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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF FERMANAGH CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE COMMITTEE

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No. 79

Saturday, 24th March (De Sathairn, 24 Márta), 1973

RE-UNIFICATION: THEN WHAT?

(Final instalment)

by S. Mac EIREANN

A NATION? Yes, but what is a nation? I think that one could best define a nation as a nationality which has acquired sovereign statehood. It is certainly necessary for a nationality to become a sovereign state before it can become, in the fullest sense, a nation. The real test of nation-existence is, strangely enough, ultimately a sentimental one. Does the nationality inhabiting a given country regard the government under which it lives as a true expression of its peculiar genius and will? Does the state exist by its will, or has an existence been imposed upon it by some alien authority or nationality? Is it a territorial unity, or has it been sundered by artificial frontiers? Is it co-extensive with its natural boundaries? All of these questions must be answered before we may say of any nationality that it has become a nation.

CLAIM NOT FACT

In this year of Our Lord 1973 I may sing or say "A Nation Once Again", but if I do either I am making a claim and not a statement of fact. As I look at the Ireland of today I know that if I am honest enough to answer the posed questions sincerely I will have to say that Ireland as it is, is NOT A NATION. Until nationality becomes keenly self-conscious the nation-idea remains unborn, or as in Ireland's case forcibly stunted. It is this forcible stunting of A PEOPLE, who by incredible effort and sacrifice strive to attain the nation-idea, which makes the great political crime of partition so wholly infamous. Surely it is also the reason why no sophistry in the world can extenuate the villainy of partition. Indeed I would venture to say that the actual THEFT of our territory is the less offensive partition feature and that the demographic mutilation is the MORE offensive.

WHY?

Is the theft of our territory not the greater sin? To try to answer that question I will ask you to take a look at revolutionary France. Revolutionary France was the first Evangelist of nation-ism, though she herself was territorially whole and complete. There was no national problem to be settled in France. She was co-extensive with her natural boundaries. Nevertheless, it was a far away partition which contributed in no small measure to bringing about the revolution. The revolution was certainly part-born of an intense loathing for Prussia, Russia and Austria, the three crowned bandits who had partitioned Poland, a martyr for nation faith, out of existence. No, of course I do not condone the THEFT of our territory by another crowned bandit, far from it, but I still believe that hindering a nationality becoming A NATION by the use of armies as police is the greater sin. James Connolly, like the

great Italian Republican Mazzini before him, insisted that the nation-idea must precede the social-ideas. Who am I to contradict such men?

MAZZINI

By the way I was delighted to find that someone did not forget the anniversary of Mazzini's death on 10th March. It was indeed refreshing, and maybe augurs well, to see an Irish paper giving quite some space to a profile of that great Italian Republican. His entire life was devoted to his dream of Italian unity. For more than forty years he strove for the establishment of a Republic of Italy. By the end of his life he had become more of an embarrassment than of an inspiration to many of his countrymen who had fallen short of his ideal. Still, ever constant in his belief, he endured jail sentences and exile even when success appeared most out of question, through putting his hopes in "Young Italy". He died in 1872 with Italy united, not his way, but under a Monarchy. Elected to parliament, he refused to take his seat. Today his vision is reality. Italy is a mature republic after much suffering.

In reference to "unredeemed peoples", Mazzini wrote:

"They struggled, they still struggle, for country and liberty: Yes, for a word inscribed upon a banner proclaiming to the world that THEY ALSO LIVE."

JOE CLARKE—THE MAZZINI OF IRELAND

I have always admired Mazzini, the incorruptible Republican. So I suppose it is not strange that every time I have the honour and privilege of meeting Joe Clarke, another life-long and incorruptible Republican, I think of Mazzini. Indeed I see Joe Clarke as the Mazzini of Ireland. Another long life devoted to the establishment of a republic. Another who never wavers in his belief. Another who is a constant embarrassment to those of his countrymen who have fallen short of the ideal they were once proud to fight for with him. We may thank God that Joe is still with us to point the finger of scorn at the "droppers-out" and at the "stellers-out". Like Mazzini, he will not hesitate to point that accusing finger while he has the breath of life. Like Mazzini, he puts his faith in Eire Nua, New Ireland. If you prefer it, YOUNG IRELAND, for is the new not always young. The only Italy Mazzini could conceive of was Italy a republic. The only Ireland Joe Clarke can conceive of is Ireland a Republic.

