

CONCERNED

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF FERMANAGH CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE COMMITTEE

"IRELAND UNFREE SHALL NEVER BE AT PEACE"

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NO
RATES

No. 166

Saturday, 14th December (De Sathairn, 14 Nollaig), 1974

OFFICIAL VIOLENCE

IN the pre-1969 days Fermanagh County Council was notorious for its wholesale anti-Catholic activities. Discrimination in the Housing and Planning Departments had reached a shameful level, so much so that this Council became known for its rottenness all over Ireland and far beyond our shores.

After relentless pressure from the Fermanagh Civil Resistance Committee the opposition councillors withdrew and as a result of this and the later reshuffle of Local Government the teeth seemed to have been pulled from the dragon. Then came the new "Local Government" elections and the SDLP were anxious for participation—by this date they had broken their promises to the internees and had raised their new catch cry, "partnership". Here in Fermanagh the SDLP Assemblyman, Mr. Thomas Daly, became Vice-Chairman of the new Council. He immediately announced: "History was made today. We now have a new Council based on partnership." But those who had campaigned for the overthrow of that same Council knew only too well the nonsense being spoken by Mr. Daly. Many new faces are among the Co. Councillors, but most of the old tried and trusted true-blues remained on the staff and again in Departments such as Planning the Catholic seeking permission to build his own home found nothing had changed. There are scores of examples of Catholics being refused planning permission for reasons which do not apply to most Protestants, especially if the Protestant party is a local Orange Lodge member or in a secure establishment post.

A well known example of downright discrimination, jobbery and trickery by those in high places is the Belcoo case, where planning permission was refused by the Council on the grounds that the view of Loch McNane would be spoiled. Then officials of the same Council were granted permission to build on the same sites, and today the public are excluded from the stretch of the lake shore, for it is now the private property of Co. Council staff.

Another example is to be seen on the Tempo Road, where four families were prevented from entering directly on to the

main road from their own houses. The Council's reasons?—danger, as this was classified a "fast road" and no new exits or entrances would be allowed onto it. While this reason was given the N.I. Electricity Board had been granted permission to erect offices and a garage for their fleet with direct access onto this "fast road". Not only that, but a rash of new houses has since sprung up all along this particular stretch—all given direct entrances—while the four families mentioned are still prevented from constructing their own driveways onto it.

Yet one of the most blatant examples of downright discrimination and, one could say, official thuggery concerns a family who lived in a wet, damp house. So bad was it that water actually streamed down the walls and paper fell from them. This family decided that instead of waiting for the Housing Executive to find them a house they would purchase their own mobile home. This was erected on a site at Kilgartnaleague on the main Irvinestown/Enniskillen road. The existing entrance to this site was widened, a neat gate was erected and the overall picture was one of a pleasant, well-kept garden with flowers now growing where nettles and weeds had hitherto flourished. This new home did credit to the industry, taste and efficiency of this man and his family.

For a while all was well, but then came the day when the planning officials from the Council arrived. The little family were told they would have to move on. They were told their was no entrance from this site onto the road. When contradicted on this point the reply of the Council people was that "it had only been a goat track". No suggestion was made as to where they would move to—they just had to go. After a few days workmen arrived from the Co. Council and placed barbed wire across the entrance and a chain and lock on the gate. Since this the man, his wife and children are forced to use a treacherous, slippery and wet path along the banks of a deep river to get into or out of their home, while some of the people behind this thuggery live in big, well established houses—some of them erected on sites where planning permission had been

formerly refused to Catholics.

It's just a little over a mile from the site of this mobile caravan to Flowerdale Cross at Ballinamallard and here we see a big house erected on an elbow bend. Not only was planning permission granted in this case, but Co. Council lorries drew filling and later top soil to prepare the site. When the house was built they came back and erected a post and rail fence outside the new house. Different treatment here! Yes, indeed, but the owner happens to be in a well paid Ministry of Agriculture post and is neither Catholic nor Nationalist. Where, then, is the change in Fermanagh Co. Council?

THE RM's CONCERN

THE Resident Magistrate at a recent court in Enniskillen was a fatherly figure indeed and his judgement had all the touches of parental concern. Before his Lordship was a youth charged with possession of a revolver and a number of live rounds. The security forces were attracted to the youth by the fact that he shot himself through the foot (accidentally, of course).

