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NO
RATES

No. 84

Saturday, 28th April (De Sathairn, 28 Aibreán), 1973

LONG KESH



Last concentration camp in Europe

THE stigma of Long Kesh is weighing heavily on the British Government. The "mother of democracies" is finding it harder and harder to justify the existence of this vile, evil place to her partners in Europe and world opinion on the whole. Long Kesh has become such a thorn in the side of the British "democrats" that Heath and Whitlaw are trying harder than ever before to replace "Long Kesh" with "The Maze Prison" and "internee" with "detainee". But let no one be fooled by this latest British stunt.

Long Kesh remains the filthy hellhole where men are treated as "things" lower than the common beast.

The latest report from behind the barbed wire is very disturbing to all who believe in justice. Food is getting worse, treatment more inhumane. All articles made by internees, i.e. wallets, hankies, crosses, must not carry the words "Long Kesh". If they do they are not allowed out. Visitors are being subjected to the most humiliating searches. Last week a number of these went into the visiting cubicles barefooted. It may well be that another hunger strike will be embarked upon by internees to seek basic rights. If this is necessary we call on you to support these poor men in every way possible. By action, not words, will Long Kesh be closed.

WHITELAW THE LIAR

SINCE he came to Northern Ireland Mr. Whitlaw has tried to present himself as a genial and considerate gentleman, scrupulously fair and equally interested in the welfare of every section of the Northern community. For some time many people may have honestly thought that the man was trying to do his best and that he was trying to be fair and just. But any credibility, any faith or trust that any Catholic might have previously had in Mr. Whitlaw must have been shattered to pieces last week when the Northern Ireland Secretary of State firmly rejected all complaints against the British Army and went to special pains to commend, praise and fully exonerate the Parachute Regiment. Whitlaw went even as far as saying that all the complaints against the Paratroops were a "massive propaganda stunt by the Provisional IRA".

All Irishmen worth the name, Nationalists, Fine Gael, Fianna Fail, Republicans, PD, SDLP, have agreed that the British Army, and in particular the Paratroops, have mounted a fresh reign of terror in the North. The Army have gone on the rampage in Belfast, Armagh, Derry and Newry, murdering and maiming innocent people as well as unarmed Republicans. Even the Free Statist Foreign Minister of the 26 Counties, Garret Fitzgerald, has spoken out boldly against the Army, and Mr. Pat Fanning, the outgoing President of the GAA, launched a bitter attack on the "Army of occupation" at the GAA Congress in Waterford.

Only Gerry Fitt has refused to utterly condemn the Army—last week in the House of Commons he

(Continued on page three)

MINISTRY DISCLAIMS LIABILITY

FAMILIES whose furniture was wrecked during a British Army raid on the premises of the Ardoyne Relief Committee last month have been refused compensation from the Ministry of Home Affairs.

In a letter to one woman who had applied for compensation, a Ministry official said: "Unfortunately the report I have received from the military authorities precludes the Ministry from accepting any liability in the matter and I regret no compensation can be offered."

When the woman contacted the Ministry she was told that they had been informed that arms had been found on the premises in Balholm Drive on 20th March and therefore the Ministry were not accepting liability.

But the official said she could apply for compensation through the courts.

About 12 families had stored their furniture in the premises—a disused cinema—and after the raid many discovered that their belongings had been reduced to matchwood, a spokesman for the Ardoyne Relief Committee said.

He added that the Parachute Regiment had searched the premises at night without first approaching any member of the Committee, and one officer had claimed afterwards that a shotgun had been found. "But during many discussions I had with the CO of the Regiment after the raid he never mentioned any arms find," he said.

FERMANAGH'S POLITICAL PRISONERS



JOHN CANNON is a native of Ballagh, near Donagh, Co. Fermanagh. John, a handsome, powerfully built young man of 24 years, is, like Martin Monaghan and Desmond Leonard, single and a member of a large family. He has four sisters and two brothers.

He is a keen, active promoter of Irish culture. He was a popular member of St. Patrick's GAA Club. He is a member of a well known and well respected family. He is at present in Long Kesh concentration camp, where we understand he is making great progress in the learning of our native language.

