ROINN COSANTA.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 639

Witness

Major Maurice Donegan,
Sunview,
Bandon,
Co. Cork.

Identity.

Member of Bantry Company, Irish Vol's., Co.Cork, 1916 - ;

Vice O/C. 5th Battalion, Cork III Brigade, and later O/C. do.

Subject.

(a) Irish Volunteers, Bantry, 1916-1921;

(b) Raid on British Naval M.L. at Bantry, 17/11/1919;

(c) Military activities, West Cork, 1919-1921.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil

File No S.986.

Form B S M 2

ORIGINAL

STATEMENT OF MAJOR MAURICE DONEGAN, SUNVIEW, BANDON, CO. CORK. O.C. 5th (BANTRY) BATTALION, CORK III BRIGADE.

In the first instance, the inspiration towards working for independence through the medium of the Irish Volunteers may have come from the group of Bantry townsmen, persons of standing and substance there and fairly well advanced in years, i.e. in the thirties, who were in authority in the Volunteers in Bantry from the inception of the organisation in 1913, even up to 1916. In fact, some of them marched out to Kealkil in Easter Week but nothing happened there. It could not, indeed, for the Volunteers had not the arms with which to achieve anything. Subsequently, these men dropped out when activities developed and the field was left clear for the young men.

I joined the Volunteers in 1916. I was sixteen years old then and I was in the Bantry Company until my time came to go to the Training College - the De La Salle College in Waterford - in 1917. Prior to this, most of our time in the Bantry Company was occupied in parades and drills with an odd lecture. I helped in making pikes, too. During the Waterford bye-election early in 1918, following on the death of John Redmond, things were very hot and there were many tussles between the College students who to a man supported the Sinn Fein candidate, Dr. White, and the Redmondites, especially the Ballybricken pig buyers. I, myself, spent a few days in hospital after getting a blow of a bottle on one of these occasions.

On the advent of conscription in April, 1918, the College was closed and all the students were sent home. I applied myself to Volunteer work and remember how the Bantry Company swelled to a strength of 200. It did not stay long that way, however, for when the threat of conscription was withdrawn, those who had joined up, perhaps for safety reasons, dwindled away. I remained with the Company until a peremptory summons from the College brought me back there to resume my studies.

Ralph Keyes' house in Bantry was the centre towards which we in the Volunteers gravitated and his mother, a fine woman, was an inspiration to us in many undertakings. Keyes was O.C. Bantry Company then and I worked away under him till I had to return to College. Finished there, I went to the Irish College in Ballingeary and I left there in August, 1919. In the same month, I think, from the 13th to the 20th, was held the Camp at Glandore - the first Volunteer training camp in County Cork. Representatives of the different areas in West Cork were there and I attended along with Ralph Keyes and Sean Lehane. We felt now that we were part of a bigger scheme of things than just members of a local Company when we contacted the other area representatives and when we saw that training was carried out by G.H.Q. Officers from Dublin. Dick McKee was in charge of the Camp and Gearoid O'Sullivan was there, also Leo Henderson, while engineering, I think, was conducted by a man called MacMahon.

One morning we woke up to find the Camp surrounded by R.I.C. and British troops and a search was carried out and eventually they brought away under arrest about four or five, including Gearoid O'Sullivan, Bernie O'Driscoll and a man from Scotland named McKenzie. Anyway, we continued with our training until the Camp

broke up at the end of the week and later a number of us met again at Caheragh when the Cork Brigade was divided into three and we in Bantry found ourselves part of the 5th Battalion of the Cork III Brigade. Ted O'Sullivan was appointed O.C. 5th Battalion and I was made Vice O.C.

On November 17th, 1919, there was carried out what was a very important operation in Bantry, to wit, a raid on a British Naval M.L. - a submarine chaser - and which resulted in securing ten rifles, ten revolvers and plenty of ammunition. There used be a number of these M.Is. based in Bantry Bay and operating along the south west coast. On the night in question this particular one was moored alongside Bantry pier, an extension beyond the railway station, against the advice of the local R.I.C. It was a dangerous job to carry out as once out on the pier there was no escape should our plan miscarry as there was a combined R.I.C. and military patrol in the town and we would find ourselves cut off.