IS THERE A PLACE FOR SMALL NATIONS?

That question brings me back from what I am sure you will see as a pardonable digression. World statesmen LIED that they were fighting for small nations in two terrible wars. We know that they were not. Worse, we know that they saw something laughable in the very idea of small nations. With the logic of their philosophy that THE STATE IS POWER, only the powerful states can and ought to survive. They see the small nation as weakness try-

ing to lose strength and are prepared to leave it at play unless it gets in THEIR way. Or worse, unless they see it as a pawn in THEIR game. So, while your question is indeed reasonable, is their view correct, or even deserving of consideration? Is it not true, and THEY know it is, that the great things of Earth have been the product of SMALL PEOPLES? One could give so many examples of this being so, were it not that this paper and all papers could not make sufficient space available. History does not lie about small nations' value in the past. There is every reason to believe that history will not have to lie about small nations in the future. History MUST lie about the GREAT; not about the SMALL.

SMALL NATIONS MUST BE INDEPENDENT

But small nations must be independent. Not to engage in wars or "pose as strength", but to find adequate room for the expression of their national genius. They must become NATIONS to take their place among the nations of the world.

Ireland must become A NATION. "A NATION ONCE AGAIN" must come to be more than a CLAIM. It must become a FACT. Irish youth is called upon to do this noble thing. Their task is mighty. It is good that the youth of today love challenge. Challenge from Irish pious frauds and quibblers. Challenge from the tramp of the invader—in THE LAST WAR OF EMPIRE BOOTS.

Re-unification; then what? I have tried, however inadequately, to show that re-unification is something to be desired by every Irish man and woman, boy and girl, Protestant and Catholic, or religion-wise unaffiliated, BUT IRISH.

BEFORE ALL ELSE - THE

£-£-£s

MOST people have heard the story of the young man about to marry the wealthy old lady. On being asked by a friend why he was marrying such an old lady while there were so many young girls about, his reply was: "When one needs bank notes one does not look at their date."

This is true enough and this type of unromantic, unmanly and spineless philosophy manifests itself in many ways so far as the acquisition of the bank notes is concerned. Only as recently as the Border Poll we had the sight of a poor native slave doing poll clerk in the Model School, in spite of the fact that all worthy of the name "Irishman" were ignoring the whole thing. All this poor goon got for his effort besides the bank notes was his picture in a local newspaper, taken while he was being "inspected" by the arch Tory, John Brooke's pal Briggs-Davison.

POLICEMEN AGAIN

SO much has been written in the columns of CONCERNed about policemen and their sons that I thought I would write about a policeman with a difference.

Constable Jeremiah Mee (I hope the Christian name is correct—I'm writing from early memories) was a Galway man. He was leader of the famous mutiny of the RIC garrison in Listowel in 1920 against Britain's policy of terrorism. This policeman was in his upper twenties when he led the revolt of 14 RIC men in Listowel against the British scheme to use the police as a semi-military body to suppress the rebellion.

Colonel Smyth (or perhaps Smith) had been specially appointed by Lloyd George as Divisional Commissioner in charge of police and military in Munster. He went to Listowel to begin his campaign and in the barracks there made his famous—rather infamous—speech outlining his plans. Promising the police a free hand, he said: "The more you shoot, the better I will like you and you have nothing to fear . . . You may make mistakes and innocent persons may be shot, but that cannot be helped; you are bound to get the right person sometimes."