He was sentenced to 8 years on 21st October, 1972, at Omagh Court. Like his comrades he showed his contempt for the evil system (which tries to hold us in subjection in our own land) by refusing to recognise the so-called court. John Cannon and his comrades, be they held in Irish, English or American jails, have the admiration of all who love and yearn for freedom and justice. Their names are spoken with pride amongst their people.

TOPICS: PAST AND PRESENT

FIRST, THE ARMY

READERS will have learned from last week's CONCERNED of some of the Army's activities in their so-called peace-keeping operations. As was noted 'they got a motorist into a tangle and then wouldn't even give his car a push to help him out of the difficulty they had created. Rather—they jeered and cheered at his discomfort.

However, these bullies hadn't long to wait for the nemesis due to them in the shape of eating humble pie themselves. On the afternoon of 13th April a Land Rover on one of its forays drove in a long, narrow by-road in the Teemore area. It went off course and stuck in a marshy area. After extricating themselves from the vehicle some of the soldiers approached two local farmers having a short chat nearby—"Aw—no help here, I'm afraid. What are yez doing in here anyway?" "We wanted to question young so and so," says one of the Tommies, "but we want to get a tractor to pull out our Land Rover." "Oh, then you'll have to travel a bit before you get that," says one of the farmers." How right he proved to be!

Two soldiers footed it out a mile to the main road. They called at a few houses nearby where they saw parked tractors—nothing doing. One man sent them to a local UDR man, maybe ex-UDR. Nobody up there could tell this man's present affiliations. Anyway this brave and well trained man thought "discretion the better part of valour" and secluded himself somewhere, probably in the cellar of his rambling house. Back down that half mile walk they proceeded along the main road and further on they spied another tractor and approached the owner, whose vehicle was "slightly indisposed" and therefore not available for hire.

By this time the Queen's defenders of the realm must have had blistered heels and were very down in the mouth—a mild dose of foot and mouth. But fortune at last smiled on them after another long trek. They went to the home of a local sand merchant, who agreeably obliged. With the Tommies in the link bog and preceded by a Saracen which had just arrived, he set out on his tractor to rescue the military vehicle from the boggy terrain. The young man needed for questioning saw none of the operation and he has since landed himself a "gritty" job and while he holds it he will be free from any harassment by the Security Forces.

Since my return from that area I happened to meet a man who drew turf over 50 years ago from the Derntunney bog and came out that same by-road—a bad lane it was then. His father had bought a stack of turf which was drawn home a good 15 miles in a horse crate. One Saturday he went with his father for a load of turf. As they arrived at the bog a heavy shower poured down and the turf vendor brought them in for shelter. They were treated to tea and duck eggs and the horse got a feed of oats. He was better treated than the Security Forces when they went there. In the house there was a very, very old woman who kept up a most interesting conversation. She told them of the Famine times, which she remembered clearly, and of the "Fight of the Foord". The "Foord" must have been nearby for her father was in the fray and her mother, afraid the yeos would go to burn the house, left with her little children and lay behind a hedge. She remembered her mother holding her hand on the baby's mouth afraid a sound might attract the beaten yeos as they fled past their hiding place. She must have been a fund of history. My friend has promised himself to go back to the old bog road and find out more about the exact place and date of that fight, for he clearly visualises the old woman's emotions as she talked of it.

I hope he finds the local residents more co-operative in imparting their hagiography than they were with the limping Infantry. But times have changed for the obliging tractor-man has his extensive sand and gravel business based somewhere near that famous "Foord". Indeed a wag in the area told me that with the washing of sand and gravel it could now be more correctly styled the Yellow Ford.

ATTENTION ALL RENT STRIKERS

BY now you will have received the following letter from your Housing Authority:

"Northern Ireland Housing Executive"
District Office—
County Buildings,
15 East Bridge Street,
Enniskillen.
9th April, 1973.

Dear Sir/Madam,

The Housing Executive wants to make it easier for rent strikers to get back to normal payments.

At present you are having deductions made from Social Security Benefits or from your employer and these are transferred to the Executive in payment of rent. It is in your interests to call at this office to discuss with us a settlement and a return to the normal method of paying rent so that we can ask the Ministry of Health and Social Services or your Employer to stop making deductions and pay you your benefits, salary or wage in the normal way.

