

BATTERY RADIO presents

# ERIC STRIDE



# HUGH TUDOR

# A BULLET

# FOR THE GENERAL.

featuring  
ARCHIVAL TAPE!

with

Aiden Flynn  
Berni Stapleton  
Brian Hennessey  
Carla Furlong  
Mike Boyle  
Robin McGrath  
Tim Pat Coogan  
Paul O'Neill  
Thomas Curran  
Tomas MacConmara  
Mick Scanlon

Scenário et mise en scene de CHRIS BROOKES



*Major-General Hugh Tudor*

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*Tudor with Auxiliaries (left), Black & Tans (right) 1920  
(photo courtesy RTE stills library)*

**Dramatic scenes** (except for the last scene, page 16)  
excerpted from *DEATH OF A LESSER MAN*  
by Thomas Curran, published by Boulder Publications, 2011

**Performers:**

Inspector Eric Stride: Aiden Flynn  
Thomas Butcher: Brian Hennessey  
Rita and Catherine: Berni Stapleton

Recorded and produced by: Chris Brookes  
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SOUND: *LP drops on record changer phonograph*

BROOKES: Okay, let's see... I think this was their second, or third LP: The Clancey Brothers.

MUSIC: *Clancey Brothers: March Medley*

BROOKES: When I was a teenager, growing up in Newfoundland, the sum total of anything I knew about Ireland, and Irish history, came from their records.

MUSIC: *"Well, you've read in history's pages, the heroes of great fame.  
The deeds they've done, the battles won, and how they won their name;  
But the boys that made the history for the Orange, White and Green..."*

BROOKES: Some guy Kevin Barry and Roddy MacCorley, whoever they were. I didn't know. The Men of the West, the Boys from County Cork – I didn't know who they were either, and I didn't really care. These were just songs. The names and the places meant nothing to me.

MUSIC: *"...but the boys who beat the Black and Tans were the Boys from the County Cork..."*

BROOKES: And the Black and Tans? Oh. Yeah. At seventeen, I was learning about them. That was half Guinness, half pale ale, in a pint glass down at Ben's Pub. Right?

*(Music fades out)*

About the same time, I fell head over heels for my first serious girlfriend. Her mother was Iris Power, and she had a weekly interview program on local radio. Here she is, on an archival tape from around 1962.

ARCHIVAL: *Iris Power: "Well, General Tudor, I'm delighted to have the opportunity of coming in this afternoon and having such a nice cup of tea with you. Have you known Sir Winston Churchill long?"*

*Hugh Tudor: "Well, I've known him for a good many years, I..."*

BROOKES: Iris probably recorded this for her radio program. A chat with a very elderly British army general living in St. John's: General Tudor. I'd never heard of him.

ARCHIVAL: *Iris Power: "You were both young men then."*  
*Hugh Tudor: "Yes..."*

BROOKES: Few Newfoundlanders had heard of him, even though he'd lived here half his life by that time. He'd lived in the shadows, and scrupulously avoided publicity for years. In fact, this may be the only recorded interview that Hugh Tudor ever gave. At the then age of 92, perhaps he felt he had nothing to lose at that point.

ARCHIVAL: *Iris Power: "What was Sir Winston like as a young man?"*  
*Hugh Tudor: "He was very fresh looking..."*

BROOKES: It was through Iris that I met him. She decided it would be good for daughter and boyfriend to meet him while he was still alive, so I remember her taking us both up the stairs to his apartment in Churchill Park, St. John's. I suppose I shook his hand, but I don't really remember that. In fact, I don't recall anything at all about General Hugh Tudor. I was seventeen. At that age, with about as much interest in ancient British generals as I had in my parents' record collection.

But I wish now that I had been interested. And that I'd known about his activities in Ireland. Because there are questions I could have asked him. About the killings, the burnings, the machine-gunning of a football crowd in Croke Park, his whole command of the police and the infamous Black and Tans in the 1920's. I wish that Iris had asked him some of those questions in her interview, but she didn't. She asked only about his friendship with Churchill. Even when he spontaneously mentioned Brigadier-General Frank Crozier, a fellow army commander who publicly condemned his murderous tactics in Ireland, she pursue it.

ARCHIVAL: *Iris Power: "So it wasn't all play with Sir Winston in those early days?"*  
*Hugh Tudor: "Oh no, It was..."*

BROOKES: Perhaps it was a precondition of the interview that no questions would be asked about Tudor's time in Ireland, for none were. And a couple of years after I met him, he went to his grave, a mystery man – in Newfoundland, anyway.

So let me see if I hear that record differently now...

SOUND: *Needle drops on Clancey Brothers record again*

BROOKES: ...and let me try a little belated detective work to unravel some of the mystery of that shadowy figure I shook hands with half a century ago, and how he wound up in Churchill Park apartments in St. John's, Newfoundland.

It's a murder mystery: the ones his troops committed; his. And depending on who's doing the telling, this mystery story is historical fact.

COOGHAN: My father's generation would not have taken that lightly. He really was, he would have been the incarnation of evil.

