

CONCERNED

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF FERMANAGH CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE COMMITTEE

PAY
NO
RENT
PAY
NO
RATES

"IRELAND UNFREE SHALL NEVER BE AT PEACE"

No. 123

Saturday, 26th January (De Sathairn 26 Eanáir), 1974

THE PRICE OF VALOUR



Dolours Price



Marian Price



Hugh Feeney

FOUR young Irish citizens have been on hunger strike in English prisons since 14th November. All are being forcibly fed.

They are:

MARION PRICE: Age 19; single; trainee teacher; serving life sentence in Brixton Prison, Jebb Ave., London, SW2.

DOLOURS PRICE: Age 23; single; trainee teacher; serving life sentence plus 20 years in Brixton Prison.

GERALD KELLY: Age 19 years; married with one child; had completed secondary education course and passed G.C.E. examination; was employed as a clerical worker; serving life sentence plus twenty years in Wormwood Scrubs, Du Cane Rd., London, W12.

HUGH FEENEY: Age 21 years; single; trainee teacher; serving life sentence plus twenty years in Gartree Prison.

Why? Because they want to be moved to prisons in the North of Ireland to serve their life sentences near their families. This demand is not unusual. It has been stated in the House of Commons that eighteen prisoners have been moved from the North to England at their own request since 1969; that five persons convicted of offences in England have been moved to the North to complete their sentences; three others have been moved from England to Scotland to be near their families for visiting. Yet the British Government has refused to transfer these

young persons and instead has ordered that they be punished even more.

HOW ARE THEY FORCE-FED?

Here are the unsavoury details: A wooden clamp is placed between the teeth to force open the jaw. A thick greased tube is passed through a hole in the clamp, pushed down the throat, hopefully into the stomach. A funnel is placed at the end of the tube. Water is then poured down the tube. If the prisoner loses breath and chokes, the tube is hastily withdrawn, having gone into the lungs by mistake. If the tube has safely reached the stomach, more than a pint of liquid mixture resembling complan is poured through the funnel, the whole process taking about five minutes.

THE RESULTS OF FORCE-FEEDING:

The four prisoners are now very ill. All have lost more than two stone weight. Dolours and Marian Price are suffering from chest pains. Marian has also a severe pain in her side, presumably a kidney pain. Dolours and Marian look ashen and their hair has lost its colour. Dolours's hair is now grey at the roots. Gerald Kelly has been unable to walk for the past seven weeks. Hugh Feeney suffers from a heart condition and his writing is now almost illegible. His gums are bleeding. All have bruised and swollen jaws and throats.

NO VISITS

Hugh Feeney and Gerald Kelly have had no visits since they were convicted on 14th November. The

Kelly family paid their fares and crossed from Belfast only to be turned back at the prison gates. Gerald has seen his baby son only once since its birth. In two months he has spoken only to the chaplain.

Mrs. Price has been told she will only be allowed to visit her daughters after she has sent a photo to the police and after Governor Whittington of Brixton has decided whether she is a suitable person to visit them. Their last visit lasted only 40 minutes and was watched and listened to by three warders and one wardress.

Hugh Feeney was refused the sacraments by the priest in Wakefield. In Gartree he is not only refused his tobacco ration, but he is not allowed to wear any clothes at all, not even pyjamas. His widowed mother waited two days after coming over from Belfast, only to be told she could not visit him.

If this treatment continues their health will not only be seriously impaired but their lives will be in danger. Demands for an independent medical examination of the four have been ignored by the British Government. The British Government seem prepared to see them die rather than grant their simple request to be transferred. They were not sentenced to death, yet they are being gradually and painfully executed for wanting to spend their life sentences near their families.

