

DUPLICATE

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21

BURÓ STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21

No. W.S. 1413

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BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS.

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 1413.

Witness

Tadhg Kennedy (decd.),
Ardrinane,
Ardfert,
Co. Kerry.
Identity.

Brigade Intelligence Officer.

Subject.

National activities, 1913-1921.

Activities of Kerry I Brigade, 1917-1921.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil.

File No S.773.

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STATEMENT BY TADHG KENNEDY (deceased)

Ardrinane, Ardfert, Co. KERRY.

I was born in a thatched house at Annascaul, County Kerry, a village on the main road between Tralee and Dingle, on 20th August 1885. The part of the village in which I was born is in the townland of Ardrinane, and the other parts of the village are in the townlands of Brackloon and Anagap. The name of the village, Annascaul, is derived from the ford at that point where the road to Dingle leads across the river Scál and is a corruption of the word, Átha-na-Scáil, meaning, in English, the River of the Hero, and the hero being Cuchulainn whose grave is reputed to be on the side of the mountain above Drounavalla, north of Annascaul.

There was a controversy in the "Leader" years ago about the meaning of the word Annascaul and I remember Dr. Douglas Hyde, "Beirt Fhear" (Mr. J.J. Doyle) and Mr. D. P. Moran, editor of the "Leader", visited Annascaul to carry out investigations locally into it. My grandmother determined it for them as Átha-an-Scáil by the way in which she pronounced the word and her traditional knowledge that the lake, about two miles north of the village, is known as Loch-an-Scáil, and is traditionally associated with Cuchulainn.

The district about Annascaul is very beautiful - Lochanscaul, Minard Castle, Gob Minard, Macha-na-Bo, Foildarrig to Inch, Beenascoithe, and other places, and is rich in archaeological remains, many of which were removed to the Museum and Trinity College by local persons who were archaeologists.

My father was a farmer's son who served his time in Cork as a grocer's assistant and afterwards became a shopkeeper at Annascaul when he married my mother. Before he set up for himself in business

he was a clerk to Bastable Hilliard, the baronial constable for Corkaguiney Barony or County Cess Collector. After his marriage he was Deputy Cess Collector for a short time until he was imprisoned in connection with an agrarian offence for which he got twelve months in Clonmel Gaol. His companion, Patsy O'Sullivan, an apprentice blacksmith - known as the Gabha Bán - and my father would have been transported only for the intervention of Mr. Edward Hussey, O'Sullivan's father's landlord. Edward Hussey was a brother of the notorious Samuel Murray Hussey, landlord and land agent and evictor of many a family.

Both my father and O'Sullivan were Fenians until their deaths and I remember when I was a small boy that meetings were held in a back room of our house and I often put my ear to the keyhole to hear what was going on. I did not succeed in finding out nor would I have understood if I did. I remember meetings being held in a house opposite ours which was owned by Peter Scannell, a carman. Most of these men were of the artisan class such as bakers, blacksmiths, coopers, carpenters, shoemakers and the like, who hadn't a perch of land.

The same men's sons were the hard core of the Volunteers and I.R.A. in after times, though we had a large number of farmers' sons after the conscription scare. The latter stuck to us after the danger of conscription was over and right good, fearless soldiers they were when it came to the test.

My mother belonged to a family that were proclaimed pro-British, though, on investigation, they were the people who preserved intact the language and culture of Ireland right down to the present day. Lord Ventry, the local lord of the manor, gave them land and in every way assisted them and they in turn were loyal to him.

The Dingle Board of Guardians and Rural District Council were dominated by the Moriarty faction of which my grand-uncle, Michael T. Moriarty, was the Taoiseach. My father, although a Fenian, voted with the family party except on such occasions when Lord Ventry was elected to the chairmanship when he constantly voted against him. Eventually Lord Ventry fell out with my grand-uncle and he was beaten for the chairmanship of the Guardians and R.D.C. by a relative of my mother, Mr. Timothy O'Flaherty of the Maharees, Castlegregory, and both Lord Ventry and his brother, Captain de Moleyns, who was also his land agent, withdrew altogether from the local boards thenceforth.

It was a tradition in the district that the Kennedys came from near Nenagh in County Tipperary about 1656 and were shifted from there by the Earl of Cork and Orrery with families of the Hogans, the Egans, the Sheehys, the Curranes, the Coughlans and the Curnanes. There are still some documents such as leases, etc. in possession of some of the Kennedys which show where they came from, and some of the old tombstones recorded - now mostly obliterated - in Latin or English, that they came from Tipperary.

I heard from old people that the Kennedys were very troublesome to the landlords and at one time a cavalry barracks had to be maintained at Ballinacourty to deal with a grand-uncle of mine named Jack Tadhg Kennedy of Coolnacuppogus. He was imprisoned for some time in Galway's Gaol in Dingle, and I remember a ballad in Irish "Coppul Jack Thaidhg" being sung at Kennedy weddings recounting his escape from there on a black mare.

There is also a story that the Catholic Church at Ballinacourty in the middle of the old graveyard where the Kennedys are buried was confiscated. A short time afterwards the church was razed to the ground and there wasn't a stone left on a stone. The church bell was found years afterwards buried in a bog and is now in the Dublin Museum.

The bell which now summons the people to Mass at Brackloon was taken from the "Manchester Merchant", a big ship 750 feet long, which foundered off Inch in Dingle Bay on 12th January, 1903.

I was looking through a telescope at the big ship going down and the crew of about 150 being taken off by two nobbies or fishing boats from Dingle, one skippered by Tom Sheehy, a great friend of mine. One boat was landed at Minard and the other at Dingle, and a special train had to be employed to take them to Tralee and thence to England.

My father was not living on the Cork Estate, but all his people were, and he bought a farm at Ballinclare from a cousin of his named Michael O'Shea on the Townsend Estate of which the middleman landlord was one of the Hamiltons, Protestants. Although my father was not well off, he was constantly at loggerheads with the agent, Mr. Robert Fitzgerald, who was also secretary of the Grand Jury, and brother to the Knight of Kerry. My father tried to organise a strike against paying the rents and his cattle were seized by the Sheriff when he was the only one who held out to the end. He had to buy in the cattle at the cant or sale at the local pound with, as they say, financial loss to himself.

My mother died when I was 6½ years old and I spent a good deal of my time at the home of my grand-uncle, Michael T. Moriarty, at Dingle, which was the headquarters of the clan. Not only was Michael T. Moriarty my mother's uncle, but his wife (Ellen O'Flaherty) was also a first cousin of my father and a first cousin of my mother. Consequently I was practically a brother to the young Moriartys and I was treated accordingly. There were some people in Dingle thought I was one of the family and You will see later how useful it turned out to be.

My uncle was reputed to be pro-British and I suppose he was, but he was always telling me that his people were the rightful land-owners of the Dingle peninsula and not the Moleyns (Lord Ventrys). My grandmother, Peggy Moriarty, got a big extent of bog from Lord Ventry who, she claimed, was her foster-brother. He was reared in her father's house at Tighthe na hAbann. She never paid rent for it and the Land Commission took it away from her two sons, Morgan and Thade Flaherty, afterwards, as there was no document of transfer.

I never heard any language in the Moriarty house nor in the shop except Irish. It may be said that it couldn't be otherwise, but there were many homes and shops in the town of Dingle where there was no Irish spoken.

The third generation of Moriartys, four of them in the medical profession, are native Irish speakers and proud of it. The older generation of Moriartys never pretended that they were nationalist in the political sense, but my impression always was that they had a great admiration for men like Stack and Tadhg Brosnan who were prepared to fight for their principles. In fact, Stack and my uncle were very friendly in the business sense, and I know that Stack had a great regard for my uncle's ability. He was a 'big' man and Stack always maintained to me that the country was too small for him and for men like Jeremiah M. Slattery, owner of the well-known Bacon Factory at Tralee.

I spent a good deal of time also at home at Annascaul and remember the Bianconi and Johnny O'Connor, the conductor, blowing his bugle coming into the village with the mails.. The Post Office was around the corner from our house and was run by a Crimean veteran named Tom Ashe!!! He had lost one half of his right foot in the Crimea and, though he had little or no education, he was made our postmaster

and carried out his duties in a true military style. He was succeeded by his son, Tom Ashe, a great pal of mine and now dead, and the present man is also Tom Ashe. What do you know!!!

I saw the telegraph to Dingle erected and the construction of the Dingle Railway which was opened for traffic in March 1891. I remember the first train pulled by an engine with a cab, back and front, as there were no turning tables. I was the Chairman, or Deputy Chairman of the Railway during the troubled times and, upon my word, I had some job, but succeeded in keeping it on the rails for the whole period though there was an interlude whilst I was in gaol during the Civil War. However, I got it going again when I came out of Tralee Gaol and it kept going until taken over on 1st January, 1924 by the Great Southern Railways who failed to carry out their statutory obligations. I think now that the mistake made was that the Great Southern and Western wasn't handed over to the Dingle Railway Company to manage.

I was very disappointed in the abilities of the type who were Chairman and Manager of these transport Companies and I am not a bit surprised at their failure to provide a sound transport system for the country. They hadn't it in them and I don't know how their own businesses managed to survive under their direction. I think they were a hopeless lot and there could only be one end to their management.

In my boyhood days there was a good deal of poverty in my native parish. The farmers were poor and a good many of the labourers were in want and their children hungry. Our house was open house to everybody and my father reared and fed several families besides his own. He reared and employed a whole family who were evicted at Inch. Peter Kennedy was the man's name and there were eight or ten of them

all of whom he fed and kept and afterwards employed. There were twenty-one of the Sullivans, all of whom he employed, boys and girls, until they emigrated to Chicago. One of them, Dan - known as 'Thumper' - was in my class at school. He was older and bigger than I was and I remember he held me down one day and forcibly extracted my lunch from my pocket and devoured it like a hungry wolf. He was hungry. He was shot down by police in Chicago years afterwards where he masqueraded under an Italian name, and only disclosed his identity to another schoolmate of his, Father Johnny Mahony from Annascaul, who was the Provincial of the Order of St. Victor, and for whom Dan sent when he knew he was dying.

Father O'Mahony defied the Bishop of Chicago - Cardinal Mundelein, by attending the funeral and reading the burial service, and he had to come over to Rome to defend himself on a report from the Cardinal. Father O'Mahony won his case in Rome.

I saw the tenants of Lord Cork's estate come through the village of Annascaul with their hats off, a quarter of a mile away from Moriarty's Hotel where the Agent had his rent office. They were so downtrodden and fearful that, though they had the rent, they were afraid of being evicted. Occasionally there were evictions, and Moore Stack and other Fenians held meetings in the village which were attended by the artisans and the few labouring men. The farmers daren't put in an appearance there.

We had a Gaelic League Branch at Annascaul and I was the secretary with Father (later Canon) Denis Brosnan as chairman. Tom Ashe of Kinard and myself were close friends and we held, in collaboration, a big feis or ceilidhe in the open air on 12th July one year and there were so many at it that it took the Dingle Railway two days to take the people out of it. There was only one

R.I.C. man keeping law and order, as the others had to go up north to keep the peace. Constable Brennan got a letter of congratulation for the manner in which he managed the big concourse of people on the occasion.

We had no money, but we got the field free and we had to pay no prize money. There was no entrance fee, and Tomás organised it so that there was no lack of performers all drawn from the Dingle peninsula. All the items were in Irish which, at that time, was the ordinary language of the people throughout the district. Alas, it is no longer so, though most of the young people, young and old, can still speak Irish.

In my teens I was, whilst still at home, joint secretary of the local branch of the United Irish League, my colleague being John Counihan, the local blacksmith.

A local landlord, General Bland-Strange, came back from Canada to resume residence at his ancestral home, Bunanear, a lovely spot on Dingle Bay. He had let it to the local doctor, Doctor Willie Keane, who had been there, and so was his father, for years, and the Keanes were very reluctant to leave it. General Strange got a decree for possession. When everything was set for the eviction, the United Irish League held a demonstration and meeting presided over by the parish priest and attended by the three Kerry M.Ps. General Strange was temporarily staying at the house or cottage of Archdeacon (later Bishop) Orpen, the Protestant Bishop.

The meeting passed resolutions, but he didn't budge. Then, true to their breeding, the young lads took a hand. We had a meeting in the workshop of Cooper Crean at which it was decided to fire into the General's house. We cast lots and the job was drawn by Ned Crean and myself. Ned Crean was two years older than I was

and it was decided that he would fire the first shot. Constable Brennan, R.I.C., our friend of the Feis, was on guard with a rifle at the front of the house. There was no guard at the back. We came along at dusk one evening at the back of the house where there was a boren or lane running along at the rere of the house. Ned let off one barrel at the back door and as the panels were of glass it made so much noise that we thought that the sky had fallen. Ned put down the gun and hopped it and I picked up Ned's gun and did likewise, but carrying both guns. I never stopped running for about a mile still with the guns and then I put both guns into an old ruined house and joined a number of other young lads who were playing football in the sports field nearby.