BROOKES: Or... it's historical speculation.

MCGRATH: If it didn't happen, it should have. Which is probably why the story goes around.

BROOKES: Or even a complete historical fiction.

CURRAN: Well, fiction is often truer than fact (*laughs*) because we can control all the variables.

SOUND: *Mystery music*  
*Thunderstorm*  
*Three pistol shots*

BROOKES: At first, Stride didn't think – or want to think – that the sounds he heard were gunshots. Circular Road was a quiet, tree-lined street. Government House and the Colonial Building, nominal seat of the Newfoundland government, not far away. Gunshots were out of place in this neighbourhood. But Detective Inspector Eric Stride had heard a lot of gunfire in his lifetime...

CURRAN: I'm Tom Curran, and I'm the author of the Inspector Stride Mystery Series, set in Newfoundland post-war, 1947.

BROOKES: He put in a quick call to Constabulary headquarters at Fort Townsend, and then retrieved the Colt revolver from his bedroom. He threw on a raincoat and ran downstairs, heading for Bannerman Park.

CURRAN: The idea of the book... well, there was an obituary for Hugh Tudor, a gentleman of whom I'd not really heard. I read the obituary and thought "God, this is all very interesting. There's all this rich history..." So I took all this and started to write a novel which involved a retired British army officer who came to Newfoundland. And I took it from there.

BROOKES: When he reached the sidewalk he made a quick survey of the street, but his main focus was directed towards the park. He set off on a fast trot in that direction, angling over to the south side of the street, his Colt in his right hand, all the time on his guard, in case someone with a gun should suddenly appear.

CURRAN: Eric Stride, Inspector Eric Stride... well, he's obviously a figment of my sometimes fevered imagination. He's an inspector with the Newfoundland Constabulary, and he owns a house on Circular Road. And as it turns out, that's also the street where General Tudor lived, at number 22 Circular Road. So Stride is there. He hears the gunshots, and runs out of his house to investigate.

BROOKES: He reached the eastern end of the park in less than a minute, came to a halt and looked around. Then he began moving ahead again, slowly, scanning the area, straining to see through the dark and the rain.

CURRAN: I tried to be as historically accurate as I could be, in the little I knew about Tudor's background. And Tudor remains something of a shadowy character.

BROOKES: Minutes later Stride came upon a body of a man lying on the ground. The man was lying on his back but tilted to the left, his right arm draped across his torso. Stride turned the man's head and saw on the left side the small entrance wound of a bullet, so neatly circumscribed that it seemed impossible that it could have produced the large amount of blood that ran down over his chin and over his clothing. The rain continued to fall.

SOUND: *Door opens. "Hello, how are you... Come right in... I couldn't find all that much..."*

BROOKES: In St. John's today, hardly anyone who knew him is still around.

FURLONG: I'm just going to show you... Look, I have a picture of him. Yes, there he is. That's where he lived, you know, with Major Barr, on Circular Road. Yes, he was out there for awhile, he lived at my great-aunt's for a little while, and then he moved out to Churchill Park, and that's where was his last place. He was a very handsome man, when you come to look at him.

BROOKES: This is his book?

FURLONG: Yes, that was written by him, *The Fog of War*.

SOUND: *Pages turning*

BROOKES: Oh, it's inscribed... It's inscribed to you!

FURLONG: That's right, yes.

BROOKES: "To Carla with love, from Hugh Tudor."

FURLONG: That's right. Well see, he knew me from a little thing, you know. But I had to do

some of the arranging when he died. They phoned me and told me that he'd gone, so I had to arrange... but he'd got all his funeral and everything paid for. All I had to do was phone Oakes. I don't know whether you remember Oakes Funeral Home? Well, that's where he was waked.

SOUND: *Pages turning*

FURLONG: And this was his funeral. He had a real sort of military funeral. That was down, of course, in the Anglican Cemetery. He was very much... gosh, very aristocratic, actually, and very straight. And very correct. But um...

BROOKES: And what are these?

FURLONG: Oh, that's the knuckle dusters. Well, he had those because there was a price on his head. He never knew when he was going to be attacked, and so he wore those under his gloves. Brass knuckles, yeah. You put your fingers through them, just clasp and hold them there with your hand, as far as I know that's the way you hold them. I don't know if the thumb goes through here... I don't think so. The knuckles here, you see, would go right... and you clasp them in your hand and give someone a good punch with them. If I were to get you here, you know, you'd know all about it.

SOUND: *Hitting table with brass knuckles*

FURLONG: If I did it any harder, I'd go through the table. So he used to walk around with that, you see, so if anyone attacked him he would be able to use them. He never wore them when I was around. So he couldn't have been afraid of me (*chuckles*)

SOUND: *Mystery music, rain*

BROOKES: Butcher continued his probing of the body. Stride focused a flashlight beam to assist him, and after a few minutes the doctor stood up and took out his cigarette case and lighter...

SOUND: *Cigarette lighter*

...Three wounds, Butcher said.