You must act now to stop the slow and agonising execution of these young Irish citizens by demanding an end to their force-feeding and demanding

(Continued on page four)

BLOODY SUNDAY: SECOND ANNIVERSARY

TWO years have passed since throughout Ireland a day of national mourning was proclaimed. It was the day on which Derry buried her thirteen murdered sons and a day on which we witnessed scenes of emotion and sorrow as have not been witnessed in modern times. Yes, two years have passed since that day, so perhaps now is a good time to ask ourselves if we should trouble the body politic by our refusal to let that terrible event rest.

I say this because I know that there are some who would say that we should not trouble the body politic and that it would be far better to concentrate on the present and contemplate the future. I know that there are some who would say that Bloody Sunday is history now and that preoccupation with history does little to assist reform. Indeed I know that there are some who would say that study of OUR history kills reform.

I would disagree with those who hold such opinions and say to them that the hasty reformers who do not remember the past will find themselves condemned to re-living it. Timidity and moderation must be kept awake to the past by the application of the spur of history and that is especially true whenever the blood wherewith the history of a happening was written has scarcely dried. Caryllie once said: "Nothing that was worthy in the past departs; no truth or goodness realised by man EVER dies or CAN die." So I think we should ignore the questioning of our wisdom by the timid and the moderate, cocooned in safer wisdom, and resurrect again at this anniversary time the not too-long dead past.

More than 30,000 people from all parts of Ireland assembled in Derry for the sad funeral of thirteen Irishmen murdered by British Crown forces. The mourners, young and old, appeared totally oblivious of the bitter cold and driving rain. They came with vengeance mingling with grief in their eyes. Each mourner in his and her own way made terrible and beautiful vows over the graves of Ireland's murdered sons. The murderer, Britain, was cursed in the language of generations of Irishmen and Irishwomen, for while the victims were new the crime was not.

For two days and late into their nights prior to the actual funerals, countless thousands of men and women and children either marched in sullen mood or silently mourned in their homes in every city, town and village in Ireland. The many terrible events which befell Ireland as direct results of Britain's countless tyrannies suddenly became disruptive forces, shattering everyone's ease, bringing time and space close up. Derry mourning was Ireland mourning.

The cause of Derry's mourning was once again the tyranny of Ireland's implacable enemy, Britain. Irish people saw Ireland mortally wounded in Derry mortally wounded. Burning with animosity, awakened by the spur of history, very gentle people joined hands with those who found it imperative to be more violent in destroying the British Embassy in Ireland, so putting a broader and more just interpretation upon the action of an outraged people.

Troubling members of the body politic by our refusal to allow the anniversary of the terrible happening of two years ago to pass unnoticed would amount to a selfish return to an ease from which we were roused by "the pure unadulterated murder" of the thirteen young Derry men whose murderers are still very free, and also very free to re-nact that bloody deed again should mere whim so incline them.

"NO TRUTH or GOODNESS realised by man EVER dies or CAN die" and the truth and goodness realised by the Irish nation in the moment when it identified with Derry, in mourning for its murdered sons, will never die because it cannot die. Each year someone, even from among those yet unborn, will remember Bloody Sunday and write an In Memoriam.

The Editor of CONCERNED on behalf of its many readers tenders heartfelt sympathy to all the relatives and friends of the Derry Martyrs at this anniversary time. R.I.P.

One Of The Old Bridage

IN a little village named Mount Talbot on the border between Roscommon and Galway lives Mr. Tom McDermott. Mr. McDermott, a 72-year-old pensioner, standing around 5ft. 2ins. tall, lives a very uneventful life and his only relief from the peace and quietude of village existence is an occasional visit to a Cumann meeting of Sinn Féin (Kevin Street). For Mr. McDermott, a freedom fighter more than 50 years ago, retains an interest in the Republican Movement.

But the easy tenor of Mr. McDermott's rural life was shattered on 1st November last when Special Branch men and gardai from Roscommon and Athleague paid him a visit. A surprised Mr. McDermott, probably proud that the Government considered his aged frame a threat to State institutions, let the raiding party in and even helped them search his home. They left without finding anything incriminating.

