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JUNE, 1937.

ONE PENNY.

JUBILEES and CORONATIONS

James Connolly's Jubilee Manifesto of 1897

"DURING this glorious reign Ireland has seen 1,225,000 of her children die of famine; starved to death whilst the produce of her soil and of their labour was eaten up by a vulture aristocracy—enforcing their rents by the bayonets of a hired assassin army in the pay of 'the best of the English Queens'; the eviction of 3,660,000; a multitude greater than that of the entire population of Switzerland; and the reluctant emigration of 4,186,000 of our kindred, a greater host than the entire people of Greece.

"At the present moment seventy-eight per cent. of our wage earners receive less than £1.0.0 per week—our streets are thronged by starving

crowds of the unemployed, cattle graze on our tenantless farms and around the ruins of our battered homesteads, our ports are crowded with departing emigrants, and our workhouses are full of paupers. Such are the constituent elements out of which we are bade construct a National Festival of Rejoicing!"

The conditions described in Connolly's Manifesto are the conditions of to-day. Conditions which must obtain as long as English Robbery of Ireland continues, and can only be stopped by complete independence and separation from the British Empire.

In December last, Mr. de Valera

summoned the Free State Dáil for the sole purpose of recognising George VI.

In what is meant to be a friendly article in the "Daily Herald" of January 23, 1937, the following passages aptly summed up the situation:

"Nothing Britain can do will change the new Irish constitution which is on its way. From it the Oath and the Governor-General disappear. The King is never mentioned. The Free State, so far as its internal affairs are concerned, is to all intents and purposes a republic.

"But in its relations with the Commonwealth it acknowledges the King as 'symbolic head.' After the Abdication it accepted George VI as such. And the significance of that has not been fully appreciated. The Irish Nationalists acknowledged the King—by Act of Parliament. It got the Imperial statesmen out of one of the most awkward jams they have ever been in."

Dublin protests by blowing up the Statue of an English King.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

Police Break Heads; Crowd Breaks Glass

QUEEN VICTORIA insisted on living so long that jubilees had to be invented to replace Coronations or several generations of English would have been deprived of shows they love, and democratic Lord Mayors and Colonial Ministers of the joys of dining and wining with princes, and British shopkeepers of the chance of selling shoddy red, white and blue, for flags, decorations and badges.

British Royalties are practical, royal pageants and patronage must be financed and Jubilee Funds replaced Kings' Memorial funds and gave occasion for loyal climbers to gain titles at other people's expense, by collecting funds for Widow Victoria to raise monuments to the long defunct Albert. Jubilee collections rose to royal proportions for in every factory and household the bosses invited their workpeople to contribute and woe to those who refused!

Jubilees gave the same occasions as Coronations to the citizens of Dublin to repudiate the claim of British kings and queens to hold Ireland for English robbery. Every 10 years there was a jubilee.

In 1897 therefore the citizens of Dublin led by James Connolly, in orderly serried ranks, paraded the streets carrying black flags.

The mentality of our rulers seems

to have changed very little, they ordered the police out to break up our jubilee procession just as they ordered them this year to break up our Coronation procession. By furious baton charges on unarmed people the police on both occasions turned orderly processions into miniature battle fields, the pavements strewn with prostrate men and women and little pools of blood and ambulances carrying people to hospital. This year there were more broken heads to be stitched and more fractured arms to be mended, and the C.I.D. being now permitted to celebrate by firing off their guns to create panic indulged freely in this sport. The old G-men they have replaced were not allowed to do so except a magistrate had first solemnly read the Riot Act, but in 1897 a stalwart policeman wielded his baton against the head of an old woman—less able to bear the impact than Tom Barry or Frank Ryan—and killed her.

The reaction of the Dublin crowd to brutal and senseless baton charges is as unchanged as the mentality of our rulers who order them. The police break heads, the crowd break glass. The death of the old woman caused the rate payers £2,000 for broken plate glass windows. We haven't the bill for 1937 yet.

(Continued on page 4.)

SPEED-UP RELEASE OF PRISONERS!

MICHAEL CONWAY, sentenced to death by the Military Tribunal after Mr. McEntee had promised a hanging, relieved because the whole country cried shame and horror at the scandal.

How long is this innocent man to be kept in prison?

Justice demands his release but justice demands in vain when faces have to be saved.

A trial by an ordinary Court would release Conway but would not save faces. He will have to wait the general "Amnesty" of Republican prisoners, which the Country demands and which political exigencies will oblige. Meantime, he should be sent to await it, to the Curragh, where, at least, he would have the companionship of the other Republican prisoners. In Mountjoy he is alone. He may not associate with the Republicans who from time to time occupy cells there while awaiting their automatic sentences from the Military Tribunal.