BUTCHER: Three wounds. Two in the chest, plus the head wound. I think any of the three might have been enough to kill him, the head wound certainly...

SOUND: *Thunder*

BUTCHER: ...I didn't know him personally, but I do know who he is. He's English, and I think he's lived here for a long time. Someone told me he had a military background. British army, I think, but don't quote me on that.

BROOKES: Stride borrowed another cigarette.

STRIDE: What do you think of it, Thomas? I've never seen anything like this before, not in St. John's.

BUTCHER: A man takes three well-directed bullets from a semi-automatic in the middle of a public park, the fatal shot looking like a *coup de grace*? No, I haven't seen anything like this before, either. I know it's odd, given the hour and the weather, but I wonder if he was meeting someone here this evening.

STRIDE: Like the man who shot him?

BUTCHER: Or woman. Or perhaps he was in the habit of taking walks late at night, rain or no rain, and someone had... paid attention.

STRIDE: And was waiting for him when he walked through the park.

BUTCHER: That would seem to be one possibility.

MUSIC: *Mystery vamp*

BROOKS: Stride watched as Butcher made his way back across the park in the direction of Circular Road. He took a long, final drag on his cigarette, and then pinched off the end and placed the butt in the pocket of his oilskin. This was a crime scene, after all.

SOUND: *Thunder, mystery piano music.*

BOYLE: My name is Michael Boyle, and I'm originally from County Derry, Northern Ireland, and I settled in St. John's. Now, back to your question: why did he come to Newfoundland? From my research... Tudor had a fine military record in World War One, and that's how he came in contact with folks in the Newfoundland Regiment. He was commander of the Newfoundland Regiment, I think, from about 1917, so he obviously got to know the Newfoundlanders. And of course, that leads to the question: when he came to Newfoundland what was the relationship of the regiment to setting him up here? And was there protection for him? And I think probably there was some kind of... initially, early on, in the early days.

BROOKES: Was he keeping his head down?

BOYLE: Yes, I think he was keeping his head down. He didn't sign any documents, he didn't – for example – at the Officers Club, at the Crow's Nest, he never signed his name there. There are very, very few photographs. But at the same time, you know, he didn't change his name. But he led a very, very quiet life. And of course, I mean, I've heard stories that Tudor had a knuckle duster when he was walking downtown in St. John's. And he also... I was able to trace here that he had a permit here for a Wilkinson-Webley .455...

SOUND: *Paper rustling*

BOYLE: Yes. (*reading*) Application to register a firearm. And it's re: Sir Hugh Tudor, KCB, CB, CMG. And it's, the description of firearm: it's a Wilkinson-Webley Class B...

MUSIC: *Mystery vamp*

BOYLE: ...It's a calibre .455, and with serial number 128074. Number of shots: six. The length is six inches, and the occupation of the applicant is: Major-general, British Army, retired. And the purpose of the firearm: required – self defence.

MUSIC: *Mystery vamp*

BROOKES: Meanwhile, Inspector Eric Stride is making progress...

SOUND: *Door close*

RITA: I know the man who was killed.

STRIDE: How? We haven't released the name yet.

RITA: He was one of my clients. We got together a couple of times a month. We ended up having a kind of a friendship.

STRIDE: How much did you know about him? You did know he was in the army.

RITA: Um-hum.

STRIDE: Did he talk about that?

RITA: Not very much. I think it was something that bothered him.

STRIDE: Did he say why?

RITA: No, but he had bad memories. And sometimes he didn't sleep well.

BROOKES: She caught his expression.

RITA: I don't often sleep with clients. He was an exception. He often had nightmares. Sometimes he would wake me up with his shouting.

STRIDE: And he never said what it was about?

RITA: He said it had to do with the war. But that's all he would say. Do you have a cigarette? I left mine at home, and I really need one right now.

BROOKES: He gave her one, and held out his lighter.

SOUND: *Cigarette lighter*

RITA: There is one other thing. I almost forgot. Does the name "Crozier" mean anything to you?

MUSIC: *Mystery vamp*

STRIDE: Crozier... I've heard the name before, but it doesn't mean anything special. Someone he knew?

RITA: It's one of those names he said once or twice, on a couple of those nights when he couldn't sleep. I remembered it because I'd never heard it before... or since, for that matter.

STRIDE: And it was just the name he said? Nothing else?

RITA: I asked him once who this Crozier was. But all he would say was that it was someone he'd served with once.

I think I should be on my way.

BROOKES: Stride took her coat from the closet, and helped her on with it. She picked up her umbrella, opened the door, and stepped out onto the landing.



RITA: And if I think of anything else, I'll be in touch... Eric.

BROOKES: Stride watched as she went carefully down the stairs, her high heels clacking on the linoleum. When she got to the bottom, she pulled the door open, turned, and waved. Through the open door, he could see that it was raining... again.

SOUND: *Door closes*  
*Church bell*

BROOKES: On the other side of the Atlantic, the old man that I met in Churchill Park apartments is remembered too. Every April in the churchyard at Scariff, near Killaloe, East Clare, in the west of Ireland.

