

# THE UNITED IRISHMAN Eireannac Aontuiste

THE ORGAN OF IRISH REPUBLICANISM

23 OCT 1951

VOL. 3. No. 6.

JUNE, 1951

PRICE 3d.

## DARING RAID ON DERRY BARRACKS ARMS CAPTURE BY I.R.A.

A fitting protest against the visit of English Royalty to Ireland was made by the Irish Republican Army when during the course of the visit, Ebrington Barracks, Derry, was successfully raided and a large quantity of arms and ammunition seized. The haul consisted of Bren and Vickers machine-guns, anti-tank guns, Sten guns and Lee Enfield rifles, and a quantity of miscellaneous ammunition numbering hundreds of thousands of rounds.

Great credit is due to the men who planned and carried out the operation for the foresight and efficiency displayed throughout. Every contingency was foreseen and guarded against and nothing was left to chance. This was especially noticeable when the actual entry was being effected. In planning out the mode of entry beforehand the various obstacles had been noted and provisions made to overcome them. When about to effect an entry an additional unforeseen obstacle was encountered, but all the necessary implements to deal with this were on hand.

Everything had been well rehearsed, each man knew his job and the part he had to play. In the silence of the night men moved like shadows to their various positions. Sentries were posted and the raiding party proceeded to force an entry into the

stores. To do this two large padlocks had to be smashed and a heavy door had to be sawn through. As this was being done each man held his breath wondering if the noise would be heard by the nearby sentries and arouse their suspicions.

Having succeeded in gaining access to the stores the volunteers set to work silently and efficiently, and in a surprisingly short space of time they were loading the precious cargo on to the waiting truck. Many hands make light work and soon the heavy lorry, loaded to capacity, was rumbling past the unsuspecting sentries, and within a couple of hours was back empty in its garage, its cargo having been delivered into the eager hands of the men waiting to receive it.

The officer in charge of the operation expressed regret that he had omitted to leave a note of thanks to their Most Gracious Majesties for their kind co-operation, by causing large numbers of the Crown Forces to be drafted from Derry to Belfast and thus facilitating him in making what he described as the only effective protest that can be made to England's claim to rule in Ireland, viz.: The placing of guns in the hands of men who are willing and anxious to use them to drive the British Army out of Ireland.

### CONTENTS

Sinn Fein	...	2
The Rescue	...	4
Editorial	...	6
Eirghe Geal na Ré	...	7
Tintown	...	8
Reminiscences	...	10
Gath Gréine	...	12

### REMEMBER

#### PILGRIMAGE TO BODENSTOWN

will take place on

SUNDAY JUNE 24th



#### SEAN RUSSELL MEMORIAL

will be Unveiled on

SUNDAY, 9th SEPT.



# Sinn Féin Notes

Recent weeks have witnessed increased activity by the Sinn Féin Cumainn in many areas. The Dublin Comairle Ceanntair have held regular weekly meetings at Elvery's corner in O'Connell Street each Saturday night and they have been attracting ever-increasing crowds. Then came the Hotel Conference at the Metropole and the flying of the Union Jack over the front entrance. A picket was placed at the entrance by the Austin Stack Cumainn, carrying slogans

of the visit of members of the English Royal Family to inspect their "loyal subjects in Ulster." Arrangements were made by the Sean McCaughey Cumainn in Belfast to hold a protest demonstration and meeting on the night of Thursday, 30th May, and posters advertising these events were put up on Saturday, 26th, but were torn down or defaced by the R.U.C. In the early hours of Tuesday morning, the 28th May, large-scale raids were made on

naig, C. O Murchadha, Tomas O Dubhghaill and S MacCristal. One last kick by the R.U.C. was the intimidation of the owner of the lorry, and of the loud-speaker hirers. Of course the "Nationalist" Press were too careful or too loyal to carry advertisements for the meeting.

Protest meetings were also arranged for Letterkenny, Swinford, Lurgan, Cork and Dublin. The meeting in Dublin took place on Saturday night, 2nd June. It was preceded by a parade through the centre of the city, headed by a Tricolour; while at the the end of the parade a Union Jack was streeled along the ground. The Union Jack was afterwards burnt at the meeting amidst the cheers of the large crowd present. Speakers at the meeting were M. Traynor, chairman; S. O'Sorahan, G. O Broin, Mrs. Buckley, Tomas MacCurtain, S. Kearney and T. Doyle. The speakers emphasised that if these visitors were coming at the invitation of the Irish people to the free Irish nation they could receive the highest honours and the greatest hospitality. But coming, as they were, to demonstrate the continued subjection of the Irish nation, to try to strengthen and perpetuate the "divide and conquer" policy in Ireland—their coming could only be calculated to rouse the indignation and even hate of the Irish people. This calculated insult can only be looked on as a challenge. We should answer it not merely by protest meetings, but by organising again to make good our claim to all Ireland, North and South, "from the centre to the sea." If the Royal visit has the effect of waking us from our torpor, of rousing us again to action, then it will have been a blessing in disguise. But it is up to ourselves.

—◆—  
"In the alternative between open resistance and unconditional submission many would differ, but I was one of those who, seeing all the dangers and horror of a contest, still thought of the independence of the country an object worth risking all to obtain, satisfied as I was, that, until that were secured, Ireland would never attain to her natural state of power, and opulence, and glory."

"Autobiography of Wolfe Tone."

## "THAT SAME OLD FLAG"!!



Union Jack  
flying over  
Metropole  
Cinema,  
beside  
historic  
G.P.O.

such as "The Union Jack flies in O'Connell Street, while British troops occupy Irish territory." During the second day of the picket some young men entered the Metropole Restaurant, came out on the canopy over the front entrance and seized the Union Jacks (2) and hurled them into the street. Followed a scuffle between the police and members of the picket, who managed to obtain the flags which were afterwards publicly burnt at the Saturday night meeting in O'Connell Street, to the great delight of an enthusiastic crowd.

Then came the incidents arising out

of the visit of members of the English Royal Family to inspect their "loyal subjects in Ulster." Arrangements were made by the Sean McCaughey Cumainn in Belfast to hold a protest demonstration and meeting on the night of Thursday, 30th May, and posters advertising these events were put up on Saturday, 26th, but were torn down or defaced by the R.U.C. In the early hours of Tuesday morning, the 28th May, large-scale raids were made on the Republican houses of Belfast and thirteen men were arrested and thrown into Crurlin Road Jail without charge or trial. Among them were Jimmy Steele and Liam Burke, recently released after long years in jail. In spite of the raids and arrests, and the police interference with their publicity, the protest demonstration was held on Thursday night as arranged. A parade formed up in Hamill St., and headed by two Tricolours marched up the Falls Road to Clonard Street, where an enthusiastic meeting was held. Speakers included: P. McCotter, chairman; Tom Heenan, S. O Cear-



# IRELAND, PARTITION AND THE ATLANTIC PACT

As obscurantism seems to be the ruling force to-day in Irish politics, the Sinn Fein Organisation, realising the confusion which must exist in the minds of the people, considers it a duty to clear away the mists which National Apostasy has produced; and to restore some sane pattern into the framework of Irish life.

The Sinn Fein Organisation has never deviated from the principles expressed in the Proclamation of 1916, which was confirmed by Dail Eireann in 1919.

