

ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21

BURO STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21

No. W.S. 119

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COSANTA.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. *W.S. 119*.....

Witness

Eithne Ni Suibhne

Identity

Courier between Cork and Dublin.

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Subject

Easter 1916 in Cork.

Conditions, if any, stipulated by Witness

File No. *S. 774.*.....

Form B.S.M. 2.

ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21

BURO STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21

NO. W.S. 119

STATEMENT OF EITHNE NI SUIBHNE,
4, AIT BELGRAVE, CORCAIGH.

WS
119

On the Tuesday of Holy Week, 1916, I was instructed by Tomas MacCurtain to go to Dublin on the following day, Wednesday, by the 12.45 p.m. train for the purpose of arranging that Tom Clarke, James Connolly and Seán MacDermott should be available to meet my brother, Terry, on the next day, Thursday, about 2 o'clock p.m. Terry could not go to Dublin himself to arrange the meeting, as, in the circumstances that then existed, it was not considered advisable that he should remain in Dublin overnight. If a meeting with Clarke, Connolly and MacDermott could be arranged, Terry would travel to Dublin by the first train on Thursday, meet them on that day, and return to Cork the same night. I was to wire in code whether the meeting would or would not take place. I was also to see Eoin MacNeill, if possible, and tell him that Terry might be in Dublin on the next day, and, if so, would like to see him. Seán MacDermott would meet me on my arrival at Kingsbridge.

I did not know then, but I learned later, that the purpose of Terry's intended visit to Dublin, and of this meeting, was to ensure that a miscarriage of plans would not occur. Tomas and Terry feared that the dual control of the Volunteer Organisation, which they knew existed in Dublin, would result in uncertainty and, possibly, in conflicting or even contradictory orders. That was an eventuality they foresaw, and they wished to do everything possible to guard against it.

When I travelled to Dublin the next day I had not the slightest inkling that a Rising was contemplated so soon, though it was our belief that there would be a blow struck for Freedom during the war. My sister and I always, as in this case, co-operated with the Volunteer Leaders without asking for any explanations. Terry did not discuss Volunteer matters with us in such a manner as to give us any intimate knowledge of policy or intentions, except in a general way. We had both arranged, my sister and I, to go to Tuirín Dubh in Ballingearry for the Easter holidays, and when we mentioned this to Terry early in the week he advised us not to go there, saying, in answer to our surprise, that the police in that district were very aggressive and might start trouble that might prevent us from getting back when we wished to.

Later, we learned that all that district was to be in the line of action of the Volunteers from Easter Sunday on and freedom of movement would not have been possible had plans not miscarried.

Seán MacDermott was awaiting me at Kingsbridge on Wednesday on my arrival. He did not speak to me, but let me know he had seen me. We travelled on the same tram to O'Connell Bridge, but sat at different ends of the tram and, on alighting, Seán told me to go to Tom Clarke's shop in Parnell Square at 7 p.m. that evening. At the shop, at that hour, I saw Mrs. Tom Clarke. She showed me a copy of the "Castle Document" that was causing such excitement at that time. She told me to go to Ballybough - their home - and there, for the first and last time, I saw Tom Clarke. I gave him the message I had brought. "Impossible", he said, "altogether impossible. He must not come to Dublin. Everyone is being watched closely; the first attempt to board

a train and he would be arrested; everyone must remain at his post". He then began to talk, confidently and exultantly, of the victory which, he said, was assured. He was exhilarated. His whole spirit seemed to burn in his glowing eyes. He spoke with enthusiasm of help from Germany, and said that John Devoy had a Document, signed by the Kaiser, recognising the Republic of Ireland. I was puzzled and disturbed. I had no idea that the Volunteers were in definite contact with Germany, though we all were with the Germans in spirit in their fight against England. Tom Clarke evidently took for granted that I knew they were in negotiation with Germany. I told him I thought relying on Germany was a great mistake, that every time we relied on foreign aid we were disappointed and met only with failure, that the foreign nation did not deliberately play false, but that circumstances intervened which made it difficult for them to keep their pledges, and they naturally thought of their own needs first. He just pooh-poohed my fears, and, at this juncture, Brian O'Higgins entered, saluted smartly, and handed some note to Tom Clarke, who turned to me and introduced us. It was also the first time I saw Brian O'Higgins. I turned away while they conversed quietly and quickly, but could not help sensing the joyous elation that pervaded their conversation. The whole atmosphere was electric. All this coming suddenly and unexpectedly surprised and delighted me, but I still felt doubts about the wisdom of relying on foreign aid, and when Brian O'Higgins left I said so again to Tom Clarke, referring to the Spaniards, the French, and stressing that whatever the Germans promised, their own difficulties might prevent the fulfilling of their promises. He would not hear of it! He was very confident that victory would be achieved this time, "though", he said, "we in the front rank will, of course, go down. We know that, but the Republic is safe, nothing can prevent that".