SPEAKER: Good morning to everyone, and you're all very welcome to our annual commemoration in memory of the Scariff martyrs, and we're delighted to be here again to remember our past. This is the 90th anniversary of our Scariff martyrs, and in honour of those members, our four great martyrs, Michael Brud MacMahon, Alfie Rogers, Martin Gildea and Michael Egan, we're going to say a decade of the rosary in memory of those four brave martyrs. In the name of the Father, the Son, the Holy Spirit, amen. Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name... (*rosary continues underneath the following*)

ARCHIVAL: *Iris Power: "...What are some of the other things that stand out in your memory about Sir Winston, General Tudor? When did you meet him again?"*

*Hugh Tudor: "Well, I met him later, of course, in the European war. On one occasion, I had arranged for what we call a straf on a certain strongpoint of the German line. And I decided to go down to the front trench. And I told Winston, and he said he'd like to come too. And I'd warned him that we'd probably get a certain amount of shelling. We had rather a warm time. Our big howitzer landed two shells on the parapet where we were, few feet away. We moved along the trench, and I went hurriedly to warn the battery to lengthen their range.*

*But afterwards, his response was rather characteristic. He wrote a longish letter about it – give me that letter - "My dear Hugh, thank you so much for your letter. It was in fact the only specimen of representative front line bombardment that I had the chance to see. I do not think I should have enjoyed it if it had gone on for eight hours instead of one, however it stopped with agreeable punctuality."*

*Iris Power: "Very impressive."*

*Hugh Tudor: "Is that recorded now?"*

SOUND: *Churchyard rosary*

SPEAKER: ...let perpetual light shine upon them, and may they rest in peace. As we gather here to commemorate the memories of the people of East Clare Old IRA Brigade, and the people that fought for the freedom of our country, it is important that we remember the past, and remember those people. Hugh Tudor was the leader, the chief of police, of the Auxiliaries and the Black and Tans back here 90 years ago, and was the guy that was in charge of all those tragedies, and those murders, and those atrocities. And he went into exile after it all over to Newfoundland. Hugh Tudor, he was best known as "Black" Hugh Tudor. People look back at the past, and they say "Sure, that was in the past." But people should remember it's not too

long ago that we were under the forces of the Crown, and those people that were brutally murdered on the bridge at Killaloe fought for our freedom. And a man that was here 90 years ago, he's going to lay the wreath here today, John Michael Tobin, at 99 years of age, is over here, and we now call upon John Michael Tobin from Laccaroe, Feakle, to lay the wreath at the grave of the Scariff martyrs.

SOUND: *Bagpipes play a lament during the wreath-laying*

COOGAN: My name is Coogan, Tim Pat Coogan. Tudor was a friend of Winston Churchill's. Their friendship seems to have gone back to the Boer War, and he was clever enough to put on a tremendous artillery barrage on the Western Front during the First World War when Churchill was visiting the front. And that impressed him. So when the Anglo-Irish War was going badly for the British, they brought in these ex-British soldiers to act in support of the police force whom the IRA were wiping out. They came in 1920. Two classes of new force: one was the Black and Tans, and the other was the Auxiliary Cadets, as they were called. They were ex-officers. They left a trail of destruction behind them. They used torture and assassination, they weren't too particular about who they killed. They had death squads, undercover death squads. They were responsible for a lot of atrocities, burnings of whole villages – like the town of Balbriggan, they sacked it – it was military reprisal masquerading as police activity. Even their name, Black and Tans, tells you something about the way they were formed. They were formed in a hurry. There weren't proper uniforms for them, so they had, I think it was, RIC rousers and a khaki soldiers tunic. Anyway, it was black and tan. And there was a famous Irish hunting pack called the Black and Tans, so they were called the Black and Tans after that. And of course the Irish joke was that the four-legged hounds were preferable to the two-legged ones. And Tudor was the actual boss of the Black and Tan operation out of that strategy.

BROOKES: You said earlier, for your father's generation, he was “the incarnation of evil.” How much blood did he have on his hands?

COOGAN: Well, he had as much blood – no more and no less - as Winston Churchill and Lloyd George and other members of the Cabinet. He undertook an undercover military operation. If it worked he was a hero, and if it didn't, he took the can. I mean, as you know, he had to live virtually incognito the rest of his life. He fetched up in Newfoundland because it wasn't deemed safe for him anywhere in the British empire.

SOUND: *Bagpipe finishes, applause*

CARLA FURLONG: Well, he turned up here about... gosh, I suppose in the 1920's. Well, he came here because originally, you see, he'd led the Black and Tans in Ireland, and England then, once they got back I suppose they were afraid of the Irish coming over and making trouble, I don't know. And the government made sure he was sent out to Newfoundland. Away from England. But anyway, he came out here and made a home for himself out here.

BROOKES: Did he ever talk about his time in Ireland?

FURLONG: No. Not to me, anyway. I think it was Monsignor MacDermott wouldn't shake hands with him on New Year's Day.