Everybody, the clergy, even the Keanes, condemned the outrage, as it was called, but General Strange fixed up with Dr. Keane and left him in possession. There was no trace nor suspicion as to who the assailants were and, though the police combed the district for information, we were never even suspected.

I was in Skerry's College, Dublin, during part of the years 1903 and 1904 and, but for the Will of God, I would have been in the Second Division of the Civil Service. In my class were some distinguished people :- John McCormack, the singer, Joe McDonagh, Jack Roynane from Cork, Dr. J.J. Webb, Registrar of the High Court (?), my friend, Harry Moylan, etc. etc. Paddy Cahill, Brigade O/C., was at Sparkhall Browne's, next door to Skerry's, and he was previously a schoolmate of De Valera's at Blackrock College. Another classmate of mine was James Duffy who came to Tralee in 1920 as County Inspector, R.I.C. He was also at Blackrock with Cahill and Devalera. We had also Divisional Inspector Cruise in the R.I.C. cadet class at that time.

There was only a small number of vacancies after the South African War and I did not succeed in getting into the Second Division of the Civil Service and so went over to England to Gillingham, Kent, to my uncle who was a naval officer and I worked for a time in a Co-Operative Society.

My father had got pneumonia and I was summoned back home and, whilst there, I became an applicant for a clerkship in the County Council office. There was one vacancy and forty-two candidates did the examination. The examination was held by the Local Government Board and I got first and so came to the service of the Kerry County Council on 5th October 1905.

Before I left England my uncle had arranged that I should get a nominated clerkship in the Admiralty, but it was necessary that I should get nominated by two persons like Lord Ventry and the Knight of Kerry. At first Lord Ventry, when he heard I was my father's son, threw me out, but when he discovered who my mother was, he sent for me again and gave me the nomination. When I told my father that evening what happened he put the nomination into the fire and I didn't bother the Knight of Kerry. Thus ended my attempt to become First Lord of the Admiralty in Britain.

I had arranged in 1905 to go out to Oakland, California, with a pal of mine - Willie Pierce - who had left the Irish College in Paris where he was studying to become a priest for the home diocese. He afterwards became the first postmaster - non-political - of San Francisco. I did not go and, instead, came to Tralee and there again I lost my chance of being the first Catholic President of the United States.

When I was a boy, I think it was before the Boer War, a number of artists, painters, used to come each year to Annascaul, doing what they called sketching. I remember some of their names - Yeats, Addy, Miss Lloyd, Miss Brownrigg. They roamed about the district painting the scenery, and I became friends with them as they were staying at the Bakers, John Brosnan's, whose wife - Kate Cahill, as we always knew her - was well able to cook and keep the house clean. The artists stayed afterwards at a house where Dr. Orpen, The Protestant Bishop of Kerry, lived in the summer, and which was owned by his daughter, Mrs. Sweeney.

I used to go very often on their expeditions with the artists and helped to carry their paraphernalia. There must be many a painting of me in their pictures though I have never come across any. To one of the artists was married a Mr. O'Keeffe, a clerk in the British War Office in Dublin. He was not a painter like the others but passed his time away in taking down scealuidthe Fiannaichta from our local seanachí. Sean Kennington. Sean lived in a one-roomed house at the end of the village next the river. He went to every wake and I often stayed out all night at a wake listening to Sean relate his tales and adventures, all in Irish of course and some "made up" by himself. Mr. O'Keeffe spent day after day taking down Sean's tales of which he had an inexhaustible supply. I often spent a whole evening in his bothán with other young lads listening to his stories and we were all entranced and would stay listening to him, as they say, for ever. Sean's son, William, some years older than myself, used to supply me with Wild West and Mystery books which I used to read like other young lads with great gusto, and I believed every one of them.

Mr. O'Keeffe took me to Dublin to his home at Rathmines for a fortnight. I must have been very young, as I have only a slight memory of it. There was a beautiful garden where we used to sit out

reading and Mr. O'Keefe did his files. There were constant visitors, other artists and, I am sure, important people, but I can't remember them. The city and the people I met there were another world to me and so different from what I was accustomed to at home. I am sure I preferred my own world and I thought the artists did so too, in the summertime, at any rate.

In these days also there came to Moriarty's Hotel at Annascaul a good many 'big' people to fish and to shoot. The owner of the hotel was Bob Moriarty and he was Relieving Officer and Sub-Sanitary Officer also. The Moriartys were some sort of relatives of my mother and I was persona grata to the Moriarty household. Bob's father, James, was the local middleman and from the kind of house they lived in they must have been the original landowners before the Cromwellians dispossessed them.

I was constantly at Moriartys and saw there at times British generals, colonels and majors. I remember General Buller, General French, Major Kigell and a host of others. People were constantly there for the fishing in summer and the shooting in winter. The river and the whole countryside were preserved for the sole entertainment of our masters, and woe betide the poor local man who was caught fishing or coursing in the preserves. No local farmer was allowed to keep a greyhound and a villager who kept a greyhound could only go coursing with someone who had permission from the landlord. I had permission from Lord Cork for two days coursing in the preserves and the local doctor had permission for two other days. My permission came, I am sure, through the good offices of my friends, the Moriartys.

All that is changed now, and I don't know if it is for the better in some respects. The small farmer is free and independent

and everybody is more or less free to fish and shoot, but the lack of conservation of the preserves has to an extent denuded the district of fish and game. We have a lot to learn from the old landowners and we are doing it, I am afraid, badly.

I went to the Christian Brothers' School at Dingle sometimes by train and at other times from Moriarty's at Dingle. I was inducted there into the mysteries of the classics, Greek, Latin, French, English and Irish, and mathematics. My two greatest pals at school in Dingle were Richard Hudson, a Protestant, and afterwards a solicitor in Tralee, and Paddy Sullivan, a son of Lord Ventry's head bailiff and now a Monsignor in some diocese in the United States. I kept up a correspondence with Hudson when he was at Portora Royal School at Enniskillen and we became fast friends when he returned as a solicitor to Tralee. To a great extent I owe him my life when I was in the I.R.A. and when he gave me the safety of his home in Strand Street, Tralee, with his mother. I can never forget it for him and I went out of my way afterwards to help him to get the solicitorship to Tralee Urban Council. I was real glad when he was successful even though he was a Freemason and Secretary to the local Lodge. I often discussed with him the new conditions brought about by the freedom of his country and mine. He mentioned to me his relation to Robert Emmet whose mother was a Miss Mason and a cousin of his mother who was also a Miss Mason. He told me that Emmet was reputed to have been buried in the graveyard at Blennerville, having been brought secretly from Dublin by his people. I append the traditional story about Emmet's burial at Blennerville which I got from Mr. Tim Scanlon of Tonevane, near Blennerville.

My teachers at the Christian Brothers' at Dingle were Rev. Brother Osbaldeston, a Belgian, who spent his whole life teaching

at Dingle and lived to be over 90 years of age. The other teacher was Rev. Brother Deris O'Dowd, a native of the Dingle Fíor Gaeltacht, who died young after years of suffering from the effects of rheumatic fever. He could walk only with the aid of crutches. He was a fluent linguist in Irish, Welsh, Manx, French, Breton, and other languages, and he taught us Greek and Latin. Brother Osbaldeston taught us English, French, Mathematics, Book-keeping and Shorthand. Brother O'Dowd was succeeded on his death by Brother Mescall who subsequently left the Christian Brothers and taught at Belvedere College, Dublin.

I was at Skerry's College, Dublin, as already explained, in 1902 and 1903 and did the examination for Second Division of the British Civil Service, but was not placed. The head of the school was Mr. John F. Blunden, and the English professor was Mr. Rea S. Meek of Dingle with whose two brothers, Protestants, I went to the Christian Brothers' School there. I also forgot to mention that the Monitor at the Dingle Christian Brothers' School was Michael Keyes who emigrated to the United States and became R.C. Bishop of Savannah there. He was Professor at the Dominican College at Washington of which my cousin, Father John Kennedy, O.P., was Superior.

I then went to Gillingham, Kent, to my uncle, who was a Lieutenant in the British Navy, and afterwards a Lieut.-Commander. I often saw my uncle and other Irish officers - Collins, Aherne, Payne, etc. play cards in the Officers' Mess at Chatham Dockyard and they never spoke a word except in Irish, and they were all native Irish speakers!

I was summoned by a telegram from P. M. Quinlan, Secretary of the Kerry County Council, on Saturday, to take up duty as a clerical assistant on 5th October 1905, and I went into Tralee on Sunday evening. The first to greet me on going up the steps of the

Courthouse was Tim Dissette, an old schoolmate at the Dingle Christian Brothers School, and the son of another Fenian, and my predecessor on the County Council staff. His brother, Bob Dissette, was second to me in the Open Competitive Examination for the Council Clerkship, and that notwithstanding Tim was the first to welcome me to Tralee and give me some good advice which I found afterwards was timely and much needed. He was always a sincere friend to me. He is now a farmer at Calgary in Western Canada and I am sure a successful one. He had "reams of brains" but was very erratic. He tried to convert me to British Imperialism when he was over from Canada during World War I, a Volunteer in the Canadian Army. He didn't wait for the Government to conscript him. I didn't hear from him since 1916, so I don't know what his attitude was after the rebellion and the Black and Tan period.

The Congested Districts Board had schemes for the improvement of the dwellinghouses of small farmers and, for the purpose of administering grants, they had parish committees set up wherever there was a desire among the farmers to take part in the benefits of the scheme. A parish committee was formed in our district and I was the secretary (unpaid) and there was a great lot of work done in improving the small farmers' dwellings and the erection and improvement of farm buildings. The success of these schemes in our parish (Annascaul) was due principally to the energy and influence of one young man named Paddy Kennedy of Anagap, commonly known as Paddy-over-the-river, to distinguish him from the numerous other Paddy Kennedys in the parish. He made out the specifications and estimates etc. of the proposed works and helped them to carry them out. He was a remarkable young man, an athlete (runner, jumper and footballer), an actor in the local plays and a writer in Irish and English. He died quite young and was a great loss, though I daresay he would have been a leader

in the I.R.A. in the area if he had lived. He had a great knowledge of Irish and Irish traditions in the district and he published some of his stories in the Kerry papers and some of them in Irish were afterwards published in the "Lochrann", the only paper in Ireland wholly published in Irish. I was the manager of An Lochrann which was first published at Tralee and for a short time at Cork.

Paddy got the people to make the improvements and helped them to do them and there are very few of the small farmers who had to build new houses under recent Government and County Council schemes. A good many of these small farms had no out-offices in which to house their animals during the winter and had to house them in their dwelling-houses. They daren't make any such improvements previously, as their rents, already exorbitant, would have been raised by the landlord as a consequence. I don't remember if the valuations of the improved buildings were afterwards raised. I don't suppose they ever were. At that same time the value and use of artificial manures became known and were stocked locally and in Tralee and Dingle. They were cheap and came into general use instead of seaweed which could be procured only after hard labour and considerable danger to the collector. It was said that the seaweed was effective for one year's crop only and the introduction of artificial manures marked the beginning of prosperity for these hardworking and industrious farmers in our parish. They used also farmyard manure mixed with sand from the seashore at Inch Island about four miles away, and liquid manure which they trapped in a pond in the farm, and used on their pasture fields with good effect.

These people, and indeed all of us, were very happy. We had few wants and little money to spend but we had many ways of enjoyment -

sports, football matches, Dingle Races, coursing and hunting with beagles on foot on the Dingle Mountains. We had concerts and plays and, at times, went actually on tour to Dingle, Camp and Castlegregory, all in the Dingle peninsula. Paddy Kennedy and Fr. Michael O'Flynn, our curate, were the life and soul of the social events in the parish, and there was never a lack of entertainment in the parish.

Most of the young people, save a boy and a girl from each house, had to go outside to earn a living, some going to the United States, some boys to the Royal Irish Constabulary, and quite a number to the British Navy. The proximity of a Coastguard Station at Minard was the cause of their attraction to the Navy. It was considered a disgrace to join the British Army but, strange to say, not so in the case of the Navy. I have not heard of even one recruit from the district to our Irish Navy since the State was established.

Colonel Maurice Moore and the Marquis MacSwiney. 1915.

I was called on by Mr. Austin Stack to accompany him to a conference at the house of Mr. Michael J. Flavin, M.P., one of Mr. John Redmond's Irish Parliamentary Party in the British House of Commons, to meet Colonel Moore and a man called The Marquis MacSwiney and have a discussion with them on the question of the unity of the Volunteers which had split into two sections in ..

The discussion took place at the request of Colonel Moore who came apparently specially to Tralee to meet Stack.