On the afternoon of Saturday the 5th of January, 1974, Mr. McDermott left his home for a shopping expedition to Roscommon town. He spent some time touring the shops and returned home between 5.30 and 6 p.m. There he saw a sight that stunned him in disbelief.

Around and about his house was a cavalcade of garda cars, Special Branch cars and Irish army jeeps. Plain clothes Branch men, uniformed gardai and armed soldiers equipped with walkie-talkie sets were everywhere. "There must have been 100 in it," commented Mr. McDermott.

Mr. McDermott got out of his car, which had been hemmed in by two jeeps and garda cars as he pulled up, and raised himself as well as he is able to his full height. "What is going on?" he demanded. His query, he says, was answered simply: "It is a commando raid."

Mr. McDermott fought down the feeling of intimidation that overwhelmed him and asked to see the man in charge. He was introduced to a garda Superintendent from Roscommon, who told him the combined garda-army force had searched his house. Mr. McDermott said he had locked his home before leaving and wanted to know how they got in. The Superintendent blandly answered that they had to break in as the house was locked.

To Mr. McDermott's query as to why they didn't wait for him to return, the Superintendent replied that they had a warrant and could do what they liked. They didn't have to wait for him to come back.

Mr. McDermott was told it was "a special search", but was not told what, specifically, they were searching for. As he arrived the search was just about over and, he says, the raiding party was about to leave with his house left wide open to the public. Mr. McDermott then took stock of his home and this is what he alleges he found:

A lavatory window smashed and the fastener broken; mud was on the wall and lavatory seat indicating someone had climbed in; a bed down on the ground in a bedroom with the leg broken; bedclothes muddled where men had stood on them; a clothes press door smashed, the lock broken and it had been pulled away from the wall with the bottom pushed down; an outside hen house lock smashed and boxes broken open; an old car he used as a store smashed open and all the contents strewn around.

Mr. McDermott says he pointed out this damage to the search party and reminded them his home had been raided on 1st November and he had offered no opposition. He described the house as being "left in a shambles", but the raiding party ignored his protest. An independent eye-witness said there were about 80 men involved - but what do the authorities say?

A spokesman for the Garda Public Relations Department at Dublin Castle said: "On the 5th January, 14 gardai and 10 military personnel took part in a search of the home of Mr. Thomas McDermott. He was absent from home when they called and they gained access through releasing a catch in the back window and opening the back door from inside. Nothing was broken and no damage whatsoever was caused."

Mr. McDermott returned during the course of the search and he complained to the Superintendent

that the members should have waited for his return. The Superintendent said he had a warrant and did not have to wait. Mr. McDermott made no other complaint to the Superintendent.

The Minister for Justice (P. J. Cooney) is on record as saying he leaves the application of the law to the gardai and security forces, but the liberty of the individual should be his concern. An admission by the gardai that they can search anyone's home while they are absent should warrant at least an investigation. Officially, there are no second class citizens in the 26-counties.

Mr. Ruairi O'Bradaigh, President of Sinn Féin (Kevin Street), commented: "I'd like to protest against the overwhelming use of force applied both by army and police. They raided his house during his absence and Mr. McDermott is adamant they forced an entry. The whole episode is reminiscent of the activities of the British army and RUC in the North."

A spokesman for the Roscommon Cumann, Sinn Féin (Kevin Street), said: "Things have come to a pretty pass if Liam Cosgrave, O'Brien, Fitzgerald, Cooney and that crew consider themselves threatened by a 72-year-old 5ft. 2ins. tall old age pensioner. Even if only 24 men were involved, as admitted by the gardai, it is still a massive force to subdue one little old man. We have an 81-year-old woman who sympathises with the Movement - will she be the subject of harassment and intimidation soon? We think Mr. Cooney should apologise personally to Mr. McDermott, the more so because if it wasn't for Mr. McDermott and people like him 50 years ago Mr. Cooney would not be where he is now."

