for itself. In Strasbourg a prima facie case has already been established in these matters at the Court of Human Rights: In America these matters have yet to be even reported upon, for to this day, these depraved activities on the part of America's great ally — Great Britain — remain studiously veiled by America's Anglo-oriented Fourth Estate.

"Must the English aristocracy be yet so shrouded in mystique, is there still

such an aura of magnificence about the British ascendancy, that they must be spared the difficulty of situations which might be considered, by some at least, to be . . . criminal offense?"

Indignantly calling the North Vietnamese abuse of prisoners "uncivilized" and "indecent," the august New York Times — the Voice of Justice — has, nevertheless, in all its years of editorial pontificating, not once seen fit to denounce British beastialities whereby ordinary Irish workmen are arbitrarily interned, without charge or trial, under Britain's demonic Special Powers Act. The cages that the internees dwell in are unfit for animals; the methods of torture are abominable: International laws regarding the humane treatment of POW's and political prisoners are categorically ignored. The American WASP's news blackout in this one instance alone remains, and will continue to remain, firmly in tact. There has not been, and there will not be presented, any probing photographs of these dark and dismal concentration camps in occupied Ireland. There has not been, and there will not be presented, any revelations of documented evidence of brutalisation of Irishmen whose torturers are not isolated in some Soviet or Asiatic far-eastern nation — but who rather perform their contemptible outrages right here on Western soil. There has not been, and there will not be presented, any shocking exposes by the

Establishment's investigative reporters — that inquisitive little clique of busybody's who, somehow, manage to reveal every single other piece of foreign and domestic infamy under the sun.

Upon returning from a visit to Northern Ireland's concentration camps an outraged Bishop Thomas Drury of Corpus Christi, Texas, exclaimed: "I served as Chaplain for the U.S. Air Force in World War II, but never in Japan did I see such abominable conditions. In plain language the conditions are designed to torture, degrade, and drive the men out of their minds. . ."

Are revelations and editorials of outrage on these abominations in occupied Ireland not forthcoming from these WASPish bastions of 'impartiality' because it is only the lowly Irish who occupy these dungeons and endure these degradations — or is it because their world exposure would be an affront to the British ascendancy who, have historically preferred, that unobsequious Irishmen suffer and rot in obscurity?

As the United States — along with Britain — is a signatory of U.N. Declaration of Human Rights, I feel very strongly that these clear violations of said Declaration, directly concern the United States. Even indirectly, however, the immorality of internment and brutalisation of a people transcends national borders and debases free men everywhere.

The Mailed Fist, silenced occupied Ireland's recital of imperialist brutalities, may never make the New York Times best-seller list, but it could, undoubtedly, and most unfortunately, be A1 in the Soviet Union.

Human Rights

The French Committee For The Liberation Of The Irish People; Paris, France.

THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF HUMAN RIGHTS:

CONDEMNNS:- The sham of the English Government who having been a signatory of the Universal Declaration on Human Rights, are now daily and systematically denying these rights in the North of Ireland.

THIS COMMITTEE CONDEMNNS:- especially their existence since 1922 of the Special Powers Act which places total power in the hands of the police against which power Irish Nationalists in part of their country have no redress.

IT CONDEMNNS:- The keeping of Internment Camps such as Long Kesh, where hundreds of Irish patriots are held in cages without trial. It denounces the continual torture carried on daily in those camps.

IT CONDEMNNS:- The hypocrisy of the London Government for their refusal to have open discussion with the true representatives of the Irish people, namely the Republican Movement and its I.R.A. Army.

IT CONDEMNNS:- Above all the Dublin Government who are abetting the fight against the Irish patriots, and especially the EXTRADITION of these patriots when by this they are handed over to the R.U.C. to be tortured, and it condemns the collaboration by which the (Civic Garda) that is the Southern Police Forces are assigned to working with the Royal Ulster Police Force, since the latter are a discredited British ruffian band, who were responsible for the murder of hundreds of Irish people.

IT CONDEMNNS:- The manner in which the news is given to France by which it continues to describe as "TERRORISTS" those patriots who are fighting against English Imperialism.

IT CALLS:- On French Opinion to uphold the STRUGGLE of those near to us who continue to protest until their rights are recognised: It calls on all Movements present at this Committee to get well acquainted and procure information directly relating to the Irish troubles.

LASTLY THIS COMMITTEE SALUTES THE MEMORY OF ALL IRISH PATRIOTS WHO HAVE FALLEN IN THIS COMBAT.

COMMISSION 10. Of European Human Rights, Tribunal of Orleans — French Committee for The Liberation Of The Irish People.

c/o Christian Evidence, 49 rue du Fbg Poissonniers, 75009 Paris, France.

From an article in AN PHOBLACHT,

BRITISH SOLDIER WAS 'HIRED ASSASSIN'

London, SW9 8DR.

Dear Sir,

Greetings from a Britisher who supports the noble and sacred cause of freedom and liberation of the Irish people.

