ROINN COSANTA.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 779 (Section 3)

Witness

Robert Brennan,
42 Lower Dodder Road,
Rathfarnham,
Dublin.

Identity.

Acting Comd't. Wexford Brigade, Irish Vol's. 1916;
O/C. Sinn Fein Press Bureau, 1918-1921;
Under Sec. Foreign Affairs, Dail Eireann, 1921-'22;
Irish Minister at Washington, 1938-1947.

Subject.

Text of his book "Allegiance" with some additional notes.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil

File No. S.537

After breakfast, they all rached out to the exercise yard and I got a chance to distribute the papers in the various cells. When they came in for dinner, there was an uproar. One of the first to burst in on me was McEntee.

"Dev has escaped," he said.

"Didn't I tell you that hours ago?"

"But you were only codding. Here it is in the papers."

I pointed out sadly that they were willing to believe the English papers while they could not believe me.

That night the Governor stopped me on the bridge.

"That was very sad news we had this morning," he said.

I looked very astonished.

"I mean, you boys have my sympathy. That a leader should desert his followers is terrible."

"You're speaking of de Valera?"

"Yes, I think it was mean of him to escape and desert his men."

"Yes," I said, grinning openly, "it's very sad."

"I know," he said, "none of you gentlemen would think of doing that."

"It's the last thing we'd think of," I said and went back to making my rope.

This rope I had been making for many weeks. It was the outcome of a survey we had made of the prison in the hope

of happening on some means of escape. One day, when a hand-ball had gone over a wall into the adjoining yard, Griffith surprised us all by the ease with which he scaled the ten-foot wall on which there was apparently no foothold. He had amazingly strong muscular arms, which he attributed to his early gymnastic training and his regular daily swim. From the upper windows in our quarters, we could see a corner of the outer exercise ground where the walls made an acute angle and A.G. confessed he would have no trouble in scaling the sixteen foot wall at this angle. Outside, at a distance of ten or twelve feet from the wall, was a tall telegraph pole, conveniently fitted with metal steps for the repair men. Our plan was that A.G. having got out of his cell and out of the building by means which we were to devise, would scale the wall, make fast a rope to one of the spikes on top and, in case there was some obstacle like a moat outside, lasso the telegraph pole to which he would cross, hand over hand, along the rope. Physically he was quite capable of doing this. Another length of rope from the top of the wall to the exercise rgound would enable any of the rest of us who could get out, to follow. Without waiting for the other details to be worked out, I decided to make the rope. I had got up early one morning at Pierce McCann's urging, to have an early morning cold bath in another wing of the prison.

Pierce andJoe McBride went through this ritual every morning, even when the snow was on the ground. Concealed under my clothing, I had brought back from the baths one of the heavy, coarse linen towels. I found that cut into strips and plaited sixfold, it made an excellent rope. Thereafter, I went to the baths three or four mornings each week, bringing back each time a couple of towels. My rope was nearing the prescribed fifty feet in length when the dreadful flu epidemic struck the prison.

One evening I was talking to my friendly warder and I found him very depressed. The 'flu had reached the city, he said, and people were dying like flies. He feared he would take it and that he would not survive. He was a big, strong, healthy fellow and I tried to laugh him out of his fears. He refused to be comforted and he wondered what would happen to his wife and five young children if he was taken away. When he was locking up for the night I tried to rally his spirits but he shook his head dolefully as he bade me good-night. Next day he did not turn up and we learned that he had died at four o'clock that morning. As soon as he had reached home he was taken ill and he never rallied. The same day we saw one of the lags being carried out on a stretcher and that night Tom Hunter was down with the dread disease. He was taken off to the hospital and one by one several of the lads followed. The air of the prison stank

with the odour of the plague. By the doctor's order, we were allowed to exercise in a larger ground where we could play rounders and we were served with doses of a particularly potent tonic each evening just before lock up time. On the second night of this performance, J.K. O'Reilly, a genial, elderly man who loved to hear the resounding echoes of his fine baritone voice in the prison hall, indignantly protested against taking the tonic, stating that the doctor had ordered him a glass of whiskey instead. He had a slight stammer and we never could make out whether it was genuine or whether he merely used it for effect - and it could be very effective.

"Wh -where's my whiskey?" he asked indignantly.

The orderly explained that he had heard nothing about the whiskey, whereupon J.K. protested violently, and we all backed him up. The warders were all grouped around waiting impatiently to lock up, so that they could go off duty.

"Come on, boys," said one of them, "into your cells."

A.G. said it was outrageous to expect us to go into our cells when one of our men had not got the medicine the doctor ordered.

"Wh - where's my whiskey?" repeated J.K.

"I don't know anything about it," said the doctor's orderly.

"I know," said J.K. "You d - drank it."

The orderly now became indignant and there ensued a heated argument in the course of which, the chief warder, urgently summoned, came on the scene. He tried, in vain, to get us to retire quietly.

"It's no use arguing," said J.K. "Wh-where's my whiskey?"

"I know nothing about it," said the chief warder.

"I know," said J.K.

"He drank it," we all said.

The chief warder, a usually mild-mannered man, got very mad and begged us not to compel him to use force. A.G., who was thoroughly enjoying the scene, said very sternly that the threat to use force was outrageous and one that would have to be reported. He said the doctor should be brought on the scene. Finally, the chief warder said he would send for the doctor and, while we were waiting for him, we decided to beguile the time with an impromptu concert, to which J.K. contributed with "In Cellar Cool." After a while, a warder came to say that the doctor was not at home and, when pressed for information, he added that he had gone to a dance which was somewhere ten miles off.

"It's disgraceful," said A.G., "that this man should go off wining and dining and dancing while we are here hovering between life and death. Why should he not be sent for?"

The Chief Warder decided, very much against his will, to send for the Governor and the latter appeared wearing an overcoat over a dinner jacket. He was very worried and frightened but he tried to bluster. He admitted, however, that he knew the doctor had ordered J.K. a glass of whiskey, but there were certain formalities to be gone through before he could procure it. We pointed out that the prescription had been made out two days previously and there was no excuse for the delay. The Governor started a long explanation, but J.K. pulled him up by starting the formula all over again:

"Wh - where's my whiskey?" he asked.

"I'm trying to explain," said the Governor.

"I know," said J.K.

"He drank it," we said.

The Governor took this quite seriously. He pointedly asked A.G. if he thought he had taken the whiskey.

"Well," said A.G. judicially, "we are willing to consider any evidence to the contrary."

The Governor stormed and pointed out that it was now ten o'clock, two hours beyond the lock-up time.

"That's another thing," said A.G. "We should not be locked up at all while this epidemic lasts."

The Governor, fearing further demands, suddenly capitulated.

"I'm going to do an unprecedented thing," he said, "I'll

supply a glass of whiskey from the prison stores without waiting for - "

The rest of what he had to say was drowned in a very hearty cheer. If the poor man had had any sense, he would have gone off and brought back a glass of whiskey and that would have been the end of the incident. Instead, however, he went to his own office and brought out a full bottle of whiskey from which he proceeded to measure out J.K.'s jorum. The moment I saw the bottle, I slipped over to Sean McEntee.

"Sean," I asked, quietly, "didn't someone send you a bottle of whiskey for Christmas, which you did not get?"

"Sure," he said.

"Well, take a look at the label on that bottle," I said.

"Right enough," said Sean. He stepped to the Governor's side and took the bottle from him.

"This is Dunville's whiskey, Belfast," said he. "Where did you get it?"

The Governor began to stammer.

"This is my whiskey," said Sean, "it was sent to me at Christmas."

"I was keeping it for you till you were to be released," said the Governor, who was now behaving like a bad little boy caught stealing the jam. We all crowded around.

"And how dare you give Sean McEntee's whiskey to J.K.?"

"It's all right, boys," said Sean, "go and get your mugs."

So we got our mugs and made a grand night of it because, fortunately, the majority of the fellows were teetotallers.

One morning, while the flu raged, when our numbers had been reduced by one-half, A.G. did not turn up for breakfast. I went to his cell and found him half awake. One glance showed me he had it.

"How are you feeling?"

"I'm all right," he said, starting to get up.

"Stay where you are," I said. "I'll bring you your breakfast.

"No, I'm getting up," he said.

My eye caught the tonic bottle the orderly had left the night before. It was empty.

"What happened this?" I asked.

"I drank it in the night."

"All of it?"

"Yes."

"You were to take only three tablespoons a day."

"Well, if a spoonful is good, a bottle is better," he said, trying to grin. "That's the stuff to give 'em."

In spite of all I could say he got up and came down to the table. The lads, appalled at his ghastly appearance, tried to prevail on him to go back to bed, but he refused and, when they persisted, he got cross and said he was all

right. It was obvious that he had a high fever, but he came out on the exercise ground and even tried to play a game of rounders. He gritted his teeth and put the thing over him on his feet. In three days he was his old normal self. When the fellows began to twit him with having worn an overcoat for the first time, he neatly diverted the conversation, saying:

"I think Bob Brennan should tell us the story of the man who never wore an overcoat."

And I, always glad to be called on for a story, complied.

It was a man from Belfast who never wore an overcoat, the reason being that he could not afford one. A tactless friend of his, whom we will call Jim, happened to remark one day, in his clipped northern accent:

"Ah notice, Tom, that you never wer an overcoat."

"No," said Tom, "Ah never was."

Jim, who was rather slow in his mental processes, kept thinking of this reply on his way home. He said to himself over and over "You never wer" - "No, Ah never was."

"Well, well," he said, "that's a clever one. He knew what Ah meant all right, but he pretended to misunderstand me. 'You never wer' - 'No, Ah never was'. Ha, ha, that's a good one."

By the time he got home, he thought the joke so good

that he decided to try it out on someone else, so he went out without his overcoat next day, and though it was rather cold, no one said anything to him about it. He went without an overcoat the following day, although it was raining, and still no one said anything to him. So he continued to go without an overcoat in the hail, rain, sleet and snow and during storms and thunder and lightning, and still no one said anything to him. At last, when eight years had passed, and when he had become quite accustomed to going without an overcoat, a friend said to him one day:

"Ah notice, Jim, that you never wer an overcoat."

"No," replied Jim, "right enough, ah never do."

One day about this time, I got a letter from Harry Boland which puzzled me. It was a long letter, written on a double sheet of ruled foolscap, one page and a half covered with writing. What I could not understand was why Harry had written it. There was practically no news in it and it was quite unlike Harry to do something that had no meaning. I read the letter to A.G., and Joe and they were equally puzzled. Suddenly the truth dawned on me. I recalled having told Harry once of a simple method of writing in invisible ink. You took a new pen and dipped it into your mouth and wrote with the saliva. When it dried there

was no trace of handwriting, but if you spilled ink over the paper, what you had written appeared white in the black background. I spilled a bottle of ink over the blank space in the letter and there was Harry's message:

"We want to arrange Griffith's escape. You are to come out on parole on account of your father's illness so we can fix up plans."

I showed the message to A.G. and it was decided I should apply for parole at once. I had received by the same post a letter from my mother telling me my father was very ill, as indeed he was, and enclosing a doctor's certificate. I left the prison next day, taking with me all my possessions, for I had an idea I might not be coming back. The rope, however, I gave to Joe McGuinness and he afterwards brought it out with him.

On my journey home, I again had a long time to spend in Birmingham. I found the name of Peter Moloney's firm in a directory and made my way to the place. From the street I walked straight into a factory, where a lot of girls were working at benches. A young woman looked at me doubtfully when I asked for Mr. Moloney and she went off to make enquiries, while the girls amused themselves discussing me openly and very frankly. One of them thought I would be better for a haircut, and this led to further and more ribald remarks, until a young Amazon with luminous, homely features

and flaming red hair, took me under her protection and told them to lay off.

"He's mine, anyway," she said. - "I saw him first. "You needn't be afraid of them," she added, "I won't let them touch you."

The others warned me not to trust her, said that her reputation was not spotless and that all she sought was my moral downfall, only those were not the words they used. I was very glad, indeed, to get out of the place when the young woman returned and told me I should go to the managing director's office in another quarter of the city. I was looking for the office when I saw Peter himself in the street. I hailed him. Up to that moment, I had not realised that after five months in prison, my one suit of clothes was anything but presentable. Peter was, as usual, spick and span. He ran over to me, his eyes wide open with surprise and pleasure.

"Have you escaped?" he asked.

"No, I'm out on parole."

His face fell.

"I'm disappointed," he said. "I had it all arranged that if you had escaped, I was to put you on a canal barge for one of the Welsh ports where you could get a schooner sailing to Wexford."

I told him to keep the scheme under his hat, for we might find use for it later. It turned out differently, however, for on the following day, March 6th, 1919, Pierce McCann died in the prison hospital and, before my week's parole was up, all the other prisoners interned in England were released and I never returned. The poor prison Governor kept writing to me for months asking for the return half of my rail and boat ticket, which I had lost.

CHAPTER XXIV

With one dissintient the Senate of the U.S. passed a resolution requesting President Wilson to secure a hearing for the Irish representatives at the Peace Conference. Wilson sadly told the Irish-American delegation that the British vetoed the hearing of Ireland's claim and that he could do nothing about it.

As far back as 1918, the British authorities had issued a proclamation to the effect that Sinn Fein was a dangerous organisation and that meetings held under its auspices were illegal. The elections had shown that nearly seventy-five per cent of the people supported this illegal and dangerous organisation. Acting in accordance with the election manifesto, the Sinn Fein deputies refused to attend the British parliament and those of them who were at liberty met in Dublin and set up Dail Eireann, the Government of the Irish Republic.

The British Government of the day, foolishly as it now appears, not merely refused to accept the decision of the Irish people in accordance with the principle of national self-determination, but actually decided to bludgeon the people into surrendering to Britain's will. The policy of raids, arrests and suppression of popular meetings, in the

endeavour to smash Sinn Fein, was continued and intensified.

In spite of the proclamation outlawing the organisation, the Sinn Fein headquarters at number six (No 6), Harcourt Street, remained open. It was realised that the Dublin Castle authorities deliberately refrained from closing the premises in order to enable its spies to track down all those who frequented the place.

De Valera who, since his escape from Lincoln jail, had been in hiding in England, decided to return openly to Dublin. As soon as this was announced, a great reception was planned for him. The Mayor and Corporation arranged to meet him at Baggot Street Bridge and present him with the Keys of the City, preliminary to a triumphal procession. Apart from his already wide popularity, his dramatic escape from an English jail had invested him with additional glamour and Dublin, always renowned for its jubilant demonstrations, was in a mood to excel itself.

Not unexpectedly, however, Dublin Castle proclaimed the whole affair and formidable British armed forces were slated to man the bridges and adjoining streets. It was believed that Sinn Fein could not retreat from its decision and a clash seemed inevitable. On the eve of the reception, however, a special meeting of the Sinn Fein executive was convened and Collins turned up with a proposal that the reception and

demonstration be called off. There was an angry debate, in the course of which we had the odd spectacle of the so-called gunmen in favour of retreat, while many of the moderates apparently wanted to make a stand. To the surprise of everyone, Darrell Figgis faced Mick and accused him of trying to get the Sinn Fein executive to father the decision of the volunteers, which he termed cowardly. He wanted to go out and defy the British forces. He seemed to be greatly daring but he knew quite well there was no risk involved since we could not go on without the volunteers. The Executive could, of course, do nothing but fall into line but some members made a great show of indignation.

After the meeting, Mick and Harry Boland came to my office and Mick indulged in sulphorous language about Figgis. Then he and Harry had a bout of their customary horseplay - Harry was standing with his back to the fire and Mick shouldered him aside. Harry retaliated and soon they were engaged in a vigorous rough and tumble, giving evidence of the great reserves of surplus energy both of them had. The incident itself was an indication of Harry's attachment to Mick because he disliked having his clothes tousled while, at that time, Mick gave little attention to his clothes.

Dev arrived quietly and, as usual, he was rather cross at the fuss we made over him. Cathal Brugha and he and I

journeyed to his home in Greystones in a motor car. As we were passing Harcourt Street Station, Dev wanted to get out to travel by train. He complained about the extravagance of the car. But Brugha, in brusque good humour, told him to have sense.

Dev turned to me and asked me who had written the Election Manifesto. I told him I had and explained that three people, Father O'Flanagan, Harry Boland and myself, had been asked by the Executive to submit separate drafts of a manifesto and that mine had been adopted.

"You made it strong," said Dev, "I wouldn't have gone so far."

"Why not? Because of the voters?"

"Yes. I was afraid it might frighten them."

"Well, it worked out all right."

"Fortunately."

At Greystones, Mrs. Dev was eloquent about the kindness everybody had shown her during Dev's absence. Michael Collins, she said, hadbeen particularly kind. He had called every week.

"I'm quite in love with him," she said.

Dev, with some show of temper, said: "That'll do. There are enough people in love with Michael Collins."

I noticed that both of them used the name Michael

instead of the more familiar Micheal. Mick ?

Next day I encountered Collins in Harcourt Street.

"Look here," he said, "who authorised you to publish 'De Valera's Case Against Conscription'?"

"Nobody."

"Dev says he gave no authority for it."

"I said nobody did."

"You take a lot on yourself, don't you?"

"Why not?"

I was vexed about this, not so much on account of Dev's presumed resentment, but because he had voiced his resentment to Mick and not to me. I asked him about it a few days later.

"No," said Dev, "I didn't say I resented it. I was only afraid that Tim Healy and the other members of the Mansion House Conference might think badly of it."

"They didn't," I said. "They were rather glad of it."

"Well, that's all right."

Only then did it occur to me that he would resent the fact that I had lodged the small royalties received from the publication to Mrs. Dev's account and I hoped he would not find out about it. I suppose it was the only money he or she ever received from his numerous writings and speeches.

Early in May, the American Delegation arrived in Dublin.

It consisted of three well known American gentlemen, M.J. Ryan of Philadelphia; Governor Dunne of Illinois and Frank P. Walsh of Kansas City. They had been selected at a great Irish Race Convention in Philadelphia, to go to Paris to try and secure a hearing for Ireland's case at the Peace Conference. The calculation was that President Wilson would not dare to flout Irish American opinion and would force Lloyd George to admit the Irish spokesmen. When they got to Paris, however, Wilson stalled them off saying that he would require a couple of weeks to study the matter and they decided to utilise this time by seeing Irish conditions for themselves at first hand.

They had with them a secretary, a young man whose name I have forgotten, and from him I gained my first experience of the Americans' voracious appetite for documentation and statistics. I was giving him an outline of the methods of the British Government as shown by the number of raids on houses, arrests and shootings there had been during the previous year. These had all been carefully listed and indexed by Frank Gallagher. This was not enough for our American friend. He wanted as much further details of each individual case as we could give him and he wanted ten copies of each document. Moreover, he wanted ten copies of every reference to the Delegation's visit that appeared in all the

Irish papers.

I went downstairs to Griffith's office and told him of the situation.

"I don't have the staff to do all this work," I said.

"I know," he answered, "but because they want it, we must get it done. Get a few people in for a week or two. We'll get the Executive to foot the bill."

I did succeed to the extent that I gave that young man enough material to keep him busy for the rest of his life, but he seemed quite pleased.

The first Sunday the Delegation were in Dublin, we all went to Mass in the Pro-Cathedral. As we were coming out, Dev pulled me aside and asked me to ride in his car. He said that two of the delegates, Governor Dunne and Mr. Ryan were to be with him. By way of explaining why he wanted me, Dev said:

"You know I'm no good to talk."

So I did the talking, pointing out the Post Office, Trinity College, the old Parliament House, and so on. When we came out of Grafton Street, I gave them the history of Stephen's Green. As we were passing the College of Surgeons, one of them asked me to identify the statue of the man seated in the Green facing the College. I said, without thinking:

"That's old Stephen Green himself!"

Mr. Ryan and Dev both laughed heartily but Governor Dunne showed his displeasure. I had not realised that having been educated in Dublin, he probably knew who the figure immortalised in marble really was. Afterwards Dev asked me who the state did represent. I said truly I did not know. I intended to find out but I haven't done so yet.

After one very tumultuous and enthusiastic meeting in the Mansion House which had been addressed by the American delegates, most of the people had dispersed when I saw a lady literally chasing Griffith around a settee. He was trying to avoid her, but as unostentatiously as possible. The lady was a Miss Kelly, usually called Miss French Kelly because she always spoke English with a strong French accent. Whenever any prisoners were released she was always in evidence welcoming them and bestowing hearty kisses on one and all. She caught up with Griffith finally and, throwing her arms around him, she gave him a hearty smack.

A little while later, I joined Griffith in the Bailey. He was chuckling so much he could hardly speak.

"So you like the lady," I said.

"It wasn't that," he replied, "but my wife was down at the end of the hall enjoying the whole performance. Near her

were two girls and one of them said: "Look at what that one done. She kissed Arthur Griffith." Whereupon the other replied : "Good Lord, I'd as lief kiss a granite wall."

.....

Dev, Griffith and I were walking through the streets after a Mansion House Conference one day, when Dev said:

"Of course, if we only had something to work on, it would be much easier."

I waited and as Griffith said nothing, I asked:

"What do you mean by something to work on?"

"Well, for instance, if the Irish Party had got Home Rule."

A.G. was frowning heavily.

"Don't you think," he said, "it would have had strings to it, strings they could not break."

"Yes," said Dev, "but that would not tie us. We could break them."

Griffith was uncomfortable and Dev sensed it. He said:

"Don't you agree that if we had the resources Home Rule would have given us, we would have ground to consolidate and wprk on?"

"But," said A.G. "can't you see that the English are too clever for that. If the Party had got Home Rule there would have been nothing to work on. They would have withheld

control over Customs and Excise, police and army."

"Well, then it wouldn't have been Home Rule."

"Of course not," said Griffith, coldly.

"Look," I said to Dev, "you're looking pretty tired. You'll have to take a holiday."

"Yes," said Griffith, "Bob and I were talking about that."

"Not at all," said Dev, becoming cross in his turn.

"You'll have to take it," I said. "James O'Mara has just bought a grand place on the edge of the sea in Connemara and he's going to bring you down there for a few weeks, and he can bring your family, too, if you like."

Dev blazed out: "That's enough," he said, "I'm not going to have my personal life interfered with this way."

"Well, that's all right," said A.G. "But he's foolish" he said to me afterwards. "He's overdoing it. He never relaxes at all.."

Dev's remarks about Home Rule recalled an earlier observation he had made to me which I thought it wise not to repeat to A.G. He had said:

"There was one drawback in taking our representation away from Westminster. Westminster gave us a platform we do not now have from which we could present our case to the world."

In other words, Dev was not a Sinn Feiner at all in Griffith's sense of the term.

But he was to gain a wider platform than Westminster. Within a few weeks he had had himself smuggled across the Atlantic to the United States of America where he used to advantage a forum far more telling/than that of Westminster to present the Irish case to the world.

worth?

CHAPTER XXV

After their apparent defeat in 1916, the Republicans everywhere had been subjected to arrest, raids and baton charges. They did not begin to strike back until the Spring of 1919, when they made sporadic attacks on Constabulary Barracks, as a result of which several Irish counties and, later, nearly all Ireland was placed under British military control.

"Good morning, Mr. Brennan. May I interrupt you?"

I looked up from my desk to see a spare, worn, prematurely aged man with clear, kindly eyes, youthful and alert. He was rather nervous and apologetic.

"I have a note from Robert Barton for you," he said. "He told me to see you. My name is Childers, Erskine Childers."

I, of course, knew of him. I had read his "Riddle of the Sands" and I was aware that he had been connected with the Howth gun-running and with the abortive Dominion Home Rule Conference.

"I am delighted to meet you," I said, giving him a chair. "I hope you are going to write something."

I showed him an article in that day's Daily Mail, which called for refutation, and told him I had the material to deal with it. He said he had had a talk before he left England with the editor of the Daily News and he thought he could get some articles printed in that paper.

"I want to tell you straight away," he said, "that after a great deal of thought, I have decided that Sinn Fein is the right policy for Ireland. I have come over to give a hand any way I can help. You may not believe it, but the English people do not realise what is going on here. For instance, when I came ashore this morning, I noticed a curious contraption on that overhead railway bridge facing Liberty Hall. There was a soldier in khaki there. I should not be surprised if there was a machine gun there."

I told him there was a nest of six machine guns there directly across from Liberty Hall. He said that that was a direct attempt by the military to overawe labour and asked why we had not told the world about it. I told him of the difficulty of getting anything published. The Irish papers were at the mercy of the censor and the English papers, in the main, published only what suited the British authorities. I promised to get him a photo of the machine gun nest. When we had talked for some time, I asked him if he had met Griffith.

"I haven't," he said. "I would very much like to."

I am aware that most of the writers on the period ~~even the most reliable of them~~ have said that Griffith resented the appearance of Childers on the Irish scene, that he hated him from the start because he was an Englishman. That is not

true. I know because I introduced the two men.