THE 'SKEA SCENE

IN the front page of a recent issue of CONCERNED we saw photographs of the Fermanagh men held in Long Kesh and Port Laisie. Those pictures prompt us this week on the 'Skea Scene to consider not the plight of the men, for God knows it's well known, but rather to consider the plight of their dependents.

As we stand on the threshold of 1974 we look back proudly and salute those men and women, those young boys and girls who worked tirelessly behind the scenes to make life more comfortable and bearable for the wives and mothers of our prisoners. Our heartfelt thanks go out to the people who contributed, to the people who supported the concerts and dances in Lisnaskea and Newtown, and above all to that group of dedicated men in Lisnaskea and Donagh who provide transport week after week to Long Kesh and Port Laisie so that a wife, a mother or a girl friend might spend half an hour with their loved ones. It is not our intention in this column to single out individuals, or name names, as we know that all of these people prefer to remain anonymous, and anyhow no words of ours could describe the respect and admiration we hold for them.

All of us are aware of the mounting cost of food and fuel, the very necessities of life, one could say. The dependents of our prisoners are even more aware of the spiralling costs, deprived as they are of the bread-winners. Let us all, therefore, in this New Year resolve to continue to help in every way we can. To those of us who perhaps overlooked, or who didn't realise that a problem existed, we say let 1974 be the year when we will do everything we can to support the women behind the men behind the wire.

Nineteen seventy three brought at least one happy event and that was the disappearance from our land of the pompous pumpkin Willie Whitelaw. His new job must be pretty remunerative, as we have it on good authority that he was offered five hundred a week to appear as a geek with Chipperfield's Circus on their European tour.

It has come to our notice that many people are addressing our new Women Constables as PCS. We have no desire to take our readers to task, but they should try to remember that this fine body of ladies are - and we think it's appropriate - called WCN.

Letter to the Editor...

DEPRAVITY OF LONG KESH

A Chara.

This week the authorities in Long Kesh have sunk to an all time low in depravity and have clearly demonstrated a complete absence of even minimal human feeling towards the suffering of the unfortunate inhabitants of this camp, which, to put it mildly, has hardly been noted for its concern for humanity.

Ten days ago a young Republican prisoner, Tommy Connor from the New Lodge Road, applied for compassionate parole to visit his father, who was bedridden and seriously ill at home with an incurable ailment. Mr. Connor had been seriously ill for twelve months and medical opinion stressed on the 1/12/73 that he could only be expected to live for about another week. When his son in Cage 17 was told of his father's condition he immediately forwarded a Board Paper to the Camp Governor and Ministry officials giving details and requesting compassionate parole if only for a few hours to visit his father. The machinery has long been in existence to deal efficiently and quickly with urgent applications of this nature usually in a period of 24 hours, yet ten days have elapsed since the Board Paper was presented to the Camp Governor and the authorities have not yet acknowledged the existence of his application. Even had they wished to check the medical details stated in the Board Paper this would have only taken a matter of hours as the specialists in the R.V.H. who attended Mr. Connor were easily available to verify any queries about his condition. Ten days later it was too late. Tommy Connor has been informed of the death of his father. This callous disregard of a compassionate plea has prevented Tommy from seeing his father alive for the last time. He was even denied a special visit with his brother by Mr. Semple, the assistant governor. He was told instead that as a concession he would be allowed a visit on 11/12/73 in lieu of his normal visit later in the week. A second paper was sent to the Ministry requesting parole for the funeral.

We would like to point out here that compassionate parole is a basic human right and not a privilege. This fact had been reluctantly accepted by the prison authorities only after a prolonged hunger strike by Republican prisoners in November, 1972, and it can now be established that no Republican prisoners have ever failed to honour their parole. It must now be assumed that the denial of parole to Tommy Connor was cold-blooded and deliberate. We wonder is this the spirit of "reconciliation" that we have heard of lately?