His Lordship came to the conclusion that this was a serious offence, but he felt it unwise to send the youth to prison, just in case he might get into bad company. You will say there are hundreds serving 5-10 years for possession of an unlicensed firearm. True, there are—but they are Republicans and this was a member of the UDAL

LOVE FINDS A WAY

A member of the RUC bomb squad was sentenced to four years' imprisonment in Belfast. He blew his top when the girl he LOVED told him she wanted nothing more to do with him. Words just failed him, so he drew his gun and shot her in the leg.

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LISNASKEE

MR. DENIS FAUL, Danganmon writes on . . .

Blessed Oliver — then and now

ON MONDAY night B.B.C. Northern Ireland said Oliver Plunkett was executed for allegedly plotting to bring a French army into Ireland. This remark without any explanation perpetuates the official British lie now three centuries old: it shows an instinct to cover atrocities by sticking like a bulldog to the official explanation that is manifest today in Widgery and Compton.

It points up the tragedy or the magnificence of Blessed Oliver's life — the man of truth, gentleness and sanctity destroyed by the forces of bigotry grasping at worldly power, and ready to disregard truth and manufacture lies even if it destroys lives.

Judge Pemberton told the Archbishop: "The bottom of your treason was the setting up of your false religion, than which there is nothing more displeasing to God or pernicious to mankind".

A few days ago I sat in a small house near Lough Neagh with nine children and listened to a heartbroken mother describe how her eldest boy had been harassed by bigoted policemen and U.D.R. men, tortured and interned in Long Kesh. The holy pictures and statues showed they were old-fashioned Catholics; and that was the reason for his internment. The Crown required Catholics as hostages.

I am not suggesting that the ceremonies for Blessed Oliver's canonisation should be held in Long Kesh. But the sanctity of that place of the crucifixion of innocent Catholic men with its curtailed witnesses, its police brutality and paid British hacks of judges might recall that barbarism of Newgate and Tyburn better than the magnificence of St. Peter's.

Blessed Oliver was no rebel Camillo Torres; he was a gentle trusting man who accepted British rule and tried to win tolerance and promote growth between the terror of Cromwell and the degradation that followed the battle of the Boyne. He courted the favour of the Viceroys as the Roman diplomat's instinct for survival

and avoided the role of a Minuteman.

His solutions to the problem of the religious survival of the Irish people were:

(1) To preserve the sacramental life of the people at all intense level.

(2) To educate and ordain priests.

(3) To preserve and strengthen the essential link with Rome.

Not having gold and silver, he gave the Irish people the power of the Holy Spirit, confirming almost 50,000 people in the first three years of his episcopate and ordaining over 130 priests; he made them soldiers of Christ and some years later he showed them what this meant by winning the martyr's crown by his profession of the faith.

In Blessed Oliver's own words his most important work was the setting up of his school in Drogheda to educate his priests, his seminarians and the Catholic youth. Blessed Oliver realised that education was the key to religious strength and the lever to lift his people above their oppressors.

The anti-Catholic school lobbies of the present day in the North and South of Ireland would not find favour with him. He writes in consequence of the penal laws we can have no fixed Catholic schools.

He says that before he opened his school, the Catholics were obliged "to send their children to Protestant masters,

and thus incur great danger to their faith".

"Let us aid the poor children, many of whom have been perverted by going to Protestant schools".

He had 160 boys in his school including 40 Protestants which proved his economical spirit. The Archbishop had to live in poverty to pay for these schools but he gladly endured hardship until they were closed after three years during a period of persecution.

Why then is Blessed Oliver not popular in the North of Ireland? Few children here bear the name Oliver — Kevin Barry or Martin de Porres would beat him easily in the baptism registers. Undoubtedly because he gathered up the outlaws of the old family who were fighting against the planters, the Tynes and the Rapers, Donnellys, MacDonaldis and O'Hanlons and sent them abroad.

His intentions were the best, to make peace and to save lives. But like other peacemakers, in Ireland, he was seen to be doing England's work for her. He would be booked out of the Mansion House or Liberty Hall today.

His martyrdom and the letters he wrote from prison, these are the unanswerable testimonies to his heroic sanctity. Bluff will carry many men, even churchmen through life; but the trial in London and the execution at Tyburn — few could carry those burdens with such forgiveness and love.

There is no answer to the head that roasts at Drogheda. It "seeds the boiling pot". The blood martyr is the seed of Christians.