I went downstairs and told Griffith that Childers had arrived and repeated what he had said; that he had become convinced that Sinn Fein was the right policy for Ireland, and that he had come over to live in Dublin and do whatever he could. Griffith asked if he meant that he was throwing in his lot with us and I said that that was what I had gathered. Griffith was obviously pleased.

"He's a good man to have," he said. "He has the ear of a big section of the English people."

I brought Childers down and introduced him. I remained only a few minutes as I had a pile of work on my desk. The greeting between them was cordial. Griffith was never demonstrative and neither was Childers, but it was quite plain that Griffith realised the value of Childers and the latter was quite pleased at his reception. It was over an hour later when Childers came back to me.

"How did you get on?" I asked.

"Fine," he said.

"He doesn't talk much," I said.

"No, but I understand him perfectly. He told me you had some figures regarding raids on private houses."

I gave him the figures and found, at this early stage, that he was very meticulous about any material that he used.

Every statement had to be checked and double-checked, verified and re-verified. Later, this trait of his was, at times, exasperating but he was always so patient and courteous that one could not get angry with him. I saw a good deal of him from that time on and so did A.C., and there was never the slightest trouble between the two until nearly two years later. Childers took a house in Wellington Road and there, and subsequently at his residence in Bushy Park Road, he and Mrs. Childers entertained French, English and American visitors who were likely to influence opinion in their respective countries. Every other day some of us were being ~~invited~~ brought along to explain the situation to some foreign public representative or internationally known publicist. Later on, when I had to go on the run, Childers told me that if I was stuck for a stop at any time, to go to his house. When the place I was staying in on the north side got too hot, I stayed in Childers' house at Bushy Park off and on for a few weeks. He was working at the time on some articles for The Daily News and each evening we checked and re-checked facts and figures for these articles. Occasionally, he relaxed and then he became a most delightful companion. One night we were discussing mystery stories and I mentioned "The Wrong Box". He jumped up, with eyes dancing with delight, crying:

"Are you a Wrong Boxer?"

~~"Are you a Wrong Boxer?"~~

I looked my astonishment and he explained that several years earlier "The Wrong Box" was so popular in London that when one person met another he asked enthusiastically: "Are you a Wrong Boxer?" He took down the book and read several chapters, to our great amusement.

Another night we got talking of Lady Gregory and he read several of the Kiltartan stories. When he came to the place which recounts the Connacht peasants' descriptions of Queen Elizabeth's supposed love affairs, he was very embarrassed for the two boys, Erskine and Bobby had not yet retired. It did not seem to occur to him to alter the text and there was an awkward few minutes.

I had been sleeping badly and he advised a hot bath before retiring. I was getting out of the bath when there was a knock and Childers said through the bathroom door:

"There's a lorry pulled up outside. Do you think they're after you?"

"More likely they're after you," I replied.

"I don't think so. Would you think of slipping on some clothes and getting out through the back?"

"If they're after me," I said, "I'm sure they'll have the back covered."

At that moment there came a thundering knock at the

door.

"There's no time now," I said. "You'd better open the door or they'll break it in."

He was quite calm as he went downstairs.

"It's all right,Mary," he said to the maid who had come up into the hall, "I'll open the door."

The knocker moved into action again. Childers opened the door.

"What's the meaning of this?" he asked.

"Who are you?" enquired a loud, English voice.

"I'm Major Erskine Childers, who are you?"

"Can you tell us where we will find No. 8 Victoria Road?"

"I'm sorry, I can't."

"You mean you won't."

"I said I'm sorry I can't. Would you mind giving me your name and regiment. I intend making a complaint to the Commander-in-Chief about your conduct."

The officer mumbled something and backed out and shortly after the lorry drove away. We had great fun afterwards as Childers and I staged the imaginary interview with the Commander-in-Chief.

He was a tireless worker. It was often after midnight when he came down from his study looking white and drawn from

from long concentration, and bearing the far-away look of the intense mental worker. When he came to his breakfast at eight o'clock, he had already put in an hour at his desk. His extraordinary patience was shown by his gentleness with Mrs. Osgood, his mother-in-law. She was devoted to him but, in her American downright way, she could not see that by her denunciation of the I.R.A. she was wounding him to the quick. A woman of extraordinarily strong character, ~~she had the American flair for cults and at this time~~ she was an untiring advocate of ~~she was strong on~~ peace and love as a solution for the ills of the world. She talked incessantly of William Pitt and his policy of peace ~~peacefulness~~ when faced by the hostility of savage Red Indians. Each morning she brandished the daily paper, which nearly every day now had news of bloody encounters between the I.R.A. and the Royal Irish Constabulary.

"It's murder," she would cry, "foul horrible murder. These policemen are being murdered."

"But, Mother," Childers would protest, "these men are members of an army of occupation. They are armed. They occupy fortified barracks. They are paid agents of England, holding Ireland in subjection."

"It's murder, I tell you," she would reply and launch into a diatribe on the Commandments, the sacredness of human life and the power of love to conquer all.

I kept out of these arguments as much as I could, but

Childers patiently replied to them, going over the ground again and again, courteously and politely, never so much as showing the slightest temper. One day, following such a debate, I remonstrated with him.

"Why not let her have her say?" I asked. "You can't alter her views."

"What? Oh, yes," he said. "She's a dear old soul and there's a lot to be said for her point of view."

"But it's a waste of time to be arguing with her."

"Yes, yes, quite so.

But the next morning the argument would start all over again.

One night I arrived at Childers' house at a quarter to ten, fifteen minutes before curfew. The maid who opened the door seemed very frightened. I learned that they had had a very thorough and disagreeable raid and they were expecting the raiders to return. We all agreed I should not stay and they were anxious to assure themselves I had some place to go to and that I could reach it in time. I reassured them on the point and I cycled to a house in the Rathgar area. I had been told I would be welcome there any time. It was seven minutes to ten when I knocked at the door. The face of mine host when the door was opened, showed me I was not welcome.

"I'm stuck," I said, "I should be out on the north side but the bridges are held and the people I went to near here have had a raid."

He closed the door behind me, but very doubtfully. Suddenly a thought struck me.

"You've someone staying already?" I said.

"No, but -"

"Oh, that's all right," I said, turning towards the door.

"I'm terribly sorry," He said, "but you know I must think of my job."

"That's all right," I said.

"Have you a place to go to?" he asked.

"Sure," I said, "dozens of places. I'll be alright. Goodnight!"

It was the first and only time I had such an experience in all the years from 1917 to 1924. It was almost universally true that no door was closed to us in those days. The man was timid, anyway, and he couldn't be expected to jeopardize his job - he had a big Government job - but theoretically he was a rebel. I got my bicycle and wheeled it out on the roadway. My watch showed me it was three minutes to ten. For fear he might be looking, I got on my machine and cycled to the ~~top of the road~~ corner and turned into Kenilworth Sq. ~~Brighton Road~~.

There I dismounted. I was completely stuck. The places I could think of to go to were too far away. The curfew hour would strike any minute and I would be almost certain to run into a patrol. There was no one about, but there came the sound of a measured tread fromthe direction of Harold's Cross. I got on my machine and cycled to Terenure Road, where I dismounted again. The city was dead. Not a soul was stirring and I heard the Rathmines chimes telling the hour. Presently, from Rathgar Road, there came the sound of running feet. They belonged to a young man and woman. She was panting and murmuring in terror -

"We'll be caught! We'll be caught!"

They raced past me, almost without a glance, and the young man tried to quiet her. Presently I saw the blaze of headlights on Highfield Road and heard the roar of a motor. I heard the girl crying:

"Jesus have mercy on us. Here they are!"

For the first time I remembered I had papers on me which could get me hanged and which I could not destroy. The lorry was roaring up Highfield Road towards us. I pushed open the little gate of a lawn in front of a house. The gate was stiff and the hinges creaked and the headlights were on me. I put my bicycle on the grass and lay down behind the little hedge fronting the road. The lorry roared past and

screeched to a halt a hundred yards ahead.

"Halt there! Halt!"

I heard the girl's hysterical voice saying something and I peeped out and saw the pair halted in the glare of the headlights, with the soldiers milling about. There was a medley of hoarse voices and a ribald laugh as the two were hoisted into the lorry, which presently roared off in the direction of Terenure. I lay on the grass for some time wondering whether I should spend the night in the open and, suddenly, I remembered I had a friend in the immediate neighbourhood. He was a Russian, named Martensen, who worked in Kapp and Petersen's factory and he lived, he had told me, over a butcher's shop at the cross of Rathgar. Several months before, when I had met him ~~at a friend's house~~ Fred Cogley's flat, he made me promise that if ever I was stuck, I would go to him. I was now not more than a couple of hundred yards from his place. I got to my feet and quickly dropped to my knees again. A car was passing, bearing no lights, the engine so silent one could hardly hear it purr. It was one of the prowlers. Slowly it crawled down the road and turned into Orwell Road. For all I knew, it had stopped round the corner which would be just opposite the butcher's shop. I waited for five minutes and then, unable to bear the suspense any longer, I got up and opened the creaking gate. I mounted

the bicycle and free-wheeled down the footpath. I could see no sign of the prowler. There was the butcher's shop all right and the rooms overhead were lighted, but there was no means of entry. The shop was closed with a roller door in which there was no wicket, no bell and no knocker. I looked everywhere and was about to give up in despair when I heard another lorry coming from the city. Intending to repeat my previous manoeuvre, I opened the gate of the garden next to the butcher's shop. There was a concrete path leading to a hall door. As there was no hedge, or other shelter, I walked up this path and suddenly came to a doorway in the side wall of the butcher's shop. I pressed the bell and flattened myself in the doorway as the lorry roared past on the road outside. After a minute or so someone came to the door.

"Who's there?" came a whisper.

"A friend," I whispered back. "Please open the door."

The door was opened and there was my bearded Russian friend.

"You are Mr. Hartensen," I said. "My name is -"

"Your name is Brennan," he said in his guttural accents. "Come in."

He grabbed me by the shoulder and pulled me in. Shoving my bicycle to one side, he closed the door. This done, he

appeared to think that all need for caution was at an end, for he began to yell in a voice which I feared would wake the neighbourhood:

"Maria! Maria! Yohan! Yohan! Look! Come see who we have here!"

A tall girl with a ruddy complexion and a mass of beautiful, untidy brown hair, appeared at the top of the stairs, looking very much frightened. Behind her, I saw a tough-looking, small, swarthy man. Martensen introduced me boisterously to Mr. and Mrs. Yohan Climanis. In his enthusiasm, he made me Vice-President of the Irish Republic. The girl smiled shyly as she took my hand, while Yohan's broad face broke into a grin which disclosed a beautiful set of strong teeth. I was puzzled by the girl's appearance for she seemed just a typical Irish country girl, and so indeed she was. Climanis, who was a Latvian had arrived in Ireland only a year before. He went to work in a fish-and-chip shop which wasn't doing well. The proprietor decided to move to another place and he sold Yohan the stock and good-will of the shop for a pound. Yohan, apparently, was a better business man than his predecessor. He throve so well in the fish-and-chip shop that in a few months he was able to buy a motor-bicycle and, on this, we went careering around the country on Sundays. On one of these excursions, he got

caught in a storm in a remote part of Tipperary and he got shelter for the night in a farmhouse. The moment he caught sight of the farmer's daughter, he fell in love and, thereafter, all his Sundays were spent in Tipperary till he brought Maria back to Dublin as his bride. All this, Yohan and Martensen explained to me loudly and delightedly while the blushing Maria prepared a meal. The couple were as happy as children and Martensen, who was a widower, rejoiced volubly in their happiness. Maria brought to the table a huge dish of mixed grill for the four of us. The Russian was very disappointed at my poor appetite.

"You Irish will never beat the English," he cried, "until you can eat as much as they do. Eh, Yohan, you know, you tell him."

Yohan, whose English was very limited, launched into voluble Latvian or Russian, grinning broadly all the while.

"He says," shouted Martensen, "you will beat the English because your drinks are better. Bravo Yohan! You shall see!" and he produced a bottle of whiskey with the air of a conjurer pulling a rabbit out of a hat.

They told me of their fight against the Czars and Yohan, in the most terrific jargon, dramatised scenes of terror and bloodshed he had witnessed. I was dead tired but I tried to keep my eyes open as long as I could. At three o'clock,

Martensen roused me and apologised in stentorian tones for his thoughtlessness in keeping me up so long. Even after I got to bed, I could hear them still reminiscing. Yet, when I got up at seven o'clock, they were already up and about and I had to eat a huge breakfast before they would let me go. I was to come back again any night, or every night, but I have never seen them since. I heard later that Martensen went back to Russia and I never came across Yohan or his good wife.

It was during the period of the truce that the bad feeling between A.G. and Childers developed. I had never seen any sign of it before that time and, when I did see it, it was entirely one-sided. Childers was incapable of entertaining a bitter feeling towards anyone working in Ireland's cause, however he might differ with him. At first, it was merely irritation on Griffith's part, not because he considered Childers an Englishman, or that he doubted his loyalty, but because of Childers' meticulousness. An instance occurred in connection with the address to the elected representatives of the various countries throughout the world. I had, at de Valera's direction, drawn up ~~this~~ a series of statements and statistics taken annotating the address ~~document~~ which was signed by the President and translated into practically every European language, as well as Japanese,

Chinese, etc. It had already been transmitted to ~~the elected representatives of the various~~ our foreign offices and had actually been printed in some countries before Childers called my attention to what he considered to be a serious flaw in it. This was the use of the word "police" in a few instances, instead of "constabularymen". Childers rightly pointed out that this would be misunderstood in countries where police meant not an armed political semi-military force but a body of inoffensive and helpful traffic officers or law enforcement agents; he went on to protest that this mistake had ruined the whole case stated in the address and demanded that cables should be sent out holding up its ~~dissemination~~ distribution. This was going too far, and I said so. Griffith came on the scene and, having listened to both of us, he laughingly said it was making a mountain out of a molehill. There was more annoyance than mirth in his laughter. When Childers turned away, Griffith said to me:

"Childers would jeopardize the freedom of Ireland defending the purity of the English language."

Which of course was not the point at issue (at all).

For A.G.'s subsequent bitter attacks on Childers, there is, of course, no excuse, even though we know the explanation. A.G. had dedicated his life to Ireland. In the face of heart-breaking difficulties and disappointments, he had built up a great national organisation. He had sacrificed his worldly prospects, the ease, and even the wealth, that might

have been his. His was no sudden conversion to the cause. It had been his through many lean years and he never thought of turning back when the road grew so hard that it was almost torture to pursue it. He was the father of an idea which had materialised into a national creed. And now, with victory almost within his grasp, he was going to be robbed of it by ~~one whom he regarded as an alien,~~ a man who had given the greater part of his life to the service of England, whose manners and accent were English, who had even fought against the liberty of a small nation in the Boer War; who had been so loyal to England that his services in the Great War had been rendered in England's Intelligence Service. To those of us who knew the two men, the clash was a frightful tragedy. Griffith, unselfish as he was, was not more so than Childers, nor was he more wholehearted or unsparing, in the service he gave ~~his service~~. Neither of them outranked the other in lack of personal ambition, in sincerity, devotion, or singlemindedness. We could all of us easily understand Griffith's acceptance of the treaty. Not all of us who differed with Griffith, could understand Childers' utter rejection of it. His attitude puzzled many merely because it was so simple. He had sworn an oath of allegiance to the Republic and he meant just that, and nothing more. I saw a good deal of him in the days succeeding Griffith's bitter attack on him and he never had a

hard word to say of his opponent and detractor. He was puzzled by the bitterness of the attack, but he did not even complain. His stoicism was almost unearthly. Once during the Civil War, I spoke to him about Griffith. We were travelling through a pleasant countryside in Cork in a military lorry. I said it was surely the irony of fate that A.G., who had always set his face against physical force, should now be waging war against his own countrymen.

"You people," remarked Childers, "have always underestimated the British."

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Griffith was deceived by Lloyd George."

"I can see that," I said, "but I still can't understand what bearing that has on the Civil War."

Childers was very patient.

"The British," he said, "can sign and find a way to repudiate their signatures. They've done it over and over again. You need not go back to the Treaty of Limerick. You have Malta and Egypt, for instance. They can always find high moral reasons for such repudiation. They are opportunists. Griffith, however, having given his word would stick to it whatever the consequences, even though it meant the disaster of a civil war. They knew that."

"You've no hard feelings against him?"

"No, not at all," he said. "He was unfair, but I can see his point of view."

"I wish I could achieve your detachment," I said.

"Do you really?" he asked, wrinkling his forehead and looking at me quizically. "I don't believe you do."

"No, I'm afraid I don't," I conceded, "but I do wish I had your courage."

"Oh, that's different," he said, "anyone can gain that. You just make up your mind to do it. It's all a matter of training."

"You don't mean to say that a craven can become a brave man?"

"I do. When I was a young fellow, I was terribly afraid until I realised that, apart from its demoralising effects, fear was unworthy of a man. I decided to conquer fear. That is,of course, what differentiates man from all other living creatures - the will to conquer nature. You have me preaching."

"No, go ahead."

"So I said: the thing I am afraid to do, that I will do; and the thing I am afraid not to do, that I will not do! Look here, Brennan, let us get back to Carlyle."

We had been discussing Carlyle's "French Revolution".

"No," I said, "let us get on with this fear business."

"All right," he said, "get hold of someone who is afraid of the dark, or afraid of high places. Get them to go and meet the thing he fears and he will conquer it."

"Or be annihilated?"

"Or be annihilated."

While he could find excuses for Griffith, he had none for Collins and this was all the more remarkable as he had been very fond of Mick.

"One can understand Griffith," he said, "but who can excuse Mick. Griffith, after all, had said he could consider a working arrangement based on a dual monarchy, but Mick would have nothing to do with anything short of the Republic. It's not Griffith who let us down, but Collins."

One night in Fermoy Military Barracks, I woke up and heard someone coughing violently outside in the corrider. I looked across the room, crowded with sleeping figures, and saw that Childers' bed was empty. I got up and went outside. Childers was standing there in his pyjamas. I looked at his bare feet on the cold flagstones.

"My God," I said, "you'll catch your death of cold."

Unable to speak, he motioned to me to close the door. I got him an overcoat and his shoes. When the spasm had subsided somewhat, he said:

"I was afraid I might wake the boys."

I persuaded him to go back to bed but twice during the

night I heard him return to the cold hall when the fit of coughing seized him. In the morning, he looked so worn and pale that I appealed to him to see a doctor and take a rest. He merely smiled somewhat impatiently and shook his head.

"I'll be all right," he said.

I even got Liam Lynch, who was then in command, to appeal to him but it was all in vain. He had discovered that we could take over the wireless and cable stations at Waterville and Valentia and he was eager to get permission for the two of us to go to Kerry. Later in the day, however, it was decided that I should go to Cork City to edit the "Cork Examiner", which our fellows had taken over, and from there I was to write dispatches on the general situation which Childers was to send by cable to America.

I never saw Childers again.

CHAPTER XXVI

During the year 1919 Dail Eireann, the Government of the Irish Republic, despite bitter and bloody opposition, continued to function and to extend its sway. The clashes between the British forces and the I.R.A. gradually developed into guerilla warfare. In September, the British prohibited Dail Eireann as a dangerous association.

A colonial soldier who wished to be assigned a task by Sinn Fein was one of the visitors to Number Six in April 1919 and he was the forerunner of several others. Micheal Nunan told me that the man was downstairs and that he wanted to see me.

"What about?"

"He wants to be given a task."

"What sort of a task?"

"He'd like to go to London and shoot Lloyd George."

Micheal was grinning broadly.

"You've heard of Lloyd George," he said, "the joker who's trying to make England a land fit for heroes to live in."

I told him that Andrew Dillon had said that the same Lloyd George was trying to make Ireland a land fit for nobody but heroes to live in."

"Well, this is your man," said Micheal, "not only will he kill Lloyd George, but also the whole British Cabinet if we like."

We were laughing about this when Madame Markievicz came

in breathless, as usual. She said she had given shelter to two other colonial soldiers and put them into civilian clothes. They also wanted to be assigned a task, but their predilection was for British Generals rather than Cabinet Ministers. They would undertake to dispose of any number of them.

No one took this matter seriously except Madame, who continued to agitate the question for some time until ~~a few days later when~~ Cathal Brugha said we were to have nothing whatever to do with these men; so the colonials left.

Visitors who were not so easy to get rid of were certain members of Casement's Brigade. Sir Roger had tried to recruit a Brigade from amongst the thousands of Irishmen in the British Army who had been captured by the Germans. The title Irish Brigade remained although Sir Roger had managed to recruit less than enough to make up a full company. We had all heard a great deal about the Brigade and had seen in the Irish American papers photographs of them arrayed in the really beautiful uniforms the Germans had designed for them. When I was in Germany later, I heard what a tough lot they had been.

Frau Grabisch was an Irish American lady married to a German living in Berlin. When the Brigade was being formed she undertook to look after their personal comforts. She told me that after the revolution in Berlin she one day received

from the German Foreign Office a frantic message summoning her there forthwith. She hurried to the Foreign Office and found, in an outer room, practically every member of the staff, including the Foreign Minister. In the Minister's office were two members of the Irish Brigade. They had ordered everyone out of the place at pistol point and they were eating sandwiches and drinking beer, which they had compelledmembers of the staff to supply them with. They said they were going to hold the place till their rights - whatever they were - were conceded. They refused to listen to any arguments and even Frau Grabisch's blandishments were in vain.

"Ah", said the Minister sadly to Frau Grabisch, "those Irish! Think of the poor English with four millions of them on their hands!"

The first member of the Brigade I met was a handsome and dashing young non-commissioned officer in khaki, named Quin. His real name was Quinlisk. His father Joe Quinlisk and his uncle Willie Q had both been in the RIC He came into my office and identified himself. I had known some of his people. He wanted to get out of his uniform as quickly as possible and join the Volunteers. I put him in touch with Sean O'Muirthuile who took him off and gave him a civilian outfit. Thereafter he was constantly to be seen with Sean and his companions. One of them told me they were a bit uneasy about him, not because they dis-

trusted him, but because he took no precautions whatever. He had a way with the girls. A few of the lads would go off to Bray or Dunlaoghaire on a Sunday afternoon and before they were half an hour on the Esplanade, Quin had got off with the best looking girl in the neighbourhood. A fellow like that might inadvertently give something away.

I saw Quin from time to time. He was always immaculately dressed and one would have said that with his good looks, his self assurance and general bonhomie, he would have got anywhere. He liked to give me the impression that he was in on all of Mick Collins' secrets.

Suddenly there was a change. Quin came in after several weeks' absence and asked me where he could find Mick. I said I didn't know but that O'Muirthuile should be able to tell him.

"That's the trouble," he said. "I can't find O'Muirthuile either. I can't find any of them. Do you know if there is anything up?"

"I don't," I said, "I expect they are all lying low for some reason or other." Which, of course, I did not believe.

I reported this to Mick in the afternoon and asked him what was wrong with Quin. He looked up from his desk and said simply:

"Go easy with him."

A few days later Griffith came up and told me that Quin had stopped him in Stephen's Green and asked him where he could find Mick. A.G. was plainly puzzled and asked me what I knew of Quin. I told him that his father ~~and his uncle~~ had ~~both~~ he been in the R.I.C., that they had retired from the force, and that, so far as I knew, there was nothing against ~~them~~ the family nationally.

That night Henry O'Connor, a leader writer on the "Freeman" brought me galley proofs of a long letter which had been sent to the "Freeman" for publication. It was written by Quin and it summarised his life story and stated that when he had arrived in Dublin he had been approached by the Castle Authorities and introduced to Superintendent Brien of the G. Division who asked him to act as a spy on the I.R.A. At this time, the Volunteers were being generally referred to as the I.R.A., or Army of the Republic, though they were not officially declared to be such until de Valera returned from America a year and a half later.

In his letter, Quin said he had indignantly spurned Superintendent Brien's offer and he denounced the Castle Authorities. He also said he had been specifically asked to lead Collins and O'Muirthuile into a police trap in College Green.

Henry O'Connor had stopped publication of the letter. He gave me the proofs and I sent them on to Mick. About a

week later Quin's body was found in a field outside Cork City. He had been shot to death and a spy label was attached to his clothing. Mick told me that the wretched man had actually enrolled in the Castle Service and had undertaken to deliver Mick and some others into the hands of the G.-men. There was a trap laid for him. He was led to believe that Mick had gone to Cork and he betook himself there to find him. The first Volunteer Quin approached said he would conduct him to Mick and, actually, he conducted him to a secret court-martial and his death. Mick told me that pay dockets, counter-signed by Superintendent Brien, were found in his pockets.

When Bob Barton escaped from Mountjoy Jail, in March 1919, all Ireland smiled because he had left behind him a polite note for the Governor, thanking him for his courtesy and hospitality and adding that since he did not like the place, he was leaving. I wish I could remember the words of a street ballad which was being sung shortly afterwards. All I recollect is :

"The next was Bob Barton
When he was departin'
He wrote out a note his politeness to show."