The vacillation of the intervening years has undermined the morale of the Irish people to such an extent that to-day expediency seems to be more acceptable than justice and honour.

Sinn Fein is not a political party with an axe to grind: it is a national organisation founded on truth and justice, and seeks only the implementation of those virtues in Irish life.

In Ireland to-day, a campaign for the removal of Partition is being pursued by various bodies, and many specious approaches have been made towards the problem. It has been asserted that the Partition of Ireland is the last remaining obstacle to Irish Freedom.

The problem of Partition has been used by politicians to distract the attention of national-minded people from other equally vital National problems.

The absurdity and injustice of Partition are so obvious that campaigning to arouse the people's sympathy is unnecessary. The national sympathy, sometimes aroused and sometimes dormant, was and is in favour of National Unity. Yet it would seem according to statements by Irish Free State Ministers, that negotiations are proceeding to end Partition by involving Ireland in the next Imperial war.

The bargain being struck (another damned good bargain apparently) would provide the Anglo-American forces with Air, Naval and Military bases, and all the resources of Irish man-power, under a unified command. All the advantages of such a

bargain are obviously with the Anglo-Americans.

The Sinn Fein Organisation warns the people that the undoing of Partition is not the "be all and end all" of Ireland's claim and right to Freedom. The undoing of the English conquest, with all its ramifications into our social, political and economic life must be our objective; nothing less will bring peace and prosperity to our country.

Most of us recollect how, what was called "a damned good bargain" in the shape of a "Treaty" was imposed on the Irish people. The country was plunged into a civil war which cost us some of the finest men the country ever produced and left us a bitterness and disillusionment which persist down to the present day.

There must be no repetition of this disaster—forewarned is forearmed.

Sinn Fein calls on the Irish people to make no bargain on an issue which is a right. Ireland belongs to the Irish people, from Fair Head in Antrim to Mizen Head in Cork. The manpower of Ireland must be used only in defence of Ireland. A sale of any portion of our territory by politicians must be resisted by every means in our power.

Let us get our minds clear on essentials, and our Sovereignty, for which men died and women and children suffered, will be secure.

The above pamphlet has been issued by Sinn Fein and copies may be had from the Secretary, 9 Parnell Square, at 4/- per hundred.

\* \* \*

**PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS TO SINN  
FEIN ARD-FHEIS, 1950, NOW  
AVAILABLE IN PAMPHLET FORM  
PRICE 2d.**

O'Doherty, artists' receptionist; Pat Clarke, official host; Michael McCoy, John Bergin, ushers; Marguerite Le Strange, subscriptions; Capt. S. O'Deorain of Washington, D.C., general arrangements and supervision.

## AMERICAN NOTES

An imposing round of activities marked the observance of Easter Sunday by the New York District Clubs of the Clan na Gael and Irish Republican Army Veterans of America. Commencing with participation in a parade and Mass for the Irish patriots of Easter Week, 1916, organised by the Friendly Sons of Brian Boru, the organisation was in turn joined by the American Friends of the Irish Republic in the evening, when the Easter Week Commemoration Concert was staged, as in previous years, at the Pythian Hall, West 70th St., New York.

Presented by John J. McGinn as Master of Ceremonies to a large and appreciative audience, the entertainment programme was composed of items by the top star Irish artists of the metropolitan area. These included Hubert Valentine, tenor; Dolores Caruso, soprano; Nicholas Farley, baritone; Francis Flanagan, violinist; Hugo Stirling, tenor; Nan Lynch, soprano; Jerry Mulvihill, champion step dancer, and many others.

An impressive tableau was exhibited by stage manager Thomas Conlan, assisted by Laurence McKenna and Thomas P. Cummings, consisting of decorated and inscribed memorial cross with guard of honour and spotlight effects, sounding of "Taps" and silent prayer, preceded by reading of the Proclamation of the Republic.

The chairman of the evening, Mr. Joseph Reynolds, introduced Shane Conway, well-known Ulster Republican newspaper man and past master of platform oratory, whose address on "Easter Week, 1916, and After" was received with rapt attention, punctuated with vociferous applause. Frank McArdle, past-president of the Gaelic Athletic Association of New York, also gave a brief address.

500 free sample copies of the UNITED IRISHMAN were distributed amongst the audience, and Easter Lily favours were on sale by the ladies' committee headed by Miss Annie Ward. Members of the Commemoration Committee included: Patrick O'Mahoney, chairman; Dr. F. P. Monaghan, co-chairman; Denis Quaid, secretary; Peter Campbell, tickets; Eamonn Morrissey, Bernard Rooney, Joseph Stynes, box office; John Lyons, programmes; Eileen

(Contd. at foot of previous column)



# THE RESCUE

For the purpose of arranging details and checking up on the plan of escape Mr. Breslin brought around a trap to where the men were to embark in the whaleboat for the ship, if the escape were successful. For ten miles the drive was over the hard macadamised road built by the prisoners and called the Fenian Road. With a pair of horses and four men in the trap, this distance was accomplished in forty minutes and the test was very satisfactory. Then a sandy heavy road was encountered for a distance of seven miles, which merged into a mine track winding through the bush and sand to Rockingham Hotel. The latter stretch was about four miles and the total distance was made in two hours and twenty minutes.

Here a hard sandy beach was discovered. Garden Island, a long low stretch of land covered with tall grass and bush makes out from a point and extends nearly to Freemantle, forming Cockburn's Sound, a sheltered inlet. At the north end of the island is a narrow passage between the island and Cape Peron a point on the mainland. Here the men alighted.

"Now this is the place," said Mr. Breslin, "where we propose to bring the men and where we expect you to meet us with the boat."

Captain Anthony stuck up an old piece of joist in the sand above high-water mark as a guide to the spot.

"Let it be understood that this is the place where I will meet you with my boat if God spares my life," said the captain.

The four men then drove back to the hotel at Rockingham, where they rested, for the day had been intensely hot, and men and horses were thoroughly fatigued. That evening they arranged a code of cipher for telegraphing. Breslin was to notify Captain Anthony at Bunbury when the gunboat left Freemantle, and the Captain was to telegraph back the hour of sailing. Forty-eight hours from the time when the telegram was sent Captain Anthony was to have the *Catalpa* off the coast of Rockingham and his boat on the beach.

This was leaving much to chance, of course. Rockingham was a hundred

miles from Bunbury, and head winds, bad weather or calms might prevent the *Catalpa* from covering the distance within that time. But it was indeed a desperate undertaking; the men had resolved to take desperate chances and trust the luck which had thus far attended the expedition.

The telegraphic code was arranged as follows: When the gunboat sailed, Breslin was to send the message as follows: "Your friend N. or S. (meaning North or South) has gone home. When do you sail?" This meant, "The gunboat has sailed North or South. All right. Start from Bunbury." In case the gunboat arrived to take the Governor to the North West coast, Breslin was to wire "Jones is going overland to Champion Bay. When do you clear out of Bunbury?" And when the coast was again clear "Jones has gone to Champion Bay; did not receive a letter from you," meaning "all right again."

On Monday, Captain Anthony was invited to go with his friends and a party of merchants in the colony, to Perth, the residence of the Governor. The company assembled at one of the hotels, and previous to the dinner, were entertained by the song of a Western Australian shepherd.