The World War I was in progress at the time and from the discussion I gathered that Colonel Moore wanted an all-Irish army to be formed of the youth of this country to beat the Germans first

and then demand, at the termination of the war, complete independence for this country. I had heard that proposition made before by Major John MacGillycuddy of Ballinagravn, Annascaul, in a speech of his at Annascaul at the beginning of the war appealing for recruits. I guaranteed a hearing for him at Annascaul and when he was finished I replied to his appeal suggesting that Britain could make the first gesture by granting us independence first and we could then decide on making our contribution to an army and a navy who would defend Britain and Ireland against any attacks by Germany or any other country. I advised the young men to train and arm so that they could be ready to take their place in an Irish army which would assert the right of Ireland to her freedom at the opportune time. It was at the same meeting of Major MacGillycuddy's at Annascaul that Mr. Tom O'Donnell, M.P. for West Kerry, arrived in the village during the course of my speech, in reply to Major MacGillycuddy, and having mounted the porter barrel from which I had been speaking, he made a speech in favour of recruiting for the British Army. I think it was on the same Sunday that Mr. Pedron had made his famous speech at Woodenbridge, County Wicklow, offering to hand over his section of the Volunteers to defend, as a section of the British Army, the shores of Ireland.

On the previous day, Saturday, I met Tom O'Donnell in Tralee and he asked me was I going to allow Major MacGillycuddy to hold a recruiting meeting for the British Army in my native village. I was very friendly with him at the time and he knew of my association with Stack and what he stood for. I said I would allow him to address the people there if he gave me the right to reply. Tom said he would go out and help me, if necessary, by making a speech himself. I said I could deal with the Major myself in my own way.

Judge of my surprise, when I had come off the porter barrel, Tom got up and backed up the Major in his appeal for recruits for the British Forces. He had received a telegram on Saturday evening from

Irish Party Headquarters directing him to advocate recruiting. That was the last time he was allowed to address the people of Annascaul, even when he was a candidate for the Dáil.

I had the position in mind when the discussion with Colonel Moore took place and I explained it to Colonel Moore as my contribution, but I suppose he took no notice of me as I was unknown to him and was some five years younger than Stack, who was a young man at the time. Colonel Moore asked me what would be my attitude to a young man who volunteered for the British Army and whether I would prevent him doing so. I replied that if I was satisfied he was acting conscientiously in joining up I would accompany him to the gate of the barracks and wish him luck; whereupon Stack said he would do his best to prevent him joining and if he failed he would cut his throat as he was going in the gate.

No solution was reached that could be recommended to either side and we left Flavin's after having tea with Colonel Moore, the Marquis and Mr. and Mrs. Flavin. I think Colonel Moore described this meeting with Stack in a book since published by him.

I became a great friend of the Flavins afterwards. Mrs. Flavin's people, on the mother's side, were from Dingle and both herself and Michael J. were very active in the Gaelic League and industrial revival movements. I was long connected with both movements as secretary, and old Michael was a member of the County Council of which I was Accountant.

The Flavin's eldest son, James T., was a graduate in engineering of Cork University and, during World War I, held a commission as Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers. He spent most of his service making munitions in a munitions factory at Waterford.

I got to know this and when he came out of the British Army in 1917 I discussed with Paddy Cahill and Stack how valuable young Flavin's services would be to our organisation as an engineer, and they agreed to give him the rank of Brigade O/C. Engineering to Kerry I. He was instructor in engineering at the Tralee Technical School at the time and I was a member of the Technical Committee. He was a valuable acquisition to the I.R.A. at the time and gave valuable service during the Anglo Irish War and his services were availed of by Dick McKee at headquarters. He narrowly escaped capture during one of his visits to Dublin and returned, when Dick McKee was murdered, to Kerry I where he established in Castlegregory (Tadhg Brosnan's area) a munition factory in a disused labourer's cottage. Bombs and mines were made there on a small scale, of course, and men trained in engineering services. I think Mr. Flavin should be able to record his reminiscences and experiences and the history of the organisation of the I.R.A. engineering services.

Mr. Flavin is now a Factory Inspector employed by Industry & Commerce and his office used to be at Kildare Street, Dublin. He was Divisional O/C. Engineering, 1st Southern Division, during the Civil War and had many exciting experiences.

EASTER WEEK, 1916.

I described elsewhere what I remember about the bringing in of the Volunteers from the Dingle peninsula to Tralee on Easter Sunday morning 1916.

The Dingle contingent were under the charge of Michael J. Moriarty of John Street, Dingle who was afterwards Adjutant of Dingle Battalion and later Battalion O/C. in 1920-'21, succeeding the Seabhac as Battalion O/C. and Denis Griffin of Analack, Annascaul, becoming Battalion Adjutant. Both of these I.R.A. Officers

became officers in the National Army during the Civil War and are now living in Dublin, Denis Griffin being in the Civil Service (Social Welfare) and on loan engaged in collecting material for the Bureau of Military History.

I attach lists of the Volunteers who marched into Tralee as supplied to me by the Company Officers in charge of each Company area.

I went out with a message from Austin Stack to Mick Moriarty on Thursday evening and on Stack's directions I came back on Saturday night to Tralee with the Volunteers contingent arriving at the Rink near the Basin, Tralee, about 7 a.m. on Sunday morning.

When Stack was giving me his instructions on Thursday evening at the railway station at Tralee before I boarded the train for Dingle he stressed to me that Headquarters had given specific instructions that we were to be particularly careful that no diversion should be allowed to occur to impede the carrying out of the plan as decided on by them for the Rising. He repeated these instructions to me before I left on Thursday evening and instructed me to return with the Volunteer contingent to Tralee on Saturday night and to see that no incident would occur on the way to cause such a diversion. He also directed me that I was to carry out my instructions to the letter and that I was to disregard any order issued to me by any other officer other than himself. This I did and when Cahill sent me a message by the guard, Johnny O'Connor, on Good Friday, to return to Tralee immediately as Stack had been arrested I disregarded it and waited to march with the Volunteer contingent to Tralee on Saturday night at 12 midnight from Annascaul. Similarly, when an order was brought by Maurice Switzer, who met us on Sunday morning at Derrymore, cancelling the mobilizing of the

Dingle contingent and directing them to return home I advised Michael Moriarty, who was in charge, to complete the journey to Tralee which we did and arrived at the Rink at 7 or 8 a.m.

I was not in Tralee when Casement landed at Banna and I heard nothing about his intended landing there. In fact, I knew nothing about Casement previously and did not know he was acting as an agent for the I.R.B. in the United States and Germany, and in view of Stack's definite instructions from headquarters I would not have regarded it as my duty to rescue him if he had landed, say, at Castlegregory. He came to Banna unheralded and unannounced and I was told afterwards that he intended to land somewhere in Mayo but could not do so owing to the number of British warships there to receive him. Apparently the British had been warned of his destination and as afterthought he decided to come to Tralee Bay instead.

The original plan provided for the landing of the arms from the Aud at Fenit Pier between Thursday and Sunday but that plan was changed by headquarters making the definite landing time on Sunday and the arrangements were made accordingly. I was told afterwards that Joseph Plunkett had been sent to Germany to inform the German authorities of the altered plan but that he was arrested crossing the border between Germany and Switzerland and so the Aud had left and arrived at Fenit on Thursday. I actually saw her at Camp at the entrance to Tralee Bay when I was on the train going out to Dingle but I had no idea it was the ship with the cargo of arms.

There are a good many bye-roads leading from Banna Strand to the main Tralee-Ballyheigue road and who was in the car with Stack took him as far as Lawlors at Ballymacquin,

in an effort to locate the place where Casement and his companions landed. He was miles away from the exact spot and so they were missed. I was with Captain Monteith when we went in to Banna Strand to locate and mark the place where they landed and, without the assistance of John McCarthy of Corrahane who was one of the witnesses at Casement's trial, I doubt if Monteith could have located the place where Casement and himself left the strand and made their way to McKenna's Port. The contour of the sandhills had changed considerably in the meantime and we discovered that the house at the gable of which they rested after leaving the strand had been demolished and a new house erected on the site at right angles to the old house.

The unexpected landing of Casement was a diversion and might well have jeopaedised the major plan for the landing of the arms and starting the rising. I suppose if the plan had come off a good many of us would have lost our lives and I would not have been here to recount now what I remember about the period.

Casement definitely came to prevent the rising and gave a message to that effect to Father Frank Ryan, O.P., of Tralee, and I was present when Father Ryan delivered that message to Paddy Cahill in his office at John Donovan & Sons Ltd., The Square, Tralee, and I knew that Cahill had that message conveyed to Headquarters in Dublin. I think Mr. William Mullins, now living at Moyderwell, Tralee, was the messenger. If it hasn't been already done I think Mr. Mullins ought to be asked to give his part of the story.

Messages were sent to Cork and Limerick during that Easter Week from Tralee to Cork and Limerick to get them to take part in the Rising and I have no doubt the story of that part is already in the Bureau's possession. I was then only a minor officer in the Volunteers

employed by Stack on special duty and I have not the knowledge of what took place which I could put on record with certainty. I have no doubt but Cahill must have left some account of these episodes and though I often discussed these and other matters with him I would not like to put my impressions on record as a matter of history.

I have heard from time to time ignorant people, some of whom were hostile to this country, blame Stack and the Kerry Volunteers for the capture and execution of Casement and I time and again urged Paddy Cahill to give the facts to the public as we knew them so that they might judge whether these criticisms were justified; but beyond putting a short article in the "Kerry Champion", of which he himself was the proprietor, I don't think he did anything about it. I do not think that my connection with the revolutionary movement was sufficiently known to the general public to justify my putting the facts before them. I had to remain under cover so much that the majority of them could hardly visualize that a man in my position took such a risky and prominent part in the revolutionary movement dating back to 1905 and continuing through 1916, 1920-21, to the regrettable Civil War. However, I think it is my duty to put on record the facts as I know them.

Mobilised and marched to Tralee to take part in Rebellion,
Easter Sunday 1916
DINGLE COMPANY.

Michael J. Moriarty (Comdt.)	John Curran
John J. Malone (Capt.)	Maurice O'Sullivan
William Harrington	Tom Sullivan
Patrick Kaye	Denis O'Connor
Daniel McKenna	Michael Kelliher
James Moriarty	Thomas Connor

DINGLE COMPANY (Contd.)

Michael Lynch	Timothy Moriarty
Peter Curran	Michael Moriarty
Thomas Sullivan	Jack Connor
Thomas Kelliher	Diarmuid Corkery
Thomas Connor	James O'Connor
John Murphy	Daniel Kaye
John Lynch	Thomas Malone
Thomas Flaherty	Patrick Foley
William Rayel	James Neligan
Thomas Sheehy	Thomas Fenton
Thomas Ashe	Daniel Connell
William Barry	Patrick Cleary
Michael McKenna	Thomas Devane
Michael O'Connor	William Moran
James McKenna	James McCarthy
Jeremiah Kennedy	Maurice Fitzgerald.

CYCLISTS.

John Royal	Thomas Keane
Gerald Murphy	Michael Cleary

DETAINED GUN-RUNNING.

Michael Sheehy (Lieut.)	John Flaherty
Thomas Devane	Patrick Brosnan
Patrick Moore	Michael Johnson
Denis Curran.	

BALLYFERRITER COMPANY.

Patrick Bowler (Capt.)	Michael Moriarty
James Devane	Michael Bowler
Denis Moriarty	Jack Moriarty
Patrick Martin	Patrick Flaherty
Thomas Kane	Maurice Hoare

BALLYFERRITER COMPANY (Contd.)

Thomas Flaherty	Michael Brick
James Martin	John Moriarty
James Moriarty	John Kelliher
Thomas Walsh	John Baker
John P. Baker	John Fitzgerald
William Hurley	Maurice Moriarty
John Bowler	Michael Kennedy
Maurice Keane	

LISPOLE COMPANY.

James Fitzgerald, O.C.	Daniel Griffin
Daniel J. Griffin	Patrick Carney
Thomas Griffin	Patrick Griffin
Mathew Ashe	Thomas Ashe
Garrett	Bowler
Michael Manning	

ANNASCAUL COMPANY.

T.P. Kennedy, Tralee B. Coy.	Patrick Walsh, Annascaul
Thomas Walsh, Annascaul	Denis Brosnan "
John O'Sullivan "	Patrick Houlihan "
Thomas Curtain "	Patrick T. Kennedy, Counduff
John Curran, Anagap	James Counihan, Annascaul.

SPIES.

During the 1917-1921 period during which I was Brigade I.O. I had a great many experiences of complaints that people were spies and informers. In all these cases I gave them thorough investigation and in the vast majority of cases I found there was no foundation for the accusations. Some were anonymous whilst others were signed by persons' names. In nearly all the anonymous ones

National Archives Act, 1986, Regulations, 1988

ABSTRACTION OF PART(S) PURSUANT TO REGULATION 8

**Form to be completed and inserted in the original record
in place of each part abstracted**

(i) Reference number of the separate cover under
which the abstracted part has been filed: WS: 1413/A.