We will ask you to give us a written undertaking that in future you will pay rent regularly together with an agreed weekly sum to reduce the outstanding arrears. In arriving at this figure we will take into account the circumstances of each individual family, allowing to period of repayment to extend up to, and in exceptional cases of hardship, beyond, two years.

The Housing Executive must have the co-operation of the whole community in order to tackle the enormous housing problems with which we are faced. You can help us get on with the job of providing good housing for all by returning to the normal method of paying rent and we hope that you will call at this office and make mutually suitable arrangements to do so.

Yours sincerely,
V. E. Thornton,
District Housing Manager."

This is the latest phase in the effort to gull you into ending your protest against internment, a protest which is effective in annoying Whitelaw and his Ministers of Injustice.

In some housing estates new, nice rent collectors have been found going round advising you to "pay and get back to normal".

We say to you: "Stand firm—don't break your pledge to the men in Long Kesh."

Today that horrible place is bursting at the seams with over 1,000 men and women interned, detained and imprisoned. Murdering British troops are loose on the streets of Newry, Armagh, Derry and Belfast, innocent people are being shot down, homes are being wrecked and families broken up while Whitelaw tells the world his troops are peace-keepers.

The greatest form of non-violent protest is the rent and rates strike—keep it up. The Fermanagh Civil Resistance Committee stands by you. All inquiries to 3 Queen Street, Enniskillen.

POLITICAL OBITUARY

IT is with deep regret that we announce the departure from political life of Captain John Brooke, following his failure to digest the White Paper.

Captain John was loved and respected by no one and his valueless work as chairman of Fermanagh County Council will soon be forgotten. A liberal by tradition, John was equally at home in the gay, bright lights of a Belfast television studio or the intriguing dark corners of an Orange lodge. The least ambitious, and indeed the least intelligent of men, the Captain was at all times never ready to devote his energy to the life of the community. Nothing was too much for the man.

Captain John Brooke, you spared no one in your devotion to duty, and we in this county have lost much while you passed through. It is our heartfelt desire that should you come this way again, that we shall see you first.



30,000 BRITISH TROOPS COULDN'T CATCH HIM

THE greatest morale-booster that the oppressed people of Belfast and British Occupied Ireland got for some time came on Sunday last, 22nd April, when Dave O'Connell came and joined with them in honouring their Republican dead.

This gallant, resourceful, invincible Republican leader is the most "hunted" man in Ireland. Any policeman who would capture this man is assured of at least a "V" on his sleeve. Surely the British officer who could claim the responsibility of capturing Dave O'Connell would be trotted in front of "Her Majesty" for a knighthood.

But in spite of the fact that Mr. O'Connell is such a tall, distinguished-looking person, whose picture is in the possession of every "security" man and British soldier in the Six Counties, he came, he marched, he made a public speech, and he went!

WHITELAW'S TRIBUNALS

"WHITELAW'S Tribunals" is a new booklet compiled by Father Denis Faul, Dungannon, and Father Raymond Murray, Armagh; price 30p.

The booklet brings the story of Long Kesh internment camp up to date. It is a continuation of other booklets on the subject: The Mailed Fist (McCloskey and Faul, Campaign for Social Justice) and British Army and Special Branch RUC Brutalities (Faul and Murray).

"Whitelaw's Tribunals" seeks to analyse the Detention of Terrorists Order (NI), November, 1972, to January, 1973. It seeks to make the point that "internment" and "detention" are the same because they are imprisonment without trial.

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Dublin.

"MAURA O'KELLY FROM GALWAY"

DEDICATED people, all from the womb of Maura O'Kelly from Galway, have not and NEVER will treat British aggression lightly. Ever hear of Maura O'Kelly from Galway? She personifies Mother Ireland returning from the funeral of two of her sons, slain by the tools of TYRANNY. Meet her in Teresa Brayton's Valiant Woman Poem Defiant.

'Twas Maura O'Kelly of Galway walked down the hill with me.
High was her head for her two sons dead and buried in Killalee;
And I said "Oh, woman of Galway, it breaks my heart to see
That a Saxon foot still tramples the root of Irish liberty."