Is mise, le meas,

P.R.O.,
Cage 17,
Long Kesh

CORRECTION

IN our article on the Fort Worth Five in our issue of 12th January we mistakenly named the Fermanagh man of the "Five" as Danny Crawford. The man from Fermanagh is Matthew Reilly, of Drumanymore, Derrylin.

GAEILGE LINN

DUE to pressure on space this week's article by Séamus Éirne has had to be held over until next week.

ST. MARY'S HALL, MAGUIRESBRIDGE

CELEBRITY CONCERT

TONIGHT, SUNDAY, 27th JAN.

STAR-STUDDed PROGRAMME

Comperce: Charlie McNally

Doors open 8 p.m.

Curtain 8.30

Cooney's Lesson In Hate Is Unpardonable

ALL of us up here are familiar with outrageous, gutter-level outpourings of comics like Craig, Faulkner, Paisley and latterly Currie. We have almost learned to live with such, as we have almost learned to live with sick sentiment of the black propaganda machinists which sells the anti-Irish British press. Of course one must learn to live with this kind of thing during war. Caricature and cartoon is war medicine. It buttresses the weaknesses and excuses and failures of the enemy. While people are laughing they cannot cry. Neither can they question. Indeed one might say that caricature and cartoon saved the sanity of the British during the World War. Yes, one comes to accept that when the kissing has to stop, then fangs are bared and irrational and atavistic sounds and signs replace speech.

THE REASON FOR MY PREAMBLE

I introduce my attack on Minister Cooney with the text-book preamble because I feel compelled not to spare him by denying him appeal to the causative factor of war as even a lame excuse for his headline vicious lesson in hate taught in Moate, Co. Westmeath, on 15th January. I can only say that that lesson in hate has branded him as being fit company for the most ignoble Irishmen who have ever lived. I am aware that what I say is a very sweeping statement, but I have only one regret and that is that my sweeping statement cannot be more sweeping. It seems unbelievable that a man apparently sober and apparently sane should plumb the very depths of the stagnant pool of derogation to collect choice sewer language to hurl at people motivated by the very highest ideals even if he, privileged as he is through reward for collaboration in British designs, sees vice in virtue. His insane character assassinations have stirred the instincts of a proud race to a stage of boiling rage which has yet to cool into the more fearsome state of horror.

TERRIFYINGLY REMINISCENT THREATS

The Irish people heard from the lips of an Irish political figure, from a member of a government purporting to be an Irish government, what was NOT the commonplace and platitudinous fulminations against the IRA as the enemy in WAR, made regularly by the Faulkners, Craigs, Paisleys, Curries and the British gutter press, but rather vitriol-soaked incitement to hate reminiscent of the younger Hitler epileptic foaming outbursts against the German Jews. Directions of ominous threats were made against even the most humble of the Irish citizenry if they should but dare to succour members of the IRA "on the run" from terror in occupied Ireland. Threats were likewise made to pubs and hotels, etc. Even families could have their own homes closed to them should a Chief Super. of the police decide that the families had offered succour to a man or woman "on the run".

THE ADDITIONAL TRUTH

... UNREVEALED, OF COURSE

Cooney's Greek-Colonel type attack upon the privacy and personal rights of the Irish people must be seen for what it really is. "Rooting out the IRA" is his announced pretext for his Stalinist purge, but the people must not allow themselves to be fooled by this. His dictatorial arrows are directed at democracy, at freedom of opinion and choice, of every single individual. That is my reason for refusing to refrain from tongue-lashing him. The sooner many join with me in the exercise the better.

IRISH TRADITIONAL FEELINGS TOWARD "THE MEN ON THE RUN"

Minister Cooney must be at least alien in spirit to Ireland if he can be so forgetful of the tradition of succour, never withheld from "men on the run", right down through the centuries of our tragic history. Perhaps Minister Cooney wants nothing that is Irish unless it be in accord with his British-slanted concept of what should and should not be Irish. And since "the fit took him" on the vigil of the arrival at Casement airstrip of Britain's Number One Minister for Internment, Brian Faulkner, one may be pardoned for seeing this British-slanted concept of Cooney's Ireland in that "fit" One must be pardoned also for seeing Cooney as Number Two

Minister for Internment AND treating him as such.

