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# CURRAGH MASS ESCAPE

-Exclusive 4,000 Word Account Inside!

## WHO'LL STOP THIS LAW DEFIANCE?

We reported last month how the Editor of "Aisíri", Gearóid Ó Cúinnéigín, was denied his constitutional right to vote in the recent Ath Cliath South-West by-election because he refused to accept unlawful "compulsory English."

Now the "Aisíri" telephone account has been sent to us deliberately and illegally in the English language only. Leon Ó Broin, Secretary of the Department of Posts and Telegraphs, has been lecturing the Irish in England on their duty henceforth to be "loyal" to England. How about lecturing his own staff in the G.P.O. (where such heroic sacrifice was made for an Ireland Free and Gaelic) on their duty to be loyal to Ireland? From time to time we are insulted and delayed or left holding the line when we seek to effect trunk calls in Irish, and the Department says it can do nothing about it!

"Aisíri's" telephone account will not be paid until it is presented in Irish. If any attempt is made to disconnect our telephone, we shall immediately take appropriate action.

Men have been interned without trial by the hundred, because they were suspected of being about to break that most wonderful Constitution. Other men daily defy and break important provisions of that Constitution and are not even questioned by the police (who themselves violated it once more this year in their Renewal of Firearms Certificates advertisement published in morning papers on the 24th ult.)

FULL EXCITING STORY TOLD FOR FIRST TIME BY THE MEN WHO PLANNED AND CARRIED IT OUT.

## NEW UNITY WEAPON

Appropos the revelation in our last issue that the Germans have an official prayer for the ending of German partition, we have been informed that this summer a Rosary Crusade has been launched in Cúl an tSúdaire by Lia Fáil for the joint intention of Irish unity and the success of the forthcoming Ecumenical Council.

Full particulars are obtainable from Rosary Crusade, Lia Fáil, Cúl an tSúdaire, Ua Fáilghe.

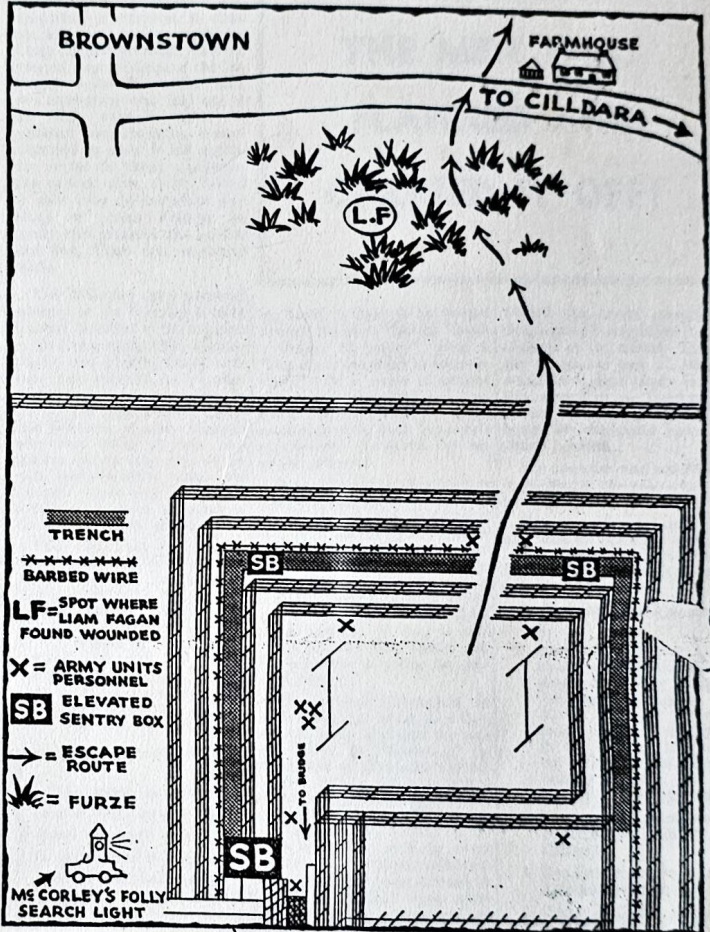
## GUINNESS TO BREW IN DUNDEALGAN

Guinness have taken over the old Great Northern Brewery premises in Dundelgan from Smithwicks, who acquired this property a few years ago. We understand Guinness will brew an ale there for export. The premises are being reconstructed and extended after the usual Guinness hush-hush manner.