A volunteer working on the "Princess Beara", the ship that plied between Bantry and Castletownbere, gave us an idea of the layout of the M.L., where the crew's quarters were, where the magazine was, and so forth. I planned the operation and it was carried out in this way. We arranged the whole matter in Keyes' house and employed about a dozen men, all members of the Bantry Company. Two were at the Station to act as watchers for the town patrol, a party was detailed as carriers located on the strand near the pier to come when called by the two watchers, and four of us went down the pier sauntering two and two, as the townspeople often did, and watching our opportunity saw the sentry on deck go down into the crew's quarters. We crept down the pier steps, got on board and I covered the crew in their cabin with one of the two revolvers we had and told them to keep quiet or they would all be shot. We battered down the entrance to a deck cabin and then broke open the magazine and quickly took out the revolvers, rifles and boxes of ammunition. In the meantime the watchers had summoned the carrier party, our captures were passed up to them and warning the crew not to move for an hour we made our way off the pier and along the beach round the northern and eastern side of the town to the school at the southern side.

Our intention was to hide the arms and ammunition in a loft in the school but the ladder we secured for the purpose would not reach the whole way and in any case we were interrupted by the Master, who, suspicious when he thought he saw a light, came and interrupted us. Before we left the school we heard a bugle sound the alarm in the barracks only a short distance away, but we managed to get across a fence through the cemetery and into the church grounds. There, Ralph Keyes' father, who was sexton, was no way backward in providing a hiding place for our spoils. Some of us, to throw off suspicion, for a short time attended a dance in the town and left eventually to get home to bed. Our operation started about 8 p.m. and I was in bed at eleven. Shortly after, a knocking came to the door and our house was raided by R.I.C. The R.I.C. Intelligence Officer with them, a Sergeant, spoke scathingly to my father of the Naval men who, despite his warning to them, kept their craft tied up at the pier instead of mooring her out in the harbour. The Intelligence Officer apparently connected me with the raid that night: in

fact, said he knew I was on it, but, of course, he had no proof and I was left unmolested. There were no arrests made in connection with the operation at all. The capture of these rifles was a great fillip to our morale in the Battalion and, in fact, without them the Kilmichael Ambush could not have been carried out in the following year. In fact, too, it gave an impetus to all the subsequent activities of the West Cork Flying Column.

At the beginning of 1920 I went to Carrick-on-Suir teaching and I remember coming home for the Easter Holidays in March, 1920 - it was the 28th March, and I stepped off the train at Bantry Station, dressed up to kill in a bowler hat and low shoes, only to be met by two of the lads who told me there was to be an attack on Durrus Police Barracks that night. I discarded my bowler for an old cap and went off to see Ted Sullivan who put me in charge of the party which was to carry out the frontal attack on the barracks. Durrus is six miles from Bantry but the way we went was nine and my low shoes suffered during the whole eighteen miles of the double journey. I and two others, all armed with the rifles from the M.L. occupied a post in a grain loft opposite the Barracks and we kept up a covering fire while Ted O'Sullivan and Seán Lehane from the house next the barracks battered a hole through the roof with sledges and poured in petrol, setting the building on fire. The fire did not spread, however, and we had to evacuate our position before the dawn came in order to evade any reinforcements which might be on their way from Bantry in response to the Verey lights the R.I.C. had sent up. We had no casualties but we found out afterwards that a couple of the R.I.C. were wounded. The attack gained one of its objects, anyway, for a few days afterwards the barracks was evacuated, this being one enemy outpost the less in the area. As far as I was concerned, this meant no more home coming for me.

I was "on the run" now and Seán Lehane's house in the country served the same purpose as had Ralph Keyes' in the town. One day, 22nd June, when about a mile from Lehane's house we spotted a cycle patrol of five R.I.C. on the road to Durrus and we hastily made our way to the dump near Lehane's and secured the five rifles and one shot-gun which were there. There were six of us - the three Lehane brothers, Tom Ward, a man called O'Leary and myself - and we had decided to ambush the patrol on its way back to Bantry. I was in charge of the job and we moved quickly. We had a mile to go from the dump to a suitable position along the road. This was at a place called Aghagoheen and there we took cover. When the patrol was coming back in tactical formation we allowed the leading cyclist to pass and opened fire on the next two. One was killed and the other wounded. The two R.I.C. about 30 yards in the rere dropped off their machines as they came under fire, one being slightly wounded. They took cover, however, among the rocks on the hillside and opened fire on us. Fire was kept up by both sides for some time without result and we eventually retired on account of the possibility of assistance coming to the enemy from Bantry.