All Ireland roared laughing a few days later when, in broad daylight, no fewer than twenty prisoners escaped over the twelve foot high wall of the same jail.

It had been borne in on me that something big was afoot that morning. Sean Nunan had asked if he might get off for a couple of hours and, a little later, his brother Micheal, did likewise. Then Frank Kelly went off. I went downstairs to find the offices almost deserted. Fitz, as everyone called Miss Anna Fitzsimons, the chief stenographer, was walking about restlessly.

"It must be something very big," she said, "when they are all called out like that."

She said she was going out to see what was up and went off. A few hours later, I met Fitz in Grafton Street and she was chuckling with delight.

"Twenty prisoners got over the wall out of Mountjoy! Can you beat that!"

The news had spread quickly. Everyone we met was smiling joyously and perfect strangers were shaking hands with one another. It reminded me of Seumas O'Sullivan's poem:

"And all the world went gay, went gay
For one half hour in the street today." For half an hour

I wish Fitz would write her reminiscences. Amongst her other activities, she had been Secretary to George Moore and she worked in Maunsel and Roberts when that firm was publishing the work of most of the Irish writers of the period. She was at Sinn Fein Headquarters in the most lively period of

the movement and, later, she was in the Publicity Department till long after the Civil War had ended. She is one of the wittiest conversationalists I have known.

During the Civil War she used to send me from time to time, racy accounts of the difficulties she and her husband, Frank Kelly, were encountering from day to day. The two were, at that time, printing the weekly Republican News on a platen press, working for the most part in stables, or garages. Once the house where they were working was entered by a bailiff who had come to take away all the furniture. Fitz's hilarious account of their endeavours to proceed with the printing of the outlawed sheet under the nose of the bailiff, while the landlady attempted to raise the necessary cash to pay the bailiff's demands, was something I should have been able to preserve.

Two or three Republican soldiers arrived at her hide-out one night late and asked her to keep "this" for them till morning. "This" was apparently a tin of petrol which they shoved in under her bed. She slept soundly enough and was glad that she did not learn till morning that "this" was a land mine.

On one occasion when the place she and Frank were staying at was raided in the middle of the night, they both escaped by the back. Fitz crossed a field and coming on a mansion, she

climbed in through a window, only to discover it was a maternity hospital. To the astonished matron she said: "Its politics, not twins."

Superintendent Smith of the G. Division, who had been particularly active against Sinn Fein, was waylaid and shot on his way home and thereafter the G.-men who had been rather conspicuously hovering around Harcourt Street, were not so much in evidence. When a couple more of them had been shot down in the streets, John Clarke, the butter merchant, came in and told me that four of the G.-men had called to his house the previous night and said they wanted to get out of the country because they were fed up with the work. They wanted a safe conduct from the I.R.A. They were to meet John again that night. I reported this to Mick and he decided to go to John Clarke's and see the men himself. I warned him it might be a trap because one of the men was the sinister Wharton, whom I have mentioned previously.

"I know about Wharton," said Mick, grimly, "and I'll see that if it's a trap, it won't work."

He arranged to see the men individually and three of them he induced to remain on in the force and to work for him. He told Wharton he could do nothing for him. One of these three men, whose name I think was Brennan, was later discovered bringing out documents for Mick and the Black and Tans gave

him a cruel death.

The increasing tempo of the executions, alarms and raids convinced us that Number Six was no longer a place where it was safe to work, but before we left it for good and went underground, - which was towards the end of the year 1919 - we had one raid that was memorable. A big force of constabulary men, headed by the G.-men, came suddenly one morning and took away all our files, including the irreplaceable indexed press clippings which Frank Gallagher and I had so carefully compiled.

Collins had a close shave on this occasion. He was working in an office he had set up in connection with the Dail Loan, just across the corridor from my office. When Joe Clarke ran up to say there was a raid on, we both ran into Mick's office to warn him.

"God blast it," he said and ran to a window which he opened. I thought he was thinking of jumping the thirty or forty feet to the back yard and I suggested that the roof over Joe Clarke's rooms at the top of the house would be safer. Mick dashed up the stairs just before the first of the G.-men appeared on the landing.

The raiders took a long time on this occasion. It was nearly an hour later when I was standing on the landing outside my office that I saw Mick coming down the stairs. I tried to

signal to him that there was a G.-man on the landing below me, but he did not catch my signal.

"That was a good one," shouted Mick.

The G.-man, hearing the voice, looked up at me and I laughed, hoping he would think it was my voice he had heard.

"What do you mean?" asked the G.-man. "What was a good one?"

"Why," I said, "you damn near cleaned the whole place out!"

"You're lucky," he said, "we are leaving you behind."

"Thanks," I said.

Mick was still poised on the stairs. He had somehow got the impression that the raiders had gone and he was puzzled. The G.-man began to walk up the stairs. I turned as leisurely as I dared and made a face at Mick. He took the hint and vanished. The G.-man followed me into my room, looked casually around and strolled out again. When the coast was finally clear, Mick came down off the roof.

CHAPTER XXVII

The people transferred their allegiance to the institutions set up by Dail Eireann, which continued to function underground. The British outlawed Sinn Fein, the Volunteers, the Gaelic League and Cumann na m Ban (the Women's auxiliary of the Volunteers).

After this raid we quitted Number Six. Mrs. Larry Nugent generously gave us the use of a whole floor of her big house in Upper Mount Street and here we carried on the work of the Publicity Department for many months, unmolested, though the Castle authorities who had become aware of the importance of the "Irish Bulletin" were searching all over the town for the office whence it originated.

I had issued the first number of the Bulletin on the 11th of November, 1919 and thereafter it never missed a single day's issue till the time the Treaty was ratified over two years later. I wrote the first volume of the Bulletin; the other three were written by Frank Gallagher, but now and again Erskine Childers substituted for him. The Bulletin was a mimeographed issue of two or three sheets giving our version of the conflict. It was delivered by hand to all the Dublin newspapers and all the foreign correspondents in Dublin and mailed to hundreds of addressees abroad. This publication was doing such damage to England's presentation of the Irish case

that, in time, its attempted suppression became one of the major objectives of the British Military Government.

The work of collecting material for the Bulletin, its production and, over and above all, its distribution involved, of course, many contacts and yet the Castle authorities never succeeded in interrupting its issue for a single day. Failing in their attempts to stop the Bulletin, the Castle issued a fake "Irish Bulletin" in which they reproduced our format down to the last detail but Frank Gallagher in the Bulletin very neatly turned the tables by exposing the fraud and telling readers how to distinguish between the real Bulletin and the false.

During our stay in Mount Street, Harry Boland turned up. He had been in America helping Dev to float the Irish Loan. He breezed into Mount Street and gave us all a lively account of how he had been twice smuggled across the Atlantic. He had arrived only that morning and the first man to meet him was Mick Collins.

"And I'm sure," said Fitz, "that the first thing he said to you was come and have a ball of malt."

"You said it babe," replied Harry.

His main object in coming to the office was to get me to go to America. I asked him if it was an order because in that case I would go. He said he had no orders. It was only

that he thought the American organisation needed a man like me. I turned down the proposal and Harry left.

Word came down that Mrs. Nugent's house was no longer safe, so I rented an office in Molesworth Street and we moved in there. We were ostensibly an insurance agency. We did not know until we were well installed that the Mr. Henry who occupied the office beneath us was not, as we had thought, an ordinary solicitor but the Crown Solicitor. In other words, he was someone who must be in close touch with the Castle. We realised that we would have to be very circumspect indeed, but we realised, too, that the building, because of his presence, would be less suspect.

We were very circumspect. We even, when Armistice Day arrived, observed the two minutes silence. It was Fitz who remembered it was Armistice Day and told us all to keep silent for two minutes after eleven o'clock. When the two minutes were at an end, we were all somewhat hilarious until the door opened and Mr. Henry himself walked in. He said he had heard from the caretaker that we had a spare set of fire-irons and he wondered if we would sell them to him.

We were all a bit dazed because we realised that Mr. Henry had only to look around him to see the nefarious work we were engaged in. But he did not look about him. His eyes were on the brass fire-irons and I sold them to him for thirty

shillings. He went off very pleased with his bargain, not knowing that I would gladly have given him the fire-irons for nothing to get rid of him.

Mick sent me a photograph of a man who was suspected of spying and who was supposed to be a Wexford man. I went out to tell him that none of my people had been able to identify him. He was working at the time in what had been an out-house in the grounds of St. Enda's on Oakley Road. Just as I got to the gate, there was a "stop press" being shouted and Mick came out, coatless and hatless.

"Get a copy," he said.

I got the paper and saw the big headlines announcing the attack on Lord French, the Governor General. We walked back to the office together. Even in those surroundings, Mick's office was the last word in neatness and order. There was apparently little or no attempt to conceal anything. As he had no filing cases, his files were hanging on nails driven into the walls. Most of them had to do with the internal Loan and they were all duly labelled "Wicklow", "West Limerick", etc.

Mick was scanning the newspaper.

"He got away," I said.

"Easy for you to say that. He had ~~two lorries of armed men and an armoured car~~ three armour plated cars and machine guns. We've got a handful of lads with

revolvers. Easy to talk."

"I wasn't reflecting on you or anyone."

"And who the hell is responsible?"

That was just like him. Though we had a Minister of Defence and a Chief of Staff, he considered the Army and, indeed, every other Department, as a personal matter he should attend to. It was this trait which first brought him into conflict with Brugha and, afterwards, with Stack. These were both individualists too who took their duties very seriously, though they were too slow for Mick's liking. So, when he reached over to do their work, they naturally got mad.

"All right," I said, "Lord French was lucky."

"You're bloody well right, he was lucky. He won't be so lucky the next time."

Someone had mentioned a plan by which French might be kidnapped ~~I told him of a plan I had discussed with [illegible]~~. French was reputed to be fond of the ladies. The plan was to let one of our girls, whose brother was in prison, go to French and appeal to him to have her brother released. She would lead him to ask for an assignation and lure him to an available house in Waterloo Road, where our fellows would be waiting for him. Mick grinned.

"It might be worth trying," he said, "keep it under your hat."

~~[illegible]~~

~~This did not, of course, last~~ The plan was never tried. I was pretty sure that some of our people at headquarters would have scruples about adopting it. ~~such a plan.~~

The mere job of carrying on became more and more difficult as the days passed. Like everyone else engaged in the struggle, I changed my sleeping quarters frequently. I stayed in my own home at rare intervals. On one such occasion, Una and I were talking over the fire when suddenly at five minutes before the curfew hour, which, at that time, was ten o'clock, I got the impression I should not stay.

"I'm sorry I came," I said, "I've an idea they may come tonight."

"If you feel like that," she said, "you ought to go. But they haven't been here for months now."

"I know, but still I have a presentiment."

Looking at my watch, I said:

"I've only five minutes. I wish to God there was some place near."

Una said: "What about Coghlans?"

The Coghlans lived only two doors away. They had often offered me shelter but they had several small children and I hated to bring trouble on them. Still -

"I'll try them," I said.

The Coghlans, Sighle and Seaumus, were glad to see me and

made me feel at home. We talked till after eleven before we went to bed. I awoke from a sound sleep to find the room flooded with light. There was an enormous 'cat' purring somewhere. I rolled out of bed and crept to the window. The light came from the headlights of a lorry and the purring noise from the powerful Rolls Royce engine of an armoured car. The road from end to end was lined with armed men. There was a second lorry in front of my house. This was the dreaded raid. Men in uniform moved to and fro in the headlights and I heard an English voice cry: "How many men have you got there?" and the reply, "Two, sir." This made matters worse for the reply had come from the direction of No. ~~14~~ 13, the last house in the row. It seemed to indicate that two men had been taken from No. ~~14~~ 13, which was the home of Dr. Tommy Dillon, and that every house in the street was being searched - in which case, of course, my turn was not far off.

I thought of getting out and trying to escape, though I knew it was pretty hopeless because the rear was sure to be covered also. After a few minutes, it became clear to me that all the activities were centred on my house. I thought of Una and our three little girls and bitterly realised I could do nothing for them. Hours passed and it was obvious they were making a very thorough search.

At length, when dawn was beginning to break, they went away.

I made my way to the rear of the house and climbed over the wall into the next garden. I saw Mrs. Kirkwood Hackett at her window and spoke to her. She was an English woman, but her sympathies were with us. Her husband, an Irishman who had been in the British Army, was, on the other hand, dead against us.

"Thank God you're safe," she said. "How did you get away?"

"I slipped out," I said, for at that time, no one told anyone where they were staying.

"I thought they had you," she said, "I had the ladder up to the roof all night expecting you to come in."

We were talking in whispers as if the Tans were still within earshot.

"Thanks," I said, "I must go and see how Una is."

"She must be half dead, the poor thing."

When I got over the wall, I saw Una standing at the window, pale and silent. I had never seen her so near a break. She had been crying. They had kept her downstairs all night away from the children and they had grilled her and our eldest child, Emer, aged nine, for hours, on my activities and whereabouts. Una had very narrowly missed having a bayonet run through her at the foot of the basement stairs in the dark. The rooms looked as if a herd of wild cattle had been through

them. The two younger children, Maeve, aged three, and Deirdre, one and a half, were hysterical, which was not to be wondered at. It was of this raid that Erskine Childers wrote: "This is not civilised war." *

A few days later, A.G. sent me to London to make arrangements for getting out the Bulletin there if it should happen that it was suppressed in Dublin. He had already arranged that in such a contingency we could surreptitiously use the private wire which the Freeman's Journal had with London. I made the necessary arrangements with Art O'Brien but as it happened, there was never any need for them, because, as I have said, the British did not succeed in stopping the issue of the Bulletin from Dublin.

I was walking in Tottenham Court Road one day when I ran into Frank Carney, who was over on a mission for the I.R.A. Frank was a small, slight man from ~~Donegal~~ Enniskillen, who had been in the British Army. He had been gassed in France and had been invalided home. On his recovery, he had joined the Volunteers, subsequently becoming Brigade O/C for S. Fermanagh.

As neither of us had anything particular to do that evening, Frank and I went to a music hall to see George Robey. While awaiting the appearance of the comedian, we adjourned to the bar. After a while, there was a great deal of applause and, thinking it was time for Robey's entrance, I returned to my seat. It was not Robey but a sketch in which two men in

---

* Military Rule in Ireland by Erskine Childers. The Talbot Press.

British uniform were reminiscing about the war. A caricature of an American swaggered on to the stage, spitting right and left. One of the British soldiers said:

"You know where that fellow comes from?"

"No, where?" said the other.

"It's a place called America.... It was discovered by Christopher Columbus."

"Why?"

This provoked loud laughter. The American said:

"Did I hear youse guys discussin' the war? You know, we won that war for you."

One of the British soldiers said to the other:

"This fellow must be very hard of hearing!"

"How come?" asked the American.

"Well, that war was going on for two years before you heard of it."

Now I believed the British would have lost the war but for the intervention of America and that this sketch showed a want of gratitude. I stood up and said so. The people on the stage stopped and stared down at me. The audience in the pit thought it was part of the show and laughed, but when they realised I was in earnest, they began to yell: "Shut up!" "Sit down!" "Throw him out!" The noise was such that the show stopped. Frank Carney joined me and yelled, "What's up?"

"I'm objecting to this show," I said, "because -"

"All right," said Frank, "I'm objecting to it too," and he yelled, "who's going to throw us out?"

We were soon to know. Several ushers came running and they dragged us out and threw us into the street. We picked ourselves up, tried to brush the dust from our clothes and went into a pub. After some time, Frank said:

"What was all that about?"

"They were sneering about the Americans' claim that they won the war, and I protested."

Frank laid down his glass and looked at me in astonishment.

"Do you mean to say that that's what we were thrown out for?"

"Sure," I said.

"Well, by God," he said, "you are a mug."

"And what about yourself!"

"Never mind about me. I did not know what it was about. I've a good mind to go back and apologise to these people for interrupting their innocent pleasures."

"They would only throw you out again."

"I suppose so," he said, "people are very unreasonable."

Next day Frank told me he was to meet John Chartres, whom he did not know, and he asked me to go with him. I had, years

before, met Chartres several times in Griffith's office in Dublin. He was in charge of the Index to the London Times and he was a very valuable under cover agent for Sinn Fein.

We went along to a very select and conservative club in the vicinity of the Houses of Parliament. Here, in a cloak-room, Chartres opened a bag and showed us a very serviceable looking machine gun. Frank just glanced at it and said:

"Yes, that will do."

Chartres locked the bag and we adjourned to the lounge for coffee, where Chartres, quietly amused, indicated several important members of the Conservative Party. Frank said:

"A bomb dropped in this place would dispose of a goodly number of Ireland's enemies."

"Make sure and give me warning," said Chartres, "I spend quite a lot of my time here."

"What about that gun?" asked Frank. "Aren't you going to let me take it with me?"

"No," said Chartres. "They might take it off you. You were merely to vet it." They're to go by the ordinary channels."

I went one morning to the office of our official representative in London, Art O'Brien. There was a strange man sitting at a table. Fintan Murphy, who was standing with his back to the fire, said something which sounded like : "This

is a friend of Art's."

"He's welcome," I said as I hung up my hat and coat. Fintan was looking at me with his eyebrows raised.

"I said that this was a friend from Scotland Yard," he said.

"He's welcome," I repeated innocently, smiling at the man. "How are you?"

"I'm pretty well," he said.

It transpired that Art's house was being raided and this man had been sent to keep an eye on the office. I judged the man was a native of Clare and said so and he admitted I was right. He was ill at ease and he obviously did not relish this particular job. After a while, I asked him what time Art was likely to be free to come to the office. He said he had no idea and that it might be a long time. I stood up leisurely and said I could not wait for him all day and that I would call again. I took up my hat and coat and, to my surprise, I found I was allowed to walk out.

On the way downstairs, however, I remembered that I had seen a couple of men lounging in the street near the entrance. I did not look at them but walked slowly into the Strand. I stopped at a shop window and saw one of the men apparently interested in another window. I repeated the operation and saw, indeed, that I was being followed. I became an innocent

countryman on his first visit to the big city. I gawked at the shop windows and stopped to stare at every unusual spectacle. I nearly got run over crossing the streets in the wrong places, and I made many enquiries of passers-by. I got to the Tube Station at Charing Cross and bought a ticket to a destination which necessitated two changes. My guardian was at my elbow. Instead of taking the elevator, I walked down the stairs and my shadow followed suit. At the first stop, I got out and took a wrong turning and spent a long time getting to the right platform. I was beginning to enjoy the experience. I noticed that my sleuth did not get into the same queue with me to board the train. He took the queue above me or below me. At the second change I lined up in the longest queue and thus it was that the detective stepped into the train before I did, whereupon I stepped back and the door closed on him. I had the satisfaction of seeing the look of bewilderment on his face as the train swept past and I allowed that the ability of the Scotland Yard men was over-rated.

I reported this incident to Dublin and said that the job I had come to London for was carried out as far as it could be at that stage. So I was told to return. As the Holyhead-Dunlaoghaire route was considered very dangerous, I decided to take the Fishguard-Rosslare route. On the boat a Wexford

sailor named Lacey recognised me and beckoned me aside.

"You're walking right into it," he said.

"How is that?"

"There's three detectives from Dublin at Ballygeary (Rosslare Pier) and there's two policemen out of Wexford Barracks with them. They're watching out for somebody special. It might be you."

I said that even if it was not so, they would be certain to recognise me and pick me up. He took me below and fitted me out with a sailor's navy blue knitted jersey and a sailor's peaked cap and, when the boat docked, he brought me ashore by the freight gangway. I helped him push a truck past the detectives posted at the passengers' gangway. Acting on his advice, too, I refrained from travelling through Wexford and journeyed to Dublin via Waterford.

CHAPTER XXVIII

In February, 1920, the British imposed curfew in Ireland from midnight to 5 a.m., later extended to 8 p.m. to 5 a.m.

The Black and Tans (so called from their motley uniforms) and the Auxiliaries organised in England to augment the British forces in Ireland, embarked on a campaign of terrorism and destruction designed to break the solidarity of Sinn Fein.

I sought out Cathal Brugha and laid before him a plan which I thought was brilliant. I had visited the House of Commons with a friendly M.P., and I had seen how easy it would be to capture the place if the authorities were taken off guard. The barbed wire entanglements which were later erected about the entrance, were not yet in evidence. I suggested that two hundred men recruited from the Volunteers should be sent to London in batches of ten, each in charge of an officer and provided with arms, British uniforms and military lorries. On a day when there was a full dress debate in the House of Commons, several squads of those men would drive to the Houses of Parliament, close the doors, hold the exits and make prisoners of all within. At the same time, other squads were to take the principal railway termini, Croydon airfield, the wireless station in the Strand and the principal newspaper offices. A proclamation was to be issued purporting to be signed by certain left-wingers of the Labour Party proclaiming

the establishment of the British Republic, calling on the workers throughout Britain to seize the industries, bestowing freedom on India, Egypt, Arabia, etc., and calling on the friends of freedom everywhere to rally to the support of the triumphant proletariat. There was a mad grandeur in the plan, but I pointed out that the initial coup was fairly easy of accomplishment. There was no guard whatever on the Houses of Parliament. At best, the scheme might have an initial success which would cause infinite harm to our mighty neighbour before matters could be brought under control. At worst, it would provoke confusion for a few days and perhaps shake the foundations of the Empire and it would certainly bring the Irish question to the attention of the world. Considering the horrible dragooning the Irish people were undergoing at the time, the cost was comparatively small.

I thought I would have had trouble in selling the scheme to Brugha. He listened with his customary patience and quiet humour.

"I like that plan," he said, "and I think it will work. It just fits in with something else I have in mind."

The plan was never tried, however. Brugha told me later that more cautious counsels had prevailed. The scheme was too ambitious for the time.

Maurice Bourgeois had come over from Paris ostensibly to

collect material for the French War Museum and incidentally to write a few articles for a French newspaper. In reality, though we did not know this till later, he was an agent for the French Government and his mission was to observe the Irish scene in the interests of France. Relations between the British and the French were rather strained at this time.

Bourgeois had a considerable book knowledge of Ireland. He had written an able book on Synge, whose plays he had translated into French. I was later to see him in the Opera Comique on the occasion of the first production of an operetta based on his translation of "Riders To The Sea". It was, in the words of a lady sitting near me, "magnifique mais épouvantable".

When he arrived, Bourgeois was rather hostile to Sinn Fein. The memory of 1916 still rankled. The Rising had been a stab in the back for the Allies. This attitude was soon to undergo a change. I was supplying him with all the material I could get for his War Museum and I saw him constantly. He asked me if he could see the Volunteers in action. I told him that would be difficult and dangerous, but he persisted, and I made the necessary introduction. About a week later, he was returning from the Dublin hills when the car he was riding in was stopped by the Tans. It was unfortunate for Bourgeois that the car was being driven by Sean McBride and that Madame

one of our stoutest champions.

Seumas Coghlan, whom I have previously mentioned, came to me with a strange story. He had encountered, during a train journey, a man who, after a great deal of preliminary talk, said he wanted to get in touch with the leaders of Sinn Fein. He had, he said, taken on a job for the British Secret Service and he wanted to see the Sinn Fein leaders to tell them all about it and double-cross his paymasters. Seumas had told him he could not put him in touch with the people mentioned but that he would make enquiries and see what could be done. The man was to call at his house at nine o'clock that night.

We arranged that as soon as the man had arrived, I should casually drop in and be introduced as Mr. Kerr, the ostensible object of my visit being to sell a motor car. When I arrived, I started talking to Seumas about the motor car, but the stranger butted in, asking Seumas:

"Who is this? Is he one of the boys?"

He was a middle-aged man, of stocky build, respectably dressed. He spoke in a low, husky voice, his accent being English. As he continued to enquire whether I was one of the boys, I asked him what he was talking about.

"About Sinn Fein," he said. "Are you one of them?"

"I've better sense," I said.

"Well, don't you know Collins, or Mulcahy? Couldn't you

tell me how to get in touch with them?"

As I continued to put him off, he continued to plead. He had something to say which the Sinn Fein leaders would be glad to hear. He said his name was Hardy and, though he was an Englishman, he was practically one of the boys himself. He had been on a job with them up in the North and he had been captured and sent to Derry jail. When he got out, he undertook a mission for a Captain Thompson who, he said, was the head of the British Secret Service in Ireland. The job he got was to locate and trap Michael Collins. Instead, what he really wanted to do was to trap the trapper, in other words, he wanted the Sinn Feiners to trap Captain Thompson.

I told him finally that he could easily get in touch with Arthur Griffith. All he had to do was to go to the reporters' room in the Freeman's Journal office and anybody there would tell him where to find Griffith. This was safe enough because A.G. had refused to go on the run. He was still working openly every day in his office in Andy Clerkin's premises in Brunswick Street - (now Pearse Street).