The Case Of James Auld

LAST FRIDAY, Mr. James Auld received a £16,000 settlement in his action against the Ministry of Defence and the Ministry of Home Affairs for wrongful arrest, wrongful detention and ill-treatment in August, 1971. The settlement was the largest yet given to any of the tortured "hooded men" and reflects the seriousness of the injury done to him. Mr. Auld, however, was not present to hear the settlement because, incredible as it may seem, he had been re-arrested the previous day and is now in Long Kesh once again. Because of the changes in the law since 1971, he has no legal recourse whatever against his latest incarceration.

The Compton Report, acknowledged and confirmed the details of Mr. Auld's torture in August, 1971. It found from the inspection of records that he had been given the hooded treatment for a total of 431 hours. This meant facing wall, legs apart, leaning with hands raised up against wall, hooded, while a loud noise shrielled continuously. In Mr. Auld's own testimony to the Compton Inquiry, he said that during this time he was "refused permission to go to the toilet and his hooded head was banged against the wall for asking. When his back arched a baton was rammed into it to straighten it."

James Auld was released from Long Kesh in the summer of 1972 still suffering the effects of his ordeal. To get away from it all he came to live in the South and married a girl from Dundalk. While in the South, his presence was fully known to the Government here, and he co-operated with them in the preparation of their case on behalf of the tortured men before the Court of Human Rights in Strasbourg. Last August, he returned to Belfast where he has been working regularly with his solicitor on the preparation of his case against the Ministries responsible. He has not been

(Continued on page 3)

Dr. Daly's statement

WHERE are we going to see an end to the selective condemnation and double standards indulged in by leaders of Church and State.

A classical example of this is a recent statement by Dr. Daly, Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise, in which he said that "the present generation of Republicans were betraying the cause for which noble and patriotic Irishmen fought and died".

Yet when these "noble and patriotic Irishmen" were fighting and dying, they were denounced by the same source as criminal and murderers. Now these people have the hypocrisy to call them patriots!

When the noble Pearse and his gallant comrades, without any mandate from the Irish people, made a "forcible entry" to the G.P.O. on Easter Monday, 1916, they were denounced as murderers and thugs by Church and State and sections of the Press called for their blood.

When Dan Breen, Tom Barry, Sean MacEoin and many others were forced to take action against brutality and repression, they were condemned out of hand by the hierarchy of the day.

In his book, "Violence in Ireland," Dr. Daly implies that "the men of violence" are all on the one side and are to be found only amongst the most repressed sections of the community.

If after 50 years of suffering, degradation, discrimination, poverty and second-class citizenship the beleaguered nationalists of the Six Counties, decide to defend themselves by resisting the imperial forces, Bishop Daly is ready to condemn them, to outlaw

them, and to suggest that they are savage and inhuman and no longer worthy of the name of Christians.

Speaking at a Mass for the victims of "Bloody Sunday" in St. Mel's Cathedral, Longford on 22/2/72, Dr. Daly said:

We are gathered here for prayer, not for bitterness. To talk of vengeance, retaliation or reprisals can have no place in a Christian community, the very word "retaliation" comes from a primitive and barbarous age. No words are permitted to a Christian people but the words of Christ, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

However, his Lordship had a different type of speech to make after the Aldershot explosion. Speaking at a seminar, again in Longford, he said:

"This evil thing could be authorised, planned and executed and can be approved only by men who have let their minds be perverted and their consciences corrupted by an evil philosophy. May this horrible crime at least have some good effect, of bringing about a final repudiation by all our people of such evil means."

On that occasion there was no talk of "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

In the final analysis, if Republicans of an earlier generation were as honourable, noble and patriotic as Dr. Daly would have us now believe, how is it that, not only were they vehemently condemned from the pulpit, but were excommunicated into the bargain?

OWEN SHARKEY, Kincasslagh, Co. Donegal.

(Continued from page 2)

interrogated since his latest arrest, nor has he been given any reason whatever for his detention. His solicitor, however, has been denied any opportunity to visit him. In default of any charges being brought against him, his arrest at this time smacks of plain vindictiveness. Insult has been added to injury and contempt has been added to the abuse of his person.