HE HAS BARKED TOO LOUDLY

I have no doubt about the enduring quality of Irish tradition. Cooney's threats will be treated with the contempt which they richly deserve. No Irishman or Irishwoman will ever close a door to a fugitive from injustice whether that injustice be a foreign or a native devil's brew. Whether Cooney is the dog that barks for Cosgrave, and trained by him in his master's viciousness, is immaterial. He has barked too loudly, but he had better not forget that he can be silenced so that his bark will not make itself heard above an outraged chorus the likes of which has never assailed his ears. Time will show that what I say now is not fanciful. Then what price his present incitement to hate, the high-handed calculated insolence of this treacherous British echo-chamber? It will be treated with the same negligible regard with which the Resistance continues to treat the SOURCE of the echo.

PONDER, PADDY

Minister for Internment Cooney, I would ask you to ponder the words of the living skeletal remains of a beautiful young Irish girl, Dolours Price. She is the victim of your British master's Minister for Internment of the Irish in that country. Her Gethsemani is Brixton prison, where she is being forcibly fed like a sick horse.

"And I could say such things to YOU,
Could tell you of my dreams,
How once there was a little girl
Who danced in Summer streams,
And sat upon a mountain
And thought that she was God,
Knowing in her innocence
ALL WRONGS THAT SHE MUST SOLVE."

Ponder her words. One would not ask YOU to help her. While you think about her, think, too, and CORRECTLY, that she is not ALONE. It is to people whose thoughts are ever thoughts of concern for her and thousands either in concentration camps or "on the run" that you make your threats. You must curse the gremlin that stage-whispered you at Moate, driving you to invite the Irish people to become traitors, touts and sharers in your own treachery. There are enough Irish men, women, boys and girls who when they elect to open their mouths will reduce your bark to the right insignificance of the whimper of a cur.

S. Mac Eiréann

When in Lisnaskea, call at...

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Home of Traditional Song and Music

MAIN STREET

LISNASKEA

JAMES CAREY

Select Grocers and General Hardware
Merchants

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FERMANAGH CITIZENS' ADVICE
SOCIETY

WON £5 EACH

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS:

MRS. CARMEL McMANUS,
Sligo Road,
Enniskillen

MR. MICHAEL McGAHY,
Scribble, Trillick,
Co. Tyrone

SOUTHERN DIARY

A PERSON was sentenced to life plus seventy-five years' imprisonment by Judge Michael O'Beary in the Central Criminal Court, Dublin, last week for stealing a mandate. The person was Mr. A. N. Ordinary-Man, who gave his address as "the 32-counties of Ireland". Mr. W. H. I. Skey, S.C. (instructed by the Attorney General), prosecuted on behalf of the State and Mr. A. N. Ordinary-Man represented himself.

Opening the case, Mr. Skey said the mandate was stolen from the house of a Minister of the Government. There was no evidence of how the accused came into possession of it, but the fact that he had it and attempted to use it indicated he was the thief.

The value of the mandate, said Mr. Skey, could be gauged from the fact that one could not hold an opinion without it. He cited rulings in support of this by well known experts such as Liam Cosgrave, Jack Lynch, Garrett Fitzgerald, Brian Faulkner, Gerry Fitt, Lord Brookeborough and Conor Cruise O'Brien—all men of undoubted credibility and extreme honesty to whom principle was sacrosanct without regard to monetary or other considerations.

A mandate, added Mr. Skey, is probably one of the most precious things in Ireland today and it was not surprising that those without it sought to obtain it. There was no disputing the fact that Mr. A. N. Ordinary-Man was numbered among the withouts.