That night the R.I.C. got drunk and ran amok in Bantry. They shot a cripple boy as he lay in bed with the crucifix in his hands; they threw a bomb into my house, burned down another house and attempted to do the same with two others. We were not

dissatisfied with our part in carrying on the war and that day secured one police carbine in addition to inflicting the casualties mentioned.

In West Cork we were very short of explosives except for black powder which is really a localised explosive, so we determined to raid the lighthouse at Mizen Head where a considerable quantity of guncotton and tonite was kept, made up in small cylinders for use as fog signals and flares. To get to the Mizen we had to pass close to Brow Head just to the South and where there was a military post connected up with the lighthouse by telephone. The raid was carried out on 3rd August, 1920. There were about twelve of us and we got to our objective without alarming the military, held up the three lighthouse keepers and dismantled the 'phone. It was the severest physical test I was ever put to, carrying a hundredweight box of guncotton or tonite up a steep ascent of about one hundred steps to the top of the hill overlooking the lighthouse. We all had to do this and every man had to carry, one box at a time, the full complement of explosives that was in the lighthouse and we each had to make several such trips. We got all the stuff away in a lorry we had brought for the purpose and eventually stowed away safely in a prepared dump. We disposed of the cylinders in which the guncotton and tonite were packed and the explosives themselves were those used in all the mines subsequently prepared for our war against the British in West Cork.

Up to this I was Vice O.C. Bantry Battalion and early in August I was appointed O.C. Battalion when Ted Sullivan was made Vice O.C. Brigade. At my first Battalion Council meeting I arranged for several jobs to be carried out. One was to be at Glengarriff and I was going in charge of this myself; another at Drimoleague and another in Bantry. The latter job I detailed to Ralph Keyes, O.C. Bantry Company. It was the elimination of two obnoxious young R.I.C. men named Haugh and Power who by their overbearing manner and brutal conduct had the town of Bantry terrorised. It was said that Haugh it was who had shot the cripple - young Crowley - in bed. Anyway, these two were in the raid on the Crowley house. At all events, I ordered Keyes to have them wiped out before I came back from the Glengarriff job and he did it, actually on the same date, August 26th.

Four of his Company, including himself, armed with revolvers and shotguns, posted themselves behind a wall running along a high flight of steps leading up to the police barracks, which had been taken over and the barracks in the town evacuated some time before as it was in a better position on the hill overlooking Bantry and right beside the military barracks, which was the Workhouse. The job was particularly dangerous for Keyes and his three men as the position they took up was practically overlooked from the military barracks. They got into their places in the darkness of the night and when morning came waited while certain of the R.I.C. including the notorious Haugh and Power passed down the steps and on into the town. On their return they were fired on as they came up the steps. Haugh was killed instantly, a shotgun accounting for him, but Power escaped. However, this daring operation had its effect and while Haugh was definitely cut short in his career, no more trouble was given to the townspeople after that day by Power.

As regards the Glengarriff job, we crossed from a cove east of Bantry town to Glengarriff just before Fair Day there, August 26th. There were six of us and we were armed with some of the rifles we had captured off the British M.L. Our intention was to ambush the R.I.C. patrol which always did duty in the streets on Fair Day. Owing to an unfortunate mishap in the starting up of the motor-boat we were delayed for hours and it was coming on to four o'clock in the morning when we arrived off Garnish Island. We were simply ravenous with hunger and we decided to land and see if anything could be got to eat. We went silently up to a small house in the island where a light was showing and I remember peeping in through the window and seeing an old bearded man, known to everyone as Mike Garnish, sitting at the fire and a huge pot on the fire before him. We tapped at the door and went in. Mike was frightened at first but we soon made him at ease and he gave us almost too plentiful helpings of the contents of the pot. It was full of sprats and I felt after this meal as if I had eaten millions of them.