I sent the telegram to Cork indicating that the meeting would not be held. I had gone to the Volunteer Headquarters and seen Hobson, who, I thought, was very interested at the suggestion that Terry might be in Dublin next day and might wish to see MacNeill. He said that MacNeill would be available.

I returned to Cork on Thursday. Some time on Good Friday morning, Seán O'Sullivan came to our home on the Victoria Road. He said that Tomás MacCurtain had received a message to meet "Ginger" O'Connell at Mallow that day. O'Connell was coming from Dublin by train, and it was believed that the train would not travel beyond Mallow. Tomás wanted a car to go to Mallow to meet O'Connell. My sister and I went to Cross's Garage on the South Mall to hire a car. The day being a Bank Holiday, there was only a subordinate employee on duty, and, at first, he was very reluctant to let us have a car. He said that the Manager had left strict orders about the hiring of cars. We pressed him very hard and he said he would phone the "Boss", but the "Boss" was out. After further persuasion he was prevailed on to let us have the car. We had arranged to pick up Tomás MacCurtain beyond his own home on the road to Mallow. He said he would be walking towards Dublin Hill.

As we overtook him a policeman came round the corner and saw Tomás join us in the car. That fact must have been properly reported, as we noticed policemen at various points on our road to Mallow obviously on the lookout for us, but we were not stopped.

We had been delayed at Cross's Garage and when we got to Mallow we found that a train had, in fact, gone on to Cork. Tomás made some enquiries of porters and satisfied himself that O'Connell had not left the train at Mallow. All three of us returned to Cork in the car. Tomás got out in the city, saying he would take a tram to our home at Grand View Terrace on the Victoria Road. We paid the driver and followed him.

When my sister and I reached home, Tomás, Terry, Seán O'Sullivan and "Ginger" O'Connell were in conference in the sitting-room. Some Volunteer Officers were on guard near the house. About 7 p.m. we persuaded them to have a meal and they came into the dining-room where my sister and I were waiting. It was clear to us that they were suffering from abnormal strain. Though they endeavoured to speak lightly and make jokes, the feeling of gloom and depression predominated. This was in marked contrast to the spirit of buoyant gaiety in which Terry had worked during the previous months.

Soon the four resumed the conference in the sitting-room. No other person was present.

Some time about 8, or 8.30, o'clock Alice Cashel called and said she was to get a message from Tomás. I knocked at the door of the sitting-room and told Tomás that Miss Cashel was waiting for a message. He told me to ask her to wait. We waited and, as it grew later, Miss Cashel became impatient and anxious. About 11 p.m. she said she could wait no longer and asked me to go again and say she could not wait as she had to cross the city, but she could not go without the message. Accordingly, I went, knocked, and entered on hearing "Come in".

I always see, most vividly, the scene as I opened the door on that Good Friday night. Terry stood on one side of the fireplace, his elbow on the mantelpiece, his head resting on his hand. Tomás stood in a similar attitude on the other side. Facing him, Seán O'Sullivan sat on a sofa near the window, elbows on his knees, his head bowed between his hands. O'Connell sat on an arm-chair, looking as if he had been defending himself; the rather odd look on his face suggested that he was at variance with his three companions; it was a rather smug "take-it-or-leave-it" expression. This vivid impression was registered in the one glance I gave from one to the other of the four. Without any knowledge of what they had been discussing, it was clear to me that something was very seriously wrong. Only some matter of the gravest import could have produced that atmosphere of anxiety, strain and heaviness of mind which was reflected on the faces and attitudes of the three, Terry, Tomás and Seán O'Sullivan; and I felt that "Ginger" O'Connell was the cause of the trouble, whatever it was.

I said, "Miss Cashel can't wait any longer. It is after 11. She wants you to give her her message". Tomás spoke: "Tell her there is no message". I returned and delivered Tomás's answer. The reaction of Alice Cashel was a great surprise to us. She gasped. "No message", she repeated. "But that's impossible. There MUST be a message. That is an extraordinary thing to say. There MUST be a message".