When the gentlemen were about to be seated at the dinner-table, Captain Anthony was filled with consternation as a government official placed his hand on his arm and said: "Excuse me, Sir, but what is your name and business and what are you doing here?"

Captain Anthony naturally thought the plot had been betrayed, when Breslin stepped up to explain that this was a custom of the country. The Captain received such a shock, that he did not enjoy the dinner. He found another example of the suspicion which is always abroad in the penal colony later in the day. Going into the hydrographic office to buy a chart of the coast, he was compelled to answer a long series of questions before he was permitted to purchase it.

On Thursday, April 6, Captain Anthony started back to the ship in the Bunbury mail coach, carrying £250 in gold which Mr. Breslin gave him to square up his bills. This was a thirty two hours' journey over sandy

roads, and as the weather was hot and Captain Anthony was the only passenger, he was utterly wearied when he arrived at Bunbury at four p.m. the following day.

Now followed a period of waiting, and the Captain was worn with anxiety. The possible suspicion of the people ashore at the delay in departure must be anticipated, and the Captain busied himself in getting potatoes and onions, wood and water aboard, and opened negotiations for a quantity of kangaroo skins.

The crew had become uneasy at the long delay, and were almost mutinous at their restricted shore liberty, for Captain Anthony did not dare to trust them ashore except in charge of an officer. Their own theory of the proceeding was that the vessel was fitting for a cruise to New Zealand. They were humoured in the belief, and were kept busy in painting and refitting.

One forenoon when the Captain was ashore with Mr. Smith, they noticed the colours at half-mast, and saw that four of the crew had stolen a boat and were rowing ashore with another boat's crew in pursuit. The runaways reached shore, and were making for the beach. The police were notified, and soon overtook and captured them. The ringleader, Joseph McCarthy, struck an officer and was detained. The other three were delivered aboard and were placed in irons in the steerage. The man who was arrested was a desperate fellow, and Captain Anthony was glad he was gone. He was sentenced to seven days for the assault. The Captain hoped to get to sea before he was released, but the man served his time and went down on the jetty and sought to go aboard the vessel. Captain Anthony did not dare to trust the man in view of his delicate mission, and refused to receive him. He was one of the men shipped at Teneriffe and had a bad record.

Two days had passed since the Captain's return to the vessel, and no word was received from Breslin. Meanwhile, the vessel was in readiness for a prompt departure at noon.

On Tuesday, April 11, a telegram was delivered to Captain Anthony which read as follows:—

Your friend S. has gone home. When



# THE RESCUE

do you sail?—J. Collins.

Captain Anthony at once cleared his vessel at the custom-house, and later in the day as he was about to telegraph that he would start, word was brought to him at the hotel that the *Catalpa* had been seized by the custom-house officials and that an official was in charge. The distracted captain hastened to the custom-house and found his offence had been a violation of the law in landing a barrel of pork after he had cleared. After a long consultation the officers released the vessel, but it was then too late to sail.

On Wednesday Captain Anthony telegraphed:—I'll sail to-day. Good bye. Answer if received.—G. S. Anthony.

Back came the reply:—Your telegram received. Friday being Good Friday I shall remain in Freemantle and leave for York on Saturday morning. I wish you may strike oil. Answer if received. Freemantle.—J. Collins.

Captain Anthony at once perceived the situation. He knew that the prisoners were detained in their cells on Sundays and holidays, and that his plan would have placed him at Rockingham on Friday. He replied to Breslin's telegram:—

Yours received. Did not sail to-day. Wind ahead and raining. Sail in the morning. Good-bye.—G. S. Anthony.

That evening the Captain discovered that his crew had been doing a rescue on its own account, and had stowed a ticket of leave man in the mizzen-topmast staysail. While he pitied the fellow he was fearful that the authorities might discover the man hidden on his vessel and make trouble which would interfere with the great object ahead. So he notified the police and they came aboard and took the man ashore.

Still misfortune crowded in on the conspirators. A heavy storm came later on, extra anchors were necessary. It was impossible to sail and once more Breslin's plans had to be upset. Captain Anthony went to the telegraph office to send a message, but found it closed on account of the holiday. He hunted up the operator, a woman. She declined to go to the office saying it would be useless, since the Freemantle office was closed. The captain pleaded knowing that everything depended on it. At length the

woman opened the office and sat down to the instrument. She called for several minutes, but there was no reply. "I told you it would be no use," she said. Just then came an answering click. The operator sat down at the instrument once more. After a moment she said: "They are taking the message. An operator happened to be in."

Captain Anthony nearly shouted with joy. This is the message he sent:—

J. Collins, Esq:—

It has blown heavy. Ship dragged both anchors. Can you advance money if needed? Will telegraph again in the morning.—G. S. Anthony.

Once more the element of good luck had manifested itself, this time at a most critical point.

On Saturday morning, April 15, Captain Anthony finally telegraphed: "I shall certainly sail to-day. Suppose you will leave for York Sunday morning. Good-bye."

Straight-away the answer came back:—

Your telegram received. All right. Glad you got off without damage. Au revoir.—J. Collins.

Captain Anthony reported at the custom-house that he was ready to sail, and the officers came and prodded the hold and every dark space with spears, according to custom, to see if any prisoners were stowed away. At two o'clock in the afternoon a moderate favouring breeze from the S.S.W. was blowing. Anchor was hoisted, and with all sail set the *Catalpa* slipped up the coast bound for Rockingham.

(To be continued)

## STRASBOURG

At their deliberations in Strasbourg the Council of Europe made the following recommendations:

That the Statute should employ the expression "Ireland" instead of the present expression "the Irish Republic," and that the present "United Kingdom" be changed to read "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland."

"Cork Examiner," 16/5/51.

Judging by this report, the 125 members of the Council of Europe,

would appear to be labouring under a misapprehension as to the status and even nomenclature of Ireland. For their enlightenment, we would like to point out that this ancient country originally contained 5 provinces—later reduced to 4—embracing in all 32 Counties. It is a separate entity, having its own language, literature, culture and customs, and has no connection, physically or morally with Great Britain. When the latter was practically uncivilised, Ireland was carrying Christianity, learning and culture into every corner of the then known world.

The English marauder, by conquest and through chicanery, has purloined six of our Northern counties, against the wishes of the majority of our people; those counties are still ours, and no amount of talk on the Continent or anywhere else can alter that fact, or the additional fact that we mean to recover our territory in our own time, and by our own means.

European political or economic co-operation can only be achieved on a basis of Justice for all Nations, and Ireland, North, South East and West, will not be found wanting in that co-operation, when she herself will have attained the Justice and Freedom to which her standing and dignity as a nation entitles her.

We have no quarrel with the title "Irish Republic" which was established by law, for 32 Counties on January 21st, 1919, and never disestablished.

REPUBLICAN IRELAND  
HONOURS TONE AT

**BODENSTOWN**

on

SUNDAY, 24th JUNE, 1951

Assemble at Sallins, 2.30 p.m.

Oration by  
Antoine MagCana, Ath Cliath  
Special train will leave Kingsbridge, 12.15 p.m. Returning from Sallins at 6.30 p.m.