Said Maura O'Kelly of Galway, and her eyes were flaming fire,
"No Saxon foot shall trample the root of the tree of my sons' desire;
For where they were shot in Galway and buried in Killalee,
A thousand more are still to the fore for Irish liberty."

"And what care I for the shoneens and what care I for the slaves,
And what care I for Britain's tools who have filled two soldiers' graves;
And what care I for a London peace that a Con-nacht gun can't share;
There will be no peace in Ireland while a Union Jack swings there."

"Did treaties ever make freemen, or lies from trachreous lips?
The lash that falls on a shoulder may scourge a soul to strips;
There is only the vengeful rifle to burn old scores away,
And I'd rather be dead with my two brave sons than a willing slave today."

I said "Oh, woman of Galway, the toll of death is long".
She said "They died with their heads in pride and in their hearts a song;
And the lads I buried in Killalee, with blood on their hands and face,
Are a pledge between their God and me that He will redeem the race."

"Maura O'Kelly of Galway" speaks for every man, woman, boy and girl of Ireland who has suffered, who is suffering today, because a Saxon foot still tramples the root of Irish liberty. "Maura

O'Kelly of Galway speaks for the men and women in the concentration camps, for their dependants, for the hunted men and women, for the murdered men, women and children, for the women knocked unconscious by the Kung Fu style rifle-butt thrust in the stomach, for the harassed old men and old women tortured (legally) by a drunken bandit soldiery using the (legal) weapons of blasphemies and obscenities to make the twilight of their lives unendurable. And "Maura O'Kelly of Galway" speaks for the men and women who have "seen red" while looking upon the faces, now pale in death, of a son, a daughter, a child of tender years. "Maura O'Kelly of Galway" speaks to me and speaks to you. "Maura O'Kelly of Galway" speaks to all who claim that they are possessed of Christ's concern. If they do not listen to "Maura O'Kelly of Galway" then their claim is forfeit.

"MAURA O'KELLY OF GALWAY" SPEAKS TO BRITAIN

Yes, Britain, "Maura O'Kelly of Galway" speaks to you too. Listening to "Maura O'Kelly of Galway" do you see a military solution "within sight"? Or is the solution you see "within sight" like the one Hitler thought he saw "within sight"? Leave what is not yours. Stop wasting the flower of British youth to justify your robbery. British politicians, give a thought to the mothers' sons you are abusing in your futile efforts to justify the unjustifiable. There will be no peace in Ireland while a Union Jack swings here.

"Maura O'Kelly of Galway"

JUSTICE AS USUAL

Honours, promotion, for the Hollywood torturers,
Cheers for the Special Branch of the RUC,
Smiles for all who would barter
Their souls in the Devil's Mart;
But torture and pain for the noble,
Internment camps for the clean of heart.

The mills of God grind slowly,
But they grind exceedingly small;
Some day Right and Justice shall triumph,
And things accursed shall fall.
When slaves and traitors and tyrants
In oblivion's wrap are rolled;
The names of men now in Long Kesh,
Will shine like burnished gold.

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THE FOLLY OF BRITAIN

IN her dedication to a military solution to the Irish problem, Britain is succeeding in only agitating the anti-feeling of the people after the manner of the pendulum of some ancient clock which has been grabbed and sent whizzing madly by the hand of some vandal. To people outside the British Establishment, her behaviour must appear lunatic. Hour after hour, day after day, their ears are assailed by news of new, or new-angled, lunatic actions. Indeed only a lunatic nation would fool itself into thinking that a people who have endured so much for so long are going to throw away this golden opportunity of taking what they want and what is rightfully theirs. When the thief is cornered only a fool would let him go. The great fraud of Ulster is now seen as what it always has been and to this moment is. Britain is coming to realise that she cannot crush the indomitable spirit of a risen people. Even if she brings in ALL of whatever of her army is not already here it will make no difference. More harassment, more brutalities, more obscenities yes, but also more targets for hate.

THE LAME WILL WALK

Yes, the moment has come when even the cripple will rise from his bed and die happy that his last resource of strength was channelled into a noble purpose. Britain is aware of the truth of what I say. Her hive-like black propaganda activity indicates as much. Arrogant boasts and claims fool nobody, least of all those who boast and claim. Is the British Tommy fooled? He knows only too well that he is only a pawn in a crazy game. Unwanted, treated as a leper, in constant danger of death, he is not fooled. He asks himself why the hell he is here at all. He must pray for a not too serious accident which will take him out of this limbo. His anxious parents must dread every newscast. Their question must be similar to their son's question. Nobody can blame them.