Ind. Coope, now brewing in Mac-Ardle Moore's, nearby, are massive rivals of Guinness in England.

Looks like a toe-to-toe contest between the two giants on Irish territory — the industrial gain of Dúndelgan!

The Cill Choínneigh firm, Smithwicks, have enjoyed a tremendous boom this summer, being put to the pin of their collar to meet the current demand for their famous product.



PRÍOMH-PHIÓCTÚIRLANN NA  
PRÍOMH-CHATHRACH

IS É AN

# CAPITOL

\* SCOITH NA SCANNAN \*

An Bialann  
CAPITOL

le haghaidh

CAIFI AR MAIDIN " LOIN  
TAB agus SÉIRE

Why not special religious services of thanksgiving for those three months of uninterrupted golden summer weather? It didn't come from a politician's magic box—no more than from a lickpittling Codall Níáilata as Gaelic "memorandum" or "pre-concocted resolution." It came from God...

When John Swinton retired as editor of the "New York Times", a banquet was given in his honour. When called on for remarks, Mr. Swinton had the following to say:

"There is no such thing in America as an independent press. You know it and I know it. There's not one of you who would dare write his honest opinions. The business of a journalist is to destroy the truth, to lie outright, to pervert, to vilify, to fawn at the feet of Mammon, and to sell himself, his country and his race for his daily bread. We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We are 'jumping jacks'; they pull the strings and we dance. Our talents, our possibilities and our lives are the property of these men. We are intellectual pariahs."

This is a good pen-picture of 90 per cent of modern Irish "journalism."

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# Curragh Camp Breakaway

**T**HE CURRAGH CONCENTRATION CAMP with its barbed wire entanglements, its foot traps, its elevated sentry posts, its most capable of being flooded at a moment's notice, the standing order to shoot prisoners who touched the wire, the wide expanse of plain between the Camp and the shelters of rural Ireland beyond the Curragh, was notwithstanding never a place from which escape was an insuperable problem.

The only requisite was a leader with a spark of leadership in him.

Between 191, 1957, and Nollaig, 1958, it was made repeatedly clear to the republican prisoners by their O/C, that any attempt at escape which had not received "official"—that is to say, his—approval would entail instant dismissal from the "Republican Movement." Plans for escape were to be presented to him in every instance for approval. Many such plans were presented only to be turned down as unworkable although one such rejected "unworkable" plan was later employed when it suited the designs of a number of persons on the prisoners' Camp Council.

This was the grass blanket plan utilised to effect the escape of Ó Brádaigh and Ó Conaill a short time after the transfer of Cathal (Charlie) Ó Murchú from Mounjoey Prison to the Curragh where he immediately assailed the lethargy of the so-called Camp leadership in relation to escape. Ó Brádaigh and Ó Conaill got out easily enough to the great joy particularly of the rather innocuous triumvirate of P. Mac Lógáin, T. Mac Curtáin and T. Mac Ganna.

This escape date-stamped an era of stagnation for the main arm of the Republican Movement. There were talks of a cease fire, making things smooth for the presidential election. Many are perplexed by subsequent developments; some are not a bit puzzled or perplexed.

Those who were party to the mass escape from the Curragh on

2 Nollaig, 1958, were convinced that the break-out was necessary if the life sacrifices at Brookeborough, Edentubber, and elsewhere were not to be in vain—if the soldier-patriots were not to become the jeu-deu of intriguers in the political wing of the "Movement" pseudonymically termed "Sinn Féin"—if the fight against the enemy occupation in the North was to be continued, not just mentioned.