FARE 3/-. Children Half-Price  
COMMEMORATION CEILIDHE  
8-11.30 — Mansion House — 2/-  
Bristear an ceangal le Sacsuibh





SEAN TREACY HOUSE,

94, SRÁID SEÁIN UÍ TREASAÍ'S

(94 TALBOT ST.), DUBLIN

JUNE, 1951

## The "Free State" Nation

On Tuesday, 29th May, occurred one of the most striking examples of the success of British policy in Ireland. In the early hours of that morning widespread raids and arrests were carried out in Belfast, and numbers of well-known Republicans (including Jimmy Steele and Liam Burke, only lately released after long years in jail) were imprisoned without trial or charge, allegedly as a precautionary measure in connection with the visit of members of the English Royal Family to Ireland. On the same night in Dublin the final rallies of the different parties contesting the 26 County elections were held and thousands of people assembled to hear the various solutions to our troubles put forward by the politicians. It was a great opportunity to make an immediate protest against the tyranny of the Stormont junta, but not one single reference was made to the arrests in Belfast.

What a triumph for the "divide and conquer" policy in Ireland. What a victory for the man who first conceived the idea of ruling Ireland with "an economy of English lives" by breaking the country into two parts, throwing one part to "the natives" to play with, while maintaining a garrison in the other part in order to guarantee and secure the imperial control of the whole island. What a shameful reflection, nay, insult to the Irish people and to the dead who died for freedom.

For what does the action of the Southern politicians mean? Were they not, in effect, saying, "What happens north of the Border is no concern of ours—our business is to

look after the bread and butter interests of the 26 Counties"? Is not this the logical conclusion to the manoeuvrings of the same politicians since 1922? Have they, in effect, decided that the 26 Counties now constitute a new nation, the Free State Nation (or Free State Republic if you wish)? Remember the cry during the recent war, "the first invader to set foot on our soil—he is the enemy." That cry was used up and down the length and breadth of the 26 Counties and unthinking people applauded it as the height of patriotism. The politicians deliberately shut their eyes to the fact that thousands of invaders were already on our soil. But to their minds the foreign troops had to cross the Border, had to enter the 26 County State before they became invaders. In other words, the Free State nation must be defended, but not Ireland. Great God! how low we have sunk. How contemptible we must appear in the eyes of the world. Is there any depth of infamy or deceit to which we are not prepared to stoop?

The people of the North were betrayed when the 26 County Treaty was accepted. They were betrayed when the 26 County State was set up and Irishmen agreed to work Partition. But the betrayal then was not complete; there were still men willing to oppose in arms that "damned good bargain." There were still men ready to suffer and die for our Nation's honour—our Nation's integrity. Has that all changed to-day? Have we now accepted the final settlement as imposed by the enemy?

(Contd. at foot of next column)

## A PROTEST

Mr. Patrick Darcy of Headford, Co. Galway, has written to us in connection with the unveiling of a Memorial Cross at Castlegar on Easter Sunday at which Mr. G. Boland officiated. In the course of his letter Mr. Darcy states:

It has been reported in the press that a Mr. Darcy, a relative of the late Comdt. Louis Darcy, was amongst those present at the ceremony. I wish to state that I was the nearest relative of the late Comdt. Darcy who was in Castlegar that day, but that I was not present at the unveiling.

I was there a considerable time before the ceremony commenced and I went there for the express purpose of protesting against the unveiling being performed by an ex-Minister for Justice, during whose term of office the late Tony Darcy, my brother and a first cousin of Comdt. Louis, was forced to die on hunger-strike.

I did make such protest to several members of the Memorial Committee and informed them that should the unveiling be performed by the ex-Minister I would not be associated with it.

As I was not present when the ceremony took place I do not wish my name to be in any way connected with it.

### THE FREE STATE NATION

(Contd. from preceding column)

Even Judas would not settle for less than 30 pieces of silver—are we to be bought off with twenty-six?

Is it not high time that we faced the problem? Is it not high time that we decided whether we are willing to take up the task handed on by the dead generations in trust to us for completion? Is it not time that we took up where they left off at the Truce in July, 1921, when the British having failed by all the force and terror at their command, decided to use the trickery and guile of the conference table? There is our task, there is the challenge. We owe a duty and responsibility to our people in the North, to our nation as a whole and to our heroic dead, to take up that task and bring it to completion. Let us do so now. Not in five years' or ten years' time, NOW. Let us buckle down to the job now or if we haven't the courage then let us henceforth be silent.



mičéal ó Duibhir do sgríob

is péirín linn an baint a bi san  
 1901 roir Éire agus an Éiríam a  
 cur i gcosúlacht leis an mbaint a  
 bi roir Éire agus Stáit Aontaithe  
 Meirice san Iú 1901 nó roir Éire  
 agus Sasana anois. Tosaigh an mírce  
 éin na Éiríam san Iú 1901, ac is ar an  
 Spáinn a bi triall na mórcóda an  
 tian san. Taréis Urisead Eacóroma,  
 am, cuairt Saighiúirí na hÉiríam na  
 tóimé éin na Éiríam agus cuairt  
 na céata scoláirí ann freisin éin  
 ordeasas. O'pail, agus cuir a lán  
 ceannaithe de cuir na hÉiríam fíu  
 sa bÉiríam ar fáil. An fáil is a máir  
 Urisead na nÉiríam (1691-1791), bi  
 tóil-éangal roir an dá tír, agus  
 bi an éiríam san Éiríam as imead in  
 éin na Éiríam gur éiríam do Rialtas  
 Sasana reat a éiríam is a cur i  
 bÉiríam 50 tian as tóimé éin na hÉiríam  
 a éiríam a éiríam as liostáil fear in  
 éiríam do'n Éiríam. Tóil amuig de  
 éiríam Saighiúirí, am, ba tóimé  
 ríu a éiríam éin na hÉiríam is éangal  
 a éiríam is a éiríam roir an dá tír.  
 Is beag má bi teaghlac ar bit i nÉiríam  
 éiríam agus in éiríam na hÉiríam  
 an uair sin gan tóimé éiríam muintearta  
 sa bÉiríam. Bíod ceannaithe, luic  
 tráctála agus sagairt as teat is as  
 imead do síor roir an dá tír. Mar  
 éiríam ar na péiríne b'éiríam o'adair  
 sagairt an Éiríam a éiríam oru fíu  
 éin na hÉiríam o'pail i gcosúlacht na  
 nÉiríam, agus bi ana-éiríam roir an  
 dá tír mar sin. " Tá sé ráite as  
 scríneoir Sasana de cuir na  
 h-Éiríam sin ", arsan Dr. Risteard  
 de hae, " 50 bÉiríam a rá gur  
 tóil de cuir na Éiríam Connacta  
 agus Cúige Mumán agus nár tóil  
 de cuir na Sasana iad. " Is follas  
 mar sin, gur cuir muintir na hÉiríam  
 na spéis i gcosúlacht na