Up jumped Constable Mee and retorted — "In your ignorance, Colonel Smyth, you forget that you are addressing Irishmen . . ." As I write the rest of the policeman's reply escapes my memory. Led by this fearless man, the garrison reacted by handing in their belts and caps and escaping from the barracks.

A written account of Colonel Smyth's speech signed by four of the policemen including Constables Mee and Hughes was widely publicised and roused public opinion all over the world against Lloyd George's terrorism.

It is interesting to note that Constable Thomas Hughes was later to become Most Rev. Dr. Hughes, Bishop of Nigeria, and Constable Mee became an active member of the IRA. Though a much wanted man, he eluded capture under many aliases.

Would it be too much to expect any of our RUC to remember that they, too, are Irishmen and that they should emulate these fearless men?

Interested

COLLINS' LAST LETTER FOR KILMAINHAM

A NUMBER of items of historical interest have been donated to Kilmainham Jail museum by Lady Leslie, who formerly presented the museum with an important collection of Parnell relics, in accordance with the wishes of her late husband, Sir Shane Leslie.

The principal item is the last page of a letter written by Michael Collins the day he was killed. It was found on his body, and was addressed to Hazel, Lady Lavery, wife of Sir John Lavery, the painter.

Other items include a page of a letter from Lady Lavery to Collins; a short note from Collins to "Hazel Dearest", and a fragment of another letter to her which had been torn in pieces.

A curious item is a poem of five lines in the form of an acrostic written in praise of Hazel by Kevin O'Higgins.

Kilmainham Jail is open to visitors on Sundays between 3 and 5 p.m.

GRAND VARIETY CONCERT

in

ST. RONAN'S HALL, Lisnaskea

on

TONIGHT, SUN., 25th MARCH, '73

featuring—

THE FLYING COLUMN

THE DONNELLY TRIO · JOHN BREEN
MR. FERGIE · BIG SUPPORTING CAST

M.C.: Charlie McNally

Curtain 9 p.m.

Admission 50p

Letters to the Editor

CITIZENS BEING INTIMIDATED BY ARMY

Sir,

No one has proclaimed his dislike of intimidation more than Mr. Whitelaw and no force has stated more strongly than the British Army that it is determined to try and prevent it.

I would suggest to both these parties that they can make a start by ending intimidation of citizens who in an attempt to preserve what few areas of privacy are left to them are threatened with arrest under the Special Powers Act.

This happened to my wife and I on Monday, 12th February, when members of the British Army called at my home and asked my wife and I the dates of our birth. When we asked why this information was required we were told it was to assist them in establishing friendly relations with the local population.

We both said we were over 21 and after a somewhat lengthy but curt dialogue we were informed via the intercom system that we would be placed under arrest for refusing to co-operate.

I was informed that I would be taken first and my wife would be taken when a policewoman was obtained. When I was ready to go the voice repeated the threat but urged us both to reconsider.

Eventually at the behest of a member of my family, I gave the date of birth, but under protest.

Some may consider this a storm in a teacup; but when you remember the threats uttered by William Craig without any efforts being made to take him to task, it is a clear indictment of Mr. Whitelaw's law and order and makes a mockery of all his utterances about being impartial.

I have no doubt that this letter may result in further intimidation, but I can assure those concerned that I have no intention of allowing myself or any member of my family to be taken at the whim of an unknown voice without making known the reason why.

Yours etc.,

Leo Wilson

16 St. Agnes' Drive,
Andersonstown.

NO BLOOD FROM LONG KESH MEN

Sir,

In response to the constant appeal by the Blood Bank for donors, the Cumann in Long Kesh, with the assistance of the camp staff, collected a formidable list of names. These names were forwarded to the Governor, Mr. Truesdale, early in 1971. At that time we were informed by him that there was only one mobile transfusion unit available, and it could be a month before it reached Long Kesh. But assurance was given that it would be permitted to enter.

