

CONCERNED

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF FERMANAGH CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE COMMITTEE

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RATES

No. 10

Saturday, 23rd December (De Sathairn, 23 Nollaig), 1972

CONCERNED
WISHES ALL IT'S READERS
A
HAPPY
CHRISTMAS

It asks all who are blessed with a
Happy Christmas to remember the
Hundreds of families who are
being denied happiness by a
brutal enemy

Tragic Father's Appeal

DEAR MR. LYNCH,

Illness and the surgeon's knife have put me temporarily out of work and given me time for a little reflection. As a result of the reflection, I feel urged to write to you.

I often think of the great school to which we went. And which of us can forget the famous Passion Play which the Brothers staged in our time.

It reminds me of the "passion play" which has been running continuously here for the last three years, set as it is on the wide stage so often used by history, with the curtains in deep folds at Roslea and Crossmaglen.

I take the liberty of writing to you because the action as seen from the stage can often look different from that seen in the auditorium.

Take the recent Strasbourg exercise. Although we have among us both the victims of the torture and brutality as well as the perpetrators—poor sick minds that could occur in any race at any time—we feel, in the absence of a "vae victis" situation as occurred at the end of the last war, that the real criminals, those who used these poor sick people, will not be brought to justice.

If my memory serves me right, I believe your own part in the Passion Play at school was that of the young lad who brought up the jug and basin to Pilate. Since Strasbourg will be no Nuremberg, you may well have to repeat the ablation exercise for Pontius Tuzo, and after his deeds over the past two years, he may well ask "... what is the truth?"

WILLIAMS

The major actors of our cast are well known.

An odd feature, however, is the frequency with which the name William occurs. Presumably it is in deference to the great man of pious and immortal memory. Our present Lord Mayor bears the name. So too does our unusual proletarian William Hull. (And, Billy, if we could clear out the junk from Carrickfergus Castle and install some tourists Mullarkey, and if we could put you in charge by Royal Appointment to your famous namesake, your future would be assured. Without changing a line of your patter we could bring the tourists flocking back in such numbers as to put Bunratty Castle out of business.)

Then we have William Craig, who knows full well that one of the few places where he can now get a licence to kill is with a game licence in the Rhodesian Veldt. There might well lie

An open letter to the Taoiseach from Belfast surgeon, PATRICK LANE, whose son Peter, a 24-year-old medical student, was found murdered recently.

his future in congenial company—and I don't mean amongst the native population.

Here, too, we have William X of Down and Connor—William the Silent. And then we have William XX of Armagh—whom many would have wished silent at times.

Finally, we have our busy stage manager, William Whitelaw, working hard but waiting for the cue that might allow him to bring down the curtains.

Very relevant to the play is the shadowy organisation which cannot yet see that their objective has already been achieved and that they will enter history bookst as the last guerilla force ever raised to remove the British presence from Ireland. (While many condemn your methods of violence, others feel that your violence was largely thrust upon you and that your origin is found in the dragon's teeth sown by successive British and Irish governments over the last fifty years. However, it is now time to call off the dogs of war and leave the verdict to history. History may not be too unkind, since time always blunts sharp edges and fades dark stains like it has in all mankind's other dirty wars.)

Relevant too is the British Army. But I wonder if the British people are fully aware of the price that will have to be paid for their army's presence in Northern Ireland. For centuries, ever since the days of the Lord Protector, the Mother of Parliaments has kept a jealous eye on the army. Unfortunately, inept politicians, panicking in their ignorance of the affairs and even the geography of the supposedly united Kingdom, gave free rein to the army to act above and beyond the law. And this peculiar brotherhood, with its own internal loyalties, having lost its former role in the playgrounds of the Empire, has accepted its present semi-political role. It is likely to take a more active part in the political affairs of the nation. The seeds are probably already sown for the future take-over and extinction of democracy.

BRITISH LAW

The world, as well will have to pay the price. Britain in her decline from being the greatest Empire ever known, was set fair to leave the great pillar of British law as her legacy to civilisation. It was to be a worthy companion to the great pillar of Roman law.

Regrettably, my Lord Widgery, my Lord Parker, Sir Edmund Compton, and you three Commissioners sitting in the Star Chamber in Long Kesh, with your private rules of evidence, have all shown that justice must give way to expediency when politics demands it. The great pillar has after all a pedestal of clay.

It is a pity that the work of centuries cannot be salvaged.