Bí achrú agus teacht ar na Protastúnaigh i leith na hEaglaise agus i leith saoirse na hEaglaise ón am a thosaigh an Muirteacht sa bPárlaimint. Ní raib an bPárlaimint i bPárlaimint don fáil sin ar bit a tabairt dóib go fóill, ac bí daoine leasmuig den bPárlaimint agus glacad láimhe san obair fán am so. Cuir 600 Protastúnaic i mbealach feirste agus 350 uaisle, de luict saorgabáltais agus de cléir Sallda, Co. Montroma iarratas agus triall ar an bPárlaimint sa bliain 1790 'a iarrad ar na teacraí an córas péimilte go léir do cuir ar ceal! Bám sé sin zeit as an bPárlaimint. Leasad iarratas ó Coiste na hEaglaiseac féin ós comhair na hPárlaiminte an lá céanna. Ar an 20ú lá d'Feabra, 1791, do thairg David La Touche rún go hEaglaí amad an t-iarratas go fuirmealt. Bí uiospóireacht ana briomhar ansan. O'iompaig Foster agus Ponsonby i gcomhbh Grattan. Ní raib in sna Caitliceis dar leo ac cine claoite, agus umme sin ba cóir a gcoimead fá smact go brát. "Ní tabairt bunreacht na hEaglaime do daoine ná fuil ar a gcuimars teanga na hEaglaime do tabairt", arsa Seoirse Ponsonby, taoiseac na "O'ir-Grátoirí" go tarcuinnib. Ní raib sa hPárlaimint caolaigeanta san ac 23 teacraí a tabairt a ngut ar son an iarratais. Bí 208 de sna teacraí i bPárlaimint a caite amad. Ní raib cúis na hEaglaiseac caillte mar sin féin. Dá laige i sa hPárlaimint bí sí ag dul éun nirt in aghad an lae leasmuig den bPárlaimint. Tamall roim an am atá i gceist agam anois, i Meadon fómar na bliana 1791 foillsiód pampléro darb terteal "Argómt ar son Caitliceac na hEireann fá ainm éileite "Fuis ón Tuaisceart." B'sin é an céad uair ariam a scriob Protastúnaic le h-aghad Protastúnaic ar son Caitliceac na hEireann, agus do cuir an pampléro áas ar na

Caitleigi i gcoitinne. Thobó Wolfe  
Tone do scriob an sampléro, ruro  
dob eol do sna Caitleigi tamall ma  
diaró san. Din an saotar pinn sin  
tút-caradas roir Tone agus caoisig  
na gCaitleicead i mBaile Áta Cliat,  
agus táimis den caradas san ní h-é  
amháin go nbeadaró mórán de sna  
Caitleigi ba mó éirim intinne isead  
i gcumann na néireannaé ndontaite,  
ac fós gur éirig leo, le cabair Tone,  
an curo ba mó agus ba déime de sna  
péimléite do cur díob agus an buaró  
ba mó dá raib buaite aca, go dtí  
sin do breit ar luét an ceannais.  
Do ritearó Bille fuascailte Caitleicead  
sa bliam 1782. Ní fuair na Caitleigi  
mórán de barr an Bille sin ac mar sin  
féin, tugaró caoi díob éin uil éin  
cinn i gcúrsaí tionnscail agus traet-  
ála. As san amad do méadraig ar  
gradam agus ar tábaet na gcean-  
naite gCaitleicead—go mór-mór i  
mBaile Áta Cliat—gur éiriodar neamh-  
spélad ar na h-uaisle a bí in amh  
beir ma tceoruíte ar na Caitleigi  
roime sin. Do réir mar méadraig  
ar tábaet na gceannaité imeasc na  
gCaitleicead bí as uil de tábaet agus  
de tionchar na n-uasal, ruro nár táit  
leo ar don cor. Daoine siocánta a  
bí iontú-san, dar ndóig,—daoine a  
bí uilis rialú dá ri oirdearc, agus a  
raib ponn orrá an dílse sin a cur i  
gceill ar fad don tsaas cuma, agus  
ar fad ócáro da bpaigois. Bí an  
dílse agus an úiriste préimáite com  
doimhin sin iontú gur breas leo beir  
as cur méro a noilse i gceill tré lit-  
reaca fada busfoclada a scriobad  
éin an fíir lonaró nó tré óráreaca  
liopa a tabairt uatú as maíom as  
an ad a bí orrá beir fá rialú Ri  
uasail Sasana. Ba é Tiarna Cinnmara  
a bí i gceannas na tuinge seo, agus  
bí an spiorad com lag san ann go dtug  
sé le turgsin dá raib fuascailt na  
gCaitleicead á éileam aige ar don cor.  
(Ar lean.)

Iarramuid ort, a Phadraig,  
 Guidhe orainn na Gaedheala,  
 Dia linn la agus oidche,  
 'S Padraig Aspal Eireann.



# "TINTOWN 1940-45"

By "An Ex-Internee"

(Continued)

During the Autumn of this year a number of "tunnels" were commenced in the Camp. There was to be one main tunnel going under the trench which surrounded the Camp and a number of connecting tunnels from other huts were to join it. I worked on one of the connecting tunnels; Barney Casey was often with me in a shift of digging. Many times as we worked in the narrow space underground we made plans for the time we would have the job finished and be once more free to take up the fight. Little we knew under what circumstances Barney was to leave the Camp. Work in the tunnels was hard. There was also the job of making tools with which to dig. After the tunnels had been discovered a statement in the daily papers said that "the tools found in the tunnels though made from all sorts of material were a first-class job." Many no doubt would like to know how we made them without any of the machinery or other modern aids which usually go to the making of such articles. I'm afraid the day has not yet come when that story can be told. We may have to make them again some day.

Matters disimproved in the Camp as the weeks went by. The Camp Council made repeated applications to the Free State Commandant for an improvement in the conditions, while we all shivered in our tattered rags of clothes and bare feet, but no improvement was granted. Matters came to a head in the week commencing Monday, Dec. 9th. In Leinster House that week De Valera made a statement that an abundance of Irish butter could be bought in England at a price cheaper than was being paid for it in Ireland. At the same time we were informed that our ration which at all times was very small was to be cut. It is well to bear in mind that there was no rationing in force in Ireland at this time. The Camp Council replied to this with a ten point demand for improved all-round conditions in the Camp and they also informed the Free State Commandant that if there was not an immediate improvement,

firm and drastic action would be taken. By Friday, 13th, they had been refused any improvement. On this evening a meeting of all the internees was called and they were addressed by one of the camp officers who explained the situation to them. When our rations arrived at the cookhouse that evening the men on duty there refused to accept them, acting on orders from the Camp Council. A decision was then taken that next day a carefully selected number of huts would be burned as a protest against our treatment. In selecting the huts to be burned, the Camp Council took greatest care to see that none of those from which tunnels were being made would be touched.

At eleven o'clock next morning, Sat., 14th Dec., the huts which had been selected were set on fire. Unfortunately, due to a sudden change in the wind, the fire could not be confined to the selected huts and soon over half the Camp was a blazing inferno. Shortly after the first huts were set alight a strong force of P.A.s (Military Policemen) armed with revolvers arrived in the Camp. They immediately opened fire on us without any warning. Two of my comrades were seriously wounded in the first burst of firing. One of them still carries the bullet embedded in his shoulder. The second was more seriously wounded in the stomach. The fact that he recovered from his wound was a surprise event to the surgeon who operated on him.