THE BRITISH PEOPLE

The British people are not as blindly insane as the British Establishment. They know only too well that the present armed struggle is not just a street brawl. They know a lot more now than did the generation of Britons in 1916 to 1922. They know that Ireland is resolved to bring this struggle to a fruitful conclusion. They know that they will be the losers in the coin of flesh and blood as they are already the losers in the "coin of the pocket". If they have sons over here they already know how low those sons' morale is. They know that all the promises of a military solution to something they do not understand being "within sight" is as real as the promises doled out to American mums and dads when their sons were bogged down in the hell of Vietnam.

NO BLUFF

The increased maniac behaviour of the Paras recently was obviously dual purpose. They wanted to show how savage they can be and they wanted to draw fire. A demonstration of the former was scarcely necessary. As far as the latter was concerned they were not as successful as they had hoped. But they did draw fire of another kind. A much more accurate fire in that it travels in all directions and even if it misses the physical target it does NOT miss the emotional one. It can strike in Britain without ever leaving Ireland. I am referring to the warning of an increased offensive campaign given by the Republican Army. That warning must not be taken and treated lightly by Whitelaw and his subordinates. I am certain that the British people neither take it lightly nor treat it lightly. The Republican Army would infinitely prefer that NO ONE treated it lightly.

WHITELAW THE LIAR

(Continued from page one)

said he was sure that the Army were not shooting innocent people. So with the exception of Mr. Fitt, all anti-Unionist bodies in Ireland from Fine Gael to Provisional Republican have spoken out against this army of criminals, murderers and terrorists.

And then Mr. Whitelaw defends them. That has been Whitelaw's biggest mistake to date. The people will not forget it. Neither will they forget the somersaulting of Mr. Fitt. One Belfast woman said the other day that she "didn't know what to make of him". And she added: "He is determined to sell us out." Well, I could hardly believe her—she was from Mr. Fitt's own constituency. But later at least a dozen people, one of them a doctor, told me the same—they had no faith in Gerry Fitt or his party. They told me to read Hansard, Vol. 855, No. 101, page 218 (Tuesday, 17th April, 1973). This I did. And I lost all credibility in Gerry Fitt, who was once great but now turned traitor.

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POLITICAL ROLES IN NORTHERN IRELAND

THE roles people play in the Northern scene may not be everybody's cup of tea; in fact quite a few of them could be described as a dog's dinner. Nevertheless, a look now at some of the good and evil that exists in this "quare" land might shake us out of our lethargy. Speaking of evil, and the name of Willie Whitelaw springs to mind. A pompous right-wing bigot, appointed by an equally pompous right-wing Conservative Government, was foisted upon our people with the intention of politically crushing the minority. Ably prompted by the devil incarnate, Brian Faulkner, Whitelaw accepted a dual role, to crush the minority physically. To this end he used an already depraved British Army to shoot and kill Catholic men, women and children, taking yet a stage further the Faulkner-inspired torture chambers of Girdwood and Ballykelly.

The roles of Craig and Paisley are less subtle. They simply require the complete annihilation of a Catholic voice in Northern Ireland. They front for organisations such as the UDA, UVF and LAW who connive with the mad Brits to murder Catholics.

On the other hand the Alliance Party, with its new found liberalism, is disgusted by the sight of blood, so it buries its head in the sand.

The SDLP would appear to take a tougher line. All along they have spoken out against internment, torture and murder. They have even on occasions said "Naughty, naughty, bold Brits, you must stop killing our people".

But many, many more of our people would be dead this day were it not for the role of the Provisional IRA. Let us not forget that they have stood in our defence and will continue to defend us against the murdering Brits and their allies. The Provisionals have maintained this role against the most powerful odds. Every one of us, that is every one of us who is proud to be Irish, is in debt to these men and women. Let us this day renew our pledge to support the Provos as they support us through this terrible time of British repression.