Almost one year has lapsed since the first approach and after monthly meetings with members of Mr. Truesdale's staff we still have been given no satisfaction. A second meeting was arranged with Mr. Truesdale himself, but the response by him on this occasion was in contrast to the first. He stated: "There is no chance of the internees giving blood; it's just not on."

Surely no human being can deprive men of the right to donate to this vital service.

Is mise le meas,

P.R.O.,
Comhairle Ceannair,
Sinn Féin.

Long Kesh.

INTERNEES' COMPLAINT ABOUT MAIL

A Chara.

Long Kesh Concentration Camp has been in the headlines of the national Press for quite some time now, and we need not dwell too long here on the harassment of the unfortunate victims of Mr. Whitelaw who are in the internees' section.

One of the greatest sources of annoyance to the internees is what happens to their personal mail when it leaves the camp destined for their friends and families. Many of these letters never reach their destination. Others arrive anything up to seven or eight days late.

According to the postmark indicate, these appear to have been diverted and posted from places as far distant from Long Kesh as Bangor, Coleraine, Dungannon, Surrey and Oxford. This may be a petty attempt to add to the worries of the internees and their relatives; or could there be a more sinister reason?

It is common knowledge that in the P.O. Sorting Department, letters which are addressed to and from internees, which are easily identifiable, are given special treatment—with a view to what? The governor of Long Kesh has disclaimed all responsibility for mail once it leaves the camp. If we are to believe him it would leave the ball firmly in the court of the British Post Office authorities.

Is mise le meas,
P.R.O.,
Dorothy Maguire
Sinn Féin Cumann.

Page 3,
Long Kesh Camp.

WHAT KIND OF JUSTICE?

Sir,

What kind of law and justice applies to Northern Ireland? Many Catholics have been shot dead because they were supposed to be carrying a gun. Hundreds are interned without trial because they are regarded as a danger to the state; others have been given long prison sentences for having a gun or, in some cases, a bullet, yet 15 men with guns, ammunition and combat jackets are set free.

These men are, of course, loyal sons of Ulster and the guns are legally held. Legally held for what?

Meantime, over a hundred innocent Catholics have been tortured and then shot in the city.

I would suggest to the SDLP and other moderates that the above case be brought to the attention of the Law Lords in England and that they demand the same right to carry guns for the ordinary Catholic to defend himself against these thugs in cars who apparently can get away with anything so long as they are loyal and true blue.

Yours etc.,
Bewildered

Fermanagh Citizens' Advice Bureau

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

TODAY, SUNDAY, 25th MARCH

at 2.30 p.m.

in

THE SCOUT HALL
(St. Michael's Old School)
EAST BRIDGE, ENNISKILLEN

Everyone welcome

RESIST, MY FRIENDS!

Resist, my friends, and rally to the call,
Let not ambition mock your useful toil!
But be, all for one and one for all,
Or forever you'll be England's useful spoil.
For she, the conqueror, will stamp you 'neath her
feet,
But now's the time to take revenge that's sweet.

Now scorn her lady's honour as she goes,
Refuse John Bull his taxes and his rent;
Don't recognise your plundering British foes;
Accept no compromise, do not be content,
For she, the conqueror, will stamp you 'neath her
feet,
But now's the time to take revenge that's sweet.

Your hearts are kindled with a naked fire,
Your blood is boiling with disgust and hate;
Your face is flushed with freedom's bold desire,
Within your blood-drenched hands, you hold your
fate.
You know the conqueror will not stamp you
'neath her feet,
For now, this time, you'll take revenge that's
sweet.

Mary Molloy (an exile)

ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS

THE aftermath, rather than the White Paper itself, has disclosed some astounding revelations. How many of us, for example, knew that Brian Faulkner, our erstwhile Prime Minister, was a man of principle and indeed for that matter still is. Do I hear a chuckle; well, Brian himself says he is a man of principle and a man who says he is a man of principle usually is a man of principle. Coupled with Brian's strong convictions is his ability to vacillate. This was brilliantly demonstrated on White Paper day when following publication he accepted it and 'ere darkness had fallen he rejected it. God knows it was enough to task anyone's principles, let alone Brian's.