PRISON BARS

EDITED MONTHLY BY THE WOMEN'S PRISONERS DEFENCE LEAGUE, 44 PARNELL SQ., DUBLIN.

JUNE, 1937.

ONE PENNY.

THE IMPAIRED CONSTITUTION

IN our first issue we stated that PRISON BARS stood for the Republic as proclaimed in 1916, and while standing for the release of prisoners all over Ireland, we drew attention to the imprisoned condition of Ireland and her citizens within the British Empire. We have now a new Constitution (following the much mangled original Free State Constitution) presented to us with a great blowing of trumpets. It is true the integrity of Ireland as a political entity is proclaimed, but we have no reason to believe that it will ever be anything but a frothy statement since the framers of this Constitution continue to gaol and persecute the only people in the country who are prepared to do anything to maintain the established Republic. The whole document is full of similar platitudinous insincerities. All the powers of the infamous Coercion Acts are retained for this "free" people. One of the Ministers described the "high office of President" as a "symbol of the people's authority and a safeguard of their liberties," and yet it was this High President who proclaimed an inquiry into the brutal treatment of political opponents in prison, treatment which has led to murder or suicide and insanity.

The family and the home are given a predominant status—on paper. There is nothing in it which holds out any hope of opportunity to make a home, to those who are flying out of the country. The right to hold property is guaranteed, that is to those who already have property—regardless of the means by which it was acquired; but the opportunity to acquire property is (as far as the Constitution is concerned) as carefully guarded as ever from that "large and respectable body, the the people of no property." "The weaker members of Society" are promised protection, that is to say,

2,000 Coronation Tickets Returned

We are indebted to "The Irish Front" for this Coronation news item: "Two large trade unions, The Miners Federation of Great Britain and the National Union of Railwaymen refused the offer of seats to view the ceremony. These unions have a total of almost a million members and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had to announce that 2,000 tickets had been returned unwanted. This action and the action of the London busmen striking for better conditions is action which James Connolly knew and loved. It is the spirit which animated the great Jubilee protest in which he played so prominent a part. It is the spirit we want to see spreading among Irishmen here in Britain."

as a sop to the unemployed, women are to be arbitrarily deprived of the right to work at gainful employments, and are airily waved to "the home"—presumably the County Home, which will be the lot of seventy-five per cent. of them, except they choose the emigrant ship, as their grandmothers had to do a hundred years ago.

There is not a line in this Constitution which suggests that its framers do not regard poverty and unemployment as a normal condition of Society, and yet it is claimed for it that it is a step towards a new social order. In one clause of this new Document No. 3, the State weakly promises that "it will direct its policy so that citizens may find the means of making reasonable provisions for their domestic needs." Compare this with that fine clause of the Democratic programme of the Republican Dail of 1910—"In return for the willing services, we, in the name of the Republic, declare the right of every citizen to a share of the produce of the Nation's labour." Truly when Ireland's freedom went into eclipse, the noble social vision of its founders was also obscured.

Surplus Food and Surplus Population

DR. DAVID, the Anglican Bishop of Liverpool, is alarmed over the large number of Irish emigrants to England. He says:

"The most serious effect is political. They may gain control of the local Labour Party which in turn may gain control of the local Government. In this event Liverpool will be dominated by Roman Catholics. Ireland has discovered a way to make England support her surplus population."

We deplore the huge Irish emigration to England more than the Rev. gentleman, for we have no surplus population. Ireland is very underpopulated, but we have a surplus of food and are unfortunately exporting more than the surplus of it to England at ruinous price, because of the penal tariff imposed on Irish agricultural production by his own Government.

Our people are following their food, or they would starve. They are not attracted by the generous English dole he refers to, which, as was explained in the British House of Commons, they cannot benefit from, as though all employers of labour are obliged to stamp unemployment cards, and workers contribute, Irish, or any other foreign workers, are not eligible for benefit when thrown out of employment unless they have signed on as British subjects and made themselves liable to conscription when the war for which England is preparing starts.

MICHAEL CONWAY

No felon's treach'rous soul looks out from his brave eyes of brown, His hair is dark as raven's wing, his brow ne'er wears a frown, Save when a tale of Ireland's wrong has made his pale cheeks glow, His voice is clear, and strong, and sweet, this "convict" lad we know.

Although he is a pris'ner now, they cannot bind his soul, It soars above the verdant vale where Suir's bright waters roll It looks each morn on Slievenamon to see the darkness go, While for a dream he lies in jail, this "convict" lad we know.