(ii) How many documents have been abstracted: 2pp

(iii) The date of each such document: c. May 1956

(iv) The description of each document:
William Steward Tully Kennedy p27+28.
named person

(Where appropriate, a composite description may be entered in respect of two or more related documents).

(v) Reason(s) why the part has been abstracted for retention:

(c) Would or might cause distress or danger to living persons on the ground that they contain information about individuals, or would or might be likely to lead to an action for damages for defamation.

(These will be the reasons given on the certificate under Section 8(4).)

J. Moloney

Name: (J. Moloney.)

Grade: Col.

Department/Office/Court:

Date: 7 March 2003.

from behind a picture and gave it to me. On thinking it over I advanced the possibility that some enemy of could have sent the letter in her name and that it should be compared with a sample of her handwriting. I advised them to be very careful and I don't know what steps were taken by Mick Collins to verify her handwriting.

During the Truce period or perhaps later Judge Tom O'Donnell, who was a , told me she denied the accusation emphatically and said she was anxious that someone should state it publicly so that she could take legal proceedings and deny it on oath. I am sure it was Stack told him in confidence and referred him to me as I had also seen the letter.

I mention the above as I had a similar experience just at the end of the Anglo-Irish war. A letter was found, at the hold-up of the mails, in a train leaving Listowel, addressed to a place in Dublin which was used by the British as a reception place for intelligence stuff for the Castle. The letter substantially read as follows :-

Trieneragh, Tuagh,
Co. Kerry. Date.

Dear Sir,

I have two sons in the I.R.A. and a daughter in the Cumann na mBan and I am in a good position to give information about the whereabouts of wanted men in this district. What will I get for the information.

Yours faithfully,

Batt Maher.

The letter reached me in due course and I knew Mr. Maher well, a respectable large farmer but what I would describe as very conservative. I knew he was well-to-do and not in need of money. I became friendly with him in connection with the re-building of Islandanny Bridge which had been swept away by a big flood in the

River Feale. He was a member of Listowel Board of Guardians and Rural District Council.

I went over to Listowel and contacted Tim Walsh, Master of the Workhouse, who was the local Battalion I.O. It was a Fair Day in Listowel and Batt Maher was in town. We easily located him in a pub. and we had a few drinks and he asked me about the Islandanny Bridge and urged me to get it rebuilt as quickly as possible. I suggested he should write me a letter to remind me and eventually he got pen, ink and paper and wrote a note for me to carry with me. I could see his writing was teetotally different from that in the letter to Dublin. I showed him the latter letter and asked if he had any enemies. He said at first he hadn't an enemy in the world and that he was proud of his children being in our forces. Tim Walsh had already told me to have no doubt that Maher did not write the letter and would not do it for money.

Mr. Maher then told me that a man named Relihan who was employed as a Roller driver by the Kerry County Council had made some kind of a claim to his land, that his people had owned it about one hundred years previously. There were hundreds of such claims all over Kerry and special steps had to be taken by the Dail to counteract them.

I knew Relihan and knew that he was at that time unemployed. I met him shortly afterwards in Tralee. I aske him was he still unemployed and had he got assistance from the White Cross. He said he wasn't aware of it and I told him to make application in writing to Mr. Jeremiah Murphy, Transport Union Organizer, who was Secretary to the local Committee of which I was a member. At next committee meeting at Tralee Courthouse his case for assistance came

up and I got it adjourned for enquiries into his circumstances. I got his application from Jerry Murphy and sure enough the handwriting was the same as that in Maher's alleged letter. I told Tim Walsh keep his eye on him and reported the facts to G.H.Q. Intelligence. I pointed out that the County Surveyor, Mr. Singleton Goodwin, now dead, was a prominent Mason in the local Lodge and that the address to which Maher's letter had been addressed was one which was used for other British Intelligence communications. Obviously Mr. Goodwin had recruited Relihan to supply information through the local Masonic Lodge and Relihan had used it for his own ends to wipe out Maher.

I had been instructed to bring with me Mr. John Lawlor, Harbour Board Secretary, to contact an R.I.C. man named, I think, Lucid from Ballyheigue, who had been appointed a clerk in the Castle and who would be in a position to supply information. (July 1921). I also had to discuss with Michael Collins the case of Relihan. On arrival in Dublin Jack Lawlor rang up Lucid who made an arrangement to meet him at the Ormond Hotel on the Quays. We were staying at the Royal Exchange Hotel in Parliament Street and we duly interviewed Lucid at the Ormond Hotel and arranged matters with him. He agreed to give every assistance and I was to arrange a contact with him when I had reported to Mick Collins.

I called at 22, Mary Street, without Jack Lawlor of course, and I was told Mick Collins would send word to Miss Norah Fuller of R.E.H., a Kerry lady who was receptionist there and who handled messages and despatches from Kerry and elsewhere for transmission to the various departments, including Intelligence. A few days later a tall young man called in the late evening enquiring for me and Miss Fuller said I had gone to a show with Mr. Lawlor and that we wouldn't be back until just before 11 p.m. which was then curfew hour.

He was about to go when Miss Fuller asked who would she say called and he said to say Mick and I would know. Miss Fuller did not know Mick Collins but she had a shrewd suspicion, but Mick was well aware who she was as he had been sending despatches through her to the south and west constantly. He paused and asked her for a sheet of paper and wrote a note telling me to call at Vaughan's Hotel, Rutland Square, where I often called with him before, at 11 p.m. and that a taxi would call for me to take me over there if it was after 11 p.m.

I arrived back at the Exchange Hotel just at 11 and got the note but it was about 11.30 p.m. before the taxi called. Miss Fuller then said she knew it was Mick Collins, and Lawlor heard her. He begged of me to let him go over in the taxi so that he would get one look at Mick Collins. I refused and gave him some personal papers I had on me with instructions what to do with them if I didn't come back, i.e. in case I was arrested or shot.

I got in beside the taxi-driver and Lawlor made a dash as we were getting under way, and got into the back seat. We stopped but we couldn't get out. I was thinking of his wife and 11 children if anything happened to him, but he insisted on going as far as the hotel anyway. On reaching Vaughan's Hotel we rang the bell and Christy, the boots or porter, who was a trusted agent of Collins, was about to open the outside iron gate when he saw Lawlor with me. He asked who Lawlor was and I told him and he said he would have to get instructions before he would allow Lawlor in. Christy was very drunk and I thought at first he was pretending but I realised after a slight delay that he was genuinely drunk. To say the least of it I was astonished. It was so unlike Christy who was so reliable and trustworthy. Whilst he was unlocking the gate to let me in, the hall door was opened and Mick came out, as he

guessed I was there and he knew that Christy was "gassed". I explained about Lawlor and he brought him in with me. When we got inside the door in the hall he told me the war was over and that Sir Alfred Cope of the Castle was in the room to which he was taking me and that I wasn't to disclose anything to him and his two bodyguards.

He introduced me to Sir Alfred Cope, who was accompanied by two Head Constables of the R.I.C., not under my own name but some other. He did not give Lawlor's proper name either and judge of our mutual astonishment and amusement when Head Constable Brennan turned out to be a Sergeant who was formerly stationed in Castleisland and who knew both Lawlor and myself well. Lawlor was a famous Kerry team full back and, of course, as Accountant to the County Council and in other ways I was known throughout the length and breadth of Kerry.

Mick again announced about the Truce and we were both supplied with champagne and brandy and we drank quite a quantity of it. Cope and I got talking and we discussed the troubled times and I was regretting it was over and said I enjoyed it. Both Cope and I and Mick kept drinking glass after glass and Mick pretended to be drunk but I discovered afterwards he was drinking some coloured liquid. I sensed it once or twice as he scratched my leg inside the stocking to warn me and I kept within bounds afterwards or so he told me. Both Cope and myself finally passed out completely and so did Lawlor. Our taxi-man, with the help of Mick and Christy, got us out to the cab sometime in the early morning and we were duly taken to the Royal Exchange Hotel. I don't remember what happened then but I awoke that evening in a bed fully clothed, with the taxi-driver, also fully clothed, outside me. Apparently he was warned by Mick to look after me and to stay with me till he knew I was all right and over the shock of the war ending.

One of the R.I.C., Head Constable Brennan, was afterwards made Deputy or Assistant Commissioner of the Garda Síochána when the Free State was set up in 1922. I don't remember their names but I suppose there are other ways of tracing their names.

Christy, I understand, is dead. I don't know the name of the taxi-driver nor where the taxi came from, and Mr. Jack Lawlor is living somewhere in England.

The Truce saved Reihan and we took no action against him but he was never again employed by the Kerry County Council. Mr. Goodwin had resigned on pension and lived in England where he died some years ago, somewhere in Devon.

Major Campbell-Kelly of Glenbeigh 1921.

One of the most dangerous and efficient intelligence officers employed by the British was Major Campbell-Kelly who was employed as Head-Bailiff by the Killarney Board of Fishery Conservators and lived at Fuchsia Cottage, Glenbeigh, on the lovely coast of Dingle Bay.

Glenbeigh and its environs is a beautiful holiday resort with two comfortable hotels situated in the midst of grand mountain scenery on the Coast of Dingle Bay and a few miles west of Killorglin, the home of the famous Puck Fair. It is a well-known fishing centre which embraces Caragh Lake and River and the Laune Fisheries as well as a number of other smaller rivers.

Apparently G.H.Q. I.R.A. Intelligence got word that Kelly was operating in West Cork in Tom Barry's area and that he was from Glenbeigh, County Kerry. Collins communicated with me and gave me an outline of his history. He ascertained that his father had

been in the R.I.C. in Clare or Galway where he married a lady of family named, as well as I remember, Vandeleur, that the lady's parents had him dismissed from the R.I.C. The son was brought up by the MacGillycuddy of the Reeks and Kelly joined the British Army at the outbreak of the South-African War and served through the campaign. Eventually he rejoined the Army during World War I and became a Major, and when he retired he got the job of Head Bailiff to the Killarney Board of Fishery for Glenbeigh district. Apparently he used to visit the McGillycuddys at Carntuoghill and Major John McGillycuddys at Ballinagrown near Amascaul where he formed the spy ring which included Daly of Caherpierse. Daly gave the names of the other members of the ring who were all cousins and worked from time to time for Major McGillycuddy at Ballinagrown. Others in the ring were John Hennessy of Lougher and a man named Clifford of Farnes, Castlemaine. Both mothers of the latter were aunts of the Daly who was executed.

When Mick Collins wrote me about Kelly I went to Glenbeigh to see Tom Evans, a friend of mine, and in reply to my enquiry he produced a photo of Campbell-Kelly as a Corporal in the British Army during the South African War. In this photo he had a scar over one of his eyes and he still carried the distinguishing mark.

John Hennessy went to the United States after the execution of his cousin Daly, and Clifford, who had been shot in the leg previously for reporting to the R.I.C. about a summons he got to attend a Sinn Féin Court at Killorglin, was spirited away by the Auxiliaries from the County Infirmary, Tralee, before the I.R.A. could get hold of him.

A number of spies of the photo were circulated throughout the Kerry Brigades and I suppose to other units as well.

Apparently Kelly had succeeded in joining an I.R.A. Column in Cork and actually took part in some operations against British Forces. In one ambush he managed to get away before it was over and got to British headquarters in Kanturk or Buttevant whence he led the British expeditionary force to capture the I.R.A. column under Tommy Barry. I got on his track very quickly and alerted all units in my area to have a look-out for him and, though I tracked him to places in Kerry, I never succeeded in getting within striking distance of him. He always succeeded in getting away before we were able to reach him.

On one such occasion he was at Lady Gordon's of Caragh Lake where he met Gonnait Ni Brudair (Lady Broderick) and tried to find out and contact the Brigade I.O. to Kerry I. Luckily, she did not tell him but came to me early the following day. She was astonished when I told her his history and he had moved on before we got to Lady Gordon's.

On another occasion he stayed at the International Hotel, Killarney, as a priest and contacted a commercial traveller staying there whose brother was a battalion officer in County Cork. He stayed in the bar all the evening till about 11 p.m. with the traveller but did not succeed in getting the information he wanted. At times he used "soldier's language" in the bar and that made the other man suspicious. The boots - the late John Keogh - who was acting as Brigade I.O. to Kerry II, spotted the scar over his eye and remembered the man in the photograph. He sent me a message the following day but the bird had flown and his bed had not been slept in. I discovered afterwards that he stayed with Major McGillicuddy at Flesk Castle where they lived after their house at Ballinagrown had been burnt down accidentally. Kelly was a very clever Intelligence Officer. His second brother was in the Tans and eventually Kelly and a young son had to take refuge in Dublin Castle till the end of the war, when they cleared out.

First attack on Gortatlea R.I.C. Barracks.

An attack was made on the R.I.C./^{barracks} at Gortatlea outside Tralee by the local Company of Volunteers under the charge of Tom MacEilistrim, Company Captain of Ballymacelligott Company, 7th Battalion, Kerry I Brigade. Mr. McEilistrim is now T.D. for North Kerry.