Early next morning I told A.G. about Hardy. I said he might expect a call from him and that he could dodge it if he liked but that I thought he should see him. A.G. readily agreed to do so. Hardy turned up in the afternoon and had a long talk with A.G. in the course of which he told A.G. all

that he had told me, and much more.

"Did you notice his eyes?" A.G. asked me later.

"Yes," I said. "They are bad eyes."

"That is what I thought," said A.G. "He said he was in Derry jail in December, 1918. I want you to go to the Library and find out whether he was tried and what was his offence."

I lcoked up the file in the Library and found that in December, 1918 he had received a five years sentence for various frauds and that he had a long criminal record. It was obvious that he had been released from jail for his present mission. When I gave the details to A.G. he was in high good humour.

"We'll play a trick on him," he said. "What about getting a group of journalists in here and letting him talk to them in the belief he is addressing the Sinn Fein leaders?"

I agreed the plan was brilliant and set out to ~~write~~ invite a selected list of journalists to assemble in A.G.'s office on the following morning. The outcome was a first class journalistic sensation. Following is the account which appeared in the Irish Independent on September 17th, 1920;

PRESSMEN'S UNIQUE EXPERIENCE.

Interview with an Alleged Spy.

Amazing Story.

Mr. Griffith Springs a Surprise.

What Sinn Fein Knew.

"The people who are playing your game are scoundrels, but you are not as great scoundrels as the people who employ you."

This statement was made yesterday by Mr. Arthur Griffith, T.D., at a close of a dramatic exposure of an Englishman whose mission was said to be to help Sinn Fein. The exposure took place before a party of French, American, English and Irish journalists.

The man, who was introduced by Mr. Griffith, thought he was addressing a secret meeting of Sinn Fein leaders, and, after an elaborate statement in which he disclosed his plans for aiding Sinn Fein, Mr. Griffith produced what he described as the man's record, which included two sentences of 7 years and one of 5 years' penal servitude.

Acknowledging the record, the man urged that this was a reason why he should "get even with the Government." When he found he was addressing a meeting of journalists and was ordered by Mr. Griffith to leave the city that night, the man was quite crestfallen, pressed for time, and, protesting that he had

never given any information against Sinn Fein, slunk out of the room.

DRAMATIC SCENE.

The Man's Statement.

At brief notice and without any hint as to the part they were to be called upon to play in one of the most remarkable episodes of the many amazing affairs that have recently happened in Ireland, the French, American, British, and Irish journalists assembled in the offices of "Young Ireland" yesterday.

An "Irish Independent" representative was asked yesterday afternoon to call at a certain address on a most important mission. On going there he was met by a gentleman who asked him to be at Great Brunswick Street at 4.30 p.m. where he would meet Mr. Arthur Griffith and Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald. The object of the request was not disclosed, but it was obvious that a mysterious, and, as it turned out, a sensational drama was about to be enacted. He was asked to make certain alterations in his clothing and to an extent disguise himself.

THE MEETING.

On entering a room at the address mentioned he found there seated about a table Mr. Griffith and a number of journalists, including French, American and English. After some time, and

when the curiosity of those present was getting the upper hand of their patience, Mr. Griffith explained the object of the assemblage. A gentleman, he stated, who had described himself as a journalist, but who was in the Secret Service of England had called on him some days previously, and professing sympathy with the Sinn Fein movement, made certain suggestions and offers which were not considered.

Eventually, after further visits, an agreement was arrived at by which this Secret Service agent undertook to attend a secret meeting of Sinn Fein leaders. "You gentlemen," Mr. Griffith concluded, "are the Sinn Fein leaders for the occasion, and you will have an opportunity of hearing what he has to say." To the two Irish Press representatives present he delegated the work of interrogation, explaining that the accents of their colleagues might arouse the suspicions of the agent.

THE AGENT ARRIVES.

After a further interval, the appointed time arrived, and punctually, the mystery man was ushered into the room. Displaying traces of nervousness, he at once took a seat at the table. A well-set man of middle age, clean-shaven, and dressed in a neat blue serge suit, he immediately entered into fluent converse. Starting with the statement that he was an Englishman, he said that he had been a journalist and done

work for the "Daily Chronicle", "Daily Mail", and other journals. He had spent eleven years in Canada and America, and was for a time city editor of a paper in Toronto. "I don't mind telling you," he went on, "that I am a bit of a sport, and I was in Ireland attending race meetings in 1918."

He also said that he got into touch with some Sinn Feiners in Derry, and took part in a raid for arms at a place a short distance from that city. They were arrested, he said, and he was charged, not with raiding for arms, but with burglary, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. He was sent to Maryboro' prison, and was in the next cell to a Sinn Fein prisoner named Moran. A man named Fleming, who smashed up his cell, was also in the same ward. After serving nine months, he was released on a ticket-of-leave.

PRETENCE OF ENMITY.

During his incarceration, he said, his favorite child died and he would never forgive the British Government for his enforced absence from home at the time. That and other things embittered him against the Government. He returned to England and some time ago, when out of employment, a friend recommended him to call on "Capt. ---" (giving a name and an address at Charing Cross Road, London). He called and learned that that gentleman was "the head of the Secret Service". "Capt. --- he said, asked him if he would do

work for the Government. He said he would and asked what was its nature. The Captain said, "You know Ireland pretty well, don't you?" He replied that he did. Capt. --- then said that he wanted him to go to Dublin to do secret service work. He asked him if he knew Michael Collins and he replied in the negative. "As a matter of fact," said the man, "I didn't know that he was the Minister of Finance until today." Capt. --- said that the Government would give £10,000 for the capture of Michael Collins and that if he gave information that would lead to his apprehension a large share of that would be his. His share, he added, would run into four figures.

He got instructions to go to Dublin and was informed that he would be allowed 30s. a day subsistence money, and would receive bonuses for any information of value to the Government that he supplied. It was arranged that Capt. --- would send him a telegram to meet him at Harcourt St., and that that would mean that he was to meet him at the pier at Kingstpwn.

HIS "ROLE" IN DUBLIN.

His work in Dublin, Capt. --- told him, was to be quite independent of the police and military in that city. He said that various important coups had been made a mess of by these departments, and he was not to have anything to do with them. Capt. ---,however, said that he would have the power to call

that it was dangerous to keep such information in his diary.

The Captain at an interview, he continued, produced £45, which he offered to him. He declined to accept it, saying that he could draw on his own account for the present. The Captain said he would lodge it to his credit in any bank he might mention, but he again refused. His first interview in London with the Captain, he said, was on August 21, and that he came to Dublin on August 30, and had not yet drawn any money, but a month's payment would soon fall due. At this stage he placed a fountain pen case - also apparently new - on the table. He also donned gold-rimmed spectacles.

"VALUE OF INFORMATION."

Resuming, he took pains to emphasise the value of the information he had so far imparted would be to Sinn Fein. They could intercept the letters, he pointed out, going to the addresses mentioned, and thereby become cognisant of the moves made against them by having the invisible lines photographed. He also took care to mention that in order to work successfully for Sinn Fein he could supply some fairly correct information to the English agents.

For instance, he said, if he reported that Michael Collins was in Tipperary, information might be supplied from another and more reliable source that he was in Dublin, and in that way he would come under suspicion.

AGENT AND THE "CAPTAIN".

Questioned as to Capt. ---'s appearance, he said he was a young man of slight build, and usually went about in civilian dress. He had been to Galway last week, he said, but he was at present in London. He was expecting him back in Dublin in a few days' time, and he would give 'the tip' as to when he was coming.

He was asked as to what remuneration he would require for his services in Sinn Fein interests, and he replied that he would leave that to the people who engaged him.

"SHADOWING TACTICS".

Interrogated as to who Capt. --- was in touch with in Dublin, he professed ignorance. While prepared to leave the question as to what would be done with Capt. --- to the judgment of the "Sinn Fein leaders", he explained the chances of securing valuable information by allowing him at large and adopting "shadowing tactics".

He also explained how he himself could be useful in other directions.

For instance, he said, there was a report that there was an arsenal in "Paul Power's" farm in Tramore.

If the military got word of that he could supply information as to when the visit was to take place, and men could be ready to turn the tables on the soldiers when they arrived in lorries.

He also mentioned the names of some prominent Carsonites concerning whom he could supply information. He had supplied particulars already, he said, to the British authorities, of two Unionist quarters in Derry where arms were stored. Capt.---, he said, took a note of this information, but subsequently said that no action would be taken, as the parties were loyalists.

THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE.

In the earlier stages of the interview the man mentioned that when undertaking the secret service work his ticket-of-leave was withdrawn. He had no longer to report to the police every week, but, he said, if he was found out in anything he might have to go back to prison to finish his sentence.

Asked if he was prepared to take risks, he replied in the affirmative, and smilingly remarked that he had read of a secret society that tested its members' sincerity by asking them to shoot some person. "Of course," he added, "I would not like to have that test imposed."

At the conclusion of his interview he also mentioned that he had been requested to secure information about Bob Brennan. He was told that he had something to do with the Sinn Fein official paper, and that it was very important he should be got.

THE ANTI-CLIMAX. [Another account in an Evening Paper attributed to Hardy the statement that there was a price of £5000 on my head. R.B.]

When the man had concluded Mr. Griffith remarked that all that he had been saying was very interesting, but he begged to

inform him that the gentlemen he was conferring with were not Sinn Fein leaders, but journalists, representing American, French, English and Irish newspapers.

HIS CRIMINAL RECORD.

Mr. Griffith then asked him to listen to the reading of the following document, which was an extract taken from the "Belfast News-Letter" of Dec., 1918:-

"A middle-aged man of respectable appearance was put forward for sentence, and in reply to his lordship said his real name was ---.

"His lordship said the prisoner had had several other names. He had sent in a statement admitting that he had been engaged for some months past in a series of frauds, including a number of cases in Waterford, Carlow, Lisburn, Portstewart, Derry, Liverpool, Leeds, Cardiff, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Wolverhampton, and another place, involving sums amounting to £255. Did that statement disclose all the frauds the prisoner had committed in the last few months? .....

(Here followed a statement by prisoner in which he said he had been employed by the Ministry of Munitions and was dismissed on account of this record, that he became desperate and would have committed murder if it

had come his way. He concluded with an appeal for mercy, offering to pay 20/- in the £ to those he had defrauded.)

"His lordship said he had the prisoner's record before him. Prisoner talked about getting an opportunity of repaying the money, but as a matter of fact he began his career of crime 32 years ago. In 1886 he got 6 weeks for forgery at the Devon Assizes; in 1890 he was imprisoned for 6 weeks for stealing a bicycle and neglecting his family, and in the same year at Plymouth he got 3 months for larceny and embezzlement. In 1896 he got 12 months at Winchester Assizes for stealing securities and forgery. In 1897 - apparently just immediately he came out, he got 18 months at the London Assizes for fraud. He then got 7 years at Surrey Assizes in 1899 for forgery, and another 7 years in 1910 for forging a bill of exchange and for stealing a cheque book. In face of this it was useless to accept any promise from him. He would not be doing his duty if he left the prisoner to go on in that course, defrauding people at will, and he, therefore, sentenced him to 5 years penal servitude, which would cover all the offences to which the prisoner had pleaded guilty."

MAN'S COOLNESS.

At the moment Mr. Griffith explained that those present

were journalists there was an interruption by the entry of some other representatives of foreign newspapers, and the man apparently missed the observation, for when his record was read he protested that that did not affect the situation. Rather it was a reason why he should get even with a Government which had inflicted such punishment on him.

Mr. Griffith repeated the explanation as to the character of the audience, and the man, who had listened intently to his record being read, looked crest-fallen, and remarked "I didn't know that."

"I will now warn you," said Mr. Griffith, "to leave Dublin tonight."

The man, in a timid voice, said it would be impossible for him to go that night, and was given until the morning to take his departure. Protesting that he had never given any information against Sinn Fein, he took his hat and quitted the room, leaving the journalists discussing the extraordinary drama in which they had unwittingly participated.

AGENTS-PROVOCATEUR.

Turning to them, Mr. Griffith said there were many of this man's type employed in the country as agents-provocateur. They tried to incite young men to acts of violence, while those that employed them issued posters inviting information as to crimes instigated by their agents.

Asked whether Sinn Fein had information that the man was a Secret Service agent other than his own confession, Mr. Griffith assured those present that they had.

Of course, I could not be present at the interview but I was in an adjoining room and so ~~was one~~ were two of Mick's men, Liam Tobin and Tom Cullen who, grinning broadly, addressed me as Mr. Kerr.

"I hope you're not going to shoot him, Tom," I said.

"No," said Tom, "Griffith said there should be nothing of the kind. I'm here to see that he gets on the boat."

CHAPTER XXIX

In June 1920, the British forces began to crack. Several units of the Royal Irish Constabulary refused to obey orders. Many magistrates surrendered their British Commissions. In India a battalion of the Connaught Rangers mutinied as a protest against conditions in Ireland.

On a Sunday morning Griffith came to the place where I was staying and said that a certain Bishop, who was friendly, was in the Gresham Hotel for the meeting of the Hierarchy, which was to be held next day in Maynooth. He asked me to draw up a statement which the Bishops might adopt giving an overall picture of the reign of terror. I spent all day over it and in the evening, with A.G., called to see His Lordship. He read the statement and said it was too strong and should be watered down. A.G. pointed out that it contained nothing but facts, every one of which could be substantiated. His Lordship agreed, but said that the Bishops knew very well that we were losing the country, that the people were tired of the fight and that if they got a chance, they would turn us down in favour of the Parliamentary Party.

Griffith was quite plainly taken aback at such sentiments

coming from one whom he considered a rock of strength. We left early and as soon as we gained the street, A.G. said:

"What do you think of that?"

"It's unbelievable," I answered.

"What can have happened to him?" he said. "I can't understand it."

It is noteworthy that, though he affected to disbelieve what His Lordship had said about the people's morale, A.G. was impressed by it, because one of the arguments that he used privately in defence of the Treaty was that the people had grown tired of the fight and there was a danger they might turn to the Parliamentary Party.

The morning we got the news that Terence MacSwiney had died in Brixton Jail after his seventy-four days fast, we were all relieved that his long agony was over. One of the Cork prisoners, Michael Fitzgerald, had already died after a seventy-two days hunger strike and while A.G. and I were still talking of MacSwiney, word arrived that another Cork prisoner, Patrick Murphy, had died. There were several other prisoners in Cork jail on the point of death and A.G. found ready approval for his proposal that the strike should now be called off.

Paddy Moylett, an old friend of A.G.'s, had taken up his residence temporarily in London, where he was holding informal conversations with various influential journalists and people in close touch with Lloyd George. A.G. insisted that he should make it clear that he had no official status whatever and, of course, Moylett was careful to do so. He made considerable progress on a plan for an armistice and amnesty as a prelude to a conference to consider terms of settlement. A.G., in a letter to Moylett, stated clearly that the conference should be unhampered by any preliminary conditions. A.G. was really hopeful that a truce might be effected on terms which we could accept.

Moylett had come over and was staying in an hotel at Dunlaoghaire. I brought him some material which he could use in the desperate attempts he was making to save the life of Kevin Barry. It was in vain.

On the evening of the 1st of November, 1920, I entered a little shop at Rathgar to buy cigarettes. The woman behind the counter was crying.

"I hope there's nothing the matter, ma'am," I said.

She pointed to the evening paper on the counter. On the front page was a picture of Kevin Barry in football togs and the news that he had been hanged that morning.

"A boy of eighteen," she said, sobbing bitterly.

I was surprised. The woman did not know me, but I knew that she was a loyalist, as were all her people.

"It's very sad," I said.

"Sad is not the word for it," she said. "It's a crime. When people have to hang young boys like that, their cause is lost."

She gave me the cigarettes.

"That is what it has come to," she said. "Their cause is lost. Their day is ower."

I did not tell her that before hanging him, his captors had tortured Kevin Barry in the vain effort to make him divulge information about his comrades. At this time, the torture of prisoners by the Crown forces had become commonplace. Anyone who is interested in the details of such dread tortures should read the American Edition of Ernie O'Malley's book "Army Without Banners" (Houghton and Mifflin Co., Boston.)

It was very seldom that I ventured home to Belgrave Road in those days, but occasionally I met Una and the children elsewhere. We had arranged to go to a football match in Croke Park on November 21st, not knowing, of course, that this day was to be known for a long time afterwards as Bloody Sunday. On our way to the tram, we met Dr. Kathleen Lynn, who said that the town was in an uproar, that the military were careering everywhere because some twenty British officers had

been shot that morning.

From the tram we saw ample evidence of the military activities. Armoured cars and soldiers in lorries were patrolling the streets, holding up and searching pedestrians and cyclists. When we got to Nelson Pillar, however, we saw that there were huge crowds going to the football match and we decided that the crowds might be too much for the children, so we went out to Mollymount instead. There was a cold wind blowing on the Bull wall and we set out to return rather earlier than usual.

We were on top of an open tram running in from Fairview when we saw vast numbers of people running from the direction of Croke Park, some of them bleeding from head and face. They were crowding the trams. An old friend, Paddy Devlin, a Gaelic sports-writer, whose pen-name was Celt, came up on top of the tram. I asked him what had happened and he said that the Tans had driven into the Park and opened fire on the football crowd. Some of the players were killed, he said, and a lot of the spectators.

At the Pillar Una left to take the children home and I went to the Freeman's Journal office to find out what had happened. The reports that were coming in were dire indeed. The firing in the Park had been kept up for ten minutes. More than a dozen people had been killed and hundreds were

wounded. Many more had been trampled in the stampede.

Henry O'Connor, the chief leader writer of the Freeman, told me that the total number of British officers shot that morning was fourteen and that seven others who were sought, had escaped. He said that Dick McKee and Peadar Clancy, the Commandant and Vice-Commandant respectively of the Dublin Brigade, as well as a man named Conor Clune, a visitor from County Clare, had been taken the night before and had been murdered in Dublin Castle.

While Henry and I were talking, word arrived that there was an enormous fire raging in some buildings on Sir John Rogerson's Quays and, indeed, from the windows we could see the flames. Reports spread from mouth to mouth that the Black and Tans were setting fire to the city. These proved to be incorrect.

Next morning, I was waiting for Griffith when he came into his office. He was badly shaken. The slaughter in Croke Park he thought was dreadful but, after all, that was a British crime. You could not expect better from the British, but the killing of the English officers!

"Look, A.G.," I said, "they were not merely English officers. They were special agents --"

"How," he said, "can we justify this. The killing of men on a Sunday morning in their homes in the presence of their

wives."

I pointed out that these men were not merely English officers. They were a special squad, recruited for the purposes of spying and murdering. They had themselves, individually and collectively, carried out a number of murders of our men. They had been recruited at the instance of the Chief of the Imperial Staff, Sir Henry Wilson, who, though an Irishman himself, was bitterly anti-Irish. He made no secret of his belief that the way to meet and beat Sinn Fein was by naked terrorism.

Wilson realised that Collins must have men inside Dublin Castle so, in order to insure greater secrecy, this special squad of military officers had arrived without the knowledge of the Castle. They and their wives were located in various houses which were equipped with telephones and they passed as civilians. Each was served by a number of touts who, when they saw a suspect entering a house, or a number of men gathering for a meeting, immediately conveyed word to the officer who, in turn, phoned the Auxiliaries, so that in a matter of minutes the suspected house was raided. At the outset, the activities of this special squad had Collins completely in the dark, until he managed to secure a list of their names and addresses and then he struck like lightning. According to General Crozier, who was at the time commanding

officer of the Auxiliaries, Collins acted "in the nick of time in order to forestall similar action by the British authorities."*

A.G. had received several death notices and one had arrived that morning telling him he did not have twenty-four hours to live. He refused, however, to take any precautions whatever. He had an appointment at Mrs. Stopford Green's house in Stephen's Green. I persuaded him to let me go with him.

"How are you going to stop a bullet that's coming my way?" he asked.

"Maybe," I said, "you could stop one coming my way."

He consented to make a slight detour. We walked down Brunswick Street (Pearse Street) and by Merrion Street and Merrion Row to Stephen's Green. Two caged lorries of Tans passed us at a giddy pace and I saw several individuals lounging about who looked like would-be assassins. I was thankful enough when we were safely in Mrs. Green's.

Griffith was arrested a few days later and when we heard he was in Mountjoy Jail with some of his own comrades, we all breathed somewhat easier. At any rate, what the Castle could do to him now, would have to be done in the open.

Diarmuid Hegarty's office was located on the top floor

---

* "Ireland For Ever", Brigadier General Crozier, (Jonathan Cape.)

of a building in Middle Abbey Street. He was the Secretary of the Dail Eireann Cabinet and his office was also that of Army Organisation, the work of which was being carried out by Diarmuid under the direction of Collins. I was on my way to Diarmuid's office when I saw emerging from Abbey Street into O'Connell Street, two lorry loads of Auxiliaries. They were travelling slowly, which was unusual, and the auxiliaries, their ~~rifles at the ready~~ revolvers swinging, eyed the passers-by balefully. People hurried into doorways for shelter. The lorries crossed the street and turned south, disappearing into d'Olier Street.

I climbed the stairs to Diarmuid's office. Madge Clifford, (now Mrs. Dr. John Comer) was sitting at a typewriter. She was a pretty girl from Kerry whose dark eyes could be very merry and gay, or could flash fire as the occasion demanded. Just now she was very pale and she stared at me.

"You," she said.

"Why not?"

"My heart is pounding fit to burst," she said.

It seemed that the Auxiliaries had been all over the house. The first Madge knew of it was when she looked up and saw an officer in the doorway. She had beside her a file of the very distinctive light blue official notepaper, boldly headed "Dail Eireann". The sheet in the machine was similarly headed.

"All alone?" said the officer.

Madge smiled her gayest smile as she answered:

"More's the pity."

With her right hand she quietly turned over the top sheet of the pile of notepaper, and with the left, she quietly twisted the roller of the machine till the heading on the sheet was out of sight.

"Are you always all alone?"

"Oh, no, not at all. The boss is out to lunch."

The officer hovered over her. All around him were files which would have been of immense value to his paymasters, but his eyes were only on Madge.

"It's a shame to leave a pretty girl like you all alone," he said.

"It's a cruel shame," said Madge.

"What are you doing this evening?"

"Oh, nothing much."

"What about you and me getting together?"

At this point, a loud English voice sounded from the stairs:

"Say, Charlie! Have you got anything there?"

Charlie started towards the door.

"Not a thing," he said.

"Well, come down here!"

"See you again," said Charlie as he went out.

"That was a magnificent piece of acting," I said to Madge. "You have a grand nerve."

"Oh," she said, "but my heart is still pounding. Think of what would have happened if that dirty murderer had laid a hand on me. I'd have torn his eyes out and given the whole show away."

I met Dr. Tommy Dillon, Professor of Chemistry in Galway University. He told me that on the night Father Griffin was taken out and murdered by the Tans, they had come for him also. He had escaped through a back window when they were at the door. As he was now a marked man, he had been advised to leave Galway City and so his wife, Geraldine, and he had come to Dublin. They were looking for a safe place to stay. I invited him to stay with us in the house where we were then living.

After Bloody Sunday, we had decided that Belgrave Road was no longer safe, so Una left the children in her mother's place, Coolnaboy in Wexford, and we rented rooms in a house in Rathgar Avenue. Our landlady was a true blue Unionist and she had no inkling of our activities. Had she known she was harbouring Sinn Feiners, she would have died. To her we were Mr. and Mrs. William Kearney, and I was an official of the Department of Agriculture.

The night Tommy and Mrs. Dillon arrived, we got a fright.

The four of us were playing cards at a table in the front sitting-room when we heard the roar of a lorry coming down the street. As it was long after the curfew hour ~~ten o'clock~~ we realised it must be a military lorry. It stopped outside.

"I wonder could we have been followed?" asked Tommy.

"It's not unusual for them to stop when they see a light in a house," I said. Just then, the headlights of the lorry were turned on the window.

Una was sitting facing the window, on which there was a venetian blind, the slats of which were only partially closed. She said:

"There is someone looking in through the blind."

"Go on playing," I said. "Don't pretend you see anything. Keep your eyes on the cards."

We did so. We continued to deal and play the cards, though, of course, none of us knew what cards we were playing. This scene lasted for a full fifteen minutes before Una announced that the eyes had disappeared from the window. Shortly afterwards we heard the lorry depart. Had any of us shown any signs of panic, the raiders would have entered.