We continued on eventually in the motor boat and once at Glengarriff we posted a couple of men behind the graveyard wall at the end of the village street where the road forks for Kenmare and Castletownbere. Some of us acted as a covering party and when during the fair the police patrol appeared fire was opened on them and one was killed and another wounded. Our party made off to an arranged assembly place in the hills south-east of the village, having made sure there was no pursuit. It was not till later that the police attempted retaliation as we were told by a young Kenmare man named O'Sullivan, who had been visiting friends in Glengarriff prior to his departure for Boston, that he was fired on crossing the Church wall along the Kenmare road and had his coat nearly ripped off him by the bullets from the police weapons. Our ambush was successful in more than just inflicting casualties as shortly after the police barracks at Glengarriff was evacuated.

Having been very successful so far in our operations I was determined that we should strike a blow at the British Military as distinct from the R.I.C. whom up to the present we had engaged in every action we had been concerned in. The night we crossed from Bantry to Glengarriff, as described in the previous paragraph, we brought with us an amount of the explosives we had secured in the raid on the Mizen Head lighthouse. I intended to construct a road mine for use in an attack upon troops travelling on the Bantry-Castletownbere road. About once a week three lorry loads of them left Bantry for Castletownbere - with business with the garrison on Bere Island and the post at Furious Pier on the mainland. The three lorries used return in the evening and we had decided to attack them on their return journey and had selected what we considered a very suitable spot. This was between Glengarriff and Bantry where the road makes an exceedingly sharp bend passing over Snave Bridge at the intersection of the Coomhola road with the main road. The three approaches to the bridge are dominated by high ground along each road with no cover on the sea side and I had picked a point on the Bantry side of the bridge as a place to plant our mine and positions on the high ground around for our men to open the attack on the lorries when

the mine would go off under the leading one. The mine was constructed of two earthenware pipes about 9" in diameter bolted together by an iron rod running through their centres and secured by end plates. The inside of the pipes, which together measured about 6 feet long, was packed with guncotton and iron scrap.

This formidable weapon was loaded on a horse and crib with two sheep as cover and conveyed with one man in charge from the Glengarriff locality en route to Snave Bridge about three miles distant, while the ambush party moved by another route to an assembly point on the high ground south of the bridge, pending the arrival of the mine and its burial in the selected spot on the roadway. Of course, the operation was only commenced after the lorries had passed on to Glengarriff on their way to Castletownbere. The luck was against us, however, for as the horse and crib with the mine was nearing Snave Bridge, our look-out men to the West gave the alarm that the three lorries were racing back from Glengarriff. The man in charge of the mine went up the Coomhola Road but did not escape as the British troops dismounted and went after him and captured both man and mine. They advanced upon the high ground and their superiority in numbers and in fire power drove us away. We had no casualties, save the one prisoner and our carefully prepared mine, but our operation was spoiled and we felt something in the nature of an affront. It was said later that the Protestant Minister at Glengarriff had notified the British troops on their arrival there of what he had regarded as suspicious movements by a number of men near there that morning and their departure in the direction of Snave, and this was the means of our failure. It was never proved that this particular man was really the informant of the British but we believed that someone in Glengarriff did tell them.

A British Officer who examined the captured mine subsequently declared that if it had been set off its effects would have been felt over a comparatively wide area and would certainly have accounted for the first lorry.

I had the misfortune to be captured in November, 1920. This particular morning we had got Mass and Holy Communion and for those "on the run" it was difficult enough at times to do this. Four of us after leaving the chapel at Durrus started off in a car and soon realised that British troops were carrying out a big comb out of the countryside. We were unarmed so endeavoured as best we could to avoid running into a cordon. Avoiding this, we managed to turn up a quiet, narrow road, but, unfortunately for us, even this way out had not been overlooked by the enemy, for some distance up we ran into a bunch of soldiers. Abandoning the car we tried to make our escape and were fired on. Only by throwing ourselves flat did we avoid the bullets and we were quickly surrounded and had the mortification of being hauled off as prisoners to the military barracks - Bantry Workhouse. Here we were lodged in a galvanized iron hut attached to and in front of the guardroom and that night the R.I.C. from their barracks alongside tried to get at us, but the British Sergeant in charge of us - Nash by name and married to an Irishwoman - turned out the Guard and drove off the R.I.C.

We were evidently regarded as important prisoners for in about a fortnight's time we were conveyed out to a cruiser, no less, lying in Bantry Bay, and brought round by sea to Cobh. Here

we were transferred to a smaller craft and brought up river to Cork and to Victoria Barracks. On the way to the Barracks we had a pretty savage escort of military. One of them had had a brother recently shot in Cork and an elderly bearded prisoner along with us came in for very brutal treatment from this Tommy and his comrades. They used the butts of their rifles on the unfortunate. Strangely enough, the four of us were not molested by them at all.