This attack, which took place on 16th April, 1918, was not authorised by Volunteer Headquarters but was undertaken on the initiative of the local Company for the purpose of procuring of much needed arms and ammunition. Two of the Volunteers, John Brown and Robert Laide were killed in the attack.

I was standing in the Mall, Tralee, speaking to Miss Teeney Griffin (now Mrs. Dr. Michael Lawlor) when two young lads whom I afterwards got to know very well - Tom McEilistrim (now T.D.) and John Cronin (R.I.P.) both of Ballymacelligott, came out of Mr. Con Tuomey's and fired at two R.I.C. Constables named Fallon and Boyle. They returned by mistake through the house next door, owned by Mr. Tom Harty. The date was 14th June, 1918. I did not know the two young men then, but I am sure a good many people in the streets did.

Martial Law was proclaimed in the urban district of Tralee and it lasted until .. The business houses of Messrs. Tuomey and Harty were closed down by the British authorities for a period of months as a reprisal for the shooting.

I described elsewhere how I was served with an Order to leave the proclaimed area of Tralee and how I was subsequently brought back and served with an Order confining me to the town of Tralee.

When I came back from England owing to my father's illness I intended going to Oakland, California, with another local boy friend, Willie Pierse of Annascaul, about the same age as myself, and who

had been a clerical student at the Irish College in Paris but had given it up, and decided to go out to his father at Oakland. I had been offered a free scholarship at the Killarney Seminary and Maynooth by the Bishop of Kerry, Most Rev. Dr. Coffey, but was advised not to take it by a good priest who was local curate at Annascaul - Rev. Con Scannell - as I had no vocation. My friend, Jack Lawlor, one time secretary of Tralee and Fenit Harbour Commissioners and a "clerical error" himself, used to lament to me afterwards that both of us didn't continue and enter the Church. He used to say "By so and so, I'd make you Bishop of Kerry and you could make me Dean of Tralee". I am afraid the Church had a narrow escape from both of us.

However, fate determined that I was to stay at home here in Ireland and that I was to take up the job as Clerk in the service of the Kerry County Council in October 1905 at Tralee where I was destined to meet patriotic men who drew me into paths where I utilised the gifts that God gave me to help them break the connection with England and bring about the freedom of my beloved country.

In the front rank of those who influenced my subsequent career in Tralee stands out one young man, the late Austin Stack. He was, of course, the one man who by his example and self-sacrifice inspired and led the young men of his time to take up arms to try for the freedom of Ireland. He believed in no other way and wanted to subordinate every other question to the arming and training of the young men for the purpose. Even he often argued with me about the waste of my time in trying to revive the Irish Language and had no use for the Gaelic League. He regarded it as a diversionary influence which was interfering with the furtherance of the cause that mattered. He often said to me afterwards that he regretted nothing more than having missed the opportunity in those early days of learning Irish

and speaking it. He constantly regretted that to me and made heroic and unsuccessful attempts to learn and become proficient in speaking and writing in Irish.

During the first week of my arrival in Tralee in 1905, a young man came up and welcomed me. He said his name was Austin Stack. I had seen him play in the All-Ireland Football Final against Kildare at Tipperary in 1904 and twice afterwards at Cork where Kerry finally won. Austin inquired if my father was Pat Kennedy of Amascaul, who was an old friend and associate of his father, Mr. Moore Stack, well-known Fenian who had spent a long sentence of imprisonment at Dartmoor. I said he was and Austin then brought me to the house of Mr. Tom Slattery of Rock Street, Tralee. I was there sworn into the Irish Republican Brotherhood. I hadn't the foggiest notion what it was about, but I henceforth paid my 2d. a week to Famon O'Connor who appeared to be "boss" of our circle. I remember going to meetings upstairs at Tom McCarthy's in Edward Street and Famon was there with Tom McCarthy, Maurice Griffin and some others. I was shortly afterwards elected joint secretary of the Gaelic League with John Dillon, a fellow County Council clerk, and then became sole Hon. Secretary under the chairmanship of Mr. John O'Connell, LL.D., Solicitor, with Father Cathair O'Bracnain, C.C., as Vice-Chairman.

I was also a member of the County Board of the G.A.A. of which Austin Stack was chairman, and I deputised many times for Stack in the chair, as he could not get off to attend the meetings on Saturday, the busiest day of the week in a solicitor's office. He was employed as solicitor's clerk in Dr. O'Connell's office and attracted a good deal of work there because of his reputation for legal knowledge and integrity.

Austin was also Chairman of the Committee of Management of the Tralee G.A.A. Sportsfield - now the Austin Stack Park - of which committee Paddy Cahill was Hon. Secretary and I was a member. Austin Stack was afterwards Brigade O/C. Kerry I Brigade, I.R.A. with Paddy Cahill as Brigade Adjutant, and myself as Brigade I.O. Austin and Paddy had many disagreements from time to time in G.A.A. matters but, notwithstanding these, Austin had a great regard for him even then and their friendship grew closer afterwards. Paddy was very difficult to get on with, but once you got to know him well you got to like him for his sincerity and honesty of purpose.

Austin was representative of the Tralee John Mitchell Football Club on the County Board, and I represented the Lispole Club which included Annascaul. On one occasion, I think it was in 1912, the Mitchells and Dingle met in the final of the County Championship, and the Mitchells won, but Dingle lodged an objection on the ground that the Mitchells played an illegal man, Mr. Michael J. Quinlan, Secretary of the Kerry County Council, who within six months previously had played in Trinity College Park in a Rugby inter-provincial. Stack himself presided at the County Board meeting at which the objection was heard, and both he and I voted to sustain the objection against the Mitchells, though he was their representative and, of course, I was a great friend of Michael Quinlan's, who subsequently told me I was quite right and went up in his estimation by doing what I did. All the other club representatives voted with the Mitchells, except of course Dingle. The Mitchells were at the height of their popularity at the time.

I was not mixed up very much with matters political during the period up to the start of the Volunteers in 1913. I was up to my neck in work for the Gaelic League, Craobh Scoithin, Tralee, and was active also in the G.A.A. athletics and football. I was a good

sprinter until I broke my leg and played football afterwards under a handicap. I was requisitioned also from time to time as referee in important matches and also as goal umpire. I refereed some hectic semi-finals between Tralee Mitchells and Killarney and it was considered a brave undertaking to do so. However, it usually ended pleasantly, though at times the match had to be terminated before the end of time.

In important matches I had to go on the entrance gates at Tralee with Stack and I remember on one occasion, on instructions, I refused to permit two uniformed R.I.C. men into the sports field. They came back after some time in plain clothes and Stack and myself refused to let them in and refunded their entrance fees. Sergeant Crawford, a Protestant Orangeman, used it against me afterwards when I was ordered out of Tralee when it was proclaimed in 1918. However, he was a decent old man and we became great friends afterwards when he saw that I had left the Volunteers in 1917 for the reason, as he thought, because I got "cold feet" and would be likely to lose my good job.

The Tralee Gaelic League held a Feis and Industrial Exhibition in the Green each year. It was a very ambitious undertaking and entailed a lot of hard work, by night, as I had a job and a half as accountant to Kerry County Council, which position I got on 30th July, 1913. I was assistant clerk in the office of the accountant, Mr. Alfred J. Coyle, a Protestant transferred from the Grand Jury. The first secretary of the Kerry County Council was also a Protestant, Mr. Robert Fitzgerald, also transferred from the Grand Jury. He was a brother of the Knight of Kerry who lived at Valentia and used to speak Irish to me whenever he called to see Mr. Coyle. He told me he learned it from his old nurse at Valentia. He was also my father's Land Agent and they were constantly at cross-purposes, but I got to be very friendly with him especially when he found out who my mother was.

He saved me from arrest in 1916 with the assistance of Mr. Singleton Goodwin, County Surveyor. They saw the officer commanding the British Army at Ballymullen Barracks and, I suppose, persuaded him I was harmless and so I and Jack Collins of Latchford's farm, and Paddy Quinlan, who was a neighbour of Mr. Fitzgerald's at Ballyard, escaped arrest. He never found me out and we were friends to his death.

A Father Donnell and another Irish-American came to me on a day on which a Feis was being held at Tralee, of which I was secretary, on a mission from the Clan-na-Gael of America to found in Tralee the American-Alliance Hibernians. I put them in touch with Stack and the organisation was launched with rooms at Denny Street. A number of prominent people joined without realising that it was part of the Irish revolutionary organisation in opposition to the Parliamentary Party. The late Dr. Brian McMahon Coffey was made chairman and it carried on for a few years until some anti-Redmond Party resolution was put up and Mr. - now Judge - Diarmuid Fawsitt was sent down to explain the position to the members. The meeting lasted far into the night until finally Dr. Coffey resigned when he found where he was. I was at the meeting and voted with the I.R.B. members.

A branch of the Board of Erin Hibernians was then formed and Michael O'Connor, Town Clerk, got me elected a member without my knowledge and when the chairman, Mr. Maurice Kelliher, discovered that there were two or three of us I.R.B. men he had to hold a general meeting to expel us. Apparently, we could only be expelled by a general meeting. I attended the meeting and, notwithstanding that I explained that I never applied for membership, I was nevertheless expelled. Stack told me afterwards that Mr. Kelliher had been at one time a member of the I.R.B. himself, and to Paddy Cahill and myself he subscribed £50 to the Dáil Loan in 1920.

I remember also that O'Meagher-Condon came on a visit from the United States and was accompanied by a man named Harrington, General Secretary of the United Irish League. They were passing by train through Tralee and the Kerry County Council decided to present an address of welcome to O'Meagher-Condon. The address was in Irish and as the secretary, Mr. P. M. Quinlan, did not know Irish, I was deputed to read it to Condon. I had instructions from Stack that we were to shout down Mr. Harrington if he attempted to speak, but that we were to applaud Mr. Condon. I duly read the address from the railway platform at Tralee and Mr. Condon replied and we cheered him. Mr. Harrington, however, was not allowed to speak, though he attempted to do so, and Mr. Quinlan was astonished to see his accountant bawling out the General Secretary of the U.I.L. He was a supporter of William O'Brien's party himself.

On another occasion it was attempted to present an address of welcome to someone of the British Royal family who was visiting Killarney. Mr. James T. O'Connor of Killarney was chairman of the County Council at the time and he got a requisition signed by a number of members directing the secretary to call a special meeting for the purpose. The calling of the meeting was urgent and the requisition addressed to the Secretary of the County Council was booked by train from Killarney to the County Hall at Tralee on a Wednesday, our half-holiday. I was the only member of the staff who was working and the caretaker of the Hall told the railway messenger to push the letter underneath my door as I would not open for anybody. Sure enough, the letter was pushed underneath the door and I picked it up and read it. I dropped it into the waste paper basket and later on went home. No notice of the special meeting was issued and no resolution was passed to present the address.

Close investigation was made into the disappearance of the requisition by the R.I.C. and, finally, it was found in the Urban Council refuse dump at the Basin, Tralee. The poor messenger was heckled out of his wits about it and admitted he put it under the door of my office. I denied having seen it and so they decided that it was swept out by the caretaker inadvertently and thus it got down to the refuse pit. One man, the secretary, had a shrewd suspicion about what happened but, as he explained to me afterwards, the document wasn't delivered to him and he had no responsibility for what happened. He remembered the scene at the reception of O'Meagher-Condon and he kept his own counsel.

Then there was the time that Colonel Moore invited Stack to meet him at the house of Mr. M. J. Flavin, M.P., Rock Street, Tralee. Colonel Moore was accompanied by the Marquis McSwiney of Mashanaglass. Stack took me with him and the principal matter discussed was the unification of the Volunteers. There was no agreement as a result of the talk. I understood from Stack that Colonel Moore was, or had been, a member of the I.R.B. Stack had, I know a great personal regard for Michael Flavin.

The Gaelic League Committee decided to invite Pdraig Pearse to give an address at the opening of the Feis and Exhibition. Pearse had been editor of An Cliabh Soluis, the official organ of the Gaelic League and he had, a short time before, to resign the editorship because it was alleged that he was using the paper for political purposes.

I was secretary of the Branch and I was directed to meet Pearse at the train when he arrived from Killarney and warn him that he wasn't to introduce politics into his lecture at the Green. I had never met Pearse and I had considerable misgivings about delivering

my instructions. We walked down from the train and on the way down I explained to this austere looking young man the mission I got. He saw my embarrassment and remarked that my mission was apparently not to my liking. He assured me smilingly that I could tell the committee that they would have nothing to complain about and, in a beautiful setting under the trees in the Green, he delivered an oration which enthralled the large gathering of people who were in attendance.

Mr. Charles Downing, a Catholic Unionist solicitor, was so captivated with his language that he asked me to get permission from Stack to attend a review of the Volunteers in the Sports Field which Pearse addressed and at which he made it plain that a rising would take place.