Mind you, the shocks didn't end there. Willie Whitelaw told us he had made mistakes in the past. We are the right "ould cods" sitting here for the past twelve months while Willie was making mistakes for all he was worth. And us not spotting them. Faith, Willie, you fooled us all, and you hiding your light under a bushel.

HELP AND AID COMMITTEE

THE above Committee has been formed in Kilmacormick. It is made up of young people. Its Chairman is John Downey; Vice-Chairman, Jacqueline Jones; Secretary, Dolores Maguire; Treasurers, Collette Jones and Levea Somers. Other members include Angela Stewart and Michael Murphy.

One of its first functions was a Sale of Work, at which they raised £12 for the Internees Dependents' Fund. For assistance given them in this effort they wish to thank Jeff Reed, Miss Ellen Somers, Mrs. Jones and all the other good people who helped.

WHITELAW ASKED TO GET TROOPS OUT OF PARK

ST. Bronagh's GAC, Rostrevor, have passed a resolution deploring the continued occupation of Casetment and Crossmaglen parks by British Forces. A statement issued by the club called upon Mr. William Whitelaw to immediately withdraw all British Army personnel from the precincts of Casetment Park forthwith.

The Russell Gaelic Union, Downpatrick, have also called for the immediate withdrawal of the British forces from the two parks and demanded the release of Irish citizens interned in the 26-Counties.

WORKING FOR PEACE IN KINAWLEY

ONCE again the people of this quiet rural area have had a taste of British Army protection. A week ago these so-called soldiers chased a number of schoolchildren. The children took to the fields and got away. A little later, however, five young children were waiting at the end of their own lane for the school bus when a Land Rover stopped and out jumped a few brave soldiers. They accused the children of having thrown stones at them a few days earlier. They pushed the children about the road and ripped the buttons off some of their clothes, and as they left they warned: "Next time we will leave you with bloody faces." The children were aged from 4½ to 9 years. It is understood these thugs have now left Ireland. They have been replaced by something similar. A few days ago a local farmer was stopped by one of the "new boys". The man was asked his name. It is a well known Irish name. However, Mr. Soldier could not spell it, and when the farmer refused to spell it or sign his name he was told to f— off.

IRELAND LAMENTS

O'er Ireland's hills and plains the cold winds blow,
The grey-white waves beat shores with discontent,
The wild geese mourn and wail their song of woe,
The world around bursts forth in sad lament.

And you who know the truth well understand
Why the elements and man suit this condition,
How torture, pain and death has swept our land,
How we have witnessed British imposition.

They shot our thirteen boys on Derry's ground,
They put our men behind barbed wire to rot;
They scoured our homes and scattered us around,
They split our blood and left us with our lot.

But though they've left our heroes dying and dead
And think that we might never rise again,
We, once more, will fight with gun and lead
And neither will our efforts be in vain.

We'll cut the ground from under England's feet,
The steeples will ring out the victory bell;
We'll win the battle, they will show defeat,
We'll have our country that we've earned too well.

Then Ireland's hills and plains will ring with glee,
The blue-green waves will kiss the shores and smile,
Each man will take great pride in having free
Our one, our own, our lovely, sweet green isle.

Mary Molloy (an exile)

E.S.C.

THE English Sewing Company lately interviewed a young Irishman and native of this county. The interviewer (personnel officer)—a foreigner—stated that the applicant had been engaged on a picket at the factory gates in protest against the 13 Derry murders. No doubt he will not get the job. But if the personnel officer thinks this discrimination and bigotry will succeed another guess is coming. Protests and pickets to show the actions of British murder gangs and their minions will continue when and where necessary.

PROTEST AT BRITISH OPPRESSION

A MINISTER led a group called the Friends of Ireland as they marched on the Chartered Bank of London in Los Angeles on St. Patrick's Day, protesting at British oppression in Northern Ireland.