The prisoners realised that the Camp had been opened in deference to a directive from London. Collaboration whether outside or inside the Curragh to give effect to England's anti-Republican policy was anathema to the vast majority of those who understood the implications.

The drinking of tea with 26-County army personnel by members of the Prisoners' Camp Council was construed as such collaboration by unswerving prisoners.

Failure to insist that the weekly General Meeting of the Prisoners—held on Saturday evenings—should not be supervised by 26-County army personnel was cause for increasing resentment. Was the "policy" in this connection to ensure that the censure of their own Camp "leadership" by the prisoners would be curbed by the presence of such army personnel? If so, the "policy" was successful in its purpose—but only for a time.

The suggestion of the prisoners' "leadership" that the meals the 26-County army privates got

should be good enough for the republican prisoners was not greeted with enthusiasm. The compelling of prisoners to clean the drains and latrines within the Camp compound—which were the reserved responsibilities of the 26-County authorities under their own regulations—was only one of the many ways in which the prisoners' own leadership seemed concerned to make it less expensive for the De Valera administration to keep them there! Failure to insist upon the immediate provision of proper clothing for poorly clad prisoners was another such way. There were too many others.

The 26-County army personnel tolerated at the Saturday evening General Meetings of the prisoners in the Camp ensured that Merrion Square and Dublin Castle were kept well informed as to who was-who and what-was-what in the Curragh Concentration Camp. The eloquence of many prisoners who were noted platform performers on the other side of the wire was unadmired within the Curragh where they seemed to have lost the power of speech in the face of evident abuses.

When Sean Daly, Bart O'Sullivan, Bob Kehoe, Willie Gleeson, Kevin McCooney, Joe Maguire, Hughie Boyle, Brian Boylan, Don Donagh, Cathal McQuaid, Paddy Phelan and Brian Monaghan were on hunger-strike in Mounjoey, no "official" notice was taken in the Curragh Concentration Camp of their heroic stand nor during the period of sixteen days that it lasted was there any reference to

They found no Irishman interned for carrying arms against the people of Ireland, in the uniform of England's army, in the occupied six counties.

their action in the "Barbed Wire," the official news-sheet posted up for reading by the prisoners after it had been first censored by their O/C.

In lieu of "official" recognition of the sufferings being endured by their comrades, a Saturday evening sing-song was provided as a preamble to the General Meeting!

The determined refusal of Frank Armstrong from Boolavogue to join the merry throng while his soldier comrades suffered for the Republic was an ominous act of defiance (yes defiance of the prisoners own leadership!) whose sequel it was not hard to see.

On an evening in 191, 1958, a crowded meeting was stunned when the Prisoners' O/C confessed to not having, and to not knowing of anyone else in "official" circles having, as yet formulated a policy to lead to the release of all prisoners held in the Curragh Concentration Camp. It looked like as if the revolution had come. Two 26-County military personnel present, alarmed at the atmosphere of revolt that clouded the hall at this meeting, rushed from the meeting, one be-

**FULL TRUE STORY  
TOLD AT LAST BY  
THE MEN WHO  
PLANNED AND  
CARRIED IT OFF!**

ing heard to shout as he charged through the door: "Quick! There's a change of policy!" (that is "they are at last going to do something!"). In a matter of minutes the Camp perimeter was surrounded by steel-helmeted troops standing-to with fixed bayonets—apprehensive of assault by unarmed prisoners!

Soon after this meeting, Pádraig Mac Lógáin, senior member of the Triumvirate and President of Sinn Féin, was released on grounds of ill-health. He nevertheless succeeded in getting around the country in an effort to contact certain Comhairlí Ceannairí prior to the coming Ard-Fheis. This Ard-Fheis, such as it was, in due course returned Mac Lógáin and his adherents to office for another year.