We saw plenty of signs of panic in those days. I was in Dr. ~~Farmer's~~ Farnan's house in Merrion Square looking out through the window at the park. There was a man on the footpath on the opposite side of the road, reading a newspaper as he strolled along. Three lorry loads of Tans whizzed past and then there

was a revolver shot, the signal for an attack on the lorries. The bursting of one, two, three hand grenages in rapid succession reverberated through the Square. Over on the National Gallery side of the Square several people crowded into a doorway. The door opened behind them, they vanished into the house and the door was closed. The man who had been reading the newspaper was standing petrified, his back to the railings. Within a minute, Crossley cars loaded with Tans from Beggars' Bush barracks, came tearing at an incredible speed, their guns barking incessantly. The man, still clutching his newspaper, started running first one way and then another. He stopped uncertainly and then, turning his back to the roadway, he tried to force his body in through the railings, which were only about six inches apart. It was a sickening spectacle. He fell down on the footpath and we thought he had been shot. When we got to him, however, we found that he had collapsed from fright.

CHAPTER XXX

De Valera had set up in America an organisation with one million members to further the cause of the Irish Republic and had raised a loan of six million dollars before returning to Ireland by the underground route.

Desmond Fitzgerald, Frank Gallagher and I were in Miss Gavan Duffy's house in Stephen's Green, discussing something in connection with the Bulletin, when Ernie O'Malley stalked in with a trench coat on his arm, underneath which was a parabellum pistol. He had been fighting in nearly every county in Ireland and the fame of his exploits had come back to Dublin. In his bantering way, he was making light of his adventures, when Josephine Ahearne (later Mrs. James MacNeill) ran in to say the Tans were surrounding the area. They were already in the lane at the rear of the house. We looked through the front windows and saw a cordon forming diagonally across from Earlsfort Terrace to the gate of Stephen's Green.

"Time for me to be off," said Ernie lightly. He picked up the gun, threw his coat carelessly over it and walked out. Breathlessly, we watched as he walked straight over to the cordon. It was obvious to us that he had his right hand on the gun ready to shoot. An officer spoke to him and he

replied. They both laughed and Ernie passed through the cordon, mounted the steps to St. Vincent's Hospital, which he entered. We heard later that he had said to the officer, much to the latter's amusement, that he was carrying a machine gun.

One by one the rest of us slipped quietly out of the house. I got my bicycle and cycled towards Harcourt Street, noticing that all the gates into the park were held. There was a cordon forming at Harcourt Street and Cuffe Street and I turned down the west side of the Green. York Street was also closed and, in the distance, I could see that so was Grafton Street.

I dismounted, realising I was trapped. There was a group of soldiers moving towards me questioning everyone. I was opposite a little cigarette shop I had never been in. I wheeled my bicycle in there and said to the girl behind the counter:

"Is there a way out at the back?"

Without a pause, she said:

"Yes, come this way."

I followed her through a little dark room and through a yard.

"Get over that wall," she said quietly. "Cross the yard and you can make your way into Mercer Street."

I lost no time in following her instructions and soon found myself in Whitefriars Street, outside the cordon. Next morning, I retrieved my bicycle. The girl told me that the Tans had entered the shop just as she got back to the counter. They asked for the man who had come in with the bicycle. She said no man had entered and asserted that the bicycle belonged to her brother. They searched the premises and went off. I thanked her and she laughed and said it was all in the day's work.

Mrs. Stopford Greene sent me word that an old friend of mine was at her house and wanted to see me. I was surprised to find that the 'old friend' was none other than Alderman George Hadden, a member of the Wexford Corporation. I would have said that he was a Unionist, though I had never talked politics with him. I was shocked to find that the poor man had become completely blind.

He told me he had come up from Wexford to see me, thinking I had some influence with the Sinn Fein leaders. He was very much distressed at the state of the country, at the slaughter and destruction that was going on. He thought the methods that the British were adopting to quell the insurrection were shameful. At the same time, he realised that England could not afford to have Ireland an independent republic on her flank and he felt the British would never

concede such a status to us. He did, however, think that the British could be induced to go much further than they had ever gone before and that a settlement could be arrived at on the basis of Dominion Home Rule. He knew, he said, certain people in England and Ireland who had great influence with the British Government. These people were very anxious to get such encouragement from Sinn Fein as would warrant their using this influence to achieve a settlement. He gave me a document embodying all this and asked me to present it to the leaders.

I said that of course I would do so but I pointed out that a group headed by Sir Horace Plunkett had been working for some time on similar lines and that they had got nowhere.

"But I understand," he said,"that the difficulty lies in the fact that you refuse any settlement short of a republic."

"That is quite true," I said.

"But surely," he said, "your people must realise that the distance my friends and I have travelled from maintenance of the Union to Dominion Home Rule is much greater than yours would be from the Republic to Dominion Home Rule?"

I said I fully realised how far they had travelled, but they would have to come all the way to the Republic. There would be no going back for us. The poor man was terribly distressed.

"Our country - remember it is my country too - will

be utterly ruined," he said.

I promised to give him an official answer in a day or two. I reported the matter to Collins, who was now acting President in the absence of de Valera and Griffith and I returned to Alderman Hadden the next day to say that there could be no negotiations on the basis of Dominion Home Rule. He returned to Wexford very disconsolate.

A few days later, Mrs. Green sent word there was another visitor to see me. This time it was a man who had been secretary to Lloyd George and who was still in the confidence of the Prime Minister. In effect this is what he said:

"I do not want you to think that the Prime Minister sent me here or that he is privy to what I am doing. I am merely one of the people in Great Britain who is acutely conscious of the frightful reputation we British are getting because of the depredations of those scoundrels, the Black and Tans. If they knew why I am here, my life would not be worth a minute's purchase. So I am entirely in your hands. There is a growing body in England wanting a settlement. We think it can be achieved. The first step should be, of course, an armistice; the second, an amnesty for all prisoners, and the third, a conference to consider the setting up of a Parliament for all Ireland with adequate safeguards for the Unionists in the north. What do you think of that?"

"Do you mind my asking you why you are saying all this to

me?" I said.

"I told Mrs. Green that I had a plan and that I wanted to try it out on various people. I am trying it out on you."

I knew, of course, that Mrs. Green was in favour of some such plan and I knew, too, that it was substantially the same as that which had been submitted to Griffith through Paddy Moylett. So I said:

"There would be no conditions imposed preliminary to the conference!"

"Not at all."

"For instance," I said, "the All Ireland Parliament you speak of might be the Parliament of the Irish Republic?"

"Good heavens no!" he said. "It would be a Dominion Parliament."

Of course it was no use and I told him so.

At Christmas, Dev arrived back from America. On a bitterly cold night, I cycled from Killester to see him at Loughnavale, a house behind hedges fronting Merrion Strand. He was looking tired but he was full of plans. He listened to my account of the situation. I told him that, so far as I could judge, the people were standing firm in spite of the terror. He asked what would be the effect if the British

made an offer we could not accept. Would it shake the people? Not, I said, unless there was a break at the top and there was no sign of that.

Father O'Flanagan, who was Vice-President of Sinn Fein, had, on his own initiative, sent a telegram to Lloyd George saying in effect: "You say you want peace. So do we. What are your terms?" At about the same time, a few representatives of public bodies in Galway, had called for a truce. This had been construed by Lloyd George as a sign that Sinn Fein was weakening. He had been contemplating a peace offer, but now he changed his mind and decided that an intensification of the reign of terror would smash Sinn Fein. I told Dev that the lesson of this had not been lost on the leaders and people alike.

Dev said the Dail had never taken responsibility for the I.R.A. He was going to get them to do this and to take the first available opportunity to make it clear to all and sundry that the Dail took full responsibility for the operations of the Army.

He asked me what I thought of the suggestion that I should go to America to help the campaign there. I said that if it was an order, or if particularly wanted me to go, of course, I would do so, but that if I was given the choice I preferred to stay. It was the second time I had refused such a trip. (I

was to refuse a third offer and to accept a fourth.) He then asked me if I would be prepared to set up a Foreign Office in which I would be Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, my work being to co-relate the activities of our envoys abroad and to keep them better informed. I said I would gladly do this.

Dev deplored the fact that our communications were not better. He instanced the case of the British officers killed on Bloody Sunday morning. This had been represented in the American papers as brutal murders of British officers in their homes, merely because they were British officers. He had had no knowledge of the facts and was compelled, willy nilly, to let the reports go uncontradicted until it was too late. I told him that I had got hold of an Irish agent for an American firm, who sent and received code messages every day in the course of his business. He was willing to let me use his codes and addresses for our purposes.

I noticed that Dev had been reading an English translation of a Greek classic. I told him he should relax and read something light. I happened to have in my pocket a copy of a detective story I had had published and I gave him this but, of course, he never read it. During the whole time he had been in America he had seen only one play, Marc Connelly's "Green Pastures". Whenever afterwards the theatre was mentioned, he recalled this play with keen delight.

The solicitor who had previously secured premises for me, balked this time. I was not surprised for he was a very timid man. Una negotiated the renting of a couple of rooms in No. 2 Harcourt Place (now 36, Fenian Street) near Westland Row, under the name of Lewis. We put up a sign "Lewis and Lewis, Insurance Agents."

Kevin O'Higgins, who was assistant minister for Local Government had an office in Suffolk Street. I went there to try and secure the services of Frank Kelly, who was good at codes and cyphers. O'Higgins told me that he had been held up by the Tans that morning.

"I told them," he said, "that I had nothing more dangerous on me than a safety razor and I took it out to show them."

"That surely was a clever thing to do," I said.

"Why not?"

"Wasn't it a clear indication that you were on the run?"

"Good heavens!" he said, "I never thought of that."

He agreed to part with Frank Kelly and, in addition, I recruited James Carty, who was later to write his excellent histories; Mrs. Dr. Jim Ryan (Mairin Cregan) who had not yet written "Old John" and her other famous stories; James Bolger, now in the Accountant's Section in Iveagh House; George Homan, afterwards Major-domo of Iveagh House, was our special courier.

These couriers were of tremendous importance to the organisation and they had great responsibilities, though they seemed hardly to realise this. They were seemingly carefree messenger boys, flitting here and there on bicycles. Theirs was the job of carrying despatches between the various underground offices and the distribution centre ("The Dump"). They had to make sure that they did not attract attention and were not followed. Each of them knew where the various Republican Government departments were located, in case an urgent message had to pass from one department to another. Generally such direct delivery of communications between departments was discouraged, the dump being used to ensure greater safety.

There was no instance of even an accidental leakage of information on the part of any of the couriers. There was one amazing case of a courier who was venal in a minor way. A lad I will call Johnnie, was the courier in the Publicity department, where the postage bill was very high. It was noticed that the bill was even higher than it should be and then it was found that stamps were disappearing. Johnnie was watched and was caught selling blocks of stamps. By the time he was caught, he had disposed of some fifteen pounds worth of stamps over several months. Now Johnnie had only to walk into any police station and collect ten thousand pounds by giving away the office where Collins worked. The idea had never occurred to him and, indeed, he would have been cut in

little pieces before he would have done anything of the kind.

The Foreign Affairs office in Harcourt Place had to be left every evening bare of any evidence of seditious activities. We did not know any of the other tenants of the building, nor did we know anything of the caretaker. Una bought an old wardrobe and, at the top of this, Frank Kelly and I made a secret compartment into which every night we fitted all our files. There was nothing then to show that we were not running a bona fide insurance agency. The desks were covered with insurance promotion pamphlets, which Una and I had collected here and there.

All went well until the caretaker, Mrs. Carey, became suspicious of us. She had noticed that while there was a great deal of work going on in the office, there were no customers. She reported us.

I was leaving the office one evening, when I saw Joe Reilly leaning on a bicycle at the corner of Merrion Square. He called me over.

"Who is in that place you came out of?" he asked.

"I don't know who else is in there," I said, "but my office is there."

"Is it you have the Insurance Agency?"

"Yes."

"Well, God blast you anyhow. I came down here to tag you."

Joe laughed.

"Wait till I tell the Big Fella this," he said. "They said they followed you to a house in Rathgar Avenue - a unionist house - and that your name was Kearney and that you worked in the Department of Agriculture."

"That's right, Joe," I said, "that is what I told my landlady."

"Holy bloody Cripes," said Joe, "wait till I tell this to Mick."

It transpired that Mrs. Carey had reported us to the local company of the I.R.A. The D.I. of the company having observed us for some time, reported us to the Battalion and the report went along until it finally reached Intelligence Headquarters which, of course, was Mick Collins.

CHAPTER XXXI

In March 1921, General Sir Hubert Gough wrote of conditions in Ireland.

"Law and order have given place to a bloody and brutal anarchy in which the armed agents of the Crown violate every law in aimless and vindictive and insolent savagery."

Macardle, page 448.

Meanwhile, in order to provide against the contingency of the capture of the Harcourt Place office, I had rented another. This was at 19, Kildare Street, on the first floor. I was disinclined to start another insurance office and was casting about for some other line of business, when Frank Gallagher told me that Jack Morrow, the artist, had invented a wonderful disinfectant, which he called "Iresol". He had put this on the market but the venture had failed. Jack handed over the whole business to me, including the stock in trade consisting of some hundreds of bottles of the stuff. So we put up a brass plate "Iresol, Ireland, Limited" on the door and stacked a lot of the bottles around the room.

Again we had trouble from an inquisitive landlady, who never saw any customers coming in. Mairin Ryan placated her by giving her a few bottles of Iresol, explaining at the same time that we only received wholesale orders, the goods being dispatched from the factory at the North Wall.

Neither of the offices were ever captured, though we had many close shaves. I cycled down Merrion Street one morning and saw that the whole section in which my office was located was surrounded by the Tans. Without dismounting, I turned into Clare Street. I saw J.J. Walsh cycling southwards on the other side of the street. Seeing me, he dismounted and called out:

"Come here. I want to see you."

I went across and asked him what he wanted.

"How are you getting on?" he asked.

"Look, J.J.," I said, "make an appointment for tonight and I'll tell you how I'm getting on. I'm not going to stop here."

He asked me why and, as he persisted, I told him the Tans were assembling in strength round the corner and, moreover, we were standing just in front of the cigarette shop over which Willie Cosgrave had his Local Government office. Furthermore, as the Tans were busy in the area, they were sure to have their touts hanging around.

"Where would they be?" asked J.J., looking about him.

"I don't know," I said. "That man over there, standing under the lamp-post might be one for all I know."

"I'll find out whether he is or not," said J.J. He left his bicycle standing by the kerb and approached the man under the lamp.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

The man started violently and straightened up. He cast a startled glance at J.J.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," he said.

"And what," asked J.J., "do you mean by standing here doing nothing?"

"Oh, nothing at all, nothing at all."

"Well," said J.J., pointing down Merrion Square, "you walk down that street and don't look to the right or the left of you."

With alacrity the man started off. His hands rigidly at his sides and his head craned forward, he walked down Merrion Square. From his demeanour, it looked as if he was going to walk to Dalkey before looking to right or left. J.J. returned to me and said with a grin:

"That's the way to find out whether they are touts or not."

This was typical of J.J. I remembered that on an earlier occasion he had cycled up to Eccles Street, where he was staying in Miss O'Donnell's house. He saw a couple of lorries and a raiding party of Tans outside the house. He dismounted at the corner and asked a big policeman who was standing there, what was up.

"They're searching for someone," said the policeman.

"Who would they be searching for?" asked J.J.

"I wouldn't know," was the reply.

"I'll tell you," said J.J. "They are searching for J.J. Walsh of Cork and that's me."

Whereupon he mounted his bicycle and rode off. When he had his barber's shop in North Frederick Street, military raiders in a lorry dashed up one day. Before they had time to enter, J.J. had taken his place in the customer's chair, drawn a towel around his neck and put on a heavy lather. He got away with it. In the early days, he was staying in a house in Rathmines, his host being a gentleman who could, by no means, be accused of being connected with Sinn Fein. J.J. was sitting at the fire, in his shirt sleeves, when there came a knock at the door. Restraining his host, J.J. went to the door and opened it. There were two D.M.P. men outside.

"We are looking for J.J. Walsh," said one of them.

"What for?"

"Never mind. Is he here?"

"He's in there sitting down at the fire," said J.J.

The two policeman walked in and J.J. walked out.

On a later occasion, J.J. was making a speech at a public meeting when he noticed in the crowd a notorious G.-man named Bruton.

"There's a man down there listening to me," said J.J. "He is in the pay of the enemy of our country. He is now

making mental notes of what I am saying so as to report it to his paymasters. Well, here is something for him to make a note of. I advise him here and now, before it is too late, to hand over his gun to the rightful defenders of the liberty of this country - the I.R.A. And if he doesn't, I hope that his paymasters will see to it that his widow is compensated."

Bruton himself arrested J.J. shortly after this and at the subsequent trial, Bruton repeated J.J.'s words advising him to hand over his gun to the I.R.A. From the dock J.J. asked:

"Well, have you handed it over yet?"

J.J. got a sentence of five years penal servitude.

After I parted with J.J. in Clare Street, I cycled around the district to try and find out what the Tans were after. They seemed to hold the whole area which included Westland Row, Brunswick Street (now Pearse Street) and Denzille Lane (now Fenian Street). They visited several houses and made a very thorough search of the Christian Brothers' schools in Cumberland Street. After nearly two hours they went off, apparently empty handed. They had not entered the house where my office was. I found George Homan in sole possession. He had arrived before the encirclement and had watched the raiders from the windows. The other members of the staff, seeing the raiders, had veered off, as

I had. They all turned up shortly and work was resumed at the Foreign Office.

A despatch from Harry Boland, our Envoy in Washington, said that an American journalist "who was really a British agent" was on his way to Ireland and that we were to be on our guard against him. I will call the journalist Tom Jones. In due course, he arrived and got in touch with me. Perhaps it is just as well to set out here how it was that such people coming to Ireland at this time could get in touch with people who were so badly wanted by the British authorities. It was fairly simple. The visitors, for the most part, stayed in the Shelbourne Hotel. As soon as they arrived they would ask the boots, or the head-waiter, or the doorman, how could they get in touch with the Sinn Fein leaders. As it was extremely dangerous to be in possession of such knowledge and as, moreover, the management abhored Sinn Fein and everybody connected with it, the boots and everyone else professed ignorance. But one of our agents amongst the hotel staff passed the word along that Tom Jones, say, was making such enquiries and shortly afterwards Tom Jones would receive a visit from an innocent looking person like Una and be conducted to one or other of our rendezvous.

Quite apart from the fact that Harry had said he was a

British agent, I did not like Tom Jones at all. He was entirely too oily. He asked me a dozen questions bearing on the likelihood of a settlement, to which I returned the stock answers. He stressed the importance of the newspaper he represented and said he was anxious to get interviews with de Valera and Collins. I told him I would see what I could do.

Dev had moved to a house in Mount Merrion Avenue, Blackrock, a house standing in its own grounds, approached by a wide avenue. When I was admitted, I saw Dev crossing a landing with a pipe in his mouth.

"Don't tell me you are slipping," I said to him when he appeared.

"How?"

"You made a vow you wouldn't smoke again."

"I wasn't smoking. Now and again I put an empty pipe in my mouth to pretend to myself I am smoking."

I told him of my interview with TomJones.

"Do you know he's a spy?"

"Not a spy in the ordinary sense. I got the idea he may be here to study the psychology of the leaders. He is very anxious to interview you."

"No, I don't want to see him."

"He says he is in contact with very important people in England - people who can bring about a settlement."

"All the more reason why I should not see him. Tell him

my opinion is that the British should publicly offer to negotiate a treaty with Ireland as a separate State. We can meet on this ground."

Mick, on the other hand, said he would meet Tom Jones.

"If he's an English agent, allthe better," he said. "We'll see what's in their minds."

With Joe Hyland, our official driver, at the wheel, I drove to Miss Gavan Duffy's house in Stephen's Green and picked up Tom Jones. Joe drove through a bewildering succession of streets and left us down at a house in Ely Place, at the top of which Dora French had a flat. The place was only a couple of hundred yards from the Shelbourne Hotel, though we had driven a couple of miles. I brought Tom Jones up to the flat and returned to the hall to wait for Mick. He came in a few minutes, wheeling his bicycle into the hall. I noticed that his clothes were tighter fitting than usual.

"You're getting fat," I said.

"I know I am. Is our man here?"

"He's upstairs."

"Come on up."

I introduced the two men.

"I want to thank you, Mr. Collins," said Tom Jones, "for giving me this interview, particularly as you must be a very busy man."

"It's all in the day's work."

"I've a lot of questions I'd like to ask you."

"Fire away. But I want to tell you that you are not to publish the interview till we have seen the copy and given it the O.K."

"That's all right with me, Mr. Collins. Do you know what I think? You should come to America. You'd make a big splash there."

"Don't you think I'm making a big splash where I am?"

"You most certainly are, Mr. Collins. Why, your name is becoming a legend."

Tom Jones continued in this strain, indulging in the most unabashed flattery, and Mick laughed heartily.

The interview lasted nearly an hour, at the end of which Mick went off on his bicycle.

"My God, what a man!" said Tom Jones. "You'd think he hadn't a care in the world. Is he always like that?"

"Always. Well, nearly always."

Again taking a circuitous route, I brought Tom Jones back to Stephen's Green.

The copy of the interview came next day and as there were no mistakes in it, it was O.K'd.

A couple of weeks later, Tom Jones turned up again. He sent me a note saying he wanted to see M.C. again and he

enclosed a poster which I was to show him. The poster had been issued by Tom Jones' newspaper. On it there were reproduced three photographs. The top one was that of Kemal Pasha and the caption said that the latter had been fighting for a long time in the mountains of Ankara, while several armies had tried, in vain, to kill or capture him. "Our Tom Jones went to Turkey and within a week he had secured an interview with Kemal Pasha".

The second photo was Lenin and there was a similar caption.

The third was M.C. "A hundred thousand police and soldiers have been trying for two years to kill or capture the elusive Michael Collins. Our Tom Jones went to Dublin and within twenty-four hours he had interviewed Michael Collins."

Now all this was, of course, perfectly justified if, as I do not doubt, Tom Jones had brought off these scoops, but I could not refrain from attaching a sheet of paper to the poster and writing: "T.J. certainly knows how to lay it on".

Mick was furious when he turned up in Ely Place on the following day.

"What the hell do you mean by that gibe about laying it on?" he stormed.

"You can't take a joke, Mick."

"I don't want any jokes of that kind. Is he here?"

"Yes. He's above. He did not say outright, but he hints he has been seeing Lloyd George. He thinks the time is ripe for a get-together."

"Well, come on up."

"No. He let me know he would like to see you alone."

"What the hell - oh, all right."

"Will I wait to bring him back?"

"No. I'll see to that."

I saw Mick next day and he was in high good humour.

"I had a great laugh yesterday," he said. "When the interview was over, I walked out of the flat with him, wheeling my bicycle. We turned the corner and there was the Shelbourne. You should have seen his face. I shook hands with him at the door of the hotel, and roared laughing as I got up on my bicycle and rode away. His eyes and mouth were open like a fish. You should have seen him."

"I'd like to have seen that," I said. "But what about the flat. We may want to use it again."

"No. He won't be back. You'll know why when you see the interview."

"But what about Dora French?"

"If Tom Jones is the sort of agent I think he is, he won't give the flat away. But I warned Dora French anyway, just in case."

The interview, when it came, showed M.C. as uncompromising

as ever. He said that nothing short of an all Ireland republic would satisfy our demands, but the minority in the North would be given any necessary guarantees to ensure fair play.

The air was now thick with rumours of behind-the-scenes negotiations. Mrs. Nugent, our former hostess in Upper Mount Street, had introduced Sir James O'Connor to Father O'Flanagan and singly or together, both had paid several visits to London exploring possible avenues for a settlement. Alfred Cope, the British Under-Secretary in Dublin Castle, was a party to these proceedings. Lord Derby had come to Dublin in disguise and interviewed de Valera, and there were numerous other would-be peacemakers coming and going.

Many English newspapers and journals were now violently attacking the British Government for its policy of "spreading ruin and death in Ireland" as the "Nation" put it. The "Manchester Guardian, "The Daily News", "The Westminster Gazette" and even "The London Times" called loudly for a change in policy. Denunciations of the Government were being made by prominent figures such as H.H. Asquith, Sir John Simon, Lord Hugh and Lord Robert Cecil and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Notwithstanding all this, Lloyd George not merely continued, but intensified the reign of terror, saying he had murder by the throat. The curfew hour was now eight o'clock and, as the days lengthened, it was a weird sight to see the streets

completely deserted during the hours of broad daylight. Nothing living was to be seen save the dreaded raiding parties of Black and Tans and Auxiliaries.

Dev sent me a long telegram which I was to send to Sean T. O'Kelly, our Envoy in Paris. I cannot have been functioning very brightly that morning, or I would have realised the message was not for Sean T. I cycled into town and handed in the message in the temporary G.P.O. in O'Connell Street. The G.P.O., after its destruction in 1916, had not yet been rebuilt. When I got back to my office, I saw to my horror, a slip of paper which had become detached from Dev's communication. It said I was to send the message in code to Sean T. who was to cable it to America. I raced back to the office in O'Connell Street and found the clerk who had taken the message from me. I told him I wanted to make an alteration in it. He said I was too late as it had gone down to the telegraph transmission office in Amiens Street. I asked him if they would let me have it back there, and he said they might if I could convince them that I was the sender and if it had not already gone.