The Rev. Paschal Hardy, of St. Euphrasia's Church carried a bible in one hand and a protest sign in the other as he headed the band of about 20.

STORMONT SPEAKER RESIGNS

THE Speaker of the Stormont Parliament, Mr. Ivan Neill, this week announced his resignation, almost a year after Parliament was suspended.

Mr. Neill was entitled to draw his salary of £4,500 per year, plus a tax free allowance of £300, even though the Stormont House of Commons has not been sitting since 31st March last year.

Mr. Neill announced his resignation in a letter to each of the MPs saying he had reviewed his position in the light of the British White Paper's proposals for a new Assembly, and felt it was time to relinquish office.

FERMANAGH CITIZENS' ADVICE SOCIETY

WON £5 EACH

MR. SEAMUS GORMLEY,
Drumharvey,
Irvinestown

MR. EDDIE QUIGLEY,
Drumneawinter,
Roslea

ST. MARY'S G.F.C., MAGUIRESBRIDGE

MONSTER CARD DRIVE

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Plus Prizes for Beaten Finalists

Tickets 50p each
Playing for tickets in St. Mary's Hall every
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St. Patrick's Hurling Club, Lisbellaw

ANNUAL
GRAND CONCERT
in St. Mary's Hall, Maguiresbridge
SUNDAY, 25th MARCH, 1973

KINAWLEY DRAMATIC TROUPE
in
MASTER OF THE HOUSE

(Play in 3 Acts by J. B. McCaffrey)

with Comedy Sketch—
"DEAD MAN'S SHOES"

by Seamus Burke

Also other Artistes Doors open 8.30 p.m.

Admission 30p, Children 15p

THE WHITE PAPER

AT last, after the great publicity campaign, it has arrived—the White Paper, Britain's answer to the Northern troubles. It is hoped by Mr. Whitelaw and "Her Majesty's Government" that it will be accepted by all Irishmen, but who will it satisfy?

It will satisfy those who want peace at any price.

It will satisfy those whose policy is compromise in the cause of materialism.

It will satisfy those who see in it an opportunity to further a personal lust for power. These are the Faulkner types on one side and on the other side those who paid lip service to the cause of freedom and justice—the band-wagon jumpers, the political grasshoppers and political stunt men.

It may satisfy those who are tired of struggle, void of hope, anxious to believe and trust the British Government; those who would like to see the

release of internees and political prisoners but are getting tired—i.e. the "Half a loaf better than no bread" people.

It will not satisfy those who have slowly come to realise their loyalty to Ulster is greater than to Britain. The former Unionist who would like to make up his own mind rather than having Westminster make it up for him.

It will not satisfy those who believe in the fundamental right of the Irish people to the ownership of Ireland and the unfettered control of Irish destinies; the people who deny the right of an alien government to legislate for the people of Ireland and to divide a minority from a majority; the people who believe in peace based on justice; they who believe no country has the right to dominate another—"Africa for the Africans", "Ireland for the Irish";

they who believe that on this basis only can true and lasting peace prevail in Ireland or anywhere in the world. That England has been the greatest villain and violator of world peace cannot be denied; that England has caused more suffering, more bloodshed than any other nation, imperial or communist, cannot be denied. It is now time England did in Ireland what France did in Algeria—GET OUT.

The best thing we feel that could happen for Ulster, Ireland or England is the coming together of the two factions in the North who are not satisfied with England's White Paper and together in trust and harmony work out a solution acceptable to both. If this were to happen the people of Ulster and Ireland could look to a bright, serene and happy future beyond the tearful and troubled clouds of the present.

THE NEW ANTI-IRISH WEAPON: ICONOCLASM

ICONOCLASM means the breaking of images, symbols and the uprooting of cherished beliefs. I feel justified in adding, just to satisfy the appetite of our crop of Irish iconoclasts, romantic mystical reading of Irish history, patriotic songs, "The Man Called Pearse", our national games, the National Anthem, and since we are at it, the Irish race.