While I am on the subject, Taoiseach, I would like to say that your own little State, though only fifty years old, has had a good name. A handful of unarmed gardai kept the peace. Jails were few and far between. Visitors and tourists came and went without fear.

JACKBOOT

I would like to pass on a small experience. We saw recently a Yugoslav dictator entertaining visiting royalty on his private island. I have also seen, during the war, some of his partisans who were brought out wounded. They were little girls dressed in jeans and still holding hand grenades. And I almost felt sorry for the Wehrmacht.

These were the people on whose backs the leader reached his island. I have no doubt that those who survived are now happy, hard-working Yugoslav grandmothers because they were bright, good-looking girls. And when their country regained its independence, the jackboot was lifted.

I have seen the same kind of little girls in Belfast and I almost felt sorry for the local Wehrmacht here too. I feel that once the oppression here is lifted and some semblance of justice is seen to be done, these little girls will go back to finish schooling and get married. The Belfast girls are also bright and good-looking.

I feel just as strongly, however, that if the jackboot is

not lifted, these young people have the determination and the capacity to ensure that power in this island in the future will be in the hands of a disciple of Mao or Fidel. It may very well be said then that we will have the government we deserve.

I now come to my real reason for writing to you—to tell you about my neighbours. Last week, on one side, a quiet little neighbour was gunned down and murdered in his shop. On the other side, a quiet little couple suffered an attempt to burn them and their children to death. There had previously been two attempts to blow up their little shop. This is the life and fear of thousands of little families in Belfast and elsewhere.

No reason, a person will grant to the perpetrators of these deeds the appellation of a political movement, let alone a religion.

I have no doubt but that our Protestant neighbours have their share of fear and intimidation also. Even if we grant the British the best will in the world, it would be impossible for them to station one of their men at the bottom of every garden.

This brings me to the solemn promise which you made to be our second guarantor. And it was a solemn promise made before the world. No one in their senses took your promise to mean the involvement of your seven thousand troops—excellent though they may be.

The only way in which your guarantee can have any meaning is for you to reduce, voluntarily, your Oireachtas and the machinery of government down to the present level of Stormont.

On this cleared foundation

the ordinary people of this island can come together in peace and brotherhood. They can build their future in the bond of humanity. And they will accept and uphold the rule of law, if the law enforcement is just and seen to be so, as little people do universally, and without which there can be no civilised life.

OPPOSITION

The ordinary people know that we have enough experts, lawyers and politicians to decide the size and shape of the house, with its rules and title-deeds enshrined in a Constitution. Reassurance will thereby be given to all reasonable men.

There will be opposition—especially from those motivated by self-interest and lack of social conscience. A small pension list may even be necessary.

You have, however, a clear mandate in the annual affirmation by your party to seek the re-unification of the country by peaceful means. While your house may have seemed sound enough, especially to those who are well off, it has many undesirable features.

It would not be right for me, now on the outside, to labour these faults. But I am sure that the poor, the homeless, the sick and the lower paid would not be averse to a fresh start with new social legislation.

The talk is now of a New Ireland. But for the ordinary little folk—north and south and whatever their origin—to be allowed for the first time to live and work together without too many native or foreign, carpet-baggers on their backs, and to be allowed to bring up their families in peace and go to worship their God on Sundays—all this is much more than a New Ireland. It is more like a vision of paradise.

With this in mind, I call on you, Taoiseach, on behalf of my neighbours, to implement your solemn guarantee and help to end the agony of all of our people.

Yours faithfully,

J. P. Lane

THE RITZ CINEMA, ENNISKILLEN		
Sunday, 24th December	CROOKS AND CORONETS THE WRECKING CREW	1 day
Monday, 25th December	CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG CARTOONS	2 days 8.00 7.30
Wednesday, 27th December	RAID ON ROMMEL THE CHALLENGERS	2 days
Friday, 29th December	THE MICKEY MOUSE ANNIVERSARY SHOW MOON CUSSERS	2 days
Matinee on Saturday at 2.30 p.m.		

he Queen's wedding silver jubilee

A COUPLE of weeks ago the Queen celebrated her wedding silver jubilee, she being twenty-five years married. For the occasion Whitelaw decreed that all schoolchildren should have a free day from school to celebrate the occasion. This was a golden opportunity for school teachers and management, people who have been seen precious seldom, if at all, in most cases, to register a very significant, and embarrassing for the authorities, protest against the excesses and brutality which are being inflicted on the Catholic minority by the British Army. Although the Queen would not be personally responsible for these brutalities, nevertheless she must accept responsibility for their crimes.