In due course, our captors, who apparently could pin nothing definite on us (I went by the name of Fitzpatrick, by the way, and managed to hide my real identity) shipped us down river again, this time in a destroyer and off to Ballykinlar Camp on the shores of Dundrum Bay in Co. Down. There was a good number of prisoners on board and we were all put below decks. It was the middle of Winter and the destroyer, as it rushed northward through the Irish Sea, rolled dreadfully. Most of us were frightfully sick and I, for one, did not really recover till I found myself inside the cage of No. 1 Camp at Ballykinlar after walking the three miles from the railway station.

Before our arrival at the Camp, however, actually when we were landed on the quays of Belfast, we came in for the unwelcome attentions of the Orangemen assembled there and a number of prisoners suffered from blows of iron bars from this crowd as they sat packed in lorries before moving off through the city streets to the station. One prisoner named O'Sullivan was later removed to a Mental Hospital as a result of a blow on the head received at Belfast at this time. It seems extraordinary to me now to recall the bitterness and vindictiveness with which these bigots regarded us and the look of absolute unreasoning hate on their faces.

In Ballykinlar we endeavoured to pass the time as best we would to keep up our morale by organising the usual sports, educational classes, etc., As part of our policy in trying to make things as difficult for the enemy as possible, we carried on obstructionism as much as we could, so as to try and compel the British Government to keep pinned down as large a garrison as possible to keep guard over us, with, as we hoped, less troops free to take the field against our comrades still carrying on the fight throughout the country.

We had a really excellent tunnel constructed starting from my hut No. 2, which was situated near the barbed wire fence. The tunnel penetrated right under the roadway outside and extended for over one hundred yards. The surface of the military road was only one and a half feet over the top of the tunnel. It was walled and propped up with bed-boards according as the earth was excavated and sent back on a trolley running on rails and might have been the means of a mass escape eventually. Having discovered a tunnel in one of the Curragh internment camps the British thought that perhaps a tunnel might also be in progress in Ballykinlar, so they sent in a Company of Engineers who dug a trench right round the cage in the death-walk and, therefore, discovered our secret.

I was Camp Commandant at the time as Paddy Colgan of Maynooth who had held this position before me, had some time previously

been moved to No. 2 Camp. Consequently, as prisoners' representative and apparently regarded by the British as being solely responsible for all their actions, I was hauled up before an imposing array of Officers. My defence was that I could not have eyes and ears to be aware of everything that went on and severe cross-examination could not shake me. At length I was brought up one day before Colonel Jones, the British Commandant of the Camp at the time, and, there being no one else present, he informed me that being unable to get anywhere with his enquiry he had decided to wash the whole matter out. I was much relieved.

A tunnel on such an ambitious scale was now out of the question as the deep trench right round the Camp along the death walk (so called as it was the space between the two high barbed wire fences which enclosed us as it were within a cage) made escape in this way impossible. This space was overlooked by sentries in elevated posts erected at different points along the boundary fences and so, unless clad in kharki and belonging to the garrison, it was death to be caught there.

However, opportunity gave us another method by which to try to get out. I was able one day to visit Paddy Colgan while he was a patient in the hospital,which was situated in No. 1 Camp, and he asked me was I willing to try and escape disguised as a British Tommy and he told me how this might be done. I was game for this, though it was certainly dangerous, and when Colgan produced two kharki uniforms and caps I knew he was not joking. Now there were no Unit badges on the caps, or markings, or, indeed hardly any buttons on the tunics so we were certainly taking a chance, but of course anything short of suicide was worth trying to get out.

One evening after roll call we emerged from one of the isolation huts situated near the gate, having previously placed two dummies "asleep" in our respective beds in our own huts. We had the shabby old uniforms on over our own clothes and maybe we looked like two Tommies who had been into the prisoners' Camp on some fatigue job. Anyway, we followed the Officer of the day and his escort (they were simply counting off then and our recumbent figures in bed had presumably been included) and when we got to the gate they had gone through we waited our turn to be let out, first, through the inner one which was carefully locked by the N.C.O. with the keys before the other was opened. It was an anxious few moments, which seemed years, as we stood in the death walk waiting for the outer gate to be unlocked. At last we were through and no questions asked and we found ourselves walking down the road outside the cage. We were free men - almost. Almost, but not quite.