I hurried down to Amiens Street and saw, with dismay, that there were two soldiers, a policeman and a plain-clothes man guarding the doors of the telegraph office. I walked past them, hoping I was looking nonchalant. I made my request

at a window and was refferred to another window, where I was told I was too late as the message had gone to the Telegraph room.

"Maybe it hasn't gone through yet," I said.

"I can't do anything about it now," said the clerk, "it has been entered."

Seeing my long face, he said:

"Why not send another message with the corrections."

"No," I said. "I'll leave it so," and walked out of the building. I immediately turned back and went in again, walking through the front office to the rear, hoping the clerk I had been talking to would not notice me. I ran up a stairs and found myself at a door looking into the telegraph room. There was a large number of operators working machines which clicked merrily away. I saw that my task was pretty hopeless, but I threw my hat on a desk outside the door and walked into the place.

The machines were in rows. I walked behind the backs of the operators, my eyes on the little piles of messages they were working on. My message was distinctive in shape, a larger than foolscap sized sheet. Everybody seemed to be extremely busy and I hoped no one was taking any notice of me but I feared to look around to see if they were. Most of the messages in front of the operators were ordinary telegraph forms. At the sixth or seventh machine my heart gave a leap.

The girl was working on a message and beneath it was one that seemed like mine. I lifted the top message and took out the sheet. It was mine. The girl started and turned her head to look at me.

"Excuse me," I said, "this has to be altered."

I saw her eyes widen with suspicion and alarm. I walked away from her, feeling her eyes boring into my back. As leisurely as I could, I walked through the rows of machines, expecting to hear the girl scream. I reached the door and passed through. I did not ~~want~~ wait to retrieve my hat. I ran down the stairs but forced myself to walk through the front office. Outside, I found that my bicycle, which I had placed against the kerb, had fallen down. Under the cold eyes of the police and soldiers I picked it up, mounted and rode away. I noticed then that my breathing was painful. I had been holding my breath too long.

I told Dev what I had done. He shook his head as he smiled at me.

"I wouldn't have done it," he said, "I'd have let the damn thing go."

CHAPTER XXXII

In the early summer of 1921, British Government in Ireland had been brought almost to a standstill. Lloyd George had stated in the House of Commons that "the King's writ no longer runs in Ireland". In June 1921 he called for a truce.

I had received a code message from our undercover agent in Germany regarding a proposed landing of arms by a Zeppelin. I thought the scheme was impracticable and I was surprised when Collins showed some enthusiasm for it. Dev had asked me for the details and I met him in Madame O'Rahilly's house in Herbert Park, a rendezvous we sometimes used at this time. Dev asked me if I had been held up and when I said not, he told me he had been stopped by a foot patrol but he had not been searched. We discussed the Zeppelin scheme and Dev said he saw no reason why it could not be worked if a suitable landing place could be found, sufficiently far from a British stronghold. The Curragh, which had been suggested, was, of course, out of the question.

There were some other matters we had to discuss and before we got through, Madame O'Rahilly came in to say that Mr. Childers had arrived.

"Oh, yes, of course," said Dev going out with her. Nearly ten minutes passed and I was wondering whether I should go when Dev came in, full of apologies.

"I'm sorry, Bob," he said, "I didn't mean to leave you like that. Come on in here."

We went into a room across the hall, where Childers was standing staring out of a window. Anyone who did not know him would have said he was moody. But I knew him. He was deep in thought on some immediate problem.

"Come on," said Dev, "let us get at this."

We sat at a table and watched Dev with a compass finish a very neat drawing he had already begun. There were five separate and independent circles, all contained within a very large circle. Dev completed the design by drawing another circle outside the large circle, but contacting it.

"There you have it," said Dev, "the large circle is the British Commonwealth, having within it these five circles which are members of the Commonwealth. Outside the large circle, but having external contact with it, is Ireland.

This was the first I had heard of the scheme which came to be known as Document Number Two or External Association. Ireland was not to be a member of the Commonwealth, but was to be externally associated with it. I realised at once why the scheme had come into being. There were some of our people,

right at the top, who believed that England would never concede an Irish Republic - an absolutely independent nation on her flank. And there were others, the vast majority, who held that nothing short of an absolutely independent Irish Republic would satisfy them or would be in accordance with the aspirations of all Irish republicans since the time of Wolfe Tone.

This plainly was a painstaking, sincere and well thought out plan to reconcile the two schools of thought. Personally, at first glance, I did not like it, ~~nor indeed did I like it at second glance~~, but I could not but admire the rare political genius which had brought it into being.

Rightly or wrongly, I got the impression that Childers, at this stage, though willing to accept the scheme was not enthusiastic about it.

While we were still talking, Collins came in. Dev explained the design to him and Mick, who seemed to be thinking of something else, said nothing at all.

I left and walked some distance before I boarded a tram. At Baggot Street Bridge, the tram was held up and the passengers were ordered out to be searched by a mixed party of military and Black and Tans. I was on top of the tram and I was in a panic. Apart from the code messages from Germany, I had several other incriminating documents in my pockets. There was no escape whatsoever and I was beginning to resign myself to the inevitable, when I felt a tap on my shoulder. Looking

round I saw an American journalist, a man named Connolly, whom I had met a few days before.

He said quietly: "Have you got anything on you?"

"I have."

He pushed his way in beside me.

"What have you got?"

"These," I said, pulling out the papers.

"Let me have them."

"What about you?"

"I've an American passport."

I gave him the papers and he stuffed them in his pockets. We went down and took our places in a queue to be searched. There were two lines of passengers being searched and questioned. I looked at the head of the line I was in and saw, to my dismay, that the ~~examining officer~~ questioner was the little officer who had had charge of me in Arbour Hill a couple of years earlier, the one who thought everything was so jolly. He was sure to recognise me. I looked about me. It was only three steps to the other line. I took the three steps and got into the other line, surprised that no one had taken any notice. My questioner was a stupid Auxiliary officer, who was half drunk. I got through.

I was back again on the top of the tram and my American friend joined me.

"It's a good job," he said, "they are not looking at you now, because you are giving yourself away."

"I know," I said.

The tram started off at long last and my friend gave me back the papers.

"I feel like a martyr," he said. "Just think of the wonderful copy I am passing up.

It was only a few days later - it was the 22nd June,1921 - when Sean Harling, Dev's special messenger, came into the office, breathless.

"They've got Dev," he said.

"You mean he's been taken?"

"Yes, they were all over the place before we knew it. I have to tell the others. You are to see Austin Stack at once."

He raced off and I cycled over to Mary Street to see Stack. I was surprised to find that all Stack wanted was to ensure that all departments carried on as usual. I thought that this assurance was unnecessary, but I did not say so. It did not strike me, at the time, that what was unusual was that I was to see Stack and not Collins. At the time A.G. had been arrested, Collins had become Acting-President and, of course, he had relinquished this post when Dev returned from America. Was it the case that Dev had appointed Stack as

Acting-President and not Collins?

The question had hardly formed itself in my mind, when to the amazement of everybody, himself included, Dev was released. He had been told to remain in the house in Blackrock and there await a letter.

A day or two later Dev received Lloyd George's invitation to a conference, and thereafter there followed a bewildering succession of events: Dev's conversations with the Southern Unionists, the truce, the prison releases, the protracted correspondence between Dev and Lloyd George and the subsequent negotiations which were to end in the ill-fated Treaty.

Overnight almost, our offices were transferred to the Mansion House, where we greeted friends we had long lost sight of because they, too, had been working underground. There, too, we met friends newly out of jail, A.G., Bob Barton, Eamon Duggan, Micheal Staines. The feeling of elation which had swept the country following the truce, permeated the Mansion House to no little extent. Dev found it necessary to issue a proclamation warning against undue confidence and calling for a continuance of the determination and fortitude which had sustained the people in the struggle. But his words, for the most part, fell on deaf ears. Few people believed that the fight would be resumed. Those who remembered that England, often beaten in the field, had won victory at the Council table, thought that Dev was a match for any and all of them. And

And his tenacity and farsightedness during the correspondence, in refusing to be trapped by Lloyd George into an abandonment of the Republican position prior to the conference, strengthened their belief in him.

On the 14th of September, Dev was handed a message. He glanced at it. half rose from the table and sat down again.

"Damn, damn, damn!" he said, and threw the message on the table. A.G. picked it up, read it and handed it to me. It was fromGairloch in Scotland, whither Joe Magrath and Harry Boland had gone to deliver a letter to Lloyd George. The message sent by Joe and Harry was to the effect that paragraph two of the letter was unacceptable to Lloyd George who strongly urged that the meeting of the Dail called for that day should be postponed.

"I told them," said Dev, "that they were not to discuss the terms of that letter with him, didn't I?"

"Of course you did," said A.G.

Outside in the Round Room the Dail was assembling.

"What are you going to do?" asked A.G.

"I'm going to do what I told them was the programme. Getthe Dail to sanction the letter and publish it. Don't you agree?"

"Of course. It's the only thing to do."

Dev explained the position to the Dail and unanimously the letter was sanctioned and ordered to be published. Later, Dev took me aside and said he was worried. He had had no reply to the protesting telegram he had sent to Joe and Harry.

"Well," I said, "isn't it obvious that they are on their way back?"

"Why?"

"To have the letter altered."

"They'll have to be stopped," he said. "They must not be allowed to bring back that letter. How are we to stop them?"

I figured out from a map and a timetable, that if they had left Gairloch after telephoning, they would probably catch the night boat at Holyhead. The night boat from Dunlaoghaire would dock at Holyhead an hour before they were due there. He asked me if I would go over on the chance of intercepting them. I, of course, said I would. I had just time to catch the boat.

Dev drove me to Dunlaoghaire and, on the way, we discussed the plenipotentiaries whom the Dail, on his recommendation, had appointed that day. They were A.G., Collins, Barton, Eamon Duggan and Gavan Duffy. Dev thought it was a good team. Collins and Barton were a good counter balance to Griffith.

When I got on the boat I had the idea I might miss my men at Holyhead. I managed to get hold of a steward who knew Joe Magrath and I enlisted his aid. He was to watch one gangway while I took the other. As it happened, there was no need of these precautions for the first people to walk down the pier were Joe and Harry. When I intercepted them, their surprise was comical.

"What's up?" they asked.

"Have you got the letter?"

"No."

"Has Lloyd George got it?"

"Well,he has and he hasn't. He said he would take the attitude he has not received it till it's altered."

"But it's in his possession."

"Yes."

"All right. You can go aboard."

I found a telephone and called Dev and reported. He was greatly relieved. In their stateroom, Joe and Harry were staring at each other. Harry turned to me.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"You should not have sent that message."

They both began to swear. There was nothing wrong with the message they sent.

"What happened?" I asked.

Harry, with his love of the dramatic, re-enacted the scene.

"We arrived at Gairloch, having driven sixty miles in an open car, perished. I said to Joe, "If he asks me to take a drink, I'll be hard put to it to keep the promise I made to myself." Outside the house there was a Daily Mail man who asked is of we were from Ireland. When I said 'Yes', he said: 'He'll give you two republics to-day. He's after catching a ten-pound salmon.' Just then Lloyd George came around a corner of the house, a lively little man with pink cheeks like a baby, clear blue eyes and venerable flowing soft white hair. He literally ran to us, crying "Are you the boys from Ireland?" We said we were and he shook our hands warm-heartedly and impulsively. 'Wait till I show you the salmon I caught,' he said. He ran off and returned holding the salmon aloft. 'Isn't it grand?' he cried. He handed the salmon to someone standing by and ushered us into a room. 'Have a drink,' he said, 'I have some good Irish whiskey.' No, we weren't drinking. 'Sherry.' No, no sherry either. 'As you will. Sit down and make yourselves at home. You know I'm always glad to meet an Irishman. I know where I am with them, being a Celt myself. I can never feel the same with these cold-hearted Saxons.' He talked for a while on the superiority of the

Celtic character over that of the Anglo-Saxon and then turned to us gleefully, like a boy expecting a new toy.

"'Well, I hope you've got good news for me.'

"Joe gave him the letter and he began to read it. His face grew serious as he ran down the page. Still reading the letter, he sat down frowning. Then he collapsed.

"'My God!' he groaned. 'My God! He can't mean this.' He glanced at the letter again and put his hand wearily to his head. 'After all I said to him he does this to me. You must alter this letter, boys.' Joe explained that his instructions were not to interpret the contents of the letter. Lloyd George say for a while as if dazed and we began to pity him. 'A chance missed,' he said and he repeated this three or four times. 'A wonderful chance missed.' He was very sad. 'Here we had a unique opportunity. I was at the head of a coalition government with the Tories in the leash. I could have given de Valera all the realities he wanted, an Ireland with its own Gaelic system of education, its own army and police force, its own flag, its own anthem, the wherewithal to work out its own destiny as a free and independent Gaelic nation, and this man spurns it all for a phrase. I asked himnot to use that phrase - "a sovereign nation" - which means nothing at all if you do not have the essentials. He could have had everything but the name, and he throws it away. He throws me, too, on the scrap heap.

To-day I was the Prime Minister of the strongest government Britain has had for generations. To-morrow, when this letter sees the light of day, I will no longer be Prime Minister but merely a country solicitor.' He was pacing up and down the floor, speaking more to himself than to us, the picture of a man in a desperate fix. 'What's the alternative?' he went on. 'I resign and let loose the dogs of war in Ireland. Now let the Wilsons, the Birkenheads and the Churchills have their way. They boast they'll make Ireland a desert and who's going to stop them? Not de Valera, not me! My power is at an end.'

"All the time we were getting more and more miserable. Lloyd George turned to us.

'Could you not appeal to him to alter this letter?'

"'It would be no use,' Joe said, 'The Dail is meeting today to sanction it.'

"Lloyd George, who had sat down, jumped to his feet excitedly. 'That must be stopped,' he cried, 'that must be stopped at all costs. You must telephone to him. There is too much at stake in this to have it lost over any petti-fogging. We can yet save the day for Ireland and Britain both. We can do it, but that letter must be altered. Look, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take the attitude I have not read this letter, you telephone to de Valera telling him

to alter it. Get back there and tell him the situation. He must see it. He must see it!'

"We were doubtful and he said -

"'You want to discuss this alone. Very well, I'll go. Ring that bell when you want me!' He went off and left us and there we were with the destiny of a nation in our hands and we had only to ring the bell for the Prime Minister to save it. We decided to telephone Dublin and report what he had said, and we rang the bell. When he came in he was all smiles and encouragement.

"'Send that message,' he said, 'and believe me, boys, we will save the day for Ireland.'

"So that's how it happened," concluded Harry. "Is Dev raging?"

"Well, he's knocked about," I said. "He thought you were bringing back the letter."

"No damn fear," said Joe.

In Blackrock, Harry and I ihvaded Dev's bedroom. He was asleep, but he woke up as we entered.

"The message was bungled," said Harry.

Dev glanced at his dejected countenance.

"Don't worry," he said kindly.

"Do you know what he said," began Harry, and Dev stopped him.

"I know," he said, "he told you he was a Celt, he wanted us to have our free Gaelic civilisation. He was holding back the British bulldog from destroying us. He said all that to me. He said that if he accepted my terms he would no longer be Prime Minister, and I said if I accepted less, I would no longer be President of the Irish Republic."

"If he didn't mean what he said," said Harry, "he must be the greatest actor that was ever born."

"Of course he is," said Dev. "After all, the man who beat Clemenceau and Wilson and Orlando is no joke. Alright Harry. There's no harm done. Go and get your breakfast."

Note. - I showed the proofs of this passage to Joe Magrath and his comment was -

"I have a very clear recollection of what occurred. I handed the letter to Lloyd George, he read as far as 'a Sovereign Nation' and immediately became enraged and spoke to us on the lines you have written. My answer was that my instructions were very definite - they were 'do not attempt any interpretation of the document."

"He suggested I take the letter back which I refused to do; he then said he would treat the letter as not having been received and left us to talk it over.

"We did so and rang the bell. When Lloyd George came in we told him his suggestion would not meet the case as the Dail was meeting next day when the document would be made public. He immediately said there had been a definite agreement that no publication would take place unless and until both parties had agreed to publication. This I knew to be the case and suggested that I would convey by telephone his objection to the publication - this was in accordance with my instructions. Lloyd George again went out,

this time to enquire regarding telephone facilities. When he returned he told us that the nearest was Inverness - 80 miles away. He also told us he had despatched his personal Press Representative to Inverness by fast car to hold open the lines to Dublin until we reached Inverness.

"He then proceeded to talk like a father to us and wound up by asking what arrangements we had made to return to Ireland as he was in doubt as to whether we would arrive before hostilities resumed.

"When we arrived after midnight at Inverness I got through to the Mansion House, Dublin. I spoke with the late Desmond Fitzgerald on a very bad line. I told him I had delivered the letter. I repeated four or five times Lloyd George's objection to the publication. Desmond Fitzgerald asked me had I not told him of the proposed Dail meeting. I said I had and that it was then he, Lloyd George, raised the objection to the publication.

"I don't know what message was conveyed to Mr. de Valera as a result of the telephone call, but I do know that neither Harry Boland nor I discussed the contents of the document with Lloyd George. He spoke at us rather than to us and we listened."

CHAPTER XXXIII

On October 9th, Arthur Griffith headed five Irish Plenipotentiaries who went to London with a view "to ascertaining how the association of Ireland with the community of nations known as the British Empire may be best reconciled with Irish national aspirations."

Griffith was plainly worried by the task confronting him as head of the Plenipotentiaries. Usually he was very taciturn, but now he kept pelting De Valera with questions. He was aware that the out-and-outers, led by Mary MacSwiney, were holding forth every day about what would happen if there was any compromise. He was aware, too, that many shared his view that the British would never concede the Republic pure and simple and he feared the result of a break.

"Look here," he said one day to Dev, "you said last night we were to manoeuvre the British into leaving over the question of the Crown till last. Supposing they refuse to do this?"

"Well, you can put it to them that we ought first of all discuss the things there will be no great dispute about."

"But supposing they insist on considering the question of the Crown first?"

"You can only use your powers of persuasion. After all,

they cannot want to have a break the first day."

Griffith persisted and Dev stood up from the table saying:

"Well, there you have the situation. You'll have to make the best of it."

"Oh, wait now, Mr. President. That won't do."

"Why?"

"It's not enough to say 'make the best of it'."

"I'm not talking about a settlement," said Dev, "I'm talking about the method of handling the negotiations. You see, if we get them to concede this and this and this and this, and then come to a stumbling block, like the question of the Crown, which they say is a formula, then we can put the question before the world and point out that they want to renew the war on us for a formula."

Griffith smiled wryly.

"It's all right if you can do it," he said.

Larry Ginnell had been sent on a mission to South America. He sent me a cable from the Argentine saying that a Dail Eireann loan, if floated there, was certain to succeed. He asked permission to float the loan. I saw Mick about this and he took the telegram and said he would look after it. I cabled Larry saying the matter was being considered. A ~~couple of weeks~~ week passed and Larry cabled again urging a quick response.

I saw Mick again and he said:

"I told you I was looking after it."

Within a week there were three further cables from Buenos Ayres. I said to A.G. that the man at least should get an answer, yes or no.

"Certainly," said A.G., who was just going into a Cabinet meeting. "I'll bring it up and get a decision."

Over an hour later, I was in the front room of the Mansion House with a group which included Miss Fitz, Harry Boland and Frank Gallagher. Collins looked into the room.

"Where are you?" he said.

"I'm here," said Harry.

Mick saw me and barged over to me.

"What the hell," he said, "do you mean by butting into my department? What do you know about Finance?"

"Maybe nothing much," I said, as quietly as I could, "but I certainly know more about Finance than you do about manners."

Mick opened his mouth to say something but, apparently, couldn't find words. He turned to Harry.

"Come on," he said and stalked out.

Harry came over to me.

"That's good," he said. "That's the right way to take him. He'll think over that now and it will do him all the good in the world."

Mick was unusually nice to me next day.

A few days before the Plenipotentiaries were to go to London for the opening of the Conference, A.G. suggested I should take advantage of the occasion and make a tour of Europe visiting our Envoys. I realised, at once, that this suggestion was as much in the interest of my health as of the service. I had had what was tantamount to a breakdown in the previous February and had been forced to lay off for a couple of weeks. Though I returned to my desk, I had been in poor shape all through the Spring and Summer. When the Truce came, instead of getting better, I got worse.

I was glad to avail of A.G.'s generous gesture. Eamon Duggan, who was our liason officer with the Castle, was arranging for my passport. At the last moment, he told me I would have to pick it up in London. I was to call to a number in Downing Street - I think it was No. 9 - and ask for Mr. Alfred Cope. I knew that Cope, who was the Under-Secretary at Dublin Castle, had played a very big part in bringing about the Truce, but no one was quite sure what side he was on.

When I saw him in Downing Street, he was very pleasant. He hoped I would have a very good trip. Where was I going exactly?

"I'm not quite sure. I'll go to France, Spain and Switzerland and, possibly, Italy and Germany.

"I had thought you might be in on the negotiations here - or is this visit to Europe more important?"

"Well," I said, grinning at him, "since you want to know, this visit to Europe is very important. I'm going to arrange that when the fight starts again, we will be sure we have adequate supplies of armaments."

"You will have your little joke," he said, and handed me the passport.

I was walking back to my hotel when my eye caught a doctor's name on a door. On an impulse, I said to myself I would hear what he had to say and walked in. The doctor, a big hearty man, asked me what was wrong and I said I didn't know.

"But why did you come to me?"

"I saw your name outside and I walked in. I haven't been myself for many months."

He made a very thorough examination of me and said he could find nothing wrong. He looked at me for a long time.

"Do you take a drink?" he said.

"Now and again. Very rarely. Just a bottle of stout at odd times."

"Did you ever get drunk?"

"Never. At least, not since I was a youngster when I drank a lot of rum thinking it was a temperance beverage."

"That's it," he said, "you're too sober. Go and get drunk, just for once."

"That's about the funniest medical advice I ever heard," I said.

"Isn't it," he said, with a grin, as he pocketted his fee which was ten and sixpence.

I crossed to France that night and next day rounded up a few Irish friends in Paris. I told them that on the doctor's orders I had something very special to do that night and that was to get drunk. They thought it was a grand idea and they volunteered to help me. We had a wonderful dinner in a restaurant on the Grand Boulevard and my friends proceeded to make me drunk. We had several sorts of wines at the dinner and afterwards a great assortment of liqueurs. I joyously partook of all the drinks and I remained dead sober. I was glad of this because I had to help all my friends home and put them to bed.

The next day, however, I was a new man. The black cloud which had hovered over me for many months was gone and as I walked out into the sunshine, I felt like singing out loud.

Sean T. O'Kelly, our Envoy, was installed in the Grand Hotel. He knew and was on familiar terms with many members of the French Administration and though, of course, he was not

officially recognised, he was in touch with the various ambassadors of foreign countries. One of the men he saw very often was a Turkish agent to whom he introduced me. I have, unfortunately, forgotten this gentleman's name. He told us that the people of his part of Turkey claimed to be of Celtic stock and, indeed, he looked like a Tipperary farmer. This was the man who, thanks to the contacts Sean T. hadbeen able to make for him, afterwards concluded the secret agreement with the French Government, as a result of which France withdrew from the Allied invasion of Turkey, leaving England holding the bag, an event which brought about the downfall of Lloyd George.

From France I went to Spain. Here Maire O'Brien was in charge. In spite of the fact that there was not even provision for a paid secretary on her staff, she was doing Trojan work. She had enlisted the support of an enthusiastic body of volunteer workers, mostly university students. She was sending out every day the Spanish version of the Irish Bulletin and she had already completed the translation of Ireland's Address to the Elected representatives of the various countries. This was being sent, not merely to the Spanish deputies, but also to the elected representatives of all the Latin-American countries. Not only that, but almost every day she visited the offices of El Sol and A.B.C., and the other Spanish newspapers, keeping the editors in touch with

day to day happenings in Ireland.

In Madrid, too, I had an opportunity of observing at first hand the ubiquity of the British Intelligence Service. A friend of mine introduced me to an Irish-American, whom I shall call Coogan. He was very affable and, I thought, well informed on the Irish situation. At our first interview, he completely took me in, though there was nothing serious discussed on that occasion. A few days later, however, he invited me to dinner with a lady friend of his and I noticed he was mixing the drinks in a most amazing manner, while he talked of Sir Roger Casement from whom he had had many letters which he showed me. He produced a handy machine gun, which he assured me he could supply to us in thousands at a reasonable figure. After dinner, when we had left the lady home, he led the way to a little cafe, where he ordered more drinks. He told me of contacts he had had with friends of mine in London and Dublin and then he began to wonder how we managed to get our guns and ammunition through the British blockade. Now all my suspicions were awakened and I amused myself by giving him voluminous details regarding the supplies of arms we received and how they were delivered, mainly through the instrumentality of various British officers whom I named, and who, of course, had no existence. He left me now and again under some pretext, but really to make notes. I have often wondered since what his employers thought of the report he made.