What then was the reaction of the schools and teachers? Did they make a stand? Did they ensure that their voices were heard loud and clear? Did they stand behind the men behind the wire? Or did they allow the men and women in the concentration camps to languish there unlamented and unnoticed? What in particular did the Fermanagh Catholic teachers do? Did they put the Queen and her army before the boys in Crumlin and Long Kesh? Did they put into practice the Catholic doctrine which they are supposed to teach by striking a blow for freedom, the freedom of their fellow men, the freedom of the Fermanagh lads Lynch, Leonard, McManus, Canning and Monaghan? Or did they go off shopping instead, leaving the faithful to continue the struggle?

Let us say at the outset that some teachers were dragged into "celebrating" the Queen's day by royal school managements. Others did likewise because of the action of R.U.C.-type principals. The ordinary teacher could not be held responsible in these cases. On the other hand, people are now taking a hard look at the system whereby the community's

exploiter sometimes ends up at the head of the school which the people have built at great expense and sacrifice to themselves. This question—given the current discontent—will inevitably raise its head in the not too distant future when the whole system of appointment to maintained school boards will come under scrutiny. The young men and women of the North have no intention of liberating this country to enable the friend of the enemy and oppressor to feather his own nest in the people's institutions. Nor are the risen people going to entrust the education of their children to friends of the R.U.C. and the Brits.

Throughout the North in Nationalist areas, especially in Belfast, Derry, Newry, Tyrone and in some areas of Fermanagh there was a blanket response from teachers in favour of the struggle. Alas, Fermanagh teachers, with a few honourable exceptions, took the side of the oppressor. It should be noted, however, and this gives us great consolation, that in the Newtownbutler parish where Michael Naan and Andy Murray were recently murdered by what appears to have been a British Army S.A.S. murder gang, many of the schools, even if there was one which did not, took their stand against the Army. The Catholic schools of other areas like Enniskillen must hang their heads in shame. How will these people meet later the men who are currently in prison? Will they have guilty consciences?

Some of these people will no doubt forward all types of specious arguments to solve their consciences. They will talk of community relations, as if these ever existed, as if these could exist on the foundations of injustice and tyranny. They are now prepared to put the smile of some R.U.C. officer or his wife in front of the freedom of the internees and the liberty of their country. These people will not be forgotten. These same people speak of non-violent protest and denounce violence. They have this and other opportunities to take part in non-violent protest and they were found wanting. Bluntly they put their own day's comfort before ten year prison sentences of Monaghan, Lynch, Leonard, McManus, Canning. They betrayed the dead Naan and Murray, murdered by the British Army.

IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST

THREE hundred people appeared in a special criminal court in Dublin last week charged with being members of the public. Chief Superintendent O'Malley of the Garda Special Branch said that he had no doubt that they were members of the public. He had seen them mingling with Gardai at public meetings outside the Dail and the G.P.O. He had also seen them coming out of a number of public houses. Many of them had contributed to public opinion. Some had been using public conveniences.

The defendants denied all the charges and called upon the ageing General Public to give evidence on their behalf. General Public told the court that the people charged were certainly not members of the Public Movement. They were, as far as he was aware, private persons who used public facilities. They had been given a certain amount of publicity and Chief Superintendent O'Malley had been misled into the belief that they were a major force in forming public opinion. He said that it would be a public scandal if the people in the dock were found guilty. It would certainly be bad for the public image of this country, which had been badly tarnished in the last few weeks.

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Desmond Fennell, 10p

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Emmet O'Connell, 10p

TORTURE, Fr. Denis Faul, Fr. R. Murray, 30p

THE HOLY GROUND

MR. LIAM COSGRAVE, the Fine Gael leader, it was announced by Vatican Radio last night, has been named a Saint in his own lifetime, an unprecedented honour in church history. Political ecclesiastical circles said that Mr. Cosgrave's instant canonisation took place in the Dail on Friday night, when he publicly converted his own party to the rule of law and order.

As he left the chamber the vigilant political correspondents noticed that a strange light was shining around the Fine Gael leader's head. They followed him through the corridors of power and saw that the light from his head was illuminating the whole area.

The two archbishops of Dublin were sent for. They agreed that the diagnosis of the political correspondents was correct. A political saint had been born. The canonisation of the Fine Gael leader will be an ecumenical affair, with all parties in Dail Eireann offering political homage. Saint Liam would not comment last night. It was rumoured that he had taken a vow of silence. It was also rumoured that he had taken up residence in Limbo, Phoenix Park, the residence of one of Ireland's foremost candidates for political canonisation.