When appeals appear at pretty regular intervals for FUNDS to restore an old abbey ruin, it seems strange to me that the very people who at least sponsor such appeals should be foremost among the iconoclasts. It would seem to me that the specious argument of the iconoclasts that patriotic symbols, patriotic songs, romantic mystical reading of Irish history, etc., is knocked flat by the frantic urge to restore abbey ruins. The way I see it, restoring a sanctuary, plundered by the English hundreds of years ago and the giving of wide news coverage to the event, even going into the gruesome details of the butchery of the monks, should be seen as much more infuriating to THEIR English friends than OUR telling them in song and story about how they tortured Kevin Barry and then hanged him.

The whole thing does not make sense as far as I am concerned. Maybe being "mere Irish" and a wee bit backward, I am wrong in assuming that I have a point. Then if we do set about getting rid of "our myths", where to start? I think that if the iconoclasts are hell-bent on the crusade, then there is more than an average life-work to be done in THEIR field before they need bother "turning up their sleeves" to the job of demolishing patriotic symbols, romantic mystic reading of Irish history and the Irish race. Meanwhile I will tell of the "terrible" things MYTHS did to Pearse.

"And as he grew to manhood, steeped in lore
And sagas of his land's heroic past,
And drank the spring of valour at its source,
The four winds whispered mystic things to him,
And acorns of right he planted far and wide
That, nurtured by the rains of sweet goodwill,
Took root and sprang to oaks in God's good time.

"And when the whirlwind came and lightning's
crash

Rifted the heavens amid the thunder's peal,
And gave whole stretches of the land to flame;
When giant trees that stood SEVEN HUNDRED
YEARS,

Went down before the fury of the storm,
The oaks of Pearse stood fast and shelter gave
Unto a people, outlawed, home-bereft:
While he, in deeds of courage high that won
The plaudits of a rapt, admiring world,
Gave his young life that OTHERS, free, might
live."

So, strike out at MYTHS with all your might.
They are ONLY roses from the mist of years.

"Bandraoi"

THE DEVIL GOT A SCARE IN HIS DEN

FRIDAY, 9th March, 1973, is a date that will be long remembered in Co. Fermanagh. It will, no doubt, be long remembered by certain British Army personnel, who no doubt have been reduced to the ranks. On this date a member of the Irish Republican Army went right into the heart of the British Army stronghold at St. Angelo air base and planted a bomb which did considerable damage both to materials and morale.

The incident caused much amusement in the county and it is known that some members of the 3rd Royal Tank Regiment got satisfaction at the plight of the superior officers responsible for security at the camp. It is also believed the UDR man involved is now on the dole.

One thing is agreed by all: that this was one of the most daring exploits ever carried out in this county. The courage resourcefulness and enterprise of the man who carried out the attack has won the admiration of all. The enemies of Ireland will call him a "terrorist", but the Irish people call him a hero.

JAMES CAREY

Select Grocers and General Hardware
Merchants
Crown Paint and Wallpaper Specialist
PHONE: LISNASKEA 337

FIFTY-THREE YEARS AGO TODAY

ON 25th March, 1920, there arrived in Ireland from England one of the vilest, most notorious band of ruffians ever sent here to terrorise the population. They became known as the Black and Tans.

It was on the advice of Sir Henry Wilson (Chief of the Imperial Staff at the War Office) that this loathsome force was raised by advertisements in English papers. The dispatch of this new force to Ireland helped to relieve England of a very dangerous type of unemployable—men of low mentality whose more primitive instincts suited them to a campaign of murder.

While here they carried out every form of outrage, looting, burning, torture and murder. The Black and Tans will never be forgotten and there are many who claim the present bunch and their behaviour is similar to the Tans.

Sir Henry Wilson (an Irishman who hated Ireland) paid for the suffering he caused with his life. On 22nd June, 1920, he was executed by the IRA in London.



SO DID YOUR PARENTS