A dream as old as very earth, a wish well-nigh divine, To free the land that gave him birth and see her beauty shine. Undimmed by blighting Saxon rule, that long has laid her low, For this he sought and worked and thought this "convict" lad we know.

Ten thousand times more dear to us the cell in which he lies Than marble halls or palace walls, and when our prayers arise, We ask that God in all His power may smite our traitor foe, And keep for ever bold and true this "convict" lad we know.

M.McS.

IRELAND

Out of the curling ferns, she rose, most fair; Lady's of poet's dream, so dim her hair, Her mouth so red, with promise sweet—

She stood on swaying feet. And as I dreamed and looked again Her eyes were shadowed o'er with pain

Within their softness lurked grim fears,

I saw her silent tears. 'Till suddenly her laugh rang clear And all the grass and berries near They gently blew in gay accord, But tears again brought dire discord.

So Ireland stood a swaying thing, So unfulfilled, on poised wing.

Ascension Day, '37.

STATUES

Mr. Yeats writes he would put on mourning for King George's statue.

It may console Mr. Yeats to reflect that it is the aesthetic sense of his countrymen who he politely refers to as tom-fools which has protected the statue of Victoria in front of the Free State Dail. Is so exactly portrays the British Empire that it is a work of art. The tom-fools think it should be set up in Westminster outside the British Parliament. Mr. Yeats' letter contains a dangerous phrase about not minding the blowing up of other statues. We suggest that the C.I.D. would be better employed watching Mr. Yeats and his friends than in watching Nelson's Pillar.

Bridewell Night's Entertainment

THE door slammed. The keys rattled. The heavy footsteps retreated.

The Bridewell — "a place of punishment," I had heard it called, "where some souls suffer for a time before being removed to Mountjoy." It looked as though any change must be a change for the better.

It was indescribably filthy. I was just forcing myself to admit that I could not remain standing in the middle of the floor all night, and must find a spot less filthy-looking than the rest to sit upon, when a face appeared at the hole in the door. "Well, O'Brien," it said, "are you all right there?"

My first reaction was: "Some C.I.D. swine trying to amuse himself." I turned my back on the door. There was a grunt, and the policeman moved along the corridor.

On the return journey he paused again at the door. "Is there anything you want," he said, "before I go away for the night?"

There were so many things I wanted! I looked at the filthy cell—the floor strewn with old cigarette butts and tobacco spits, the walls covered with obscene scrawls. I said "Is there any chance of a drink of water?"

I got my drink of water and thanked him. "Righto," said he, "you'll get your blankets later on."

My blankets! Anyone who has made the acquaintance of those prison blankets will understand with what trepidation I awaited my fate.

The cell grew dark. The small high window remained a paler grey than the walls. Then the lights were switched on and the cell walls glowed yellow while the window changed to blue. The blue deepened to purple, and then to black. A heavy clatter of feet in the yard announced the arrival of the night guard. At intervals there were more arrivals of prisoners. Doors banged. A woman's voice screamed and laughed drunkenly.

My blankets arrived. There was no use shirking the inevitable. I rolled up my coat for a pillow and ventured in. I was tired after the day's excitement.

The Bridewell must be the noisiest place in the world. But the noise was a minor worry to the dread that was on me. I tried to concentrate upon the clattering and shouting, but my luck was out, and when they came they came not single spies but in battalions.

At first I fought them. Then I grew tired, and determined to try to feel what it was like to be an unresisting martyr. Then for long ages I alternated between the two policies.

In a cell across the corridor a man was singing "The Rose of Tralee." I hoped he was one of our lads in for pulling down a Union Jack. Perhaps he was in for beating his wife.

When he had finished the two verses of the song he whistled the tune, then went back to the singing again. Not a bad song to know, I thought, if he only knows the one. "The pale moon was shining—"

Then another sound brought me sitting up in bed. A motor engine began to throb outside in the yard,

and I heard footsteps and voices. That might mean a shift to Mountjoy. Or it might mean a visit from C.I.D. interrogators—there was hardly any limit to what it might mean. The C.I.D. campaign was growing in intensity, and on Armistice Night their spirits were apt to be high. I thought of night rides and hammerings for information. I strained my ears.

As it happened, it was no concern of mine. There were sounds of a scuffle, and I heard a man's voice—"I won't go to the Union! I tell you I won't go to the Union!"—and it trailed off into a scream. I called it a man's voice, but it was the most piteously hopeless old voice that ever I heard.

I was up in an instant, and made a spring for the bar at the top of the window. I hauled myself up, and was able to see down into the yard.

Three policemen were forcing a bent-shouldered, white-haired old man into the "Black Maria," and he was fighting his last fight.