I made the acquaintance of your fine paper while in London's Hyde Park yesterday. I bought two copies from an Irish brother near Speakers Corner. Having read same, I wish to subscribe is that possible and if so, what is the cost?

I have never been to Ireland, but my late father lived and worked in Dublin for several years at the early part of the century. All his life he was a fearless advocate of Irish unity and independence. This year, incidentally marks his centenary, having been born on September 26th 1874.

My father's definition of the British soldier was 'a hired assassin' and nowhere is this more true than in Northern Ireland today. When a British soldier is killed in Northern Ireland, it is given out on the B.B.C. news, his name and home town, plus family details, in order to gain sympathy and to turn the British people even more against 'those wicked Irish.'

I do not gloat over any British soldier's death. He is just as much a victim of British Government policy as the Irish people. Having said that, however, I feel more grief for the native Irish patriot, man or woman killed in the cause of freedom. I am sorry for the soldier who loses his life but he has no right to be in Northern Ireland, any more than he had any right to be in Malaya, Kenya or Cyprus or Aden. In my view these men are in the same position of German soldiers in Occupied Europe in World War II. They are enemies of the people and should be treated as such, until such time as they lay down their arms and go over to the side of the people.

I am not Irish, neither am I a Catholic. I do attend Mass with my wife who is an Italian Catholic because I believe that God is to be found in the Catholic Church, just as He is to be found everywhere. I believe that God is on the side of the oppressed and His blessings are on the brave Irish people fighting for freedom and peace. To all of you I say, keep up the good work.

Best Wishes,

Yours sincerely,

T. R. MacLACHLAN.

The Story of George Lennox

Royal Army Ordinance Corps

The months rolled by, November, December, then came January 1967 and with it a visit from a sergeant major in the S.I.B. George was in a hospital near his camp at Munchen-Gladbach at the time; for as a very keen rugby player he often sustained injuries. The sergeant major had with him a pile of documents and photos and a huge map which he laid out on top of a big table in the hospital's treatment room. He told George that he had come to take a statement from him to present to the Bowen Commission. This was a blatant lie since the latter's report had been completed and published a month previously. But George was unaware of this and, accepting the sergeant major's story began telling him much the same as he had told Anthony Terry. For a while his visitor listened in silence. Then he suddenly thrust a big photo in front of Lennox who saw that it had been taken from the guardroom window in the Ras Morbut compound from which he had witnessed the brutal beating of the Adeni by the three soldiers. George looked at the photograph and felt astonished. Because what it showed was a wall which completely hid the interrogation centre compound. Stunned he began to realise that this wall had been built recently or else that it had been faked on the photo.

At this point the sergeant major "remembered" that he had another engagement and said that he would have to leave George alone for a couple of hours — together with all the documents and photos. Almost immediately George filled with curiosity, began examining the literature and pictures. To use his own words: "There were about fifty statements from various soldiers all saying the same thing. No, they never saw any evidence of maltreatment, no screams, no such thing. A very substantial amount of evidence. Photographs of the compound George knew several of these soldiers personally and about two months later he met one of them and was greeted by 'Traitor!'"

IT WON'T TAKE A MINUTE

Had George Lennox not got a strong character he probably would have been persuaded to change his mind or he would have been bought off in some way. But George was no ordinary soldier, and as he grew older he became more and more governed by the prickings of conscience. And it was purely because of his conscience that he had stood up for Amnesty International by writing to the Sunday Times and after that continued to maintain his original stand — though it put him into greater disfavour with his soldier colleagues and the Army authorities. This was not an easy thing for a man who had been in the Army since he was fifteen and who intended making it a career. And there were no tangible compensations for listening only to what his conscience told him; for he had refused even the "expenses" offered by Anthony Terry.

If George had been a more thorough reader of the Sunday Times he would have read with interest the pieces published in February and March about the S.I.B. investigation of the three interrogators referred to by Bowen. Not alone would he have found out that the Bowen Report had been published some time previously but he also might have become suspicious of why the S.I.B. sergeant major had deceived him over such an important matter and tried so hard to make him change his mind. But George hadn't read the Times reports and so remained blissfully ignorant of much of what was going on in the background — until a day in April 1967 when he played more than usually well at an inter-corps rugby match at Paderborn.

At the end of the game he was walking off the field — full of confidence and supremely fit physically and mentally — when he was told by an officer he had not seen before to go with him. He did as ordered and a few moments later he was handed over to three strangers in civilian clothes standing

not far from the dressing room. They asked George to go with them and he did so reluctantly after being told: "It won't take a minute." Completely mystified the young corporal soon found himself being driven in a car to the military airfield at Gutersloh where, still in his rugby clothes and covered in sweat and dirt, he was put on board a small twin-engined plane. Then in the company of the three men he was flown to Northolt Airport in southern England. Here there was a car waiting and this took them immediately to a house in north London.