NO APPEAL FOR SOLDIER WHO WENT TO IRA

A BRITISH soldier who deserted to the IRA was refused leave by the Court-Martial Appeal Court in London to challenge the conviction of desertion and theft of an automatic rifle and other property.

Joseph Michael Harkins (22), a former private with the 1st Bn., the Queen's Lancashire Regiment, was convicted at a general court-martial at Osnaburk last July. He was jailed for five years and dismissed the service.

Mr. Justice Mocatta, sitting with Lord Justice Orr and Mr. Justice O'Connor, said Harkins, wearing combat uniform and armed, left his unit in Flax Street Mill, Ardoyne, on 8th February last year.

He contacted the IRA in Belfast, handed over his rifle and equipment, and later appeared at an IRA press conference in Dublin.

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THIS BLESSED HOLY HOUR

(Air: The Boys of Bar-na-Sraida)

Had I the power to win the peace for dear old Ireland,
I'd gladly part my soul to God, I'll have you understand;

To heal her deep wounds and her pains it is my heart's desire,
To kill the hate and awful fear, and raise her from the mire.

I know that God would give me strength to face the lonely grave,
I know the Virgin Mother, too, would teach me to be brave;

The Irish saints and martyrs would take me by the hand
For bringing heaven's divine peace to dear old Ireland.

This vivid dream I long have had, I wish it would come true,

For I was raised 'mid Kerry hills with patriots I knew;

They died to rent the fetters that binds our native land,

Before the throne of heaven now, they stand by God's right hand.

Though scores of hundreds yet may die, in battle or in jails,

The fight for freedom will go on, we never will be slaves;

The noblest cause a man can serve is freedom's crown of gold,

Like Wolfe-Tone, Pearse and Cathal Brugha, whose banners we unfold.

Then rally to the standard, boys, like those of '98,
Remember, too, 1916 when England sealed our fate;
The men of 1922 we never will disown,
They fought the knaves and traitors who sold us to the throne.

And now this blessed holy hour, I spend upon my knees

Before the Tabernacle gate in ever fervent pleas;
I'll crave at Benediction the Lord to raise his hand,
Releasing the white dove of peace in dear old Ireland.

BRITAIN AND THE NORTH

THE number of citizens he has arrested, charged and imprisoned is an unusual criterion for a ruler to appeal to, or find satisfaction in, when congratulating himself on his achievements as a political administrator. Readers of Irish history will recall that this widespread use of prison wire and prison bars has only ensured that "the troubles" would break out again in 15 years' time—1988?

Mr. Whitelaw told his Westmorland audience, who deserve great credit for their capacity to be bored with matters irrelevant to them, that 1,009 people had been charged in Northern Ireland since 31st July ("Motorman"), 475 this year, and 48 since April Fools' Day. One suspects that this information is trumpeted by the NI Pro-consul mainly to boost the morale of the discredited RUC. But it does raise one important question. If the processes of law (such as they are) in Northern Ireland seem to be working with such success, why is it necessary to have secret procedures in Long Kesh resulting in the imprisonment of 400 men without trial?

The British are rightly indignant over the secret trial given to Peter Nieswand. Yet worse is happening every day in Long Kesh—secret charges, secret witnesses, witnesses behind curtains, hearings in camera with the defendant and his legal representatives excluded, secret documents, acceptance of statements from anonymous paid informers who may or may not exist, but are vouched for by the Special Branch, against whom over 100 torture cases have been presented in the European Court of Human Rights. This illegal farce in Long Kesh itself is contrary to Article 6 of the European Convention on Human Rights.

In the House of Commons on 11th December (Hansard, Col. 46-7) Mr. Van Straubenzee said:

"We have felt bound to conclude that we could not rely on the normal judicial procedure in Northern Ireland, knowing that in the circumstances terrorist intimidation makes a mockery of them."

Yet in the House on 14th December Mr. Peter Archer, QC, MP, Chairman of the English section of Amnesty International, was able to point out that, out of 72 people dealt with through the ordinary courts in Belfast in seven weeks, only six have been acquitted by juries. This should be an easily acceptable figure knowing the way the juries seem to find themselves crowded with people like the lady with the blue rinse who opened her remarks in the jury room, "I knew they were guilty when I heard they were from Andersonstown". Why the need for imprisonment without trial when you can have trials like that?