He clung to the door of the van, and hooked his legs under it. One

CONSTITUENTS REPUDIATE MR. AIKEN

SEQUEL TO JAILING OF REPUBLICANS

The Irish people resent the imprisonment of Republicans.

Mr. Aiken, responsible for the enforcement of Article 2A (Coercion Act) could get only one Fianna Fáil Cumann to nominate him for reelection in his Constituency.

policeman wrenched free one of his hands and twisted his arms behind him. Another hammered the knuckles of the other hand and forced it loose. The third caught his legs and flung him forward into the van—"Get in you bloody bastard!" The van drove away.

I dropped to the floor and caught hold of the bed-board and tried to tear it from the wall because it was the only thing in the cell that I could possibly hope to break.

Then I lay down again. After all, it was the end of many a one. It was only our "Christian" civilisation shaping the end of a man's life as it had shaped it in all its stages.

The Bridewell sounds came to me again. Hooray, he knows another song! The man across the corridor was whistling still, but he tramped his cell as he whistled, and his neighbour hammered a fattoo on his cell door—"Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons!"

The earth was made for all, rich and poor in common. Why do you rich claim it as your exclusive right? The soil was given to the rich and poor in common—wherefore, oh ye rich, do you unjustly claim it for yourselves alone?

St. Ambrose.

EIRE

Eire, a magic name, to many who never looked on the Green Isle loved of the wild birds

Frenchmen contented with the beauty of their own land they care not to see others

Grow lyrical at the name Irlande. Scholarly Germans spend lifetimes of research into her ancient lore.

The eyes of Englishmen grow hard and crafty, greedy for a possession they can never possess.

It is they who have made Ireland, the Mother of Sorrows for those who live there, for those they have driven out who can never forget.

The Mother of Sorrows, heartbreaking and comforting as the Queen of Heaven.

The Mother of Sorrows, rejoicing and caoing over the sons who fought for her and died for her.

For from their death, life springs, and what is death to an Immortal? But now her caoing has a more bitter anguish because on her soil, her sacred soil, at her feet,

While her war-weary children were sleeping, the Enemy deposited a cradle

The eyes of warriors too drowsy with sleep to notice the monstrous birth it contains

If they had they would have thrown it out at once into the merciful arms of old Munanán Mac Lir.

To be hidden for ever in the waters of his deep oblivion.

It stirs with dreadful life and from it the Mother turns as from a sacrilege.

It was born to the old enemy of mankind, Compromise, out of Dame Cowardice and is called the Saorstát.

Miave of the Flowering Branch, fled after one shuddering glance And Angus of the Birds has followed her.

They cannot live in a land where the air is poisoned with the breath of old age corruption

And where Youth is being locked in dark prison cells lest its laughing beauty mocks the Abortion.

When Miave and Angus depart, joy fades and youth withers

Men and maidens are flying as fast as ships can carry them

Flying to a land, where amid the din of machines making night and day alike hideous

Mammon is fashioning his instruments for human slaughter

Tir no nOg is sinking beyond the sunset into the mists of the Atlantic Eire is fast becoming the land of the old.

Let the people release Youth from the prisons

Youth will help them cast out that unpropitious birth growing strong in its cradle.

When it is hidden for ever, we shall again see the Flowering Branch and hear the song of the birds. Joy will return and strength and Ireland will become once more the Land of ever living Youth.

THE WATCHER ON THE THRESHOLD.

Help to spread the truth by circulating this paper among your friends.

MILITARY PENSIONS

"WORLD RECORD RELIEF SCALE" is the heading under which the **Labour News** prints the facsimile of Richard Corbally's unemployment assistance card showing him to be entitled to receive 1d. per day for 6 days a week, not even a penny dinner for Sunday!

Richard Corbally was an original member of James Connolly's Citizen Army and in Easter Week fought in the Dublin Castle area and in the G.P.O.

His wife had to stay at home to care for a large family of small children, but though like many other brave mothers in like circumstances, she did her bit for the Republic by hiding and guarding arms and ammunition, this risky work is not reckoned as active service in any Pensions Acts.

This year Richard Corbally was awarded a magnificent pension—£22 a year! When he went to sign for his unemployment dole, he found it was reduced to 6d. a week, 9s. is considered sufficient to clothe, house and feed an unemployed man and 6d. brought the military pension of 8s. 6d. a week accorded to this old worker up to 9s.

Compare this with the huge pensions we are taxed to pay ex-British judges who jailed us, and ex-British civil servants who worked against us.