After fire had been opened on us we were gradually forced to retire to the compound at the end of the Camp. Soon a large party of infantry arrived, bringing with them three Lewis guns. The infantry with fixed bayonets, were lined up facing us in the compound. The Lewis guns were mounted in front of them and the gun crews took up their positions at the guns. Since my release I met one of the sergeants who was in charge of these gun crews, and I asked him what their orders had been that day. He told me that their orders were that if there was any sign of movement from us they were to open fire. Another large force of infantry was

placed all round the Camp outside the last line of barbed wire; several tanks and armoured cars patrolled up and down a road some distance from the Camp, while a number of Army aircraft circled overhead. The first news of our fight to reach the public was at the Curragh Racecourse nearby when racegoers wondered at the cloud of thick black smoke that swept overhead, and then an order was issued over the Public Address System that all officers and men of the Curragh Command were to report back for duty at once. We were not to learn of this until long afterwards.

During the evening as we stood in the compound facing the line of machine guns and glittering bayonets, the rain which had been threatening all day came down in torrents and soon we were all soaked to the skin. Darkness fell and for a time all was quiet. We were all feeling the effects of the rain, also we had been without food since dinner-time the previous day. Suddenly a voice was heard singing from the midst of a bunch of the internees. The song was the famous marching song of the 1st Batt. 1st Cork Brigade. Soon all voices joined the singer in the chorus: "No Surrender Is The War Cry Of The 1st Cork Brigade." Yes, no surrender was also the thought in the mind of every man in that compound that night. We knew not what fate was in store for us, two of our comrades had already been shot; for all we knew then they were perhaps dead, none of us knew when the machine guns which had been threatening us all day would open fire, but each and every man was determined to see the fight through no matter what came our way. "The 1st Cork Brigade" was quickly followed by "The Song of the Magazine Fort," rendered by the same singer. Singing continued throughout the night until midnight when the first batch of us was removed from the compound. We were removed in batches of about twenty-five at a time. I was among one of the last batches to be removed. We marched under the command of our own officers, surrounded on both sides by a heavily armed guard of



**TINTOWN—Contd.**

P.A.s, while rifles and machine guns were trained on us from a distance. A large number of us were placed that night in a disused dining hall with a bare concrete floor. This dining hall was to be known afterwards as "The Ice Box." Others were put into huts which were partly burned. None of us were given any kind of bedding or bed-clothes. In the "Ice Box" that night there were many who had no form of overcoat, many did not possess one, others had left them in huts which had not been marked down for burning. All coats that were in the "Ice Box" were collected and a communal bed was made at one end. As this was far too small to hold all of us we had to work a system of shifts. Each man in turn was given an hour (as far as I can remember) to lie in the bed and try to get asleep if he could, meanwhile the rest of us walked up and down the floor trying to warm ourselves. Anyone who had boots or shoes removed them and walked in his stockinged feet so as not to disturb those who might have managed to doze for a brief time.

Next day was Sunday, but we were not allowed out to hear Mass. When the Chaplain arrived at the usual time to say Mass he was told by the Free State officers that he would not be required that day. Food was served out to us in the huts and the only time we were allowed out was for half an hour's exercise. That day many of the lads who were in huts with wooden floors volunteered to change places with those in the "Ice Box," so that we might have a little bit more comfort. There were far more volunteers than there were men in the "Ice Box," so it was decided that the older men or those whose state of health was bad would be changed around but that the rest of us would remain as we were. That Sunday night in the "Ice Box" was one which we will all remember until the end of our lives. A concert was organised at which all who could sing contributed. Barney Casey gave one of his finest exhibitions of step-dancing. We little knew that it was to be his last. During that night a number of revolver shots were fired into two of the huts occupied by some of our comrades. No explanation was ever given for the firing of those shots. Perhaps they were just training for what was to come next morning.

On the morning of Monday, 16th, we were informed that our meals would be supplied as usual in the dining hall that day. The usual procedure in the Camp at meal times at this period was that we fell in under our hut O/C.s and marched to the dining hall. On this morning when word was received that breakfast was ready one of our officers ordered a party from the "Ice Box" to fall in on the road in front of it. As soon as this party had fallen in, without any warning whatsoever, a number of shots were fired by a party of P.A.s under the command of a captain who had been standing nearby. One man fell in the middle of the road, a P.A. advanced with his revolver at the ready and stood over this man shouting loudly, "Get up, you so and so, get up." A few minutes afterwards we discovered that Barney Casey was lying seriously wounded in one of the huts. One of my comrades had to advance with his hands above his head to ask for medical aid for Barney and the other wounded man, who luckily, was not seriously wounded, the bullet having lodged between the leather of his boot and his ankle.

Barney Casey was removed very shortly afterwards to the Curragh Military Hospital and inside an hour we knew he was dead. He had been shot through the lung, the bullet entering from the back. Later that day our O/C was informed by the Free State Commandant that the reason for the shooting was that he had instructed a certain sergeant-major the night before that we were to be instructed that in future we were to go to the dining hall in groups of not more than three and that there was to be no more parading. When the O/C informed him that we had received no such instructions he said he would make enquiries and later informed us that the sergeant-major had forgotten to pass on the instructions. He further stated that he would take serious action against the sergeant-major and that he would see that he lost his stripes. The man in question (he will be best known to ex-internees as "Leatherlugs") was never seen in the Camp again, but he was often seen on the streets of Dublin and he still wore his sergeant-major's stripes.

In view of the above statement we were surprised to hear shortly afterwards that it was published in the papers that Barney Casey had been

shot while he and his comrades were rushing the main gate in an attempt to escape.

This gate was at least twelve feet high; on the far side of it was a large open space in front of the Camp office. Inside the gate on this morning were stationed a large party of P.A.s, armed with revolvers, while a Thompson machine-gun pointed into the Camp from the window of what was the Camp shop where we bought our cigarettes, etc., in normal times, if we had any money. This window had been enlarged so as to give the gunner a wider field of fire. Over the gate was an elevated sentry post where a sentry armed with a rifle was always on duty. Even if anyone had got past these obstacles they still had to pass through the Camp office which at any time was always occupied by a large number of armed officers and P.A.s. After passing through the office there were six locked gates (which was the only way through the six lines of barbed wire surrounding the Camp) to be passed and after these gates there was a steep hill to be climbed at the top of which was the Camp Guardroom. Outside that an armed sentry was always on duty and the guard inside. Beyond the Guardroom were the Barracks of the Curragh Command. Was this a way by which any body of men were likely to attempt to escape?

During the inquest on Barney, the doctor who was giving evidence, said that the deceased had been shot in the back. Barney's sister asked him if he could explain how her brother was shot in the back if he had received the wound while attempting to rush the gate. The inquest was adjourned immediately and has never been reopened, neither has Barney's sister's question been answered.

(To be continued)

---

**"LADY DOST THOU NOT FEAR TO STRAY?"**

---

What is the world coming to at all, at all, when all the King's horses and all the King's men, gathered round Stormont could not guarantee safe conduct to two ladies over here, on their invitation?

13 bold, bad Irishmen had to be removed first!!!

---



# REMINISCENCES

By Margaret Buckley

(Continued from last month)

I returned to Dublin as soon as the trains were running, to find a city in ruins, O'Connell Street a heap of stones, the General Post Office levelled to the ground, and a general air of despondency and defeat over all. People wandered about, viewing with curiosity the physical effects of a Rebellion, yet, strange to say, though the streets were paraded by military and police, there was an absence of evident fear. Small boys and girls rooting in the debris, cheeked the soldiers and police, who interfered with their activities, and even in the act of running away, jeered them and shouted "Up the Rebels." The surrendered prisoners were in Arbour Hill, and relatives of others were going around making enquiries for those whose whereabouts they did not know.