The evidence was that on divers dates Mr. A. N. Ordinary-Man had been giving opinions ad lib. Witnesses would say they had heard him issue opinions contrary to those expounded ad nauseum by those qualified to do so, i.e. those in possession of a mandate. He had been indicted and found guilty out of his own mouth, so to speak.

Chief Supt. John Phlegming, of the Special Branch, Dublin Castle, said he had heard from a day-old recruit at Templemore Garda Training Centre that Mr. A. N. Ordinary-Man was giving opinions, thereby claiming he had a mandate, and therefore knew it to be true. He would not give the name of the informant, but was aware that he, in turn, had heard it from an itinerant camped near

Tipperary town who had been told in confidence by the brother-in-law of a man whose friend knew a cousin, ten times removed, of Mr. A. N. Ordinary-Man.

Under the terms of the Offences Against the State (Amendment) Act no further proof was necessary, said Mr. Phlegming, and the Court had no option but to find the guilty person guilty.

Mr. A. N. Ordinary-Man tried to cross-examine the witness, but was told he was not allowed to do so on the grounds that the Chief Supt. possessed a mandate giving him the right to find anyone guilty whether the Judge, Court or law considered otherwise. This was a special mandate and only given to Chief Superintendents of the Gardai.

The guilty person had not stolen one of those—or Judge O'Beary remarked that it was a good job they might all have been in trouble. There was a short delay while prayers were said to St. Des O'Malley for this deliverance.

Mr. A. N. Ordinary-Man was given permission to make a short statement in mitigation of his offence. He said he thought the mandate was the property of the people of Ireland and given by them to those they felt would use it in their best interests. As a citizen of Ireland he thought he was entitled to an opinion and didn't realise he needed a mandate to express it.

Such ignorance and naivete amused Mr. Skey, Supt. Phlegming and the Judge, who greeted it with wry smiles. They broke out into prolonged laughter when Mr. Ordinary-Man added that he thought the people could withdraw this mandate at will or make representations that they had given the mandate for some things but not for others.

Judge O'Beary said his Court was impartial and would remain so as long as he was presiding. It paid no notice to threats or blandishments from anyone, no matter how powerful, and would give verdicts motivated by no other reason than that of the evidence and the law. The defendant was obviously guilty and he had no option but to pass sentence. In all the circumstances this could be not less than life plus seventy-five years.

The Price Of Valour

(Continued from page one)

HOW YOU CAN DO IT:

- 1 Send messages and telegrams of support to the prisoners to let them know that their struggle is our struggle and that we intend to see their demands met.
- 2 Send a telegram or letter to: Edward Heath, 10 Downing Street, Whitehall, London, demanding an end to the torture of force-feeding and the transfer of the prisoners.
- 3 Demand that the Dublin government intervenes on behalf of the four hunger strikers. Picket the homes of TDs and Ministers and Senators until this is done.
- 4 Visit Bishops of all denominations and request them to intervene on humanitarian grounds.
- 5 Ask the Irish Ambassador, 17 Grosvenor Place, London, SW1, to intervene.
- 6 Ask your friends, church, workmates and any other organisation which you are a member of to support this humane demand.
- 6 Join in demonstrations which are organised in support of the hunger strikers.

As the prisoner was led away Mr. O'Beary said he was sorry that this would be his last case in the Court. He had heard within the past hour that he had been promoted by the Minister for Justice to a position on the Supreme Court and had heard, albeit unofficially, that a top job with commensurate salary in the EEC could be his within a short time. Congratulations were tendered by Mr. W. H. I. Skey, who said he is replacing Judge O'Beary, and Chief Supt. John Phlegming, who said it won't be long now before he is appointed Commissioner of the joint Gardai-RUC force.



BUT IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER WHOM YOU'D PUT UPON THE LIST, THEY'D NONE OF THEM BE MISSED ... (THE MIKADO) (GILBERT & SULLIVAN)