A couple of days later - I had been avoiding Coogan in the meantime - I came out of my hotel bedroom one morning to find on the landing a young man exquisitely dressed, reading a printed notice on the wall. He turned to me and said in an English accent:

"Say, have you read these regulations?"

I looked at him in surprise and then, thinking he was addressing someone else, I made to pass him.

"It's important," he said, "these are police regulations."

"Well, what has that to do with me?"

"You are very obviously a stranger," he said. "I thought you were English, but now I can tell by your accent you are Irish. I'd advise you to register with the police, if you have not already done so."

By this time, he was accompanying me down the stairs. "You see, if you stay more than twenty-four hours you are supposed to register. The Spanish police can be very nasty. For instance, I had an experience this morning. I got into a row with a fellow named Coogan - a countryman of yours - you know him no doubt."

"I can't say I do," I lied.

He expressed surprise and went on to talk disparagingly of Coogan. By this time, we were in the street and he was offering to accompany me to the police station. I stopped

abruptly, and said:

"I thank you for trying to assist me, but I'm not interested. Goodbye."

He left me with a very ill grace. During the rest of my stay in Madrid, I was followed all the time. When I got back to Ireland, I found my suspicions regarding "Coogan" were justified. Sean T. told me he had heard of his activities in New York. He was surprised to hear he was alive, because he had been told that "Coogan" had been shot as a spy in America.

CHAPTER XXXIV

The Anglo-Irish Treaty was signed in London on December 6th, 1921. De Valera immediately denounced its terms as being in violent conflict with the wishes of the Irish nation. Dail Eireann recommended the acceptance of the Treaty by a vote of 64 to 57.

Everywhere I went on the Continent I had evidence that we had broken through the paper wall with which England had surrounded us. Everywhere people recalled the story of "Le pauvre Lord Maire", Terence MacSwiney, and I was pressed for particulars of Ireland's struggle for freedom. At Salamanca the students in the College of The Noble Irish were hungry for news from the homeland. With Father Fitzgerald, the Vice-Rector of the College, I visited many historic places - the door whence St. Teresa emerged from making her first confession, the gate through which Columbus entered to kneel and pray before setting out on his voyage of discovery. In the grounds of the Franciscan Monastery, we stood on a hillock and gazed on the beautiful city, its spires, towers, minarets and cupolas all shining like old gold in the setting sun. If the ancient city was no longer the centre of European learning, it was still the loveliest sight I had seen in Spain, except, perhaps, Toledo, sitting aloft embattled on its mighty crag over

the Guadalquiver.

In Barcelona, a watchmaker who repaired my watch, refused to accept any payment when he learned I was from Ireland. In Geneva, Michael MacWhite introduced me to an Egyptian gentleman who was full of plans to break the power of the English in Egypt, one of them being the introduction of Irishmen to lead a revolt. They were to be camouflaged as students. The talk was more or less general. I did not like the Egyptian, but I told him I would have the plan considered in Dublin.

In Berlin, I was met by Miss Nancy Power who, with John Chartres, was looking after our interests there. Chartres had been called to London to advise the Plenipotentiaries. Nancy told me that John T. Ryan was anxious to see me without delay. This was the first time I had heard the real name of our under-cover agent in Berlin. He had always been referred to as Mr. Jetter. Ryan was a well known Irish-American, who had had to fly from New York to escape arrest for his anti-British intrigues with the Germans.

He was an unprepossessing man with a large, unsmiling face and he was dressed in rumpled homespuns. He asked me how the London business was going on. I told him all that had happened up to the time I left and said I had had no inside information since. I asked him if he knew anything about Coogan but he could not remember anything about him. When, however, I mentioned the Egyptian gentleman in Geneva, he

consulted a notebook and said:

"He's dangerous. What did you tell him?"

"Nothing at all," I said. "I did not like him."

"I'll tell you all about him tomorrow," he said, and he did. He turned up with a complete dossier on the activities of the Egyptian for two years. He was a very active British agent. At the end of the recital, I began to have more respect for the German Secret Service.

Ryan was scathing about the manner in which our people had handled the purchase of arms in Germany and showed me a list of thousands of machine guns and rifles which were to be had at very low figures. He had a plan for shipping these on a German boat with an Irish pilot, through the port of Hamburg, the harbour master there being the famous Hans Spindler, formerly captain of the Aud, the German ship which had been sunk by the British off the coast of Kerry in 1916. Captain Spindler was willing to do anything to help and Ryan assured me that the German authorities would wink at the proceedings. I took notes for a very full report.

Ryan introduced me to two gentlemen from India, for whose bonafides he vouched. The first was a very big and prosperous gentleman, (Mr. A.) who told me he belonged to the constitutional wing of the Indian Nationalists. He owned a lot of chain stores in India. He assured me he was willing to fall in with any

plan the second Indian, whose name was Bomanji, and I agreed to. He did not know what Mr. Bomanji had in mind and he did not want to know. The less he knew the better. He then withdrew and Mr. Bomanji came in. He was a small, quick, intelligent gentleman and he told me at once that he belonged to the militant group in India. His plan was twofold. Firstly, the Indian Moslem League and the All Indian Congress Party were, for the first time, holding their annual conventions in the same town and on the same date. It had been agreed between the leaders that at a pre-arranged signal, a motion could be put forward simultaneously in both conventions that the rival sects would join hands for the purpose of ending the British occupation. They were then to meet jointly and set up a Provisional Government for India and, thereafter, carry on on Sinn Fein lines. Our part was to send one or two advisers who would, behind the scenes, guide the movement. It was necessary that these advisers should get to India as soon as possible before the day set for the Conventions. The other plan of Bomanji's was to prepare for a guerilla war against the British. For this purpose, he needed a number of Irish guerilla leaders, twenty or thirty to start off with. They would ostensibly be employed in the chain stores owned by Mr. A., but their real work would be to train companies of selected men in the science of guerilla warfare.

Ryan, who was present all the time, assured me that German aid was available to enable the men from Ireland to get to India without having to utilise British routes. I agreed to convey all this to the proper quarter. It was arranged that I was to give my answer to Mr. A. before the 21st of December. I was then to meet him in the very exclusive and Tory Carlton Club in London.

On the following day when I called to see Ryan, he was in a towering rage. In his ill-fitting homespun clothes, he was striding up and down the room, his usually lardy face and bald dome crimson with fury. There was froth on his lips as he kept hurling at me phrases such as "A God damn parcel of traitors" - "A pack of weak-kneed backsliders" - "They're worse than the snakes Saint Patrick drove out of Ireland". Finally, when I managed to ask him for an explanation, he turned on me so savagely that I thought he was going to strike me.

"I sacrificed everything for you swine," he said, "and now you've sold us all down the river."

With great difficulty I managed to keep my temper and said I didn't know what he was talking about. He handed me a telegram, of which the following is a copy:

P O S T A L T E L E G R A P H -- C O M M E R C I A L C A B L E

Delivery NO C H

DINY K 105 AM 44 VIA RADIO
Berlin NOV 8 (1921)

McGARRITY
923 Walnut St. PHILA

ONLY GREAT PRESSURE ON TRUSTEES IN L. BY DIRECTORS AT HOME WILL SAVE SURRENDER OF FREE TITLE TO OLD HOMESTEAD. ALL TRUSTEES WEAKENING INCLUDING M.C. TOPMAN STANDS FIRM AND STRONG CORRECT OFFICIAL INFORMATION FROM INSIDE

JETTER

Jetter was the name Ryan used in cabling to Joe McGarrity in Philadelphia. The meaning of the telegram was that the five plenipotentiaries in London, including Collins, were weakening and that Dev was standing firm.

"This was sent over three weeks ago," I said.

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me about it yesterday, or the day before?"

"I wanted to see whether you would tell me what is going on over there."

"Where did you get this information?"

"From the people who know what they're talking about - the German Foreign Office."

"I think their information is wrong," I said. "I don't

believe one word of it."

Next day, John Chartres arrived from London. I discussed with him the contents of Ryan's cable. He said the report was exaggerated but, at the same time, he was very gloomy over the expected outcome of the negotiations.

"The British," he said, "are more adroit than we are. They've split up the plenipotentiaries. I was disgusted at the cynical and ribald conversations I heard between Churchill and some of our people. I'm afraid we are going to lose."

On the train from Basle to Berlin, I had met a Mr. Weiner and his wife. He was a German who had spent several years in America where he had an interest in a whole lot of trade journals. He and I had discussed a plan for setting up a world news agency to combat the influence of Reuters. I saw him a few times after I arrived in Berlin and one night in the Hotel Eden I had him and his wife, as well as Nancy Power and John Chartres, to dinner. Halfway through the dinner, Nancy said the newsboys were calling a special edition and, at her request, a waiter brought a paper.

On the front page was the announcement that a treaty had been signed in London on the basis of Dominion Home Rule and exclusion of the Six Counties. I set out for home that night. In Paris, I found Sean T. O'Kelly, our Envoy there, and all the office staff bewildered and furious at the turn of events. In

Dublin I found the split. Sneering and cynical gibes at the diehards on the one hand, were met by ready taunts of "traitors" and "treachery" on the other. Dev had denounced the Treaty and all the newspapers were belabouring him. Almost the first person I encountered when I went to the Mansion House, was Griffith. He came over to me, smiling and cheerful.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"I think you've made an awful mistake."

He flushed.

"Have you read the terms?"

"I have."

"Do you realise what we've got?"

"I do," I said. "You got a great deal, but you've also got British sovreignty and partition."

"It does not mean partition," he said stiffly. "Under Clause Twelve we'll get at least two of the six counties, Tyrone andFermanagh and possibly other areas, such as South Armagh and South Down."

He said that Lloyd George was convinced that this was the case. The Boundary Commission was to allocate such territories in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants.

He could not, of course, then foresee that the Boundary Commission, which was set up long after he was in his grave, was to interpret Clause Twelve as meaning that the boundary/

which separated the Six Counties from the rest of Ireland was to be rectified by transferring a townland here and there from one or the other side of the Border to the opposite side.

Nor did he or I know that this same Lloyd George had sent to Sir Edward Carson a secret letter saying that "We must make it clear that Ulster does not, whether she wills it or not, merge in the rest of Ireland."

I could see that A.G.'s heart was torn by the thought that his signature to the Treaty might be repudiated. He asked me if I realised that the alternative was war.

"I don't believe that."

"Would you accept the alternative of war?"

"I know it's a frightful choice, but at least we would all be together."

"The person who talks like that is a fool," said he.

"Well, A.G.," I said, "I don't care what names you call me. I'll never call you any."

He smiled wryly and went out, but he continued to treat me on the old terms, though he was very sore at everyone else who opposed the Treaty. During the heated Dail debates over the settlement, when the bitterness of party feeling was in full tide, he came over to me one day during an adjournment. He was searching the jumbled contents of his pockets.

"I'm bringing a man, some American, to lunch," he said, "and I have no money."

I gave him a couple of pounds. It was several months afterwards when he sent the money back to me with a note of apology for the delay. Many months later, after the outbreak of the Civil War, my house was being raided by a party of Free State soldiers and they came upon this note. Seeing it, they decided they had come to the wrong house and they promptly left.

After the Dail had approved of the Treaty, Dev had resigned the Presidency and had been proposed for re-election. He was defeated by a very narrow margin - 58 for 60 against - and Griffith was elected in his place.

In his capacity as President, Dev had occupied a house in Kenilworth Square. He decided to vacate this and he asked me to tell Griffith, (they were now working in separate rooms in the Mansion House) that he wanted someone to call at the house next day to receive the keys. A.G. pulled his moustache and fidgetted with his tie.

"What does he want to do a thing like that for?" he asked. "Tell him he can stay in that house as long as he likes."

I went back to Dev, but he was adamant. He asked me to tell Griffith that he would definitely leave the house next day. A.G. was genuinely distressed. He said he would send no one for the keys and asked me to make a personal appeal to Dev to change his mind. I went back to Dev and told him this and added : "Why not talk to him yourself?"

"What's the use?" said Dev.

"You never know," I said, "it might do some good."

"Who's with him?"

"Nobody."

"All right, tell him I'll come in to see him."

I went back to A.G., and he was frankly pleased.

"I'll go to him," he said. He came back with me and the meeting between the two was cordial. I was about to leave but both of them asked me to stay. We sat around a table and for nearly fifteen minutes the talk was on generalities. There was no mention of the house in Kenilworth Square.

"Look here, Griffith," said Dev, "the way I feel about all this is that we are going from bad to worse if we don't get together."

"That's certainly so," said Griffith.

"It shouldn't be impossible for us to find a formula to enable us to work together."

"I agree.

"It's a great opportunity," said Dev, "and what I feel about it is that we have the game in our hands if we handle it right."

"True."

"We have the ball at our feet, so to speak," said Dev, "and we can win for Ireland with the whole team playing as one. He paused a moment. "Suppose we try to find a basis."

"But we have it," said Griffith, "we have it in the Treaty."

"You mean the basis is acceptance of the Treaty?"

"Sure."

Dev threw up his hands and the conference was at an end.

CHAPTER XXXV

The Republican forces were split, pro-treaty and anti-treaty. The pro-treaty (Free State) Volunteers occupied Dublin Castle and the military barracks, vacated by the British. The anti-treaty (Republican) Volunteers occupied the Four Courts and other buildings.

I was busy preparing for the Irish Race Congress in Paris. The date of this had been fixed a long time before there was any thought of negotiations with England. The idea had been to mobilise Irish help throughout the world in the struggle for independence, as well as to establish a world organisation for the fostering of cultural and economic relations with Ireland. Now it had become obvious that dissension at home would jeopardise the scheme. Matters reached such a stage that the delegation appointed by the Dail to attend the Congress was divided into two groups, one representing the pro-treaty party and the other the anti-treaty. I found that I even had to divide the finances for the expenses of the delegation, each section insisting on having its own treasurer. One evening I went down to Westland Row Station to see Madame Markievicz and some others of the delegates off to Paris. Outside the station there was a huge crowd and the Volunteer police were busy keeping the crowds in order. I wondered if the crowd was there to see the delegates off, but when I had, with some

difficulty, made my way to the platform, I learned from some of our friends that the crowd had assembled to hurl final insults at the departing Black and Tans. When the train pulled out, I accompanied half a dozen of my friends to the street. The crowd still lingered and I noticed a boy running beside us, peering into the faces of some members of our party. Suddenly, he turned and ran back to the crowd, crying: "It's them!" I thought the boy had taken one of the ladies in the group for the Countess and that we were in for a demonstration, but, on looking back, I saw that they were anything but sympathetic. Then I heard a cry:

"Down with the Black and Tans! Down with the bloody Tans!"

We were being taken for some of the people who attended to give the Black and Tans a friendly send-off. I saw there was no time to be lost and I shouted to my friends to hurry along. I faced the mob hoping to reason with them. None of the volunteers was in sight and the angry crowd came rushing on. A stone whizzed past my head. Turning, I saw my friends standing bewildered at the corner of Merrion Street. I ran towards them and herded them into a little shop. I had barely got the door closed when the mob charged. Amid cries of "Kill the bastards" the door was bombarded and the windows smashed. The lady proprietor of the shop was terrified for our safety. She had wanted to eject us, until we convinced her we were

anything but friends of the Black and Tans. The siege continued for some time, until a Volunteer Officer turned up. We explained the situation to him, but all his endeavours to explain it to the mob were of no avail. Finally, he managed to secure a couple of cabs and an escort and he contrived to get us through the angry populace amid a fusilade of stones.

It had been taken for granted that I should go to Paris to manage the Congress and I was disagreeably surprised when the new Minister for Foreign Affairs, Gavan Duffy, began to put forward reasons why I should stay at home. ~~Sean McBride came to me and told me that his mother, Maud Gonne McBride, was being sent specially to Paris at the request of Griffith to lobby for the treaty side. This was a matter which should have been within my knowledge as permanent head of the Department of Foreign Affairs, but before I had time to raise the question,~~ I read in the Sunday Independent an announcement to the effect that Desmond Fitzgerald, who was not a member of either delegation, had been specially sent to Paris on the instructions of the Government. This seemed to be clear proof that the matter was being taken out of my hands and, furthermore, it appeared to me that an attempt was about to be made to sabotage any plan to show a united front at the Congress. I called on Gavan Duffy immediately. He hemmed and hawed. I wrote out my resignation as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs straight away and

handed it to him. I left for Paris that night.

Any idea I had, however, of trying for a united front vanished the first day. Already the Congress was a hot-bed of intrigue, with each side canvassing the delegates for support of their respective stands on the Treaty. What might have become a great movement was being wrecked on the rocks of party bias. Roughly as matters developed, the delegates from America, Britain, Chile and the Argentine were ranged on one side, while those from the British Dominions were on the other. To my surprise, Eoin MacNeill did more to poison the atmosphere of the Congress than anyone else. [redacted] he managed to inject an atmosphere of distrust and suspicion into almost every phase of the discussions.

For instance, there was a resolution moved to the effect that the object of the organisation was "to assist the people of Ireland to attain to the full their national ideals, political, cultural and economical." As originally drafted, the words "to the full" were not included. MacNeill insisted that the insertion of these words constituted an attack on the people who supported the Treaty.

The old Duke of Tetuan, whose Irish title was The O'Donnell, since he was the lineal descendant of Hugh O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell, who had left Ireland in 1601, had come from Madrid to preside at the Congress. He was frankly puzzled at

the whole proceedings.

Ultimately the Congress decided to establish a world-wide organisation of the Irish race, to be called Fine Ghaedheal, the objects of which were to assist the people of Ireland to achieve their national ideals, political, cultural and economic, to secure for Ireland her rightful place amongst the nations of the world, to foster amongst the Irish everywhere a knowledge of the Irish language, history, literature and general culture and to promote the trade, industry and commerce of Ireland. My appointment as Secretary of the permanent Organisation caused a minor row. MacNeill's party held that this was a breach of the non-political status of the organisation, a contention which was subsequently found baseless by a committee of enquiry set up by the Dail. The damage was done, however. The Cabinet refused to give the grant that was necessary to tide the organisation over the period pending the receipt of funds from the far-flung units of the organisation. It is probable, however, that it could not have survived the civil war, which was now looming closer every day.

The Republican army formally threw over the authority of the Dail and Mulcahy was busy recruiting a professional army to enforce the will of the Free State Government. The Republicans seized the Four Courts and other buildings and then sat down and waited to be attacked. They made night hideous by carrying

on a futile sniping at the Beggars' Bush Barracks, which was occupied by the Free State Army. Notwithstanding this, there were frequent parleys between the political leaders on the one hand and the military leaders on the other, all trying to find a way by which civil strife might be avoided.

One day Harry said to Dev - "Look here, you'll have to attack these fellows. They're getting ready to attack you." To which Dev replied that civil war would have to be avoided at all costs. He had refused to associate himself with the I.R.A., in their new activities, but he later bitterly regretted that he had not gone further and condemned Rory O'Connor's action in repudiating the authority of the Dail. He and I were crossing Suffolk Street one day when we encountered Oscar Traynor and Joe O'Connor, one in charge of the Dublin Brigade and the other commandant of the Third Battalion. They told Dev that at a meeting of the Headquarters Staff the previous night, the question of making Dev commander-in-chief had been discussed. Dev shook his head and refused point blank. He said he should be free to try and find a solution.

All this time Harry was very busy. Owing to his continued friendship with Collins and his undoubted loyalty to Dev, he was particularly suited to act as a go-between in the negotiations being carried on in the Mansion House in a desperate effort to avoid civil war.

One day Harry came into Dev's office, looking very blank.

"It's all up," he said.

"How's that?" asked Dev.

"That speech of yours has finished it. Griffith says that until it is retracted he will be no party to any further discussions."

Harry was referring to Dev's famous Thurles speech made the day before, in which he used the phrase "wading through blood".

Dev became very indignant and said Griffith could not possibly misunderstand what he had said. "He's only using this as an excuse to break off negotiations," he said.

"He's not," said Harry. "He says that the speech was a direct incitement to assassination. He means it."

"Nonsense," said Dev. "I merely pointed out the dangerous course they were pursuing. I only wanted to point out that if the present course was persisted in, the young men who wanted to achieve Ireland's independence, might have to wade through the blood of the ministers."

"That's exactly it," said Harry.

They argued for some time, but got nowhere. Dev insisted that he was warning of a danger that could and should be avoided. Harry faced him.

"You never wrote down these word, Dev," he said. "It just shows how careful you should be - and that goes for all of us."

Dev, however, warmly insisted that if he were to make the speech again, he would use exactly the same words.

A few days later, the talks were resumed but they were broken off again. Harry came into my office and threw his revolver on the mantelpiece.

"It's going to be war," he said, "and I'm not going to fire on Mick. So I can't fire on any of Mick's men."

He meant it at the time, but no sooner were the Republican positions attacked than he joined up at once.

I well knew how unprepared the Republicans were for the attack. A few weeks before the bombardment began, Liam Mellows sent for me and I went to the Four Courts. Liam asked me if I would take on the post of Director of Publicity. I said I would not, because there was no publicity I could do. They had thrown over all authority except that of the gun and no publicity could alter that fact. Liam did not like my answer.

"The Republic is being undermined," he said. "What else could we have done?"

"Possibly nothing," I said. "Your job is to get the other fellow to submit or submit yourselves. The time for publicity is passed."

"Well, we're going to act."

"How?"

"By attacking the British."

"But they are going out."

"We'll attack them before they leave."

I thought this policy was crazy, and I said so.

"It's not as crazy as you think. It's the only way we can unite the army."

Just then, Ernie O'Malley came in.

"Say, Liam," he said, "what about digging some tunnels to provide a getaway from this place."

"I'm looking into that," said Liam.

I left, thinking the situation was pretty hopeless. These were grey days for Ireland as the menace of Civil War crept closer and closer. Suddenly and unexpectedly, however, Collins and de Valera got together and signed a Pact by which it was agreed that a national coalition panel of candidates should be presented to the electorate by Sinn Fein, the number from each party representing their then strength in the Dail. When the Pact was unanimously adopted by the Dail, the feeling of relief was profound because the shadow of Civil War had been lifted. This feeling was short-lived, however, because the British so-called statesmen denounced the Pact. They cried out that its implementation would violate the Treaty and they again used the threat of immediate and terrible war by which they had compelled the plenipotentiaries to sign the Treaty.

A young man whom I knew very well, came into my office with a sensational report. He had been present at a secret meeting of an Independent group that morning. Darrell Figgis, who was not a member of the group, had attended and made a speech urging the group to put forward candidates in opposition to the panel of candidates at the election. This was treachery because Figgis, as a member of the Sinn Fein Executive, was bound in honour to uphold the Pact.

My visitor, whom I will call Dan Mack, handed me a verbatim report of the meeting. He thought it should be got out right away. I took the report to Suffolk Street, de Valera's headquarters, and Dev called Austin Stack and Erskine Childers into conference on the matter. They decided to issue the report in a special edition of An Poblacht, and Childers went off to get this done. I returned to my office in O'Connell Street and found my friend placidly awaiting me. He was quite elated at the thought of the scoop he had made, but when I told him of the special edition of the Poblacht, he got into a panic.

"They'll know," he said, "it was I took these notes. I'll get into a hell of a row."

"Why didn't you think of that before?" I asked. "It was your own idea the report should be published."

"But you're not giving me time to cover up my tracks. I'll be ruined."

"Can't you make up some story about losing the notes?"

"They wouldn't believe it."

"Can't you say you were held up by the Republicans and the notes taken from you?"

"Too thin. Too thin altogether. That publication will have to be stopped."

I told him that was impossible. Everyone who had been a party to the decision would have to be consulted and, by the time we could get that done, the papers would be on the streets. He paced up and down in desperate apprehension, while I tried to think of a way out. Suddenly he wheeled on me.

"What time will the paper be out?"

"In about an hour or so."

"That would work out all right," he said. "I left my place two hours ago and no one has seem me since. Have me arrested!"

"What?"

"Get the fellows from the Four Courts to arrest me. I can then say they found the report in my pocket."

I said it might not be easy to manage that, but I would do what I could. I went downstairs to Brennan and Walsh's drapery store, which occupied the ground floor of the building and explained the position to Tom Walsh. Tom went off to the Four Courts at once to try and arrange for an escort. By the time I got back, Dan Mack had worked himself into a real panic.

Was I sure they would send an escort? Maybe they would arrive too late and the paper would be out in the streets. Why did not Tom Walsh come back? How would they effect the arrest?

The situation had become so comical that my secretary, Maire O'Brien, left the office hurriedly. I found her in an outer room, almost in hysterics.

"I can't go in there again," she said, "I'll die if I do."