I walked along towards the perimeter of the Camp with Colgan following a few yards behind. I got round a corner and suddenly I was challenged by a sentry. Just then an Officer came along and I remembered to salute him. I hesitated for an almost perceptible moment and then my hand came up smartly to the peak of my cap. It was not quite dark but still he did not seem to notice anything unusual about me. He acknowledged my salute and said "Good-night". "Good-night, Sir", I replied, and continued on my

way. The sentry who had just challenged me previously was apparently satisfied with the Officer's acceptance of my salute. I was very nervous, however, for fear Colgan would never think of saluting, for he was out of sight of me when I met the Officer. I glanced back as he came round the corner into view and to my immense relief he saluted the officer as he passed.

Away from the Camp we joined forces again and then with a number of soldiers going on local leave we boarded a ferry and crossed the water to the village of Dundrum. We went down the village street and I felt the way was clear straight through to Dublin. Suddenly, who should I see standing on the edge of the footpath but C.Q.M.S. Farrell, an Irishman and the N.C.O. i/c of the coalyard at Ballykinlar Camp. Through Joe McGrath, then a prisoner in No. 1 Camp, he was our contact with our friends outside, and in fact was our despatch carrier. He was well paid for it and yet somehow I had always felt doubtful about his trustworthiness. I had said as much to McGrath but he had laughed it off.

I looked at Farrell and saw that, now as always, he was pretty drunk. With all that he recognised us. "How did you get out of the cage ?" he asked. "We crawled under the wire", I said, for I did not want to disclose the real manner of our escape. We asked him where we could get a car and, full of helpfulness, he led the way to Savage's Garage and we were soon being driven in the direction of Dublin, having discarded the old uniforms and appearing now like two respectable citizens.

On through the night we travelled and the road that I thought was clear for us even had we wanted to get as far as the Mizen we suddenly found barred near Gormanston Camp. Here a lorry was drawn across our way and we were called on to halt and then surrounded by police and military. Paddy Colgan was pounced on but I tried to brazen it out by saying I was a cattle dealer making for the morning boat to Holyhead and asking not to be delayed. "Sure, you might as well give that up. We know who you are, alright", said the voice of a R.I.C. man and I knew the game was up.

We were conveyed back right away to the military barracks at Drogheda and here we were left in an open lorry on the Square all night with four sentries on guard over us, one at each corner of the lorry. We had one relief, however, for during the course of the night an officer came over to the lorry and said, "Hard luck, Fitzpatrick. You made a good try for it anyway". It was Captain Mathiesson, a Scotsman, who had formerly been British I.O. at Ballykinlar and who was an exceptionally decent sort. Now he brought us, sentries and all, over to the Canteen and stood us a drink.

In a few day's time we were brought over to an office and here we were confronted by Captain Farrar, the officer who had succeeded Mathiesson as I.O. He was a poor type and now he showed it as he abused us for our escape. Of course, having got clear away from Ballykinlar Camp we had fooled him, the one member of the British Camp Staff who should anticipate and prevent such things, and he was in for the rap.

We were brought out on the Square again and mounted on a

lorry and as we waited there with a big escort of troops and Auxiliaries around us, Captain Mathiesson came across and stretching up shook hands with us and said he hoped we would meet some time under happier circumstances. In such a situation, it was a daring thing for a British Officer to do, and I never forgot either that incident or his kindness to us during the night.

We started off with our large escort, not forgetting Captain Farrar, and duly arrived back at Ballykinlar Camp, where we were kept in solitary confinement for about six weeks. Tried by Courtmartial, we were brought to Belfast Gaol to serve a sentence of six months' hard labour. I should add that the driver of the car we got in Dundrum was detained only a short while and then released, being regarded apparently as quite ignorant of our real identity as escaped Republican prisoners.

From the course that events took after our escape I was convinced that we were given away. The obvious knowledge on the part of those who held us up near Gormanston as to our identity convinced me of that and, if it was not enough, a remark of a R.I.C. man to me in Belfast Gaol clinched it. "You were mad to think you could do it. You weren't gone an hour when the authorities knew all about it."

Signed: M Donegan

Witnessed: [signature] Lt Col.

Date: 28/1/52.