All Glorious Within and Without

"I SAY to you each and every one how proud and glad I am to be among you once again, and how pleased I was when I came out of prison in meeting my friends to hear tell of the great work Cumann na mBan had done while I was in Mountjoy doing nothing at all. I want to tell you how proud I am of the girls who stood in the gap of danger during the time of stress and war. There was a generous chorus of praise, of praise from all parts of Ireland for the girls of Cumann

na mBan on the way they have worked. Their courage, their capacity, and above all, their discretion, were praised to me. These girls did daring and brave things that nobody ever heard of from anyone. When the History of Ireland is to be written the name of Cumann na mBan will be a name that will go down to your children and to your children's children, and as an organisation will stand as a memorial to the Irish people as a GREAT organisation."

reading a quote from an address delivered at the Annual Convention of Cumann na mBan by the then President, Countess Markievicz after her release from prison. The venue, Dublin. The date, 22nd October, 1921. Having read what the Countess said on that day, I was strangely moved. I felt ashamed. Ashamed because of the mere pittance of praise given to the women and girls of the Resistance Movement in our time. Granted, the History of

Ireland is not yet written, but that fact does not absolve me of a duty NOW. My duty is to pay overdue tribute to Cumann na mBan of today.

I must of necessity, but only because of necessity, be brief and restrained! The women and girls of the Resistance will appreciate my reasons, just as I hope they will accept and appreciate my tribute. To give instances of devotion to duty, of self-sacrifice, of heroism could so easily succour an ever vigilant and wily enemy. Instead, I would like to tell them that their deeds are recorded NOT on perishable paper but upon our HEARTS. I would also like to tell them that they stand as a FLORAL TRIBUTE to all who have made the supreme sacrifice for freedom.

So join with me in a hymn of praise for the courageous women and girls desiring nothing except to fulfil a glorious destiny with unstinted dedication.

"Understanding Man"

THE 'SKEA SCENE

IT is with a sense of sadness that the 'Skea Scene goes to print this week. We all knew and respected Louis, and through this column we wish to express our deepest sympathy to his wife and baby, to his parents, brothers and sisters, who have suffered much this year. Go ndéana Dia Trócaire ar a Anam.

Last week, you may remember, we told you about the four musketeers on the moon. Some leading scientists and indeed laymen were wont to shake their heads and say that we were mistaken. The strange light seen on the moon was gas or water, they said, but again we have been proved right. Astronaut Cernan scooped up a spadeful of earth and, lo and behold, it was orange coloured; so to all you doubting Thomases we say "Boo".

It is usual at this time of year to hand out accolades to the powers that be. To Willie Whitelaw goes the top award of B.H.A. (Big Headed Ass). Jack Lynch, for his collaboration with the enemy, would be in line for honours; we would recommend that a special quivering medal should be struck to cover this contingency. Brian Faulkner, the least ambitious of men, will receive in due course a retirement scroll marking his short premiership. For Bill Craig a blood-red plaque, and young O'Malley deserves something—I am sure our readers will know what.

The mystery infection which is causing havoc among pigs in Britain is giving rise to concern here, as the County pig population has greatly increased in the last few years. If this disease, which resembles foot and mouth, were to take a grip here we could foresee our police force becoming paralysed.

Daithi O Connail escaped the clutches of Jack Lynch's gallies last Sunday. Daithi has been hounded for years by the British; now he has to dodge and weave around the collaborators' cohorts. Long may you avoid them, Daithi.

LOUIS LEONARD

THE brutal murder of young, hard-working Louis Leonard sent waves of shock and horror far beyond the county where he was so well known and so popular. Recovering somewhat from the shock, the people of Fermanagh are with understandable anger asking who was responsible.

We do not know. There are many theories and much speculation. Was this assassination a further response to the shoot to kill instruction of Mr. Craig? Was Louis considered another enemy which Vanguard or the U.D.A. decided it must rid from the community? Was Louis Leonard murdered for some political motive, or did he die as have so many others simply because he was a Catholic?

The most likely culprits are the British Army. There was a cold, sadistic professionalism about the murder which seems to rule out the lunatic and the religious fanatic. A soldier by definition is a professional killer. A member of the S.A.S. is a highly specialised version of the professional killer.