"Well" I replied, "that is what Tomás said", and my sister added, "Why not leave it 'till to-morrow?"

"But that's just it", said Alice. "I CAN'T leave it 'till to-morrow, I MUST have the message to-night. It is an

extraordinary situation to be in. I must get an answer to-night."

"You had better go yourself and ask", I said, and she went, to return in a few seconds, looking most upset and completely dumbfounded.

Neither my sister nor I knew, nor did we ask, what message she expected. We learnt later that she had been instructed by Tomás to engage a number of cars, ostensibly to drive parties of tourists round Killarney for the Easter week-end, but actually to be used in removing some of the arms which were expected to be landed at Fenit. When she called that night she had already provisionally engaged a number of cars, and had been instructed to report to Tomás for final instructions as to where and at what time the cars were to be available on Sunday morning. She left us in a considerable state of anxiety and bewilderment. We suggested that one of the Volunteers on duty outside the house should see her home, but she considered it safer to go alone. Most of the Volunteers were being watched and followed everywhere.

Considerably later, about 1 a.m., the conference ended. We heard movement and my sister went to the door to see them out. She asked Terry if he were coming back. He did not know, he said. We went to bed and heard him after some time come in and go to his room.

We slept little and towards morning, about 6 a.m., were roused by the sound of gravel thrown at the window. Terry was up at once and on looking out we saw Bob Langford in the act of throwing more gravel. Soon we saw Terry and him hurrying along the Victoria Road towards the city.

Later in the morning - I was still in bed - Terry came back in a much happier mood and asked us both to go immediately to Ballingeary, as we had originally planned. Again later, we learnt that a despatch had come from Dublin saying all despatches thenceforth would be that of a unified command and signed by ^{and} MacNeill, Seán MacDermott or Pearse. We were greatly surprised and reminded him that earlier in the week he had advised us not to go. He said things were different now and that we should go at once as he wanted a message taken to Seán O'Hegarty, who was there. He said he could not send a Volunteer as he would be watched, but, as it was known that we were going there for our holidays, our going would arouse no comment. We packed very hurriedly, caught the 3 o'clock train to Macroom, delivered the despatch to Seán O'Hegarty and stayed at Tuirin Dubh. +NB

About 2 p.m. on Easter Monday, Terry, Tomás, one of the Hales of Ballinadee, and a driver, arrived at Tuirin Dubh by car. There was a storm of rain. The old-fashioned hood and screens of the car were letting in the rain and the car was as wet inside as out. We saw Terry, Tomás and Seán O'Hegarty standing in the garden of Tuirin Dubh in the gale of rain, apparently oblivious of it, holding a long conversation, and the expression on their faces denoted no cheering news. About 4 p.m. all four left again in the car. None of us, nor of them, had any idea at that time that the Rising had begun in Dublin. Tomás and Terry only learned of it on their arrival in the city.

Towards 1 a.m. on Tuesday morning, when we were in bed, we heard someone arrive at the house, and much excited talk in the kitchen downstairs. We did not know until we came down next morning that the person who came had brought news of the Rising.

N.B. Again, we learn later that seven contradictory despatches had reached Cork between Holy Thursday and Easter Monday. Embusie

Early on Tuesday all sorts of rumours were in circulation in Ballingearry. The Volunteers were up! The Republic was Proclaimed! The Volunteers had captured Dublin Castle, the Custom House, the G.P.O.! They were winning everywhere! Thousands of soldiers had been killed! Thousands of Volunteers had been killed! There was fighting all over the country! and so on. My sister and I were completely puzzled. How could it be that there was a Rising and the Cork Volunteers apparently ignorant of it and inactive? Sean O'Hegarty and the local Volunteers had no information. We could not understand it. My sister decided that she would go to Cork that day, and that I should remain at Tuirin Dubh until she sent me word. She went on the mail car to Macroom, and thence to Cork by train. She made this decision in accordance with an instruction she had received from Tomás MacCurtain previous to Easter Week, that "if there was any trouble" she should remain in the city, be available to assist the families of Volunteers on duty in any way possible, and be a point of contact with which the leaders could get into contact in the city.