BROOKES: Oh?

FURLONG: Oh no. Monsignor MacDermott was Irish. He was one of the monsignors up in the Basilica. But he had nothing really against the Irish. It wasn't that, it was that the army sent him there, and when you were in the army you went where you were sent. He was told to lead the Black and Tans out there, and he just obeyed the army rules. He lived very quietly, and his family – he was separated from his wife – and his family were all over there. And apparently they – the daughter told me, I knew Helen later – and she said they lived in fear of the people, the Irish coming over and mobbing them, you know, killing them. So I think they were quite relieved to have him out of the way, too. But none of them came out for his funeral.

MUSIC: *Mystery vamps*

DAUGHTER: My parents separated not long after the war, the First World War I mean. They eventually divorced...

BROOKES: Stride took a chair by the table and opened his notebook.

STRIDE: You knew that your father served with the Newfoundland Regiment for a time during the war.

DAUGHTER: Yes...

BROOKES: She didn't look much like her late father. She was taller than him by a good four inches. He guessed that she took after her mother.

STRIDE: ...One of the things that we don't know about your father is what he did after the war. Can you help us with that?

DAUGHTER: It isn't a great secret. Although I'm not sure he would have talked about it very much afterwards. He was in Ireland.

STRIDE: During 'the troubles'?

DAUGHTER: Yes.

STRIDE: With the army?

DAUGHTER: Not exactly. He was with the Auxiliaries. Do you know anything about them?

MUSIC: *Alarm vamp*

BROOKES: It took Stride a moment to register what she'd said, and to realise the possible implication for the investigation. The possibility that the IRA might be involved in the murder.

DAUGHTER: They developed a reputation for extra brutality. In the end, their commanding officer, General Crozier, resigned his position because he could no longer support what was going on.

STRIDE: General Crozier...

DAUGHTER: Yes, you know the name?

STRIDE: It came up earlier, but I didn't know the context until now. What was your father's part in all that? Do you know anything about his time there?

DAUGHTER: He never told me anything about it. But he was there, and he was one of them...

ARCHIVAL: *Hugh Tudor: "There was a man who called himself General Crozier, who'd written a book full of lies and slanders about the Black and Tan period in Ireland. Obviously a potboiler, written with the knowledge that a book full of lurid details would sell like hotcakes. He was thoroughly impecunious, and it wasn't worthwhile bringing a suit against him.*

*But a well-known writer called Desmond McCarthy happened to quote from his book. And I promptly issued a writ for libel. And luckily, Winston Churchill entertained us both, both me and Desmond McCarthy, at Chartwell Manor. And I was able to explain to McCarthy what sort of man Crozier was, and quote to him from the character which I obtained from the War Office. The result was that he published in a leading London paper a withdrawal of his statement, and an apology for having issued it."*

*Iris Power: "...During your visit to Sir Winston, General Tudor, did you notice any of these hobbies that he's famous for? Was he doing any painting then..."*

DAUGHTER: Does what I've told you about my father's being in Ireland during the rebellion mean something? You seemed to have a reaction when I mentioned it.

STRIDE: It might.

DAUGHTER: You're thinking the IRA might have been involved in this? In my father's death? A revenge killing for what he did in Ireland long ago?

STRIDE: It's something we'll have to think about now...

MUSIC: *Dramatic vamp.*

MCGRATH: I'm Robin McGrath; I'm a writer from St. John's, Newfoundland.

O'NEILL: I'm Paul O'Neill, and I have a hobby which is history in Newfoundland.

BROOKES: Did he have many friends here?

MCGRATH: He had been one of the leaders of the Newfoundland Regiment, he was one of the British officers who'd led the regiment in the First World War, and the story was that Hugh Tudor was one of the few decisive leaders that they had. That the British officers were changing their minds all the time, giving orders, rescinding orders, waffling on absolutely everything, but Hugh Tudor was a man who had a lot of experience, and he knew what he wanted., And whether what he wanted was right or wrong didn't matter nearly so much as the fact that when he gave an order, he kept the order, and things didn't change. You knew exactly what you were dealing with. And because of that, he was one of the few British officers that the Newfoundlanders really respected.

And apparently after all his difficulties with the Black and Tans and so on, when he became basically persona non grata elsewhere, they were said to have pledged allegiance to him – the veterans – and that they promised to protect him, and that as long as he was in Newfoundland he was safe. And so that's why he came here. Now, I'm sure there were personal reasons as well, presumably his family life had in some way crash-landed. He didn't, he didn't have any friends. Except here.

BROOKES: What would have been his reception when he walked down the street?

O'NEILL: Oh, nobody knew him. Most people hadn't a clue who he was, or what he'd done.

MCGRATH: When he first came over, he lived with George Barr, and that's who he worked for, for Bonavista Salt Fish Company, or something like that. And lived on Circular Road.