The National Referendum on Instrument, that tremendous flop, was but a sop to placate the rank and file of the "Movement" for the failure to pronounce and enforce a definite policy on instrument without trial. The desirability of holding a National Referendum had already been stressed as far back as Feabhra, 1958, by Frank Driver of Ballymore-Eustace. Frank who had been interned on numerous occasions both under British and Free State regimes was fully qualified to speak with authority on that major issue. His views received no "official" sanction then. The debacle of the National Referendum so incompletely carried out after the Curragh Concentration Camp had been largely denuded of prisoners, following the mass escape on 2 Nollaig, 1958, needs no comment. The effect of a most successful result from the National Referendum on the 6-County Junta's attitude towards instrument would in any event have been nil.

In mid na Samhna, 1958, twelve prisoners in the Curragh volunteered to go on hunger-strike until death if necessary, to compel the 26-County authorities to release all prisoners.

"Official" sanction, which was required to avoid dismissal from the "Movement," was refused.

This was the signal for escape.

Monday, 1 Nollaig, 1958, Boland, the 26-county Minister for Defence, visited the Curragh for some army event. Despite the stringent precautions that had been taken by his military to see that nothing would go wrong with their arrangements for that occasion, the mass escape almost took place that day in the midst of the fes-

tivities! As events proved, the escape group's calculation that the alertness of the military throughout the greater part of Monday would leave them weary for further operations on Tuesday was correct. The postponement of the escape by twenty-four hours was clearly justified.

No one who was not directly implicated in the escape had any knowledge of it.

The secrecy imposed upon those who were to take part was in no instance violated. Tomás Mac Curtáin, the prisoners O/C, knew nothing of it.

The following formed the escape group:

1. Vincent Conlon, the Ard macha man who left his employment in New York to join the Resistance in the North. This was his third escape attempt having failed in two previous bids from the vicinity of the Curragh Military Hospital. He has farming interests in Ireland.
2. Noeman Daly, commercial traveller from Leitfeart, T. Chonáil.
3. Doa Donaghay, a keen young Ard macha engineer.
4. Cathal McQuaid, Ard macha footballer. He cleared it most in one bound!
5. Joe (J.B.) O'Hagan, former Ard macha county footballer and Lurgan business executive.

(Ar lean leath. 6)

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# Curragh Breakaway—They're Off!

(Ar lean. ó leath. 4)

6. Gerry Haughlan ("Smokey") with one motive in life—to get the English out of the North. Captured in strange circumstances in Tir Eoin some months ago, he is now serving an 8 year sentence in Béal Feirste, where his brother is also held. Lurgan born.
7. Tommy Ferris, also from Lurgan with his mind ever on the main objective.
8. Bob Thompson, fine product of St. Colman's College, Jubbar Chinn Trá.
9. Frank Armstrong from fighting Boolavogue. A German literature enthusiast.
10. Bob Kehoe, the Loch Garinda farmer, three times on hunger-strike.
11. Seosamh Ó Cuinneagáin, Inis C. rchaidh solicitor. Former Knockbeg College professor. Veteran of the Christian Forces in the Spanish Civil War. Born Béal Feirste.
12. Liam Gleeson, radio engineer and telegraphist from Luimneach.
13. Terry O'Toole, Laois farmer. Can quote Gray's "Elegy" from beginning to end!
14. Liam Fagan, Dúndcalgan republican.
15. Pat McGill, from Leitrim.
16. Paddy O'Sullivan, from Ath Cliath. Expert on match-stick miniatures.
17. Paddy Sheils, athlete from An Mhíche.
18. Charlie Murphy, (of course!) a believer in direct methods. Ath Cliath born.
19. Séamus Devereux, Gaelic speaker, hurler, born in Luimneach.
20. Frank Driver, the better portion of his life has been spent as a prisoner in gaol or internment camps under both British and native régimes. Extensive farmer in Ballymore-Eustace.
21. Seamus McCallum, Liverpool born republican of Ulster descent.
22. Jim Columb, Fermanagh volunteer.
23. Brian Boylan, from An Cabhán.
24. Joe Maguire, also from An

Gabhán, was the youngest hunger-striker in Mountjoy.