All these incidents during a period of more or less of stagnation in political matters added up and kept reminding us of our obligations under our oath to the organisation until the opportunity arose to put our plan of military training into operation at the formation of the National Volunteers in Tralee in 1913.

I have told already the part I took in starting the formation of the Volunteers and, I think, of the small part in their training up to the Redmondite split at the Rink.

I was selected to go on a summer training course somewhere in the West of Ireland in 1915, but I had to forego it because of the difficulty I had in getting off at the selected time and somebody else went instead. No doubt the hand of the I.R.B. was in the selection, as I was then regarded as suitable, educated, athletic and enthusiastic. I did not go and so I was left over to be selected later in 1917 for the military post that I was least fitted for by

temperament and upbringing. When Stack suggested it to me after they had come home from English prisoners in 1917, I saw that I could make a success of it. Mick Collins thought I did, after a long and trying experience of my service with him, and he said so to a number of those who took his side in the cursed civil strife. I have no doubt if he had lived we would have resumed the close friendship and co-operation that we had, and we would have prevented many of the sad incidents that occurred during the period after his death.

Shooting of Fallon and Boyle - June 1918.

When curfew and restrictions were imposed on the town of Tralee after the firing on Constable Fallon and Boyle on 14th June, 1918 by Tom McEllistrin (now T.D.) and John Cronin (R.I.P.) in 1918, I managed to procure a permit to go in and out of Tralee. The military set up their headquarters in our offices in the County Hall. The Colonel in charge was an Englishman, Colonel Brockhouse, and his next-in-command was Major Topping, an Irishman, from Cork I think. Colonel Brockhouse left everything to Major Topping and I tried to make Topping and his soldier staff as comfortable as possible. I advised him to take the Audit office and fixed him up with a typewriter and paper and carbon when they were short of these, and made myself generally useful to Topping. I was a good typist and often helped his N.C.O. in the typing of reports and heard practically everything that was going on. Topping gave me a special pass to go in and out of Tralee and to travel after curfew. Luckily I did not run into trouble for a long time until a Constable Kennedy, a Tipperary man stationed at Castlegregory saw my permit which he doubted and thought was forged. He consulted Sergeant Crawford, R.I.C., who was then Crime Special Sergeant and who knew me to have been in the Volunteers. He reported to Major Topping and I was arrested and brought before Colonel Brockhouse to whom I admitted I was at one time in the Volunteers

and left them as I didn't want to lose my good job as County Accountant. I reminded Major Topping that I made things easy for him when he wanted to set up his office and gave him every assistance otherwise. I was discharged without a stain on my character and for a while my friendly relations with Major Topping were resumed. However, somebody raised doubts in their minds again about me and I was served with a notice ordering me to leave the town within twelve hours. I did and went to Ballyferriter to some relations of mine for a holiday. Ned Harty, the assistant secretary, was away ill for a long period and Mr. Michael J. Quinlan, the County Secretary, had to attend the Revision Courts for Franchise and Jurors throughout the county and there was no senior official available to take over as acting secretary whilst Mr. Quinlan was at the Courts. I arranged with Michael Quinlan to wire to the Local Government Board the circumstances and for instructions. The wire was held up at the Post Office where the military were in charge and after a huddle at the County Hall office with Mr. Quinlan they agreed to bring me back to Tralee. They wired District Inspector Tom Walsh, who was a friend of mine and a relative by marriage, to locate me and get me back. Mr. Walsh called on me at Ballyferriter and produced his wire, but I refused to move unless the military order was cancelled. He had to get in touch with the military on the Dingle railway phone and he got instructions to bring me in under arrest. He came along again, but I asked for his warrant and he was stumped. I said I daren't disobey the military order which I produced to him. However, so as not to inconvenience him, I agreed to go along voluntarily with him provided he explained it to Colonel Brockhouse that my action in returning was purely voluntarily. He brought me in his car to Blennerville, a mile from Tralee town, where the military post was and the Lieutenant-in-charge refused to let me in when I showed him my deportation order.

D.I. Walsh had to go into the County Hall to say that I couldn't finish the journey as the officer at Blennerville would not let me in and refused to take me in charge whilst Mr. Walsh went to Tralee for instructions. I was, therefore, at Blennerville, free to go where I wished, but I promised Mr. Walsh I would await his return, which I did, until Major Topping himself called for me and I went back to the County Hall and got served with another Order forbidding me to leave the town of Tralee until further orders. Major Topping enjoyed the stratagems I devised to get even with them. Colonel Brockhouse was very cross with the R.I.C. and Sergeant Crawford told me, when the war was over and both of us and Paddy Barry, Brigade Chief of Staff, I.R.A., were patients in the Bon Secours Home, Tralee, that I had them in a jam as they could pin nothing on me and they could not satisfy the Colonel that I was in any way dangerous. Topping also was more or less on my side and could not justify the actions of the R.I.C. I continued to be friendly with him and we had many drinks together at the Grand and Central Hotels. I met him in Dublin after the Truce and we joined in a good laugh at the thing, but I did not tell him I was Brigade I.O. to the Kerry Brigade at the time nor to Kerry I. afterwards. He was a nice fellow, a Protestant and a Mason and, of course, a Loyal Britisher whom it wasn't easy to get on the blind side of. He got a good account of me from his Unionist friends in Tralee and he found it hard to believe that I was mixed up with these murderous rebels.

Sergeant Moloney, R.I.C. of Annascaul 18/12/1918.

Sergeant Moloney was very tall, even for an R.I.C. man, and was married to a gentle lady, a convert to the Catholic religion. He was rather a quiet man and not very clever as a policeman. I was on very friendly terms with him and on occasions he came to me for advice. He was, however, rather easily influenced by persons in authority. A local farmer, Thomas Mago O'Donnell, who had a brother

an Inspector in Scotland Yard, became a Justice of the Peace. He was very much inclined to avail of the services of the local Courts on the smallest provocation. The O'Donnell family were accustomed to keep the local Courts going even with cases amongst themselves. They were what I would describe as very litigious. Thomas Mago O'Donnell, J.P., was the farmer's name and Sergeant Moloney was very much afraid of him.

There was a family living in the village; the father was John Walsh, a carpenter, an old man, his wife and three boys - Dan, who became Father Edmond, a Franciscan Father, who was Guardian at Ennis; Tom, a younger man, who was O/C. of the local Company of the I.R.A., and Fa-Idy, who was Adjutant of the local Company. The whole family, particularly the old people, were very religious and sincerely patriotic.

The father and boys were carpenters or cartmakers and did a considerable trade and they had, in front of the house near a stream, a place for shoeing wheels of the farmers' carts and, for that purpose, used to light a large fire of turf. The shoeing place was on the side of the street and, apparently, there was some law which prohibited the lighting of a fire so close to the public road, but nobody ever bothered over the years until Thomas Mago O'Donnell discovered the legal prohibition in O'Connor's Justice of the Peace. The Walshs were Sinn Feiners and I.R.A. men and O'Donnell was pro-British though he would be the first to deny it.

The trouble started over the fire and when the Walshs put up a poster on their window about a presentation of a painting by Leo Whelan of Dublin to Austin Stack, the sergeant called to tell them to take down the poster.. The father and mother, when the sergeant called with Constable Regan, refused to take down the poster and this led to an argument and the sergeant proceeded to

National Archives Act, 1986, Regulations, 1988

ABSTRACTION OF PART(S) PURSUANT TO REGULATION 8

**Form to be completed and inserted in the original record
in place of each part abstracted**

- (i) Reference number of the separate cover under which the abstracted part has been filed: WS 1413/A
- (ii) How many documents have been abstracted: 2pp
- (iii) The date of each such document: c. May 1956

(iv) The description of each document:
WS 1413 Wilson student Tully Kennedy p 49 & 50
Information of a personal nature

(Where appropriate, a composite description may be entered in respect of two or more related documents).

- (v) Reason(s) why the part has been abstracted for retention:
(c) Would or might cause distress or danger to living persons on the ground that they contain information about individuals, or would or might be likely to lead to an action for damages for defamation.

(These will be the reasons given on the certificate under Section 8(4).)

J. Moloney
Name: (J. Moloney.)

Grade: Col.

Department/Office/Court:

Date: 7 March 2003.

pull down the poster, but old John Walsh prevented him. The commotion brought young Tom Walsh on the scene from the workshop at the back. A fight ensued and the sergeant ended up on the floor with Walsh on top of him. Paddy then came in and the sergeant alleged that someone struck him on the head with a mallet and he got stretched until Constable O'Regan intervened and hauled him out. Reinforcements of the R.I.C. came from Dingle and the whole Walsh family were arrested. John, senior, his wife - both over 70 years - and the two sons, Tom and Paddy, and they were taken for trial to the Cork Assizes before Judge Dodd.

Judge Dodd, when he saw the huge sergeant and the old man with the white beard and his wife in the dock with their two sons, asked the sergeant did he seriously want him to believe that these old people tried to murder him. He ordered the old man and his wife out of the dock and adjourned the case against Tom and Paddy to the next Assizes.

I travelled on the train to Annascaul on the evening the sergeant and Constable O'Regan came back from Cork. On coming out on the platform I was told by a young lad named John O'Shea that the sergeant was to be shot and I ran from the station towards the village and just as I reached my own house I saw a chap on one knee put up a shotgun and fire at the sergeant. Luckily the latter had a heavy greatcoat over his uniform and the pellets, or most of them, were unable to penetrate the heavy overcoat. He was taken off to Dingle Hospital where he was found to be suffering only from shock. When he heard the shot the sergeant turned around before he started to run for the barracks and the only one he saw standing on the street was myself, but he said that I would never fire at him as we were good friends. We were

Nevertheless, the village was invaded by a large number of police and military and my home was searched, a large house, from end to end. District Inspector Walsh from Dingle was in charge of the police and he found in my bedroom a Manual of Military Training and some compromising documents which he stuffed into his overcoat pockets. His only child, a daughter, was engaged to be married to Dr. Paddy Moriarty, a first cousin of mine, and they were married shortly afterwards. He kept the Manual and documents for some years and never officially produced them until his daughter, Mrs. Moriarty, gave them back to me after the Truce.

My brother, Patrick Kennedy, afterwards shot by British military; Patrick T. Kennedy, now a retired Garda in Cork, who actually fired the shot in Cork; Pat J. Kennedy of Gurticurrane, and his brother, John J. Kennedy; all first cousins of mine, and a man called 'The Hawk' whose name was John O'Connór, and who lived in our house, were arrested and taken to Cork Gaol. Pat T. Kennedy, who had been released from Cork only a short time before, after a hunger-strike, was first released when he refused to take exercise with common criminals. The others were detained for three or four weeks and were then released for lack of evidence.

The two Walsh boys got long sentences, but were subsequently interned as political prisoners until they too got out after a hunger-strike.

District Inspector Tom Walsh was shortly afterwards transferred to Cork County due, no doubt, to the fact that his daughter Josie had married Dr. Paddy Moriarty, before I had any further opportunity of practising my arts on him. I have no doubt but I would have

succeeded in getting him on our side as he was one of our own people and was very sympathetic in a difficult time in 1919.

Sergeant Moloney was shot on 18th December, 1918 and retired from the Forces shortly afterwards. He tipped off Jack Prendergast, cattle dealer, Naas or Navan, that he was being sought for the shooting of two Tans at Ballybrack Station. I was fond of Sergeant Moloney and felt he was a victim of circumstances.

Sergeant M. O'Rourke, Tralee. (1918-1920).

When a new Volunteer scheme of organisation was made in 1919 and Kerry was divided into three brigade areas I was appointed Director of Intelligence to Kerry I Brigade, having been Director of Intelligence for the Kerry Brigade since 1917.

Kerry I Brigade area comprised the town of Tralee and the territory radiating therefrom to the Shannon in the north, to beyond Castleisland and up to Knocknagoshel and Brosna, Castlemaine Milltown and to beyond Glenbeigh railway station in the east and south, and the Dingle Peninsula in the west. There were eight battalions in the area - Tralee, Ardfert, Lixnaw, Castlegregory, Dingle, Listowel, Castleisland and Killorglin.

A change was made before the Truce: Castleisland was attached to Kerry II early on but was transferred back to Kerry I again before the Truce and Killorglin battalion was shifted to Kerry II.

I had no experience of Intelligence nor did I get any training nor instructions. Rather, I set out for Mick Collins what I thought should be the procedure in carrying out my duties.