They had seen cartloads of slain being carried to Glasnevin and, though fear of the result of their enquiries was gripping them, they dared not make them openly. The day after I got back I went up to Arbour Hill with a parcel of food as an excuse and asked, on chance, for Sean Milroy—he was one of the old Cork Celtic. Heavy guards were on the gate and barbed wire was everywhere; swarms of people were outside, some wondering what was going to happen to my enquiry. I was admitted inside the outside gate and escorted to a doorway where an officer stood. I told him what I wanted and to my surprise he said, rather eagerly, I thought: "You are from the country." I replied "Yes" and he passed me on, with an order to see Sean Milroy. I heard later that this officer was Robert Barton. I don't know, I never tried to verify that, as the name, at the time, meant nothing to me. I saw Sean and other prisoners whom I did not know, shouting and laughing behind bars. I could say little, as a soldier stood at my elbow, but I managed to convey that Cork and other friends were all right. I promised to come again in a day or two, but they were all taken to England that night, and deported to Frongoch, etc., amid never to be forgotten scenes at the quayside.

And then the greater horror broke—against all the rules of civilised warfare—prisoners who had surrendered; leaders who had given their

parole to save their people from what they had visualised as useless slaughter, were taken out and executed. Morning after morning the volleys rang out, and Irishmen, joyfully, faced their Maker. James Connolly, badly wounded, was wheeled out in a chair to his death, which he faced as bravely as he had faced life, strengthened and comforted by the holy Franciscan Father, who was with him to the end. But those volleys did more than kill the Leaders of the Rebellion; they awoke in the hearts of Irish men and women their dormant nationality, their senses were roused and they realised the miracle which had taken place amongst them. Masses were celebrated in crowded churches, day after day, for the repose of the souls of the dead heroes. Outside the churches the crowds stood and sang "Faith of Our Fathers" and "A Nation Once Again." I remembered well a girl with a magnificent contralto voice, leading the hymns which we all sang. She was Joan Burke, whom I did not know at the time.

The blood of the martyrs had fructified the soil and already the signs were evident.

Though the Rebellion in Dublin was a military failure, it was successful beyond the wildest hopes of those who conceived it, for the brutality of the execution of the Leaders had awakened the souls of the people and the determination to break the connection with England, who killed them, took firm hold of their minds. Leaders who were not put to death were in prison, among them Madame Markievicz and other women Republicans. There was a general release of prisoners at Christmas, 1916, and early in 1917 a move was made to reorganise the country through Sinn Féin Cumainn, on a definite Republican-Separatist programme. On his release from prison Austin Stack became Hon. Secretary of Sinn Féin, a post which he held up to his death in 1929.

But it was the funeral of Thomas Ashe in Sept., 1917, which revealed the feelings of the populace in a big, open way. He had died in the Mater Hospital, to which he had been rushed dying as a result of forcible feeding, while on hunger-strike in Mountjoy Jail. The dead Volunteer lay in State in the City Hall; all

business was suspended while the people passed in sorrow and pride around his coffin. And his funeral was a veritable triumph. From all over the country people travelled to Dublin. Volunteers donned once again their uniforms, and primed their rifles. The massed British Forces everywhere struck no note of terror in a resurgent Ireland. Like a great army, priests, people, gentle and simple, young and old, marched from the City Hall, up through the crowded streets; not a sound except marching men and martial music. At the other end the people of Finglas, Cappagh and around the north countryside were assembled in force to pay their last respects to their teacher, their piper, their soldier and friend. As the cortege came in sight men, wordlessly, hoisted their young sons to their shoulders, and back at home that night told them the story of the dead patriot.

The names of Thomas Ashe and Dick McKee are inseparable from Finglas.

Arrived at the graveside, the Last Post was sounded and three volleys fired by Volunteers over the grave of their fallen comrade.

Michael Collins made a short oration, saying: "The volley we have just heard is the only speech it is proper to make over the grave of a dead Fenian."

Enthusiasm for the National cause grew like a snowball; the Sinn Féin drive was so successful that when the British Parliament was dissolved in 1918, Sinn Féin was in a position to contest every seat, and did, except Trinity College and North Down, and though overwhelmed with difficulties—over 100 men were again in jail, literature and meetings suppressed, etc.—Sinn Féin won 73 seats, Unionists 26, and the Irish Parliamentary Party 6.

But hard work was put in before that success was achieved; every Saturday afternoon found those of us who were free and practically unknown, either at the Broadstone or Kingsbridge Stations, to attend meetings, sometimes in the most out of the way places, West and South.

I had a few close shaves with the Crown Forces. Returning from Cork one day, the train was boarded by a raiding party of them. I had some papers, and right opposite me sat a



girl whom I knew by sight in Dublin, having seen her outside Mountjoy, when Thomas Ashe was on hunger-strike; when the news reached us we instinctively looked at each other, though we never said a word. I knew by her look that she was in the same boat as myself. The military came into our carriage, searched all the men and took no notice of us, our prayers were heard, and I knew after, that her consignment was much more important than mine, as she was acting as a Local Government Inspector for the First Dail. She was Brigid Ní h-Eagartaigh. On another occasion a raiding party came into my office without warning. I had an attache case on the desk before me which, if opened, would not do me any good. They went up along the house, and one of them remained at the door of the room where I was with two other women; he whistled all the time but never moved until the others came down. They asked a few innocuous questions and went away. It was my lucky day and had an amusing sequence, as the raiding party drove to the residence of one of the secretaries whose name he had seen on some notes, and took her to Dublin Castle for questioning. She was a well-known pacifist!

Another time during the 1918 elections, I was asked to go down the country to collect nomination papers for some of our candidates, most of whom were in jail. I had to go to a part of the country which I did not know at all, and my first stop was Maryboro'. I went on an evening train and by the time I arrived it was dark and I was almost alone on the platform. I had an address—it was a public-house—and I walked down the dark, lonely road in fear and trembling. When I came to a cross-roads I did not know which way to turn, and knocked at a cottage door; curfew was on and it was a while before the door opened a little and a scared-looking man peered out. I told him where I wanted to go and he directed me, it was only a short distance away. Down the road I went—the only one on it—and I reached the door of the Pub and knocked timidly; a few were a long time coming and I looked about me for perhaps another entrance when my eyes lighted on a group of soldiers at the corner, all smoking cigarettes and

obviously enjoying a rest. I knocked again and flattened myself against the door, expecting every minute to get a push in the back, but the door suddenly opened and I literally fell in. A woman with a baby boy in her arms was sitting at the fire and told the boy who had admitted me to tell them to get me some tea. I was not sure of my ground, and did not mention the gentlemen outside naturally, and after a few minutes we got talking about the baby, when she suddenly said: "Aye, his father is in jail." I knew then I was all right and as it was nearly midnight she made me comfortable and I slept well. Before breakfast next morning she introduced me to a young priest and he took some of my papers and got them duly signed. I yet had to get nomination papers for W. T. Cosgrave in Kilkenny, so I took leave of my good friends and arrived at my destination that day. It was great having the daylight to work in, and anyway the Stallards did it all for me—went off on bicycles all over the county, and got me all the signatures I required. I got back safely to Dublin and in plenty of time to have the papers lodged.