25. Donal O'Shea, fine long distance runner, from Ciarrai.
26. Frank McDonnell. A glensman through and through from Aontroim.
27. Frank Hanratty, the good-humoured boy from Ravensdale.
28. Larry Bateson, freedom fighter from Machaire Fhogáid, Doire.

Dawn on 2 Nollaig, 1958. It was a Tuesday morning remarkable for the number of men in "Little Rock," the name the extremist element in Hut 5 earned for their abode, who did not appear on parade for breakfast.

Vince Conlon, curled up in his bed-space, seemed oblivious of his surroundings, caring little for what went on in the big world outside the Curragh barbed wire defences. Frank Driver reclined, pitifully complaining of his weakening condition and affecting grave concern when informed by Dr Cahill that if he did not take things easy, he would never again see Ballymore hill. Charlie Murphy slept peacefully with one eye just not quite closed. The bearded Ó Cuinneagáin feigned senile decay while Armstrong of Boolavogue chanted his favourite German melody, "Erika." Some distance off Terry O'Toole was heard reciting:—

"The lowly herd wind slowly o'er the lea  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way —"

While Séamus Devereux encouraged him to keep it up.

Several of the "indisposed" were seen to be on their feet—some, no doubt, on their toes—before 11.30 a.m. A welcome haze appeared to be thickening beyond Brownstown.

It contained the elements of an evening fog the significance of which held speculation for each member of the escape group.

There was an almost full parade for dinner but if statistics had been compiled for that meal (as for many previous dinners) it must have been noted that those who were to form the escape group ate very sparingly indeed—the better to be able to run fast when the signal was given.

At 2.30 p.m. word was quietly passed from "Revolutionary" (the term applied to each of the "extremists") to "Revolutionary" that the escape was on.

respective sentries. For a while it looked as if they suspected that something was afoot. Eventually, they marched off in single column of line content that they too had done their duty by their country.

Before they had left the precincts of the outer perimeter of the Compound adjoining the field to the North-East, all the escape group in compliance with a pre-arranged signal converged quietly to that corner of the field—the southern end about twenty yards from the elevated sentry outpost at the South-West end but further from the Compound and the Military Camp proper in the event of pursuit. Besides the riflemen in the two elevated outposts between which the break was to be made, two P.As. armed with .45 revolvers and each carrying a haversack full of fragmentation tear gas grenades, patrolled up and down outside the second barbed wire defence but on the far side of the twelve foot wide moat which had coiled barbed wire at the top on both sides with barbed wire foot traps interlaced along its sloping sides.

Outside the barbed wire second line of defence on the opposite side of the field patrolled another armed P.A. similarly equipped with well-filled haversack. Inside the field, close to the South-West corner, a P.A. benignly watched the prisoners desport themselves with football and "hurl." Two P.As. stood close to the wire near the South-Eastern end. Most notable figure of all was that of a recent arrival in the Camp, an army captain fresh from the Lebanon, immaculate in fawn military coat and army serge. He talked to two P.As. one of whom was a Sergeant. They stood inside the field about 50 yards from the entrance. The evident sociability of these suggested that they were quite satisfied that the presence of the experienced officer from the Lebanon would be a sufficient guarantee for the prisoners' good behaviour.

Two out-moded Sea-fire aircraft had been flying overhead to eventually disappear.

On the stroke of 3.50 p.m. Vincent Conlon, Liam Gleeson, Séamus Devereux and Tommy Ferris detached themselves from the cluster of players kicking the ball and walked, side by side, straight for the wire.

Charlie Murphy immediately fell in behind and the others took the lead from Charlie and followed suit.

As soon as the P.A. who stood close by saw what was happening he made a move to draw his baton as he stepped towards the men. Frank Armstrong, who had relieved Bob Kehoe of his hurley, turning towards the P.A., told him to stand back and nothing would happen him. The P.A. thereupon feverishly feeling for his whistle, found it, and blew it almost ceaselessly to raise the alarm.