O'NEILL: He never came to our house, I don't know why. Because Mother knew him quite well. And George Barr used to call her and say "Look Josephine, I have to have some people in for dinner" and he had a big table, he'd have about 15 or 16 people at a time, and he said "Would you organise it for me?" And she said "Sure."

BROOKES: This is your mother.

O'NEILL: Yeah. And one night she came home and she said "I had a lovely night last night," she said, "the dinner was just the way I wanted it." And she said "I even went upstairs and got the old Major down and danced with him." And my little brother, he was a feisty little thing, a year and a half younger than me, and he said: "Mom! You danced with that old Tudor!" He said "You traitor! Look what he did in Ireland!" Because we used to hear this from Dad, you see, that he was in charge of the Black and Tans in Ireland, that they killed as many Irish as they could. So anyway, having been called a traitor by her son, I think she thought twice about what she was doing, because I don't think she ever did another party.

MCGRATH: My older sisters remembered Hugh Tudor quite well, and I do actually remember driving down Bonaventure Avenue with my older sister Elizabeth, who is almost 20 years older than me. And she was telling me that the only time that she ever knew that Hugh Tudor was called to answer for himself in public was when he applied to Bally Haly Golf Club, and he was blackballed by my uncle Jim Conroy. And that would have been, well, Jim Conroy died in 1933 so it would be prior to that. I was told, and I don't know if it's true, on certain occasions – maybe it was on Paddy's Day or something, I don't know – but apparently at least once a year he made a point of dressing in his uniform and walking down through The Cribbies, where all the poor Irish lived, down where City Hall is now. And he would walk down the street daring them to take a shot at him. And the most that ever happened was that apparently the women used to go and dump the night soil buckets over him.

SOUND: *Birds, dog bark*

BROOKES: Over in Scariff and Killaloe, it's not night soil. It's songs.

SCANLON: Well, I'm Mick Scanlon, and I'm from the locality, from the town of Killaloe. Clare man. All these things were taught to us, and we were told about them in school, and we'd go home and ask questions about them. Sometimes people would answer you and tell you more; other times you'd meet a wall of silence. You know, you knew when not to pursue anything. But I like the song. So we'll try it.  
(sings)  
Oh come gather round, and a tale I'll tell,  
Of more dark matters of four who fell.  
For love of Ireland and love of you,  
On the blood-stained bridgeway at Killaloe...

SOUND: *Traffic*

MACCONMARA: Yes, well, we're right in the middle of the bridge at Killaloe, standing in front of the monument that marks the spot where the four Scariff martyrs were murdered on November 16<sup>th</sup>, 1920. They were taken in a lorry up here to edge of the bridge on the Ballina side of the bridge of Killaloe. About halfway across the bridge they were ordered out of the lorry, and for the following hour, or hour and a half, there were people – there was a priest on the Ballina side; there was a priest on the Killaloe side – both of whom heard the moans and cries, which were punctuated by machinegun fire and by revolver fire. You had something like between 50 and 100 members of the RIC, Black and Tans, and Auxiliaries who were strewn across this bridge.

SCANLON: *(sings)* Oh wailing waters meet weeping skies,  
To Killaloe they were brought to die,  
And Killaloe by the Shannon's side  
Knew its greatest shame and a glorious pride...

MACCONMARA: The men were separated 20 yards apart, and were summarily executed, after being tortured, facing...

MAN PASSING BY: One of my cousins was on that.

MACCONMARA: Is that right? Who was that?

PASSERBY: Egan...

MACCONMARA: Mike Egan was your cousin!

PASSERBY: Mike Egan was a cousin of my grandfather. From Derry Bryan.

MACCONMARA: Yeah! And what was your grandfather's name?

PASSERBY: Michael Canning.

MACCONMARA: Michael Canning from Derry Bryan...

PASSERBY: Derry Bryan. Cousin of Michael Egan....

MACCONMARA: Yeah. Did you ever hear any tradition yourself in relation to what happened, or...

PASSERBY: I did. Well, I heard about the style of the... well, the way they died. They were tied in the back of a lorry, as far as I know, with their heads hanging down. And dragged across the bridge. A terrible episode in Irish history.

SCANLON: *(sings)* ...MacMahon, Rogers, Egan, Gildea,  
Their dust is one with the native clay...

MACCONMARA: They were murdered. The autopsy documented the horrific nature of their deaths, and the funeral itself took place. Today, at the commemoration that you attended, we had the very last person alive to have attended that funeral 90 years ago: John Michael Tobin. Holding his mother's hand, he attended that funeral, and he's the last living connection to that funeral. But I suppose with the passing of time, and with all the other forces that influence people, and young people, maybe some people have forgotten about the Scariff martyrs, and have forgotten about

what the forces under the responsibility of Hugh Tudor did in this country. But I think it's important to preserve and perpetuate the memories of those people, and the cause that they fought for.

SCANLON: *(sings)* ...Let you who owe them your liberty,  
Pray that their souls may rest peacefully.

SOUND: *Telephone rings, picked up*

STRIDE: Stride.

NEWSPAPERMAN ALEX: *(on phone)* Eric. It's Alex. How's it going? The investigation?