I received only a cryptic postcard with no news of any kind, and decided to go home on Thursday. When she met me in Cork at the Macroom station I asked why she had sent no message and she replied: "How could I write and say that the Volunteers had arrested McNeill and Hobson". I thought she had made a slip in saying "Volunteers arrested", and said: "But why should the military arrest MacNeill and Hobson and leave Tom Clarke and Seán MacDermott and Pearse alone?" She answered tersely: "It was not the British that arrested them, it was the Volunteers who arrested their own leaders because they wouldn't consent to the Rising". The shock was so great that I literally fell back against the wall and stared at her in silence. She said, "Pull yourself together and don't let those creatures see the state we are in". The "creatures" were two policemen to whom we were known, and who were leaning up against the opposite wall watching us while grins of amusement passed between them. Back in the house she told me all she knew of MacNeill's cancelling of all parades for Easter Sunday, and the consequent debacle, which is history now. She also told me that Nancy Wyse Power had arrived with a despatch sometime about midnight on Tuesday. We hardly saw Terry during those days and when we did he hardly spoke at all.

On Saturday of Easter Week Mrs Philips, godmother of Donal O'Callaghan, with whom he lived, came to us and said that Terry and Tomás had gone down the country on British passes, that Terry had given the key of the Volunteer Hall to the Bishop, that the Volunteers were locked out and had nowhere to go but the publichouses where they would get drunk, that there would be bad work in the city that night, that there was a rumour among some of the Volunteers that as Terry and Tomás had taken British passes they must be traitors, and they would be shot as such!

Words, needless to say, could not describe the feelings of my sister and myself on hearing this. Mrs. Philips gave us graphic descriptions of the Volunteers locked out of their Hall. *6-11-18* While knowing that her talk was something monstrous and distorted, yet it did not occur to us to doubt her very emphatic declaration that the Hall was closed - for some reason that we could not then know. We decided there was one thing we could do - go to the Bishop and ask him to give us the key of the Volunteer Hall. We told Mrs. Philips we would get the key.

We felt sure we should, and we asked her to get in touch with Sean O'Sullivan, Donal Og O'Callaghan (her informant), Bob Langford, Miss Nora O'Brien (now Mrs. Seán Martin); Miss Madge O'Leary (the authoress of later years) had accidentally called at the same time as Mrs. Phillips and so we asked her, too, to come with the others named and be at our house at 2 o'clock p.m. when we should have the key and discuss the story Mrs. Phillips had brought.

The Bishop was at that time at the South Parish Church, hearing confessions. When we reached the church he happened to be walking in the church-yard and so we saw him at once. We were aware that he was engaged in the negotiations that were afoot during the week, but we were only vaguely aware of their purport. We poured out our story to him, very much as it had been given to us by Mrs. Phillips. He listened to us in silence; then he said that the Volunteers had worked with Terry and Tomás for three years, and that he would not think much of the Volunteers if they could not trust their own leaders out of their sight for a single day. He said that they would be back in the city that night and could tell their own story. We completely forgot to ask him for the key. Later we learnt they had gone, Terry to Tralee and Tomás to Limerick, to discuss the situation with the ^{Volunteer} leaders there. The fight in the G.P.O. was nearing its end. The ^{British} British wanted to represent the Rising as a local disturbance by a few "irresponsibles"; consequently, they were very anxious to prevent "trouble" wherever they could. Captain Dickie, who was negotiating with the Bishop, Lord Laylor and the Volunteers, was very eager to prevent action in Cork and offered to let Terry and Tomás go and interview the Volunteer leaders in these areas so that they might see the impossibility of carrying on a campaign. Terry and Tomás, knowing the weakness of their own position in arms and ammunition, had accepted the offer. (Terry said later they could not have carried on a sustained fight for half a day. Terry also said that if the British had known their position as regards supplies of arms and ammunition, they would not have negotiated at all. They did not know, however, and evidently thought Cork was as well supplied as Dublin. Neither did the Volunteers as a body know the real state of affairs. Some could not understand the coming and going of Captain Dickie and a threat to shoot him had come to the ears of Tomás and Terry, causing them consternation at such a possibility when Captain Dickie was coming unarmed to the Volunteers' Camp as an envoy). If they had boarded a train without passes from the military authorities they would have been arrested. For that reason they took the passes. They were expected that night. Terry found, we learnt later, conditions in Tralee more disastrous than could have been imagined.