(Ar lean. leath. 7)

## Grenades failed to stop escaping men

In ones and twos, those who comprised this group made their way over the bridge that spanned the moat surrounding the compound to enter the playing field under the unsuspecting scrutiny of the P.As. (Military Police) who watched their every movement. The sentry in the elevated outpost at the bridge surveyed the passing prisoners from his vantage tower little doubting that the barbed wire defences around the camp would be a sufficient deterrent for these placid Republicans without his interference. Nevertheless, he fingered his rifle in a significant gesture, no doubt to make assurance doubly sure.

Besides the "Revolutionaries" there were some nine or ten other prisoners in the field. Some were hurling with units of the escape group, Bob Kehoe, in particular, being noticeable for the zest which he struck the sliotar. Most of the escape group, however, were to be seen strolling around the field which contained some six acres. They were in twos and threes, carefully noting the position of each P.A.

The elevated sentry posts at each of the southern corners of the field were in due course inspected by the gustof sound who on that occasion lingered longer than usual after getting the all-clear from the



George Connolly—Carew rocks and rolls with Lady Rosemary Fitzgerald at R.D.S. week Thursday night ball in Shelbourne Hotel.

## No Police Action Against R.D.S. Bacchanalians

Food used as missiles, drink, etc., squirted recklessly, glasses smashed by the half-dozen, "dancing" on tables—a regular Roman bacchanalian rout year after year for the foreign fashionable set every R.D.S. week in certain leading hotels in Ireland's capital.

But no police interference!

What a spectacle in a Christian country! Who's consolation and solace for the poor of Ballyfermot! What a scandal to the citizens who tolerate it!

One law for the rich—another for the poor—evidently.

In the meantime strands of wire had been cut and men had gone through.

The sentry in the elevated outpost nearest the men lowered his rifle towards them and called on them to go back. Most of the men ignored him, while others just smiled in his direction. Panickstricken, he raised his rifle and with a wild maniacal look in his eyes fired about ten shots up into the clouds.

Meanwhile, a corporal rushed from around the corner of the sentry box unstrapping his haversack as he approached.

Standing directly opposite the men at a distance of about thirty feet he proceeded to throw one grenade after the other into the escaping group.

The detonations were nerve-shattering, the corporal himself recoiling backwards a few feet after the explosion of the first. He threw the second grenade more gingerly but with greater accuracy than the first which had gone over the heads of the men into the field. Each detonation was also accompanied by the rising of a thick circular mass of pure white smoke, at first not more than about one foot in diameter but which floated at face level and quickly spread outwards.

Despite the shower of grenades and their suffocating and blinding effects, many prisoners had already broken through.

Vincent Conlon and Seamus Devereux made excellent headway across the plain after doing their individual wire-cutting assignments through five lines of barbed wire defences to perfection. Vincent's six foot of Northern iron kept up a steady well practiced jog-trot until the Brownstown road was reached. Some escapees took the most in one jump and covered hoodlessly—so far as bullets and grenades were concerned—towards Brownstown.

But all was not so well with others. The grenade-happy corporal had scored an almost direct hit on Liam Gleeson as he coolly and methodically applied his electrical engineering experience to the cutting of another kind of wire. Twisting his head from the fumes, Liam unselfishly encouraged others to precede him through the wire. He was nearest the elevated sentry post. At the other end of the group, Tommy Ferris's cutter (which was a product of "Little Rock's" manufacturing processes) unfortunately broke at the first snap and threw that part of the line into some disorder. Tommy himself got through and took the moat in one mighty bound for freedom.

Meanwhile, other P.A.s had been closing in rapidly on the group and the above-mentioned P.A. was rivalled in grenade throwing by his fellow P.A. from the South-East. A corporal having apparently run out of grenades

which were failing to prevent the men from surging onwards, then drew his revolver and fired directly into the cluster of prisoners who were trying to get through. A sentry in the elevated outpost seemed to take his cue from this for he lowered his rifle across the parapet of the box and fired down into the escaping men.