STRIDE: There's something else now. We have another body.

ALEX: How much can you tell me about it?

STRIDE: Almost nothing at this point.

ALEX: The new body wouldn't happen to be... Irish, would he? Just making an educated guess.

STRIDE: As it happens, your guess is right, but that's one of the things we haven't sorted out yet.

ALEX: Well, either way, it brings us back to the IRA. And while there's a certain logic there, I have to wonder about it. The organisation isn't anything like it used to be. It's not even a pale shadow of the crew that took on the British Empire back in the '20's. They've been reorganising and rebuilding, but...

STRIDE: Would this be a score they'd like to settle?

ALEX: Maybe. The scene that got played out in Bannerman Park Monday night? That looked a lot like some of what went on in Ireland in the '20's.

STRIDE: But that was then, and this is now. And if the IRA's all but disappeared as a functional organisation, where's the connection with what went on here Monday night?

ALEX: I don't know...

MUSIC: *Mystery vamp*

MCGRATH: The story was that two Irish hit-men came out from the IRA to assassinate him. And the night before they were to do the dirty deed, they went up to the Basilica to make their confession, just in case things went wrong and they got killed. And apparently when they told the priest what their intentions were, he said that he was going to denounce them – break the seal of confession and denounce them, because it wasn't a genuine confession anyway, since they were planning to do murder. And he told them they had until the next morning to get out of town fast, or else the archbishop would be calling on the chief of police, and that would be the end of it.

MUSIC: *Excited vamp*

O'NEILL: Yes. Father Moakler told me that when he was a young priest, he was assigned to

the cathedral. It wasn't a basilica then, it was a cathedral. He said that that he was in the Palace one night, dining with the bishop and Monsignor MacDermott . And the doorbell rang.

MUSIC: *Mystery building*

O'NEILL: And the woman came in and said: "There's a person at the door wants to see a priest." And he said "Look, Tommy, will you go out and see who it is," he said, "And do whatever they want done." Well, when he went out, there were two fellows on the doorstep. They said "We've come to see a priest," in heavy Irish accents. He said "Well, I'm a priest. What is it you want to see about?" See, he had his collar off, and he was just relaxing. And they said "Ah, we've been sent out here from Ireland to do a duty for the IRA. We're starting to get very puzzled about it, and we're a bit afraid we might be going to commit sin." And so he said "What is this thing you're doing?" They said "We're sent out here to kill General Tudor." He said "Kill General Tudor!" He said "I don't know what to tell you!"

So Monsignor MacDermott came out. And he said "What's this I hear about you killing General Tudor?" And they said "Well, that's what we're sent out here for. But people here seem to like him, and we don't know quite what to do." He said "I'll tell you what to do. I've got no sympathy for what Hugh Tudor may have done in Ireland. But this is not Ireland. There's a ship down at the end of Cochrane Street," he said, "that's going over to Liverpool tomorrow. You go down and get aboard that ship, and you take your problems back to Ireland, and don't bring them over here ever again!"

MUSIC: *Crescendo*

O'NEILL: That's the way Tommy told it to me. And he said that the two disappeared.

MUSIC: *Triumphant conclusion*

MCGRATH: Well, there's about three or four different versions of that, and I can't say that I agree with any of them. Being a Catholic myself, having been raised Catholic, I think it's because of my upbringing I cannot imagine a priest threatening to break the seal of confession. I've never heard of any example of it. I mean, I'm sure there had to have been, under torture and things like that, but not under normal circumstances. On the other hand, you know, it would have been under archbishop Roche, and he was one tough cookie, too. You know, I sometimes think he was capable of almost anything, including, you know, assassinating Hugh Tudor if he'd chosen to.

COOGAN: Well, the priest that the two would-be assassins went to for confession, they wanted absolution. They were going to execute an enemy of Ireland's, they weren't committing a murder, it was a military act. And they felt they could get absolution for this. And the priest didn't want to send them out to kill anybody, or have them storming out of the confessional, or turn against the church, as many physical force republicans did. So he hit on the brilliant idea of discussing their plans for the operation, and he just chanced to ask them: "What's your plan for getting off the island?" And they said "What island?" They didn't realise Newfoundland that was not part of the Canadian mainland! So yet another assassination attempt on Tudor bit the dust.

MUSIC: *Mystery vamp*

BROOKES: It's odd to me that... he comes over in 1925 or thereabouts, and 25 years later the



IRA is still looking for him.

O'NEILL: Yeah. So they probably didn't have anything much to do, and they said "We're being forgotten. Let's do something to get us back in the headlines. Well, we could kill that old fellow over in Newfoundland." *(laughs)*

COOGAN: Oh, not at all! That was two, sort of, overly patriotic Irish guys acting on their own volition. Nobody told them to do it. I mean, if a squad was sent over, they'd at least... no, I mean, no. That would have been a major op. And the IRA in the '50's weren't geared for that. They were really directed at attacking the northern state from south of the border. They certainly weren't strong enough to send people off after yesterday's enemy.