I made the acquaintance of Sergeant Michael O'Rourke sometime in 1919 through his being a fluent Irish speaker and anxious to

practise speaking the language when he would find anyone willing to join with him. I was glad to have anyone also with whom I could keep my share of Irish alive. In course of conversation he told me he was Crime Special Sergeant at headquarters of the R.I.C. and he had to deal with political as well as ordinary crime. I don't think he knew at that time that I was Brigade I.O. though he asked me why I had left the Volunteers seeing that I marched in with the Dingle contingent in Easter 1916. I gave as my explanation that I had a good job and I didn't want to lose it and suffer as my father did before me. He knew my father and his history, and, though he may have had his suspicions, he thought, I suppose, that the influence on me of the Moriarty side of the family was the stronger. I asked him how his job was run and its organisation generally. I soon realised that the R.I.C. kept a constant watch on the activities of all the national organisations and up to that time were able to keep a "representative" in the republican secret organisation, the I.R.B. and so, were in a position to know what was going on fairly well. They were well supplied with items of information also from the Masonic Lodge whose members worked hand in hand with them. I learnt a good deal about organisation from Sergeant O'Rourke and I began to apply what I learnt to my own area and gave Mick Collins a detailed report of what I learnt and what my own idea of our organisation should be. I did this in discussions I had with Mick in Dublin where I attended a few conferences with other I.Os.

I set about roping in the friendly Post Office officials, the hotel employees and any other persons whom I thought would be of assistance at some time. I had no difficulty in getting particulars of the military in the area, their numbers and armament, and I had from Dublin Castle the number of police in each R.I.C. barrack every quarter, as they had to supply these particulars with their claim for

extra constabulary. I used to get the battalion I.Os. to check up on the figures supplied.

I hadn't much experience of intelligence up to then and was scared to put it up to Sergeant O'Rourke, but he started himself by telling me that they were going to raid for the Brigade Adjutant, Daniel J. O'Sullivan, and arrest him on a certain morning. Dan was fined for having a ground-sheet in his possession, but refused to pay the fine. Cahill at first was reluctant to let his Adjutant go to prison, but decided to let him go as he had Garvey as substitute. Dan served his sentence and Sergeant O'Rourke was disgusted as it was he caught him, he said, by accident.

Apparently, Sergeant O'Rourke was anxious to show his friendliness and that he was willing to help and a short time afterwards he came along to me with a £1 note and said: "Will you give that to Paddy Cahill for Austin Stack's presentation." The officers and men of Kerry I Brigade decided to present Stack with a portrait of himself in oils by Leo Whelan of Eccles Street, Dublin, a Kerry man. I said I would ask Cahill, but would return the £1 if it was not acceptable. I went to Cahill who sent me to Stack, and he advised me to take it and try to get in with him. Stack had a high opinion of O'Rourke for some reason or other. I thanked him for the subscription and hopped it up to him whether he would assist us. He agreed and I asked him to get me the key to the code used by the R.I.C. for telegrams. I had it that night and the following day went off to Dublin with it to Mick. Mick was delighted and I promised he would have it every month and at every change. Before that, Mick could get it only irregularly and all Brigade I.Os. who could get the telegrams had to send them to Dublin Headquarters for decoding. We had no bother after that and Mick said that he

was the first man to supply it regularly. He furnished us with the code and word about all raids and suspects from then till he retired sometime at the end of 1920. I got the Governor's House in the gaol for himself and his family in 1921 after the British forces had gone. The County Council rented the house to him and afterwards to his wife at 3/6d. per week and his wife and family are still there. His son, Michael O'Rourke, was secretary to Kerry County Board of the G.A.A. and is now its representative on the Central Council.

I had to disclose my relations with Sergeant O'Rourke to the members and officers of the County Board, most of whom were ex-I.R.A. men, to show that his son was worthy of their trust and support.

Sergeant O'Rourke, R.I.C. 1919-1921.

I came in touch with Sergeant O'Rourke of Tralee R.I.C. Headquarters early in the Volunteer period, about 1919 or possibly 1918. Mr. Daniel O'Sullivan, later in the Irish Army, was Chairman of Tralee U.D.C. and Brigade Adjutant Kerry I Brigade and on a raid on his house by the R.I.C. an army ground sheet was found and he was fined at the Tralee Petty Sessions with an alternative of one month hard labour. He refused to pay the fine and the R.I.C. were ordered to bring him in. Sergeant O'Rourke came to tell me that they were to raid for Dan on a certain morning so that he could evade arrest if he was so minded.

The Brigade O/C. decided that Daniel O'Sullivan might just as well serve the sentence as we had a substitute to act as Brigade Adjutant, Paddy Garvey, who was acting as Director of Communications and was then an unmarried man.

Sergeant O'Rourke complained to me that he had great difficulty in getting information to Brigade Headquarters as he knew of no contact

whom he could trust. I hadn't much experience of Intelligence at the time and I was scared to have much to do with the R.I.C. I went to Dublin and consulted Mick Collins, Director of Intelligence. He advised me to keep contact with O'Rourke and on the first opportunity to put it up to him to supply copy of the key to the R.I.C. code.

In a short time I met the Sergeant and had a discussion with him on the general political situation. There were no Tans here at the time but there was considerable antagonism to the R.I.C. and it wasn't popular to be seen associating with them nor talking with them. It was difficult to get a suitable person who could keep contact with him outside myself but eventually I arranged that he keep in contact with Mr. Daniel McSweeney, N.T., who was living next door to him and who was already on my staff.

I kept in touch with him also myself and when I had an opportunity, I asked him for the key to the R.I.C. code and he delivered it to myself. I sent it to Mick Collins and henceforth I was able to supply it to Headquarters every month and after each change where the R.I.C. suspected we had got it. Mick told me afterwards that it was the first time he was able to procure the key regularly and it laid the foundation of the elaborate scheme of intelligence in the post offices especially Tralee which was the head office for the area which was covered by Kerry I Brigade.

Comprised in Kerry I. was all of the County Kerry from the borders of West Limerick to the Atlantic and South to Tralee, the Dingle peninsula, Castleisland, Milltown and Killorglin just beyond Glenbeigh. In all that contacts were established in the Post Offices but it was in Tralee Office, which was by far the most important, that the organisation had to be made perfect. Tralee was the

headquarters of the British military and police forces and it was important that we should be in possession of all telegraph messages, in code or in the clear, which came through Tralee Post Office and, where possible, letters and 'phone messages.

Mr. Austin Stack, then Brigade O/C., very early on brought Mr. Tom Dillon, Chief Clerk at Tralee Post Office to me and possibly to Paddy Cahill, then Brigade Adjutant, also. We discussed ways and means of getting hold of copies of telegrams, letters etc. to the local British forces, and we arrived at a modest arrangement about it. I gradually made the acquaintance of every member of the staff and roped them into my organisation singly and had no difficulty in getting what I wanted.

At first I had to depend on Mr. Dillon and then had Fianna boys made telegraph messengers. One of the latter, Gongs Griffin (R.I.P) was caught by the Chief Telegraphist, Ned Myers, and reported to the Postmaster Mr. Senior, an innocent Englishman, for opening and copying a code telegram but they thought it was a betting code wire. Griffin was dismissed and another Fianna boy replaced him. Ned Myers got threatening letters and had a bad time until somebody advised him, most likely Tom Dillon, to see me, that I had great influence with Stack and Cahill. I promised to see the latter and came back to Myers to tell him that they regarded his offence as a very grave one and expected him to make up for it by supplying them with a copy of every code message which came or went to British forces. He could use me as contact with them. He not only supplied them but brought them to me himself during the whole of the period subsequently and in my absence to Paddy Carvey, Brigade Adjutant, to whom I had given copies of the codes. We frightened the life out of him and he became as enthusiastic as ourselves.

Eventually a Miss Pandy, a neighbour and friend of Austin Stack, was in charge of the Telephone Exchange, and listened in and reported everything of importance and otherwise which she heard passing through, and we arranged a connection between her and the Dingle Railway 'phone at Tralee Station for any messages coming from our forces in the Dingle peninsula and in case she had any messages of importance which should be sent urgently to them.

All the clerical staff were in our organisation and I got hold of the Chief Sorter, a British ex-soldier from Limerick, and he helped me loyally during the whole of the Tan period. He held any suspected letters for me and in some cases we re-posted them if I did not require them. He also suggested from the letters going to them the places or houses which might be addresses to which British Intelligence information might be sent. He was a valuable censor for us and he would not accept any recognition or pension for it.

Another ex-British soldier who gave us great assistance was a clerical officer named Jack Sullivan, a Corkman, who served as a clerk at Tralee Post Office and was a Volunteer before he went to the South African postal service with the late Diarmuid Crean who had been the first Secretary of the Volunteers in Tralee in 1913, and a friend of Austin Stack. Both went out to Nairobi and, of course, were conscripted into the British Army during the war.

In a raid in Austin Stack's digs at Upper Rock Street, Tralee, after 1916 the R.I.C. discovered a letter from Crean to Stack compromising him with the British authorities and he was dismissed from the British Army and from the Post Office. He came back home and, though he was a married man, he took a very active part in the Dingle peninsula against the Tans and British forces generally. He was in Tadhg Brosnan's column and fought with him in ambushes and barrack attacks.

Jack Sullivan was demobilised at the close of the war and was transferred back to Tralee Post Office. He married a friend of mine, Baby Collins of Upper Castle Street, and I became very friendly with him. I found he had retained his former loyalty to Ireland and especially when he realised the policy of the British. He immediately decided to help us and proved a valuable acquisition with his army and post office field training. He brought about, in communications with Cork, the ambush of at least two British columns conveying important British officers and officials from Kerry to Cork.

The Local Government Department.

I was called to Dublin in April, 1920, by Mick Collins who was then Director of Intelligence, I.R.A., G.H.Q., and called at 22, Mary Street, which was his Headquarters.

I was ordered to report to Mr. Kevin O'Higgins at the offices of the Local Government Department over Greene's Library or Bookshop in Clare Street, for the purpose of advising on measures to prevent the levy of Criminal Injury decrees on Borough and County Councils arising out of claims by Crown Forces for injuries and deaths sustained in the Anglo-Irish war.

When I had located the offices, which were camouflaged under the name of some firm of Solicitors, the first man I met was what I took to be a clerical assistant and who I believe was afterwards in charge of the ushers at the Local Government Department at the Custom House. I don't remember his name but on enquiry a few years ago I was told he was on the retired list. He had a slight limp acquired, I was told, during the fighting in 1916. He brought me to another room to Kevin O'Higgins and the only other person I remember seeing was Dan McCarthy who was the Director of Elections and with whom I was already acquainted. Kevin O'Higgins was acting for William Cosgrave, then Minister for Local Government, who was either ill or a guest of one of

His Majesty's prisons. I had heard of Kevin O'Higgins from Austin Stack who had a great admiration for his ability.

O'Higgins discussed the position with me and I set out to plan a means of evading the liability of the Councils for these decrees which were becoming oppressively heavy on the rates especially in Dublin and counties like Kerry. I drew up a memorandum setting out my plan and suggested that he should also consult some other friendly officials. My memory is that the two officials who were consulted were Henry Mangan, Dublin City Accountant and Denis O'Carolan Rushe, Secretary to Monaghan County Council.

A Commission was then set up by the Dáil to study the problem caused by the garnisheeing of the funds of the Councils to meet these decrees and to report on this and other matters affecting Local Government.

I have a copy of the final report of this Commission in which the terms of reference are set out and the Commission held several sittings at various places in Dublin. The Chairman was Kevin O'Higgins, T.D., and the Secretary was Rory O'Connor.

The following were the members of the Commission :-

Toirdhealbhadh MacSuibhne, T.D., Lord Mayor of Cork.

M. O'Callaghan, T.C., Mayor of Limerick.

Brian O Ciosoig, T.D., M.D.

Ramon Duggan, T.D.

R.F. Hayes, T.D., M.D.

Tadhg O Cinneide, Accountant, Kerry County Council.

Seamus Ua Laoidhleis, T.C., Accountant Dublin County Council.

Alastair MacCaba, T.D.

Joseph McDonagh, T.D., Ald. Dublin.

James T. McGee, County Council, Dublin.

Stephen O'Meara, T.C., Limerick.

D. Carolan Rushe, Secretary, County Council, Monaghan.

T. M. McRussell, County Council, Offaly.

William Sayers, T.D., U.D.C., Rathmines.

Seamus Breathnach, T.D., Cork.

Siobhan Bean An Paoraigh, T.C., Dublin.

James McNeill, County Council, Dublin.

Several sittings were held and witnesses, mostly officials from Dublin and the country, were examined. One of the sittings I remember held at the house of Mr. John O'Mahony, T.D., was raided by British Forces but word was sent us by one of the detectives in Dublin Castle and we all got away.

One of the witnesses, John Lynch of Kilmallock, County Limerick, who had come up to give evidence, was shot dead in the Royal Exchange Hotel, Parliament Street. He was mistaken by the British for the late Liam Lynch. He was, I think, a Solicitor's clerk and Chairman of the Kilmallock Rural District Council.

The Commission issued an Interim Report dated 6th August, 1920, copy of which is annexed. (Appendix A). Based on this interim report and after a meeting of the County Council's General Council the Dáil Ministry issued a letter of instructions to each Council dated 12th August, 1920, the text of which is set out in Appendix A, of the Final Report issued on 27th August, 1920.