Someone to the rear of the men nearest the sentry box was hit and heard to moan lightly. There was a mild commotion and Charlie Murphy's voice could be heard quietly cautioning the men against panic. Both Charlie and J. B. O'Hagan were seen to hold back the strands of cut wire to allow their fellow internees to escape before them. Both of them were later knocked off their feet with grenade explosions as was also the veteran Frank Driver whose determination to cross the

TAIMID SAORI  
AN PHOBLAGHT  
ABÚ!

moat won the admiration of his younger comrades.

Jim Columba had been shot about the knee and Brian Boylan through the thigh. Two Curragh internees of unflinching courage; and two of the gallant corps of Mountjoy hunger-strikers whose efforts on behalf of freedom had been spurned by a pusillanimous Curragh Camp Council. Paddy O'Sullivan was also wounded. Frank Armstrong who had been detailed for first-aid duties, although suffering himself—as were most of the others from the burning and choking effects of the tear-gas fumes and the hail of fire from rifle and revolver, staunchly the bleeding in Columba's case and had the wounded men withdrawn into the field.

By this time, Bob Thompson, Paddy Sheils, Pat McGirl, and Don Donaghy had penetrated the wire, cleared the moat, negotiated more wire and the final low fence about sixty yards from the field and were merrily on their way to freedom.

Liam Fagan, although wounded in the leg, succeeded in getting as far as the furze bushes about half a mile across the plain before collapsing from loss of blood, concealing himself in the furze, he hoped to make his way further when darkness would fall.

Gerry Haughian, Terry O'Toole (with an ugly wound in the upper part of his right leg), and Cathal McQuaid were now well across the plain followed by O'Cuinnéagáin, Daly, Kehoe (striding like an antelope), and the Curragh miler, Donal O'Shea. McQuaid was heard to shout as he cleared the final fence: "Hi, Bob, isn't it great to be free?" Liam

Gleeson, unhurried in his work, cut every strand of wire in the final fence to enable any who were to follow an unimpeded straight run through.

Big Vincent had waited with his comrades at a gap in the hedge near Brownstown for the last of the escapees to reach the road. The main Camp siren then sounded and the revving of army trucks could be heard away to the rear.

Intermingled with the wailing of the siren and the noise of the military mobile units, was the heartening cheering of the comrades left behind.

Glancing back as the road was reached, they could be seen ecstatically waving their arms.

Anyone who was witness to their emotion will never forget it.

The escapees moved steadily and in good order through the gap, subjects of great interest for the young lad who was trailing a sackful of fire-wood away from the hedge! They ran at a moderate pace for about half a mile inland but not in a straight course, finally coming to rest under a copse of trees at the junction of several fields on a well-kept estate. Four of the group elected to proceed without resting and went ahead together.

The remaining eleven decided on a ten minute's rest, calculating that the haze which was now beginning to fall would provide much needed cover to effect an easier get-away.

The interval was employed in applying a surgical bandage to the smiling Terry O'Toole's gaping leg wound. "Smockey" was suffering from violent congestion of the lungs which was much relieved by a few whiffs from the Rybar Inhaler which Seosamh Ó Cuinnéagáin carried in his jacket. Pat McGirl and Seamus Devereux had very inflamed eyes which streamed water. Norman Daly was partially stifled with tear-gas fumes which seemed to cling to the clothing of all the men.

About a minute before we due to move off in our respective pre-arranged sections, the officer from the Lebanon appeared like a phantom through the wooden fence at the far end of an adjoining field to our rear. All immediately arose and running from one field to another, in the shelter of the hedges and the gathering dusk, soon left the elegant campaigner far behind. We could hear his whistle blowing and his shouts to his troops to run to the right, to run to the right! Whether his troops were so well disciplined that they ran to the right and only to the right cannot be confirmed. The fact, however, remains that fourteen of the escapees never saw them again!



Liam Ni Mhaoldóin, ádair "LE GRA Ó ÚNA," a d'Íomhaigh Sáirséal agus Dill.