MCGRATH: Um... he lived here for almost 50 years altogether.

BROOKES: So you'd think that if they were going to bump him off, they would have done it in the first few years.

MCGRATH: You would have thought so. Except that there's, you know, the Irish... they always talk about the Irish Alzheimer's, where you forget everything but your grudges. And maybe that's what it was.

SOUND: *Wind, footsteps*

BOYLE: I went to the cemetery records people, and they said, of course, to find the grave was 17D, but that's not always accurate. We've gone past the first...

BROOKES: What do you think of that story of the two Irish guys who came over to do him in?

BOYLE: Well, I think the community Irish, sort of, Irish Catholic community in Newfoundland probably feel that the fact that he lived here is a kind of a black mark on them. He was there, and we gave him an easy ride. Yet what could we have done? You know, that's a question.

BROOKES: Well, maybe what we did was invent a story about two assassins coming over to bump him off.

BOYLE: Well, there you have it. I think it was a story to bolster up our self-image, in terms of of the Irish Catholic community in St. John's at this time. That would be my humble opinion. It's a widely believed story, and an apocryphal story that sort of, you know... it's a story, and that's all it is. It's a story, but it's short on facts. I don't think it ever happened. It's a legend, it's fiction, and it is what it is. That's what it is.

Look. Just look here. It has kind of like a sandstone shine on it. *(reads:)* Major-General Sir Hugh H. Tudor. KCB, CB, CMG. And of course, underneath it is: 1871 to 1965. And that's all. There are no roses, there are no wreaths on this particular grave.

BROOKES: So that would make him 95 when he died.

BOYLE: Yes.

BROOKES: And he died of old age, basically?

BOYLE: Yes indeed. Yes, indeed.

SOUND: *Telephone rings, is picked up*

STRIDE: Stride.

BUTCHER: *(on phone)* Eric? Thomas Butcher.

STRIDE: Thomas. Anything new on the autopsy?

BUTCHER: That's why I'm calling. We just got the results of the fingerprint analysis. Late in the game, I know, but... are you sitting down?

STRIDE: Go on.

MUSIC: *Quiet mystery vamp*

BUTCHER: The body. Actually, it is not General Hugh Tudor.

STRIDE: What?

BUTCHER: No. Tudor, in fact, won't die until September 25<sup>th</sup>, 1965, in the Veteran's Pavilion here in St. John's. Of natural causes...

MUSIC: *Mystery alarm vamp*

STRIDE: What?

BUTCHER: ...at 95 years of age.

STRIDE: ...Then... who is the body murdered in Bannerman Park in 1947?

BUTCHER: Someone very like Tudor, in fact. Fits a lot of the profile. Ex-British army, dirty deeds in Ireland, all that.

STRIDE: Do you have a name?

BUTCHER: Harrison Rose. It seems he's a fictional character.

STRIDE: Fictional?

BUTCHER: Yes. In a mystery novel by Thomas Curran.

STRIDE: You're telling me that Hugh Tudor was not assassinated?

BUTCHER: The real Hugh Tudor? No, he wasn't. He dies quietly in his bed in 1965. Ah, look, you probably need a little time to sit with this. I won't bring the report up to headquarters until after lunch. We'll talk then.

STRIDE: *(splutters, hangs up phone)*

BROOKES: Stride stood up and closed the door to his office.

SOUND: *Door closes*

BROOKES: He went back to his desk, opened the bottom drawer, and took out the bottle he

kept there for moments like this. He poured himself two fingers... no, three fingers.

SOUND: *Whiskey pouring into glass.  
Cigarette lighter.  
Rain*

BROOKES: He lit a cigarette, and stared at the window. He noticed... outside, it was raining. Again.

MUSIC: *Come Out Ye Black and Tans (Paddy Reilly)*

ARCHIVAL: *Iris Power: "Are there any other anecdotes or memories that you might like... that you could tell us about?"*

*(long pause)*

*Hugh Tudor: "I can't think of anything much more... than I've already told you."*

*Iris Power: "Well, thank you very much indeed, General Tudor. It's been a most informative interview."*

MUSIC: *"...show your wife how you were medalled down in Flanders.  
Tell her how the IRA made you run like hell away  
From the green and lovely lanes of Killashandra.*

*The day is coming fast, and the time is here at last,  
When each yeoman will be cast aside before us.  
And if there be a need, sure my kids will sing, "Godspeed!"  
With a verse or two of Steven Beehan's chorus:*

*Oh, come out you black and tans, come out and fight me like a man  
Show your wife how you were medalled down in Flanders  
Tell them how the IRA made you run like hell away,  
From the green and lovely lanes in Killashandra.*

**END**

**Interview voices:**

*Ireland:*

Tim Pat Coogan  
Tomas MacConmara  
Mick Scanlon

*Newfoundland:*

Mike Boyle  
Thomas Curran  
Carla Furlong  
Robin McGrath  
Paul O'Neill

Archival Hugh Tudor interview courtesy CBC Radio NL