It was a memorable day when the First Dail Eireann met, and the Republic was established and proceeded to set up its Ministries. Austin Stack was selected as Minister for Justice, and we Sinn Féiners were very proud of this distinction for our Hon. Secretary. He at once set up Law Courts and appointed Judges. I was a member of the Micheal O'Hanrahan Cumann in North City and I was one of the Judges appointed for the North City Circuit. Mrs. McKean was another and she and I were elected Treasurers of that Circuit—a job which we held until the Courts closed down after the Treaty, and we handed to the Ceann Comhairle of Dail Eireann (Scelig) £300 odd, residue of funds earned in the Courts. There were quite a number of women Judges. Mrs. Wyse-Power was very often my colleague on the Bench.

We met in different venues, which we had to change frequently, and many amusing incidents came to my mind, looking back now. The King's Writ no longer ran, and people of all creeds and classes came to the Republican Courts. The Republican police too arrested, and brought cases to be tried, as well as acting as bodyguards to the Courts which were held in private houses, trade union halls,

## George Plant Memorial

A Committee has been formed to erect a Memorial to the late George Plant, whose remains were re-interred at St. Johnstown, Fethard, Co. Tipperary, on the 19th September, 1948.

The expenditure will be very heavy and funds are urgently required.

Subscriptions may be sent to:—

C. O'Riordan, Secretary Memorial Committee, 19 O'Neill St., Clonmel; E. Carrigan, Knocklofty, Clonmel; P. McLogan, Main St., Portlaoighe, or T. MacCurtain, Paire Eoin, Cork.

## BOYCOTT

### BRITISH

### GOODS

technical schools, etc. Judgments were arrived at more by common sense than legal knowledge, though we had the loyal help of some members of the legal profession. Barristers Alec Lynn, Nolan, Whelan, etc., never let us down, and on the solicitors' side we had Michael Noyk, the Reddin Brothers, the Corrigan Brothers and Sean O h-Uadhaigh, who could always be relied on to attend and conduct cases. On one occasion we dealt leniently with a young man charged with larceny, he having promised to go straight — anyhow, we had the difficulty, or rather the police had, of finding prison space—so we inflicted a small fine. It happened to be the last case that day, and when the Judge went for his overcoat to the waiting room, it was gone! Our friend had 'gone straight with a vengeance.

All through the troublous times those Courts functioned, and often we had to snatch up our papers and climb out over back walls when the whistling strains of "The West's Awake" came from our watching policeman.

(To be continued)



# AN GATH GREÍNE

## Cúinne Do'n Aos-Ós

### A Pháistí Beaga,

An trath seo de'n bhliadhain bionn ar gcuid smaointí ar Bhaile Bhuadain agus ar an dturas atá romhainn ríomh deire na míosa. Bliadhain indhiadh bliadhna téighmíd ar chuairt go dtí uaigh Wolfe Tone leis an meas atá againn air a thaisbéant do'n domhan.

An raibh tú ariamh ann? Muna raibh agus má bhionn tú go maith idir, seo is siúd, bféidir go leigfead do dheáidí duit dul leis imbhadhna.

Béidh na slóightí bailighthe ann. Tíocfaidh siad ar trean, ar gluastéan, ar rothar agus ar chois. Baileochaidh siad uilig san fhaithche ag Sailleán. Tíochaidh sean chairde le chéile ann ó gach cearn de'n tír. Béidh laochraí ann a chaith na bliadhna i bprisiún agus leanbhaí beaga óga nach bhfuil ar a gcumas suibhal. Béidh Fianna Éireann annsin agus Cumann na gCailín. Béidh piobairí agus buidheanta ceóil ann agus mór shuibhal go dhí an roilig. Béidh tae agus ceapairí agus cistí againn amuigh fe'n aer. Béidh mílseáin agus oráistí agus uachtar oidhre ar díol. Béidh lá mór ar fad ann. Nár mhaith leat bheith annsin ag deanamh spóirt is ag tábhairt anóra do Wolfe Tone?

I was very disappointed with my mail bag this month. Perhaps it was the nice weather that brought on the holiday spirit before its time. One prize goes to a little girl in Limerick and two remain in Dublin. The answers were:—

1. A Fenian.
2. The Croppy Boy.
3. 1916.

Now for this month's competition which I hope will set you thinking.

### HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW COMPETITION

Entries should be sent to Niamh Cinn Oir, "An t-Éireannach Aontuighthe," Teach Seain Uí Threasaigh, 94 Talbot St., Dublin. A prize of 3/- will be awarded to the competitors whose names are among the first three correct ones opened on June

29th. Please send your name, address and age with the entry form and there is no fee.

1. One dark morning that I will never forget I was driven, a prisoner, through Thomas Street. My heart was laden with sorrow but it wasn't the loss of my own freedom or the terrible torture that I had endured at the hands of the yeomen that saddened me. The object of the journey was that I might be forced to gaze upon the blood of Robert Emmet sprinkled on the scaffold—the dear heroic blood that the dogs of Dublin would soon lap up. I was not easily frightened for I came of a brave stock (Michael Dwyer was my uncle and my father and all my family spent many years in solitary confinement in Kilmainham prison) but the sight of that noble blood staining the scaffold sickened me.

Very few knew Robert Emmet as I did or loved him as much. I kept house for him and when the yeomen came to find him I was there. They goaded me with spears till I was covered with blood. They swung me in the air till I was half hanged. They offered me my freedom and £500 if I answered their questions, but I spurned them. "You may murder me," I said, "but not one word about him will you ever get from me." But they found him in spite of me and now I was forced to gaze at the blood which he had shed for Ireland. For many years I was kept in solitary confinement in Kilmainham and tortured till my mind was almost shattered. When Pitt died the prisons were opened and I was released, crippled in limb but with my heart still full of love for Ireland.

Do you know my name?

2. I was one of four United Irishmen who were hunted through the hills of Wicklow and tracked into the Glen of Imaal. We took refuge in a little cottage but the yeomen discovered us.

"The soldiers reached the valley and towards the dawn of day

Discovered where the outlaws, the dauntless rebels lay. Around the little cottage they formed into a ring

And called out, 'M— D—, surrender to the King!'

Needless to remark we never dreamt of surrendering though we were only four against a hundred.

"We've heard your haughty summons and this is our reply— 'We're true United Irishmen, We'll fight until we die.'"

We fought on heroically till one of our comrades was wounded and the little cottage was ablaze. Then our brave friend thought of a plan to save us. "I am wounded," he said, "and have no chance of escape. Lie down you three and pretend you are dead, and then I will open wide the door. Their bullets will pour into my body and when their guns are empty the rest of you can dash to safety." Our noble companion gave his life to save us but only I, of the four, succeeded in breaking through the soldiers' ranks.

Do you know me?

3. "—— is coming home again With legions o'er the waves."

To whom does this song refer?

To what leader of '98 does this song refer?

If You are Irish and live in America,

If You want to Do Something practical towards winning complete National Independence for Ireland

**JOIN CLAN NA GAEL**

or subscribe to its Funds  
Full information may be had from:

**THE NATIONAL SECRETARY,**  
1428 NORTH BROAD ST.,  
PHILADELPHIA 21, PA.

or from your local District Officer.

**Subscribe to the Clan na Gael Victory Fund**