By this time George was feeling cold and more bewildered than ever by the speed of events and the strangeness of it all. And his three shepherds were no help because as well as being the silent type their demeanour would put off anyone who might want to ask them questions. He did not like what was happening and became very suspicious. Just what was it all about, he kept wondering? Had this something to do with his statement to the Sunday Times? Was he going to appear before the Bowen Commission? There seemed to be endless possibilities — but no answers appeared that could ease his growing anxieties.

At the London house he was allowed to clean up and have a meal in a small quite well furnished room with a tiny window. By this time the initial shock was wearing off. From the window he could only see a sloping roof and a tree. Feeling more or less himself again he wanted to go out and have a look at the place but, strangely enough, the door of the room was kept locked. And it was only opened when a very uncommunicative man brought him something to eat. His room began to look very much like a cell and soon his anxieties of a few hours earlier were multiplied. He gazed about the room he asked himself, just what is going on? He had been brought here on Friday evening and had expected that he be immediately meeting some people working with the Bowen Commission, perhaps even Bowen himself. But nothing happened — neither on Saturday nor on Sunday.

Then on Monday morning after eating his breakfast and what seemed to be the beginning of yet another boring day he found himself in the centre of great activity once more — taken from his room to a car and then driven to the neighbourhood of Chessington, a small town to the south of London. For much of his journey he felt in a daze and later he was to come to the conclusion that his breakfast had been drugged. But he was sufficiently aware to recognise the roundabout at Chessington where he had been before. Then in his own words: "About two minutes later we got to a house, a largish house, set in its own fairly small grounds, entirely detached, with a little orchard or something."

Once inside this house he was taken into what looked like a reception room at a police station where he was confronted by a short smartly dressed man of about forty eight years old. "Have you ever heard of Special Branch?" was one of the questions he flung at George by way of a greeting. "I've heard fairy tales might come true," and then the short man added: "You are going to tell us what we want to know, won't you?" This led to a hardening of the rest of the dialogue in which George said: "Look I don't know if your planning to beat me up or torture me or something but you can carry on, because I'm just not interested." A point which made the short man remark, "Oh we've got much better methods than that. You'll find out." George was soon to find out what the man meant. For the first two days he was kept locked in a very small room on the first floor. It had a bed and a sink but no toilet, and high up was a small window. He was given food but no one would talk to him; and his kidnappers ignored his repeated bangings on the door and his appeals to be let use a

toilet. So he urinated into the sink — but refrained from defecating.

After some two days of this his door was opened and he was taken into another room on the same landing. This was nicely furnished and it had a desk behind which sat the short man he had met downstairs. A few words passed between them; and George made it clear that he wanted to use a toilet and not talk. Then suddenly the man blurted out: "Look, we're very interested in your association with Amnesty International. We know you're associated with them. Why?" This line of questioning lasted for more than an hour, at the end of which George was returned to his room, a little bewildered by the pace of the interrogation.

On the following day his food started getting cut down. There was no breakfast and for dinner he was given only a couple of potatoes. Up to this time he had managed to prevent his bowels from moving. Now, suddenly, he was afflicted with diarrhoea, which got worse. And he had no toilet. So it was a case of the sink — if he could get to it on time. By the time another day had passed his room was in a dreadful state and as he looked at the stinking mess which his waste matter had made he felt ill and humiliated and in a moment of self remorse muttered: "What have I done to get into all this?"

Sometimes during the course of the day after this he was taken once again to the interrogation room. This time there was a different man behind the desk, and straightaway he began firing questions about his association with Amnesty International. It was much like the first bout of interrogation, except that this new man kept insisting "We know this" and "We know that" and so forth. Then when it was all over George was taken out again, but this time he was locked in another room, which was fairly large, with a bed, sink, table and chair — and a small window high up.

Almost the first thing he noticed was a mug of coffee on the table. He was suspicious; but when he found that there was no water in the taps at the sink he drank the coffee down. This marked the beginning of a long nightmare period; and George now believes that the coffee was laced with a huge dose of hallucinogenic drugs and that the room was equipped with a sound and visual projection system of some kind together with other apparatus capable of rapid temperature regulation. In more or less his own words, he would be sleeping and would wake up feeling very cold. A moment later it would be very hot and he would be sweating and then the next minute shivering with cold, while outside it would start raining and with thunder and lightning. Then it would get dark and light again.

He lost all idea of time and began to lose touch with reality. And not alone was he asking himself where he was but he also started to wonder who he himself was. He found himself talking to the furniture, talking to the beds and talking to the walls. On one occasion he thought he saw a man walking out of a wall and talk to him.

Though he made some attempt to keep a check on the time by using the interval between successive urinations as a yardstick he had no real idea of how long this nightmare period lasted. But he does know that when he was finally taken back to the interrogation room he was prepared to say anything they wanted. And after telling the interrogator this he did precisely that.

But it was to no avail; for he was put back in the same room again. This time the nightmare was worse. In his own words: "Things began to appear in corners. I thought I heard voices, talking to me, getting into me. The bed was floating around; everything was distorted."

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