The outrageous treatment of Mr. Auld has particular relevance in the South at a time when the Minister for Justice is about to introduce his Criminal Law Jurisdiction Bill. Presumably, evidence will have to be given in our courts by police officers from the North in cases where offences are said to have been committed there. If such indeed be the intention, it is hard to imagine a procedure more likely to contaminate our whole system of justice and to bring our courts into contempt. As a reaction to the savagery of the Birmingham bombing, the Bill is perhaps understandable. But in no way can it be considered an adequate response. What is essential now as never before is political action on all fronts. An essential part of that action must be an end to internment and the system under which James Auld and others like him can be abused with impunity.

If the citizens of Northern Ireland are ever again to respect the rule of law then the cardinal principle of that law, namely, that no person shall be deprived of his liberty unless and until he is shown to have committed an offence against the law of the land must be held sacrosanct. Until that is understood and accepted there is no hope for peace in Ireland. North or South.

THE BELFAST MOUNTAINS

A story of '98

Twos on the Belfast mountains I
heard a maid complain,
Who vexed the sweet June evening
with her voice-broken strain,
Crying "Woe is me!" Love's anguish
is more than heart can dree
Since young Harry Joy McCracken
died on the gallows tree.

"At Donegore, right proudly he rode
with sash of green,
And brave in vain, at Antrim, his
sword flashed lightning-keen,
And when by spies surrounded, his
band from Slernish fled,
He came here to the Cave Hill to rest
a weary head."

"I watched for him while nightly
within our cot he slept,
At daybreak to the heather 'round
MacArt's fort we crept;
Then word came from Greencastle of
a good ship anchored nigh,
And so by yon wee fountain we met
to give good-bye."

"He said: 'My dear, be cheerful,
love's tears and fears are vain',
And he said 'My dear, be hopeful,
our land will rise again';
He kissed me, kissed me fondly, he
kissed me three times o'er—
'E'en death shall not divide us, O
love for evermore!"

"That night I climbed the Cave Hill
and watched till morning blazed,

And when it's fire had kindled, across
the lough I gazed,
There lay the English tender at anchor
by Garmoyle,
But ah, no good ship bore him away
to France's soil."

"Thrice in the night a tramping came
from the old Shore Road,
'Twas Ellis and his yeomen, false
Niblock with him strode;
Soon, father, homeward hastening, a
grievous story told—
'Ochone,' he sighed, 'poor Henry for
fifty pounds is sold'."

"And was it true?" I asked her—
"Ah, it was true," she said:
"Here to this heart that loved him,
I pressed his gory head,
And every night, pale, bleeding, his
ghost creeps to my side,
My Harry, my dead lover, comes for
his promised bride."

Up on the Belfast mountains the
maid's complaints are still,
For in the clay they've laid her on
high Carmoney hill;
Here solemn waves beneath us chant
requiems for the dead,
While rebel winds shriek, "Freedom"
for living hearts o'erhead.

—P. J. McCall.

"NO POPERY"

WHEN Lord Wellesley (the elder brother of the Duke of Wellington, and himself an Irishman) arrived in Ireland as Viceroy in 1822, one of his first political acts was to ban the 12th of July celebrations. The Orange braves did not like it, but they had to lump it.

ROME BACKED KING BILLY

THE official Orange mythology—about 1690 conveniently forgets that during the War of the League of Augsburg the Pope of the day was William's ally against the French King, Louis XIV, and that news of the Battle of the Boyne was greeted with enthusiasm in Rome.

Rory, Liam, Dick, Joe

ALL was quiet inside Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, on the seventh of December, 1922—the eve of the feast day of the Immaculate Conception. The prisoners were all asleep and the prison warders reported "All is well!"

Early in the morning of the 8th December four cell doors were opened and four prisoners were aroused from their sleep. They were Rory O'Connor, Liam Mellows, Dick Barret and Joe McKelvey.

They were told that they were for interview with the Prison Governor and at that interview they were informed that they were to be executed immediately as a Free State Government reprisal against Republican activity—a cruel necessity the "Government" termed it.

Early that morning was committed the foulest crime in the history of political struggle in this or any other country in the world. The prisoners in Mountjoy assembled for Mass on that Mary's Festive Morn. Something was wrong, something was missing. There was a strange feeling in the atmosphere.

The priest with faltering voice and pent up emotion turned and spoke to the congregation: "We will offer up this Mass for four of your friends," he paused to control his pent-up emotions, "who have met with death in the prison yard just a little while ago."

Rory, Liam, Dick and Joe,
Red was their heart's blood,
Their lives like snow,
Mary Immaculate guide them home.