We returned home to Grand View Terrace. At 2 o'clock, Mrs. Phillips, Seán O'Sullivan, Donal Og O'Callaghan, Bob Langford, Miss Nora O'Brien and Miss Madge O'Leary came. Then I remembered we had forgotten to get the key from the Bishop and said to Seán O'Sullivan, "Oh, Seán, I never got the key": "What key?", he asked. "The key of the Volunteer Hall", I answered. "The key of the Volunteer Hall", he repeated in a puzzled tone. "Yes", I said, "Mrs Phillips said that Terry gave the key to the Bishop and the Volunteers have nowhere to go and will go into the public houses, that there will be bad work, and that they are calling Terry and Tomas traitors". Seán O'Sullivan looked up with an odd expression on his face and then he spoke: "Terry never gave the key to the Bishop. The Hall has never been closed. There has been an armed guard on it all night. There is one there now. I left the Hall to come here and am going back there. The Volunteers are there all the time". I turned to Mrs. Phillips

and said, "Didn't you say that Terry gave the key of the Volunteer Hall to the Bishop?" She turned to Donal O'g and said, "Donal, didn't you tell me that?" and he answered, "So I was led to believe". I looked at him without comment. He then spoke very critically of the Volunteer leadership in Cork, said that the Volunteers could have been got out of the city very easily during the week, that he had walked up to the top of the Western Road with his rifle under his coat and he was not interfered with. He thought the Volunteers leaders were "three incompetent men in a state of blue funk". Seán O'Sullivan sat through this tirade with a quiet smile on his face but said nothing at all. I pointed out to Donal O'g O'Callaghan that he might be able to walk round town with his rifle under his coat in a group of others, but that was very different to taking a body of armed men into the country with every street corner and cross roads held by military and police. A suggestion that the rifles could have been got out in coffins can hardly have been serious, as the spectacle of a multiplicity of coffins making for the country would have speedily settled the fate of the rifles.

On that Saturday the surrender took place in Dublin and, of course, changed the whole situation. On the following Monday night a meeting was held in the Volunteer Hall, which decided, by a large majority, to give some arms into the custody of the Lord Mayor "until the crisis was over". When Terry was leaving home to go to that meeting we asked him what was going to happen. He said he did not know - anything might - the Hall and all in it might go up in flames that night, and, if it did, he, for one, would not regret it.

Next day, Tuesday, 2nd May, I saw Terry at the Volunteer Hall at 10 a.m. He had told me to meet him at 4 p.m. at the Fountain Bookshop on the Grand Parade, where ^{ended} would have the document - the Agreement ratified the previous night that the British would guarantee to make no attacks on nor arrests of the Volunteers, and the Volunteers would guarantee to take no action and would give some arms to the custody of the Lord Mayor to be held by them as the property of the Volunteers, to be returned to them when the "crisis was over". I understood that I was to take the document and put it somewhere safe. But even then the Agreement was already broken by the British, though Terry was not then aware of it. The arms had been given up as agreed, and on that Tuesday morning, the British had already begun the arrests of all the Volunteers, in violation of the Agreement come to with the Bishop, the Lord Mayor and the Volunteer leaders. But at 10 a.m. when I was with Terry he had no knowledge that arrests had begun. I left him shortly after 10 and returned home. My sister was at St. Angela's High School, teaching.

About 1 p.m. I was reading in the sitting-room in front of the house when, suddenly, a policeman rushed through the front door, which was not closed, shouting, "Where is he? Where is he? He had better come quietly". "So", I said, facing them, "this is the Agreement of the Bishop and the Lord Mayor". They continued to shout "He had better come quietly". Terry was not there but I did not tell them so. Before I could intervene, one of them had terrified the young maid, dragging her into the sitting-room and shouting at her, "Where is Mr. MacSwiney?" She could only cry out, "God's truth, Sir, I don't know". I told them she knew nothing and they had better go and look for themselves. There was no strong competition as to who should lead the way upstairs, they seemed to expect resistance and attack. However, they went and, of course, found nothing.