Much has been said by the Free State politicians about the certainly generous pension of £500 a year and gratuity of £2,000 accorded to Donal Buckley, but they all seem to have missed reminding Mr. de Valera of the only really solid objection which could be raised against it. The sentence in the Proclamation of the Republic: "Equal rights and equal opportunities for all."

Surely those who went out and risked everything for Ireland without thought of reward are entitled to equal treatment. Probably Donal Buckley and Richard Corbally fought equally well and took equal risks, but where is the equality of reward?

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

AMERICA initiated the League of Nations as a means to world peace. She refused to join it when she found that the British Empire, through her Dominions, was to have seven votes to the single vote of other nations.

England is the greatest warrior in history. She lays claim to territories 120 times the size of her own, which makes wars inevitable. Land grabbers can't be at peace.

The great Disarmament Conference which was to have outlawed the use of aerial bombardment with incendiary and poison gas bombs broke down solely because England, alone among the nations, refused to agree, declaring she needed this method of warfare for the policing of her vast Empire.

As soon as it was made part of the Covenant of the League of Nations, that the League should never interfere in the domestic affairs of its members, England proposed the membership of her Dominions and got her seven votes. It was England proposed India and the Free

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

(Continued from page 1.)

Superior people reading their papers next morning in 1897 and 1937 exclaimed: "How stupid of the crowd" . . . but was it? is it? The authorities who control the police don't pay for broken heads, so they don't mind how many are broken, unless by rare chance it is one of their own, a contingency they guard against usually by staying in when they order the police out, but they do pay for broken glass, and have to increase rates to do so, which makes superior people cross. It is the only way the crowd has of trying to hammer into the wooden heads of our rulers that the heads of the citizens have at least as much value as plate glass windows, and might induce superior people to join in a demand that a course of instruction be opened for young enthusiastic Gardai to teach them their promotion does not depend on the number of heads they break, and that the existing pleasure of firing their guns in the public street is dangerous to be indulged in. Bullets, even fired in the air, are apt to ricochet as the Coroner suggested at the inquest on a priest's housekeeper shot dead while waiting for a tram on the outskirts of a meeting of the Women's Prisoners' Defence League which the Free State forces were trying in vain to panic. Dublin crowds being used to gun fire don't panic. The superior people might even join in asking whatever Government it in office not to create disorder which leads to glass breaking by proclaiming meetings which but for the proclamations would be perfectly orderly.

Irish citizens will hold meetings in spite of proclamations, more meetings and bigger meetings because of proclamations.

Coercion has never succeeded in Ireland and never will.

Forbidden to Read Newspapers

NOT content with imprisoning Republicans under the Coercion Act, Article 2A of the Free State Constitution, Messrs. de Valera and Aiken forbid them to read any newspapers. They do this under the new old Prison Rules they have made their own. Tom Clarke and O'Donovan Rossa were not allowed to read newspapers, so Messrs. de Valera and Aiken won't allow Moss Twomey and his comrades to read them.

British Prison reform having advanced a step Jim Kileen and the Republicans imprisoned in Belfast jail while they are forced to wear prison clothes are allowed to read newspapers. Three weekly papers are provided in the prison recreation room and each prisoner is also supplied by the prison authorities with two cigarettes a day to smoke while reading them.

Taxed by some Fianna Fail supporters with his refusal to allow any Republican prisoner to read any newspaper, Mr. Aiken replied, that though he would not allow newspapers, he would allow prisoners who had the money to buy books through the Governor, and published an official statement to this effect. Prisoners' friends and organisations immediately sent money to buy books Moss Twomey ordered in the prescribed manner through the Governor, Dr. Moloney's "The Casement Forged Diaries." Apparently this was judged by Mr. Aiken dangerous reading for a political prisoner for it shows up in detail the intricate system of British propaganda, and how and by whom it is worked. For though Moss Twomey applied and had the money to pay for it, he has not been allowed the book.

The petty spitefulness of preventing men who are likely to be the future leaders of Ireland reading newspapers to keep themselves posted in world events must disgust everyone. It is comforting to remember that this restriction did not prevent Tom Clarke from being the first signatory of the Proclamation of the Republic or John Daly being three times in succession Mayor of his native city, Limerick.

decided to set up the Non-Intervention Committee. The headquarters of the Committee is in London, not in Geneva and the war with all its horrors goes on and will probably involve Europe when England is ready.

Judged from the point of view which particularly interests Prison Bars—prison reform, the Committee to improve conditions of prisoners is presided over by an Irish Civil Servant. Its rules were so drawn up that it could not be used to alter conditions in Mr. de Valera's prisons which drove several healthy young men insane and caused the death of Sean Glynn—found strangled in his cell.

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