An examination of the possible motives leads one to the conclusion that the British Administration stands to gain most from this murder. It hopes that this sort of brutal act will further intimidate the Catholics. If it is made to appear the work of Protestants, then the Protestants might fear reprisals. Thus by escalating the level of fear in both communities Britain hopes that both would grasp at any solution she might propose which offered a hope of peace and freedom from such acts of sadism.

Those responsible may never be brought to justice. Certainly the R.U.C. will not exert much effort in the search. It is equally certain, however, that those responsible will not achieve the result they hoped for. A people who have fought and suffered so long for justice will not now when justice appears to be within reach be turned aside by acts of savagery, from whatever source. Such barbarism will be counter productive and will only spur the people onwards towards the goal which has been denied them by so many for so long.

FERMANAGH CITIZENS' ADVICE SOCIETY

wishes all its members a very happy, holy and peaceful Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS:

MISS J. FEELY,
Carronwest, Garrison,
Co. Fermanagh

MR. J. LUNNEY,
Innismore, Lisbellaw,
Co. Fermanagh

ARE YOU CONCERNED?

SO Mr. Stratton Mills becomes the latest in a long line of defectors from the Unionist Party. His resignation is the first from among the Unionist M.P.s who sit at Westminster.

The departure of many of its leading politicians from that organisation since Direct Rule in March has not been a stampede. It can hardly be dismissed as impetuosity. It is more likely, in this, as in all other cases, to have been the result of a commonsensical re-examination of their positions by politically-minded men.

It is as well the result of what amounts almost to a new phenomenon in Northern politics since last March: it is the result of Unionists thinking for the first time in their political lives.

For Mr. Brian Faulkner and what is left of the leadership of the Unionist Party in the North, Mr. Mills' departure could be even more damaging than some of this year's earlier, more spectacular, desertions and rumblings.

Mr. Mills sits at Westminster. He is an officer of the Tory Party. He has the ear of that party's leaders, and from Westminster this week it was clear that Conservative leaders will brook no witch-hunt in the party against Mr. Mills. He has been listened to before and he will be watched, and his action noted, now.

WITHIN the Unionist Party this week Mr. William Craig alone may be happy: he sees yet another obstacle removed from his path of progress towards leadership of the entire organisation. Well may he think that all he need do is sit and wait for the Unionist Party to beg for him as leader. And it yet well might. The Vanguardisation of the Unionist Party has been under way now for a considerable time.

It would be well now to remember just who are the leaders of the Unionist Party. Traditionally the Unionist Prime Minister and his Government have been looked to for leadership by the party and by Unionist voters. Under Mr. Faulkner there was the biggest Unionist Government ever of 18 members, 17 Unionists and Dr. G. B. Newe.

Since Direct Rule, the former Prime Minister has been able to count only on himself and on the court jester of Northern politics, Captain John Brooke, to give what is claimed to be the official party line.

Every single other Minister has either gone his own way—Mr. Robin Baillie (Commerce), Mr. Roy Bradford (Development), Mr. Basil McIvor (Community Relations), Mr. John Taylor (Minister of State, Ministry of Home Affairs)—or has been markedly absent from publicly supporting his leader, as in the case of Mr. Harry West (Agriculture), Mr. Nat Minford (Leader of the House), Captain William Long (Education), Mr. Herbert Kirk (Finance), Mr. William Fitzsimons (Health and Social Services), Mr. Basil Kelly (Attorney-General) and the Parliamentary Secretaries. In truth, if Mr. Faulkner seeks the monument to Unionism, he could look around him.

JAMES LYNCH

THE huge crowd which attended the funeral of the late James Lynch was eloquent testimony that the people of Fermanagh knew that they had lost a tireless champion of their cause. All his life he fought against injustice in any form. All who knew him valued him as utterly honest and dependable. He detested duplicity and dishonesty. And he did not suffer hypocrisy gladly. He was the deadly foe of repression, discrimination or gerrymandering in the chambers of Fermanagh Co. Council and on the streets of Enniskillen.

His knowledge, experience and determination were invaluable to the younger men, with whom he helped to found the Civil Rights movement in the county. His energy and wisdom were the mainstay of that movement until his tragic illness forced his all too early retirement.

The county is studded with tangible memorials to his great heart and indomitable spirit. One of the most recent is the Fermanagh Citizens' Advice Bureau, of which he was the first Chairman.

James Lynch loved and served his country and his county well. The people of Roslea will not be able to replace James, but the youth of the area can profit from his great example and can seek to follow in his footsteps.