Bhí ar an "Sunday Empire News" a léiscéal a ghlacadh leis na foillitheoirí fá thagairt don leabhar seo.

Pat McGirl went blind from the fumes and declined to hamper his comrades by allowing them to be burdened with his company. He was picked up that night by the military completely blind, resting in the Yellow Bog to the south of the Curragh. He was taken back to the Concentration Camp and detained in the Camp Hospital for three weeks undergoing treatment for his eyes.

Liam Fagan was forced to disclose his whereabouts when the flames of the furze set on fire to envelop the escapees drove him out of his cover.

He was roughly handled before being taken back to the Camp where he was detained in hospital for the treatment of his wound.

And what of those who were left behind, some lying in the moat, others choking with fumes and enveloped in strands of wire? A P.A. failing to stop the break for freedom with his indifferent shooting, rushed for Seamus McCallum who had become entangled in the barbed wire at the far side of the moat and, putting the mouth of

LOOK OUT FOR  
SEQUEL IN OUR  
NEXT ISSUE

his revolver to the trapped man's forehead, shouted that he would blow his brains out if another man stepped forward. McCallum's comrades were satisfied that this P.A. was quite capable of putting his threat into effect and, in obedience to a directive from Charlie Murphy, returned to the field. The escape operation had achieved its purpose. In a matter of moments, the attention of the whole world—through the channels of the press, radio and television would be focussed on the Curragh Concentration Camp and Ireland's fight for freedom, which would not be smothered by all the devilish devices of De Valera's renegade regime.

Jim Columba, Brian Boylan and Paddy O'Sullivan were carried from the field by their comrades. No 26-County army personnel lent a helping hand to the stricken men. As the wounded procession reached the bridge that spanned the moat at the entrance to the compound a well-known "official republican" leader was heard to shout: "What did they expect?" It would seem that he too had forgotten that men could still be

found who were willing to take big risks for Ireland.

The rank and file of the prisoners seethed with indignation at the shooting of their comrades. They clung to the wire continuing to cheer the escapees now well on their way to republican sanctuary. Someone commenced singing "A Nation Once Again" and a rousing chorus ensued. Uncomplimentary remarks were being addressed to De Valera's army minions. Feeling ran exceedingly high. Stiff-necked "official republican" leadership itself did not escape the contemptuous comments of the wounded. Instant dismissal for those who had escaped, or were in any way involved in making the escape, effective, was recommended in a but conclavé by "official republican leadership".

The cool calculations of Charlie Murphy, who was the inspiration of the escape, would have meant nothing had the right material not been available to put those calculations into effect. The escape group had worked in ideal harmony, as a perfect team. Those who escaped regretted the failure of Frank McDonnell (a victim of tear-gas fumes), J. B. O'Hagan, wee Joe Maguire and the others to escape.

If it had not been for those of the escape group who did not get away, many of those who did escape would have spent Christmas in the Curragh.

FEARR LE GAILL  
T. F. STAIT

Tá daoine á gcur faoi agallamh i mBéal Feirste faoi léithair ag Ulster Television Limited, an t-údarás neamhspleách cianamharcaíochta a mbeidh cláracha á dtaispeáint acu ar "Channel 9" ón dáicéanach de mhí Dheireadh Fómhair amach. Ach ní thabharfaidh siad seans do dhúino ar bith as na Sé Contraetha Fíchead dul san iomaíocht.

Airímid gur dhíoltáigh siad le gaird do dhúino eallíthe as an deiseart, gan é chur faoi agallamh, líá amháin.

Dúirt léimheastóir cianamharcaíochta an "Belfast Telegraph" an lá faoi dheireadh nach bhfuil inni ar bith ar UVF mar gheall ar iomaíocht amach anseo ó stáisiún TV Éireann (sic), anois nuair atá a fhios acu nach faoi dhreann neamhspleách a bheas an t-údarás nua abhús.

*Biadh clasta le deigh-sheirbhís  
ar fáil i gconai  
i sarshíopai*

UACTARLANNA AN LEACHTA