Terry had told me he was dining at Fred Cronin's house at the Lough at 1 p.m. When they left I sent the maid to St. Angela's to tell my sister of their coming, and that I was going to Fred Cronin's to warn Terry. Terry had not arrived. I left immediately and met Fred en route home. He said the condition of things in the city was appalling. The Volunteers were being dragged out of shops and offices, handcuffed and walked through the streets to the gaol. I said Terry had not arrived at his house and I did not know where he was, I was going into town to get news. I went to the shop of Miss O'Mahony in Washington Street - the place where I expected to find Miss Nora O'Brien. On arrival there, Miss Maire Carey told me she was arrested, so I guessed my sister was also in gaol. Miss O'Brien was Secretary of Cumann-na-mBhan, my sister was President. I went at once to St. Angela's, where the Reverend Mother told me she had been arrested about 11 a.m. From there I went to the Bishop, who lived on the South Terrace. I told his Lordship that this was a matter in which his honour was at stake, that the Volunteers would not have negotiated with the British, nor given their arms to the Lord Mayor, but that he, as Bishop, had been a party to the Agreement, and I repeated again that his honour was at stake. He said grimly, "I know it and I am seeing to it". I met Diarmaid Fawsitt on the steps of the Bishop's house, with a document. He had been with the Bishop and he waved the document exultantly saying, "I have it here - the order for their release has been signed". I knew then that the Bishop had moved quickly and had seen to it that his honour was not besmirched by the double-dealings of the British. With delight and relief I went into town, telling the news everywhere as I went along to every group I passed, for everywhere men stood in gloom and anger at the treachery of the arrests. The good news flew like wild-fire and faces lightened everywhere.

I went immediately to the women's gaol, expecting to find my sister ready to come home, if not already gone, only to be told that no one had heard anything of release; on the contrary, orders had been most stringent; there were to be no letters, no papers or communication. Still I felt they, my sister and Nora O'Brien, would be released too.

Returning to the city and to Miss O'Mahony's shop - the centre of the news - I was just in time to see the first of the prisoners pass down the street from the gaol. One after the other they came along and soon I saw the Bishop himself walk past with Tomás MacCurtain. He had evidently gone himself and waited there with Tomas until the latter testified that the last arrested man had left the gaol. He had, indeed, seen to it that his word was kept. Having watched all pass by, I went again to the women's prison and found that my sister and Nora O'Brien had been released, so back I went to Miss O'Mahony's, to be told that both had gone to our home in Grand View Terrace, and there was no news of Terry.

On the following day, Wednesday, the executions of the men who had fought so gloriously in Dublin began and the horror cast the deepest gloom over all. The evening papers carried the terrible news. About midnight that night messengers came tapping at our window to say that word had come through that the arrests were to begin again and that all who had been arrested were to "go on the run". Accordingly, word was sent to my sister. She said she could not possibly

go "on the run", but would go for the night and get in touch with Tomás MacCurtain next day and explain that such an order could not be meant for her. It was understandable for the Volunteers but would be altogether impracticable for her. If they were going to arrest her, they could do so, but life "on the run" was out of the question for her. We both went to another house that night and next day I went to the home of Tomás MacCurtain to tell him that my sister could not "go on the run". He was astonished at my visit and its cause. He had never heard of the supposed order for the re-arrest and said he would go and enquire where the order she got came from. He asked me to say he would like her to stay where she was until he came. Later he arrived with the news that the order was a mistake. The rumour was due to the fact that an order had come to Cork that the prisoners were not to be released, but all were gone then and they were not re-arrested. Tomás had sent no such order to anyone. While waiting for Tomás's answer I had gone home for letters and found one from Terry from Bandon Military Barracks, where he was held prisoner.

We learned after that Terry, after visiting the Bishop when he heard of the arrests in the city, had gone straight to Fred Cronin's. He did not know until he arrived there (after I had left Fred Cronin's in search of him) that the police had been seeking him at home. Fred Cronin had got a carriage to take his wife and children, ostensibly, for a drive and Terry had lain down on the floor of the carriage. So he had driven to Hyde's of Ballinhassig and from there Seán Hyde led him across the fields to the home of the Hales in Ballinadee, where he was arrested on 3rd May, 1916.

He was released at Christmas, 1916. Alice Cashel, who was staying with us at the time, and who had just returned from Canada through the United States ~~and~~ had seen John Devoy. She said that John Devoy had said that the Germans had carried out all the promises they had given. Terry expressed great astonishment at this statement and said that it could not be so. When she repeated the remark and said that John Devoy was emphatic on this point, Terry said: "Then, in that case, we were badly deceived somewhere, as we were led to believe that not only would there be as much stuff as we could use but the difficulty would be to know what to do with what we wouldn't use; and we expected German Officers, in addition, to officer campaigns". Alice only repeated: "Well, that's what John Devoy said, anyhow".

New York

SIGNED: *Eric MacSweeney*

DATE: *17th October 1948*

WITNESS: *Florence Donohue*

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