THE GRAVES IN THE NORTH

*THE dust of some is Irish earth,
Among their own they rest,
And the same land that gave them
birth
Has caught them to her breast;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you men,
To act as brave a part.*

BELFAST AND NEIGHBOURHOOD

Henry Joy McCracken, Clifton cemetery; Dr. Drennan, do.; Mary McCracken, do.; Rev. William Steele Dickson, do.; James Hope, leader of the vanguard at Antrim, organizer for Robert Emmet; and Rose Hope, his wife and comrade in work for Ireland in '98 and 1803, Mallusk graveyard; James Bigger, Malusk; Rev. Sinclair Kelbourne, pastor and friend of McCracken, Castlereagh churchyard; Davy Woods, hanged at Doagh, '98, Ballylinney Graveyard.

CO. ANTRIM

The graveyard of the dead who fell in the battle at Antrim town: Roddy McCorley, '98, Toome Bridge; William Orr, first United martyr, hanged at Carrickfergus, Oct. 14, 1796, Templepatrick graveyard; Robert Kirkpatrick, Templepatrick; Archer, Dunn, Ryan, and the two Montgomerys, hanged at the moate, Ballymena; Daniel Darragh ('67), died in prison, Ballycastle graveyard; William Harbinson, '67, Ballinderry; Sir Samuel Ferguson, poet and patriot, the friend of Thomas Davis, Donegore churchyard; Shane O'Neill's grave, Cushendown.

DOWN

The reputed graves of patron saints—Patrick, Brigid, and Colmcille, at Downpatrick; Thomas Russell, the friend of Tone and Emmet, hanged in 1803, Downpatrick; Harry Munro, leader of the United men at Ballynahinch, hanged at the Market House, Lisburn on 16th June, 1798, buried in the Cathedral yard, Lisburn; Rev. Dr. Porter, hanged at his own meeting house door, '98, Greyabbey; J. Beyers, fought at Ballynahinch, Greyabbey. Gravemounds at Ballynahinch and Saintfield—Dick Frazer, '98, Killinchy; Betsy Gray, George Gray, and Willie Boal, fought at Ballynahinch under Munroe; massacred by yeomanry, buried at Ballyscreen; the martyrs of Blaris Moore, Blaris churchyard; John Mitchell, '48, Newry Old Green; John Martin, '48, do.

TYRONE

Dungannon Castle, Tullagh Rath, in honour of Tyrone's chieftains.

ARMAGH

Brian, King of Ireland, victor of Clontarf, is buried on the site of the Protestant Cathedral.

DERRY

Watty Grahame, '98, buried at Maghera Old Church; the tomb of Cooley Na-gal O'Cahan, at Dun-given.

Ederney Prisoners' Dependants Fund

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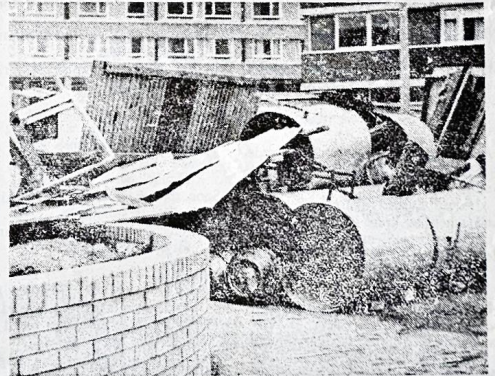
Six-County Street Scene . . . August, 1969



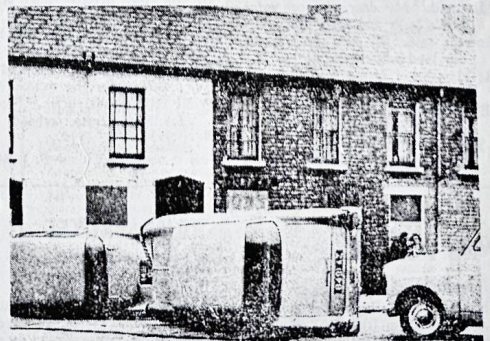
Paisleyites throwing stones and using catapults consort with Riot Squad Police and dust bin lid protected B Specials in a Derry Street.

'Least we forget'

The women of Free Belfast march on 5th July, 1970, in protest against the rape of the Lower Falls by the British Army.



Barricade at Divis Towers.—Belfast in August, 1969.



Barricades at Cullingtree Road.—Belfast in August, 1969.