At last, Tom Walsh returned. He said that an escort would be along right away.

"But how are they going to take me?" asked ~~Mack.~~ Dan

"That's easy," said Tom, "as soon as the lorry pulls up outside, you walk out and they'll grab you."

"But they won't hammer me, will they? Will they know I'm a friend?"

"I don't know about that," said Tom. "I saw Rory O'Connor and he said he's sending an escort, but I don't suppose he's going to tell them you're a friend."

"They'll beat me up. I'm sure they will. Couldn't you do something about it? Couldn't you go back and-."

"Look here," said Tom, "I don't know where you get these notions about beating up. They won't lay a hand on you unless you get rough."

"There's another thing," said ~~Mack~~ Dan, "if any one sees me leaving here they'll know it's a plant."

"I see," said Tom. He could stand it no longer and he left

"Listen," said Dan, "supposing I was walking up the street and the lorry overtook me, it would look more like the thing wouldn't it?"

"All right," I said. "You can walk up the street."

"But how will they know it's me they want?"

"Tom or I will point you out," I said.

He was jumping up every now and again to peer out of the window.

"It's a wonder they don't come."

"Oh, they'll be here all right."

"Listen," he said, "I'd better put on some disguise before I leave here in case anyone who knows me sees me leave. If they did, they'd know it was a put-up job."

"What sort of a disguise?"

"I'll leave my hat here. You go down to Tom Walsh and get me a cap."

"What size do you wear?"

"Seven and a half and, look, bring me a muffler, too, a great big muffler."

Down in the shop I found Tom Walsh and Maurice Brennan in fits of laughter. I got them calmed down sufficiently to give me the cap and muffler. An hour later, there was still no sign of the lorry. Dan had reached the groaning stage. I got him to agree to accompany Tom Walsh to the Four Courts and coaxed Tom into taking him. They set off and when they

reached their destination, Tom announced to the sentry that he had a prisoner. The sentry summoned an escort and opened the gate. The soldiers formed up beside Tom.

"Wait," said ~~Mack~~ Barney, "he's not the prisoner. I'm the prisoner."

They complacently took him into custody and marched him off. Tom stayed to have a chat with some of his friends in the garrison. An hour later, he was leaving when he heard his name called. He saw ~~Jack~~ Barney behind the bars.

"They won't bring me my tea," he said to Tom, "will you go up to Rory and tell him to tell them ---".

"Shut up," shouted his guard.

"Is he dangerous?" asked Tom.

"He has a hell of a lot to say," said the guard.

"Make sure he doesn't escape," said Tom.

On the following day, I found ~~Jack~~ Barney waiting for me near my home.

"Oh, you got out?" I said.

"I had a job of it," he said, "but I managed it. Blarney, you know, blarney!"

I did not tell him I had made sure he would be released that morning. He was all smiles again and assured me that the trick had worked. His story about his arrest had been believed.

CHAPTER XXXVI

On the 28th June, 1922, the Free State army opened fire on the Four Courts, the headquarters of the Republican forces. The Civil War spread throughout the country and continued until May 24th, 1923, when the Republicans, hopelessly beaten, were ordered to cease fire.

by deValera

On the morning of the 28th June, a little after four o'clock, Una and I were awakened by the noise of heavy explosions. We both said: "They have attacked the Four Courts". I cycled into town. The streets were quiet till I reached the quays, where I found groups of people looking on at the bombardment. Later in the morning, I went to Suffolk Street. Stack and Brugha were there already and De Valera arrived just as I entered.

"Is it true they are attacking the Four Courts?" he asked.

"It is," said Brugha.

"I was stopped on the way in by Free State troops," said Dev. "They recognised me but let me pass. Well, will we try to stop it?"

"Stop it?" said Brugha. "Stop it? What do you mean by stop it?"

"No," said Stack, but rather half-heartedly, "it's too late now."

"I was thinking of trying to get hold of the Lord Mayor," said Dev. "Don't go Cathal," he added, as Brugha started for the door.

"It's no use," said Cathal, "these fellows have gone over to the British. We're going to fight back."

He went out, but came back in a few minutes and told Dev he was joining up.

"I'm going to issue a short statement, Cathal," said Dev, but Brugha went out. I never saw him again.

I went to my office in O'Connell Street and tried to put things in some sort of shape so that it could be carried on in my absence. Then I went home and told Una I was going to join up.

"It's terrible," she said, "but there's nothing else to be done." She added she would go in to Suffolk Street and see if she could give a hand.

All day the noise of the guns sounded like a death knell. Each time I crossed the river, the curious crowd of sight-seers was bigger. At nightfall, I went to the headquarters of the Third Battalion in York Street and was directed to go to Jack Baird's house in Mercer's Street. The place was ill-lighted but I saw Joe O'Connor, the commandant, inside and told him I wanted to join up. Now Joe and I had long been friends and he called me Bob and I called him Joe, but on this occasion, I

found I was talking to the Commandant. He asked me, as if I were a complete stranger, if I knew what were the objects of the Volunteers and, when I assured him I did, he solemnly administered to me the Volunteer oath. I was very self-conscious because I was aware that there was someone sitting in the corner who I sensed was grimly amused. It was Dev. When I sat down beside him, he laughed.

"He did the same to me," he said.

Joe told me to report at York Street, where I was attached to the Battalion Headquarters Staff, with some vague duties. I spent the night receiving reports from scouts and trying to put them in some sort of order. In the morning I was sent with a special report to Oscar Traynor's Headquarters in Barry's Hotel and there I found a lot of old comrades, some of whom I had not seen since 1917.

On Friday, the Four Courts fell and the fighting was transferred to O'Connell Street, where Oscar Traynor had set up his headquarters in the Hammam Hotel. On Sunday morning I got a message that Dev wanted to see me and I was directed to a house on the Canal bank, at the end of Harcourt Terrace. The house was garrisoned and sandbagged. I found Dev in an upstairs sitting room. He had drawn up a peace proposal, which he showed me. He wanted the Lord Mayor to carry this to the other side, but first of all he had to get the consent of the

Republicans. My job was to find out if there was a route clear to the Hammam Hotel and report how he could get there. I set out on my bicycle and found, as I expected, that O'Connell Bridge was impossible owing to the cross-firing. A few idlers sheltering in D'Olier Street, warned me that Burgh Quay was dangerous, so I made my way through empty streets to Butt Bridge, which I crossed without difficulty. The intersection of Gardiner Street and Talbot Street, however, was a no man's land, swept by incessant fire. I traversed the lane behind the Abbey Theatre to Abbey Street, which was quiet, but no sooner did I appear in Marlborough Street than I had to duck out of sight. A couple of bullets clipped the wall over my head. By a devious route, I regained O'Connell Street, through Sackville Place. Here I knew I was in full view of the Free State troops in Elvery's. I started wheeling my bicycle towards a builder's barricade in front of Clery's. I had only gone a few yards when someone took a shot at me and missed. He cannot have been trying very hard because I was an easy mark, but I covered the last few yards in a hurry. There was a man sitting down inside the barricade. He started up as I entered. He was evidently badly scared.

"Who are you?" he cried. "What are you doing here?"

"It's all right," I said, "I just want to get up the street a bit."

"I shouldn't be here at all," he said. "I want to get home and I can't get out of here."

From the end of the barricade it was about thirty yards to ~~Talbot~~ Earl Street - too far to make a dash for it.

"What are you going to do?" asked the man.

"I'm going to try and get ~~past~~ into Earl Street."

"They'll shoot you."

"Maybe they won't if I walk."

"You don't know them," he said.

"Do you?"

"Oh, no, I don't," he said hastily, "no, I don't. Listen," he went on, "will you take a message to my wife."

"Why?"

"I'm not going to get out of this. I feel that way." He was pulling nervously at his moustache. "She doesn't know where I am. I shouldn't be here at all. I live out Cabra way. Listen, I went to Navan yesterday to buy a few cattle. I got drunk and someone drove me into town. I woke up this morning on the steps of the Theatre Royal. She won't know what has happened to me. She'll think maybe I've gone away on her or something. God, I'd give a lot for a glass of malt. Will you bring her a message for me?"

"Sure I will."

"Listen, maybe I'd better go with you."

"As you like."

"I've been bad to her. I know I have. I wish to God I could tell her so."

"Never fear, you'll be able to tell her."

"You think they won't fire on us?"

"Maybe they won't if we walk."

"I'm afraid I'll run if they do."

"Don't run. Just try and take cover."

"Maybe I'd better stay here."

"Maybe it would be best."

"No, go ahead."

He followed me as I walked as casually as I could to Earle Street corner. To my surprise, we were not fired on. Further progress up O'Connell Street was, however, impossible. There were constant bursts of fire exchanged across the street. I turned down Earle Street and my companion followed. Suddenly, a machine gun opened fire and my companion started to run. I shouted at him to take cover, but my words were drowned in the sharp, loud swish of bullets on glass. I turned my head to see a large plate glass window falling to the street just behind me. I sheltered in an all too shallow doorway. I saw my companion a dozen yards ahead stumble and fall to his knees. He got up and turned round but suddenly dropped as if felled by an axe. His face was towards me and I saw blood seeping from two bullet wounds in his forehead.

"And now," I heard myself saying audibly, "I won't be able

to tell his wife because I didn't get his name and address." After a while, in little runs, sheltering from door to door, I got into Cathedral Lane. In the yard at the rear of Hammam Hotel there were several young volunteers, but none of them knew me and I was not admitted till Barney Mellows chanced to come down and brought me in. I found Oscar Traynor looking surprisingly fresh and buoyant. He was astonished to hear I had been fired on in Marlborough Street. He asked an officer to make an investigation and the latter returned and assured us that Marlborough Street was clear. Oscar grinned.

"It must have been our fellows tried to get you," he said. He turned to the officer: "Make sure," he continued, "they don't get Dev."

I managed to get back without molestation and I sketched the route for Dev. He and Joe Begley cycled off. ~~Dev did not leave the place until three days later, when he was ordered out by Cathal Brugha, who was to make his own heroic sacrifice within a few hours.~~ after Brugha had made his last long heroic stand at the Hammam

A few days ~~later~~, Stack sent for me and told me Dev wanted me to join him at Clonmel. I was to travel with Childers, Kathleen O'Connell and Dorothy Macardle. As all the roads around Dublin were by this time held by the Free State troops, we were to travel by train and chance getting through. Una came with us as far as Waterford. The journey was uneventful till we reached Clonmore, Co. Kilkenny. The train could

proceed no further because the railway bridge ahead had been blown up. We were told to make ourselves as comfortable as we could in the train and we tried to sleep. In the morning, the dozen bedraggled travellers betook themselves to a nearby farmhouse, where we breakfasted on tea andbacon and eggs. The farmer's wife apologised because there was only one egg apiece. A red-haired, jovial fellow growled that the only priest in the party had got two eggs. He solemnly told the farmer's wife that she had undermined his faith and that he was going to turn Protestant. The lady pounded him on the back and said he was not going to imperil his immortal soul for the sake of an egg. "It's not for an egg," he said, "it's the principle of the thing." No one mentioned the Civil War. Everyone was distrustful. ~~The red-haired man confided to me that he had another grievance against the priest: he had collared the only motor car in the place. I went to the priest and asked if we could share the car with him. He was very short with me and said he already had passengers. We saw him drive off with his niece and he could easily have taken three or four more passengers.~~ We hunted around and found a boy with a pony and trap. We offered him a pound to bring us to Waterford. He demurred at the figure and we finally agreed on thirty shillings. The six of us squeezed into the car. It was what used to be called a conversation car. The driver was very taciturn, but he knew

his way. The country we were passing through was a sort of no man's land between the opposing forces and the roads were blocked every few hundred yards. The driver detoured through fields, for miles it seemed, and gained the road every now and again. I saw a village off to the right.

"What place is that?" I asked.

"That's Clonmore."

"We left Clonmore hours ago."

"That was the station. This is the town."

In an endeavour to be friendly, I told the old story of the man who asked why the railway station at Ferns was a mile from the town, and the reply was "Because they wanted to have it near the railway line." Our driver took no notice of the joke. I tried to draw him out about the feeling of the local people about the civil war. He had nothing to say but, after a while, he voluntecred this statement about Clonmore.

"There's no public house there, and no policeman and no Protestants."

Childers, who was a protestant, laughed heartily.

"It must be heaven on earth," he said.

Our driver lapsed into grim silence again. Kathleen O'Connell made the mistake of addressing Childers by name, but the driver still remained impassive. As we were now in Republican territory we felt safe. When we arrived outside the Metropole Hotel in Waterford, I took the driver aside and said:

"If you heard anything you shouldn't have heard, you might forget it."

He said nothing but glanced significantly at Childers' mackintosh, which he was handing to me. I followed the direction of his eyes and saw the label on the inside of the coat "Erskine Childers".

"So you knew all the time," I asked.

He was severe.

"It was lying like that across my knees."

"Well," I said, "for your own sake -"

"All right," he said, "I saw nothing and heard nothing. I never saw you people in my life, nor heard of you."

We reported to Pax Whelan at the Military Barracks, where I said goodbye to Una as she was returning to Wexford. Pax said he was to get us to Clonmel with the utmost despatch. He drove us at a furious pace through the beautiful country of the Comeragh mountains. We pulled up on the barrack square of Clonmel in a cloud of dust. An hour later, I was wondering what all the hurry had been for, because there was nothing for us to do. Liam Lynch was putting the finishing touches to a flagged map showing the territory held by the rival forces. The line of flags extended from Waterford to Limerick. The territory south of the line was held by the Republicans, that north and east of it was in the hands of the Free State forces.

Dev studied the map for a while and then brought Childers and myself into another room. He said that this was the right time to make a peace offer when we still held territory we could hand over without fighting, and he suggested terms which he was thinking of putting forward. Childers said nothing, but it was quite clear from his expression that he thought little of any offer of peace right then. My view was that the Free State forces were winning all along the line and they were not inclined to listen to anything but an offer to surrender, which was now out of the question.

We strolled through the barracks and Childers, the old soldier, writhed at the apparent lack of discipline. A squad of men in lorries arrived with quantities of goods commandeered in the town. Amongst these were a number of cardboard boxes labelled "shirts". The men had been told to comandeer shirts, but it transpired that what they had brought was ladies shirt blouses. I heard an officer tell one of the men to return them. He replied:

"Aw hell! Let them stay there. They (the shopkeepers) are all Free Staters anyway."

We were told there were no quarters for us in the Barracks and we were to go to one of the hotels, so an escort accompanied Kathleen O'Connell, Childers and myself through the streets. When we reached the hotel and found the door closed, the man in charge of the escort began to belabour the

door with the butt end of his rifle. Childers and I remonstrated with him. He grew very angry and told us the people of the hotel were a lot of so and so Free Staters. We told him if he did not desist, we would return to the Barracks and report him. He looked furious enough to turn his weapon on us but, fortunately, the door opened and a very frightened waiter admitted us. At first he could give us nothing to eat but, finally, he brought us some tea and eggs. While we were eating, a man who was at another table approached me and reminded me that I had met him at a Sinn Fein meeting in Dublin. He was from Thurles, which was held by the Free State troops, and he was going back there next day. All Thurles, he said, was pro Free State. He was quite evidently badly frightened and, consequently, I thought all the more of him when later that night he offered to aid us when he thought, and we thought we were going to be shot.

I was in bed only a couple of hours when I was awakened by a thundering knocking which shook the house. It ceased and I was about to go to sleep again, when there was the sound of heavy tramping in the corridor. There was knock on a door and a rough voice cried, "Is Childers there?" I heard Kathleen O'Connell replying that it was her room. There was a knock at another door.

"Is Childers there?"

"Yes."

"You're the man we want. Come out."

"My God!" I said to myself, "it's a murder gang," and I tumbled out of bed abd opened the door. A man, unkempt and wild looking, plunged at me, rifle in hand.

"Are you Brennan?"

"Yes."

"Come along with us quick."

Kathleen O'Connell in a dressing gown, and Childers in his pyjamas, came out. In all our eyes was the same question "Was it the murder gang?"

"What's up," I asked. Several people joined us and the man from Thurles pushed his way in front.

"What are you going to do with these men?" he asked.

"Nothing. We've to get them out of this. We're leaving the town. The lorries are waiting outside. Hurry up!"

Hastily dressing, we made our way downstairs, only to find the door locked and no one in attendance. We made our way through a broken window and over a spiked railing. The lorries were crowded and uncomfortable and, as we whirled through the early morning air, we were all miserably cold. Moss Twomey, who was on our lorry, sang Sean O Duibhir a Gleanna and the doleful refrain "You're worsted in the ~~fray~~ game" seemed to fit in with the circumstances of our trip. We gathered that the hasty evacuation was due to a report that the Free State troops in Thurles were advancing to surround Clonmel during the night.

We found out next day that there was no truth in the report. The first thing Childers did when we reached our destination, Fermoy, was to write a letter to the proprietor of the Clonmel Hotel apologising for our hasty departure and enclosing a bank-note to pay for our bills and the mending of the broken window.

Liam Lynch surprised me by the measure of his distress over a statement Mulcahy had published to the effect that when he (Lynch) was arrested in Dublin, he had been released on condition that he would not join the "irregulars" and that he would use his influence to stop the armed resistance in the south.

"I gave no promise of any kind," said Liam. "They wanted me to, but I refused. How can they tell such lies?"

He was a strange young man to be at the head of a rebel army, especially a rebel army in Cork. He was handsome, in a boyish, innocent way. His large blue eyes and open countenance indicated his transparent honesty. His looks, bearing and presence might have belonged to a single-minded devoted priest. He had come to be the chief warrior in the most turbulent section of the country through his fearlessness and daring and his ability to command respect. He had been a draper's assistant before the fight started and, without any training or experience, he had discovered in himself wonderful military qualities. But his heart was not in this fight of brothers. There had been something glorious and holy in the

fight against the British but now -. When some prisoners were brought in, Liam ordered they should be served the same food as we had. He gave them the freedom of the barrack parade ground. He refused to have them questioned as to troop movements. He would be ashamed to think they would give their chums away.

"They wouldn't do it anyway."

"All very magnificent," said Moss Twomey to me, "but it's not war. We're losing because the fellows are not fighting. We're firing at their legs."

At the mess table we heard the reason for the Clonmel debacle. Liam Lynch had sent a company of men, fully equipped to take Thurles. They had been ambushed and captured ~~surrounded and they surrendered without firing a shot~~. The courier who had brought this report also said that the Free Staters were on their way in strong force to attack Clonmel. So far was this from being the case that Lynch sent back a detachment to reoccupy the town.

Despatches from Kerry reported there would be no difficulty in taking over the cable stations at Valentia and Waterville. It was arranged that Childers should look after this, while I was to go to Cork to edit the "Cork Examiner", an opposition paper which our fellows hadtaken over, and also to prepare daily despatches which Childers would put on the cables. In Cork

there was no lack of publicity personnel, amongst ~~some of~~ my helpers being Donal Corkery, Frank O'Connor and Sean O'Faolain.

I stayed in Mary MacSwiney's house and she was as full of fight as ever. She roundly denounced me for suggesting that the Free State forces could capture Cork. There was no use in pointing out to her that Waterford had already fallen and our right wing thereby turned, that we had been unable to take the offensive anywhere and that the idea of holding the line with our present forces was hopeless. We might have had a chance, at this stage, if we abandoned the towns and embarked on such a guerilla war as we had carried on against the British. That, too, would have been difficult because the majority of the people were against us. In Fermoy, Mallow, and other towns, the people looked at us sullenly, as if we had belonged to a hostile invading army. Dev had seen all this, as I had, and that was one of the reasons he was so desperately trying for peace while he had still some bargaining power.

Cork City was deceptive. Here, life seemed to go on as usual, just as if there was no war. At Union Quay barracks, however, there was tremendous activity and there seemed to be no lack of guns and supplies. One day, when I was there, a big strapping fellow arrived from Limerick, where a terrific fight for the City had been in progress for days. He had been in

the thick of it and he was going back next day. He had come down to Cork to play with his team for the Cork County hurling championship! Everybody, including the men who were filling hand grenades joined in a terrific argument as to which team was going to win the match.

With Peter MacSwiney, I vitited Cobh and Seumas Fitzgerald took us over the defences of the harbour. Apart from his riflemen, he had a few machine guns here and there on the Barrymore estate, mainly on Fota Island. The positions were based on the idea that the Free State forces would land at Cobh, but this was no fault of Fitzgerald's. When the Free State forces did arrive some weeks later, they landed at Passage across the river and met with practically no resistance.

Fitzgerald, for no reason but to beguile the time, thought that the loss of a night's sleep would do me no harm and he asked me to accompany a squad of men who were going out on the tender to meet an American liner on which he said guns were expected. We met the liner, but there were no guns. On the return journey in the tender, we had about a dozen American passengers. Most of them, when they learned of the disturbed state of the country, took the position philosophically enough, but one lady was very irate. She denounced de Valera and his confederates with terrific zest in beautifully picturesque American language.

When I went into the hotel dining room for my breakfast, there was only one solitary waiter there and no guests. He was in a very bad humour and he grumbled as he arranged the table.

"A nice state of affairs," he said, "the whole country thrown into a yury ary! Bridges down and roads blocked! No goddam travellers. A nice bloody state of affairs!"

"Are you talking to me," I asked severely.

"Oh, no," he said, "I'm talking to myself."

The vociferous lady who had been on the tender came in and sat at a table , to the music of peals from her golden bangles. She immediately launched out. She was coming back after twelve years to see her people in Limerick, though she wouldn't have come back if she didn't have to. And what was her welcome? No buses or trains. The roads all blocked, the bridges all blown up. She was talking to the waiter and, as he did not reply, she asked him point blank:

"Don't you think this is a scandalous war?"

"God damn it," he said, "sure it's better than no war at all anyway."

Dev summoned me to Carrick-on-Suir and told me he wanted me to go back to Dublin and start a publicity department. Accompanying me was Dev's son Vivien and a lady with whom the boy had been staying in Cork. A Ford car brought us from

Carrick-on-Suir to Kilkenny and, though the distance is only thirty miles, the journey occupied a whole day. The route lay through a country which was daily the scene of encounters between the rival forces. We passed through the section held by Dan Breen who, jovial as ever, accompanied us to the limits of his territory. Thereafter, we left the main highway and, travelling through fields and byways, made a wide detour so that we entered the city from the north instead of the south. Darkness was falling when the driver pulled up in front of a small hotel.

"I'll drop you here," he said, "you'll have to fend for yourselves now. I'll have to go back."

The landlord himself came out and helped us with our two small bags. There were a number of Free State soldiers lounging about, but none of them seemed to take any notice of us. At about midnight, however, I was awakened by a loud knocking. I jumped out of bed, pulled on my pants and rushed downstairs. The landlord was in the hall.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"It's them," he said.

"Are they friends of yours?"

"I'm on no side," he said.

I led him back to the rear hall.

"Stay there," I said, "I'll open the door."

I had not made up my mind as to what I was going to do. The knocking was shaking the house as I took the chain off the door. There were several soldiers outside.

"It takes you a hell of a long time to open up," said the officer.

"I was in bed asleep," I said. "What's the matter?"

"We want to interview three travellers who came here tonight."

"You're making a mistake," I said, "no one came here tonight."

The officer glanced back over his shoulder.

"You hear that, Jemmy," He said. A private spoke up:

"I was told three people came here."

"There's some mistake," I said, "you can search the house if you like, but I'd rather you wouldn't because everyone is in bed. Three people stopped here looking for rooms, about nine o'clock, but I wouldn't take them. I said there was no room. I don't like taking people with no luggage."

"They had no luggage."

"Just one little bag."

"Did you know them? What were they like?"

"A man, a woman and a boy. I didn't know them."

"Where did they go?"

"Down the street. There was a car waiting for them. The

woman said something about pushing on to Callan."

The officer looked doubtful and rubbed his chin.

"Come on in and have a drink," I ventured.

"No, no thanks. Sorry for disturbing you."

They went off and I closed the door. The landlord emerged from the rear hall. He was shaking and so was I.

"Will they come back, do you think?"

"I don't know," I said. "I'm going to have that drink they refused."

We groped our way to the bar and he poured a glass of whisky for me and one for himself.

"I don't know who you are," he said, "but here's to you anyway."

We drank in the dark. On the way upstairs, I heard doors being furtively closed.

"Fear stalks abroad," I said to myself, "I'll be awake all night."

I fell fast asleep, however, as soon as I got into bed. In the morning, through glorious sunshine and busy streets, we made our way to the Railway Station. We got to Dublin without further alarms.

That evening I saw Austen Stack in his hideout in Upper Mount Street. He said I was to organise a Publicity Department of which I was to be the Director.

I agreed to do so and I went underground.

Robt. Brennan.
(Robt. Brennan)
28th October 1952

28th October 1952.

Witness S. Ní Chiosáin
(S. Ni Chiosain)