I remained in Dublin from April, 1920 until the end of October, 1920, returning to Tralee on occasions and my job was to attend at the Local Government Department from 9.30 a.m. to 1 p.m. and at 22 Mary Street from 2 p.m. to any indefinite hour. Mick Collins did not believe in an 8-hour day and I was kept busy for the second half of the day and usually into the night.

During the time I was attending the Local Government Commission in Dublin in 1920, my brother, Paddy Kennedy, was shot by a British soldier of the East Lancs. Regiment at a place called Garteena, near my native village Annascaul, County Kerry. The telegram informing me of his death was delivered to me in some Dublin theatre to which I had gone with An Seabhaic, Pádraig Ó Siochfradha, who was then O/C. Dingle Battalion and who was in Dublin. I returned to Tralee and from there went to the funeral to Ballinacourty, Annascaul.

I return to Dublin shortly after my brother's funeral, I think about a week or fortnight afterwards and helped to complete the report on Local Government and I signed the majority report on 27th August, 1920. A typed copy of that report signed by me on the cover under that date is annexed. (Appendix B).

I intended putting in some memoranda on phases of local government but I hadn't the time and I was upset by my brother's death.

I assisted Mr. James Lawless, who was an official of Dublin County Council and a member of the Commission, in the preparation of a memorandum on recruitment, etc. of staff, clerical and otherwise, of the future Councils. This was held to be outside the terms of reference and was not included in the Report.

I continued going to the Local Government Office in Clare Street (Greene's Library) until it was raided by Auxiliaries and shut down, and the Department was transferred to St. Andrew's Hall.

I called as usual at 9.30 a.m. one day and was warned by the Charwoman as I went up the stairs that my friends had left the night before taking with them all their papers etc. She also said that there was a gentleman with a beard sitting in one of the offices apparently waiting for somebody. I walked past the offices and looked

into the room and saw Dr. Maurice Quinlan, Tuberculosis M.D. for County Kerry, and later Brigade M.O. Kerry I Brigade, sitting inside the office.

I called him out and he handed me a bundle of letters and despatches for myself and for various Government Departments. On coming out on the street I saw Dave Neligan and another young detective named O'Connell from Tralee across the street. O'Connell was also friendly disposed towards us though his father was a retired R.I.C. Sergeant. The trams used to come quickly along from Merrion Square and as it was passing the corner I sprang for the step and got it. Dr. Quinlan, (R.I.P) had extraordinary big feet and whilst he managed to cling on to the tram rail his feet were trailing along the ground. The tram conductor pulled the cord and stopped the tram but did not use any violent language as he normally would. I imagine he had an idea who or what we were. We went up the stairs and half way up Nassau Street we met the Auxiliaries coming in lorries to raid the offices. Lucky for Dr. Quinlan that he wasn't still there. He would get short shrift with the stuff he had on him.

Lest I forget I wish to pay tribute here to the loyalty of the principal Officials of the Kerry County Council, of Messrs. W. F. Quinlan, County Secretary, Edmond Harty, Assistant County Secretary, of the two County Surveyors, V.D. Doyle and Thomas J. Delahunty (R.I.P) of the Clerks of the Unions and Rural Councils and the three Clerks of the Urban Councils. None of these old officials was officially connected with the revolutionary movement. Most of them were members of the principal families in the County and had much to lose by the change in government, perhaps their jobs and even their lives. Their positions were made unpleasant and dangerous by numerous raids by British forces on the offices and banks to discover what was afoot. In no case was there the slightest complaint by us against their

loyalty in carrying out the orders of their respective Councils. Meetings were held in out-of-the-way places to convenience the members of the Councils who were mostly officers of the I.R.A. Their presence at these meetings made them undergo all the risks of the members, arrest and death. Often they were questioned and threatened and the British failed in every case to get a tittle of information from them. They safeguarded the funds of the Councils and faithfully preserved the records of the Councils and prevented the enemy from getting hold of any documents which could be used against them. The funds of the Kerry County Council were held safely in the names of three prominent men, Messrs. Terence J. Liston, Solicitor, Tralee, John Griffin, J.P., Rock Street, Tralee, Merchant, and Richard Savage, J.P., Farmer and Cattle dealer; headquarters at Ballyheigue. I joined the morning train at Kells and at Glenbeigh all the passengers were removed to the platform and interrogated by a military Captain. Luckily, one of the R.I.C. named Holland knew me when I went to school in Dingle from my uncle's, Mr. M. T. Moriarty, who was pro-British. It never entered his head that I could be otherwise. I explained that I had gone to Mr. Tom Fitzgerald, Clerk of the Union, about County Council business and showed him my papers. He fell for it and I was allowed re-enter the train and return to Tralee. Mr. Quinlan came by a later train and had a tough time to get back. If the Tans had any inkling that a meeting was in session at the Workhouse they would have raided it with dire consequences to the members of the Council and the officials, as it would have resulted in a fight.

Other meetings were held under similar circumstances and there was always grave danger, but to me it was all in the day's work, whilst I can imagine the worry and strain it was to the non-military officials.

Missions to London and Glasgow (1920).

I was sent by Mick Collins on two cross-Channel missions, one to London to make connection between our Intelligence in London and friendly officers in Scotland Yard. I contacted Mr. Denis Kelleher who was at that time either O/C. or I.O. London or Britain and succeeded in my mission. I stayed in London with a Scotland Yard Inspector who was a friend of mine. I don't think I would be wise to put down on paper the names of the officers I contacted but it is significant that the British Government some years afterwards retired all the Irish officers, innocent and guilty, on pension, but they got their full pensions as if they had served their full time. I never before mentioned this mission and somebody at the other side must have been indiscreet. It might have been that some of them were mixed up in the General Wilson execution and, of course, these quit and came over to this side with Denis Kelleher and Sam Maguire.

The other mission was to Glasgow in connection with the shipment of arms as well as I remember from Aberdeen. Mick Collins instructed me to call at an address in Rutherglen, a suburb of Glasgow. I had been to Glasgow several times before as I had an uncle, a Lieutenant-Commander, serving in British Naval Headquarters at Glasgow. On emerging from Central Station at Glasgow I enquired of a policeman what tram should I take to Rutherglen. He was a Highland man and I had a great difficulty in making myself understood by him, but eventually he told me take what he thought was the correct tram. I don't remember whether he said the blue, red or white line but off I went and arrived at the end of the line at a place called Ryders Glen. I could not locate the address I sought and I was informed by a Trams Inspector that I had come to the wrong place, that Rutherglen was at the other side of Glasgow.

I tramped my way back to Central Station, and whilst I looked around I spotted, in through the window in a Chemist's shop in Argyll Street or Sachiehall Street, a friend of mine named Robbie Ashe from Dingle who was working as a Chemist there. I called in to him and he got off and acted as my guide to Rutherglen. Robbie now deceased was a first cousin of the late Tomás Aghas who died on hunger-strike. We reached Rutherglen and located the address which I was looking for in a new street next to the country. I rang the bell and a young lady with a pronounced Scottish accent opened the door and I asked if the man whose name I had lived there. She said no but if I called back at 6 p.m. her father would be back from business and he may be able to say where my man lived. I knew from her attitude that I was at the right place. We wandered out in the country and called at the house again at 6 p.m.

I rang the bell and the door was opened by a young man whom I recognised, to my astonishment, was an ex-British soldier name Joe Kane from Camp, County Kerry, from my native parish. I shook hands with him and he invited both of us in when I mentioned the man's name I came to see. He said I was with friends, that the man who owned the house was Tom Griffin "Tom Gabha" who would get the man I wanted. Tom Griffin was also from Camp and had been in the R.I.C. He was dismissed from the R.I.C. and got a gaol sentence for marrying two ladies at the same time. He used to play in the same football team, Annascaul G.A.A. as myself before joining the R.I.C. and I knew both men well and trusted them notwithstanding their British service.

I was received with open arms by Tom Griffin and I introduced both to Robbie Ashe. Tom Griffin found my contact and brought him

along, and I saw him alone and explained about my mission, that he was to ship arms from Aberdeen as arranged by Mick Collins. The man was Michael O'Callaghan and I met him twice afterwards, once in the Isle of Man in 1927 and afterwards at Colonel David Neligan's office in Dublin Castle when some appeal was on in the Court of Appeal by Moray for the murder of Bergin of the Free State Army. I called at an office in Sachishall Street, Glasgow which, apparently, was Scottish Headquarters of the I.R.A. and reported my mission carried out. I was received at first by a red-headed lady named, I think, Miss Flanagan, and I met her also in Dave Neligan's office at the time above referred to. I also met some man in the Glasgow Office to whom I reported. I don't know who he was.

I then went to my uncle's place in Hyndland as if I were on holiday and stayed there three or four days. Tom Griffin gave me some money for Tadhg Brosnan, O/C., Castlegregory Battalion, and said he was sending also a parcel containing revolvers and ammunition which would be delivered to me as I was leaving the boat at the North Wall, Dublin. Griffin, Kane and my contact were all working at a Distillery in Glasgow and were apparently members of the I.R.A. or I.R.B., most likely the latter. I crossed by boat to Dublin and spent a good part of my time on the bridge with Captain Boggan of Vexford who was Captain of the boat. He was a friend of my uncle's and lived in Hyndland, Glasgow, quite near my uncle's. We often went to Vass together in Glasgow when I was previously over on holidays, and we were good friends. On arrival at the North Wall I waited at the head of the gangway but nobody brought me my parcel. I was looking anxiously about the ship when the Captain asked me if I were looking for someone. I said I was expecting a message, probably a parcel. He brought me to the head of the gangway and pointed out

and said there is a C.I.D. man at foot of the gangway.

I looked and recognised Dave Neligan and called him up. I explained about the parcel and he went along with me to the Captain's cabin and we collected the parcel and left the boat, and carried the parcel to the Clarence Hotel where we delivered it safely to the custody of the Head Porter, James Cunningham, a Protestant member of our Intelligence. They were duly sent later to Tadhg Brosnan "through the usual channel".

I had bought some papers in Glasgow before boarding the boat but did not open them until I arrived in Dublin the following day. I was horrified to find that the two lorries sent to Aberdeen were held up and after a fight my contact was captured but Joe Kane who was driving the other lorry managed to get away and was not captured. My contact was tried in Glasgow and got a long sentence, 15 years or something like it. Mick Collins got him out after the Truce and I believe went over for him. I heard he was shabbily treated by our Governments and had to go to England to earn his living at insurance. Dave Neligan knows why and so do I but I have it only secondhand and will leave it to Dave Neligan to tell the story if he chooses. It is a shabby story and is in keeping with the treatment these men received when Mick died. I make no further comment.

It was during my sojourn in Dublin in 1920 that I made the acquaintance of David Neligan and through his brother, Maurice Neligan, deceased, got him to join in with the Republican forces. I gave the story of how he happened to enter our services already to the Bureau. His brother, Maurice Neligan, afterwards killed in a motor cycle accident, was at that time Organizer of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union and was then a member of the

I.R.B. David Neligan, now an official in the Irish Land Commission, has to my knowledge written his reminiscences but was prevented from publishing them by the Government Regulations. I think he should be contacted and he may give his story to the Bureau. I consider also that he had been badly treated. He was a man of undoubtedly great ability and he is left in the Land Commission without a hope of promotion in a job where his talents are utterly wasted.

I was in Dublin mostly from April to end of October, 1920 until Mr. Cahill, who was Brigade O/C. Kerry I., after numerous protests got me transferred back to Tralee before the general attack on the Tans on the night of 31st October 1920/ 1st November, 1920, commonly called "November Night".

G.H.Q. had originally decided on a general attack on British Crown Forces on that night as a reprisal for the execution of Kevin Barry. Orders were sent out to that effect to each Brigade O/C., but it wasn't thought necessary to send it to Kerry I. as I was returning to my headquarters in Tralee in the last week of October and I conveyed the order to Paddy Cahill. A cancelling order was sent out in the last minute but no cancelling order reached Kerry I. and the general attack was carried out in our Brigade area.

My brother, Paddy Kennedy, was shot by a British soldier of the East Lancs. Regiment at a place called Gurteens, near my native village Annascaul, County Kerry. The telegram informing me of his death was delivered to me in some Dublin theatre to which I had gone with An Seabhac, Pádraig Ó Siochfradha, who was then O/C., Dingle Battalion and who was in Dublin. I returned to Tralee and from there went to the funeral to Ballinacourty, Annascaul. I came back to Tralee during the week following the funeral which

took place on 21st August, 1920, but did not sleep at my digs at Nelson Street, now Ashe Street. A friend of mine who was Bishop of Savannah, U.S.A., named Michael Keyes or Kaye called at my digs to see me and sympathise with me. We were former schoolmates at the Christian Brothers School, Dingle, where he became a Monitor before emigrating to the U.S.A. Father John Kennedy, O.P., a cousin of mine, was President of the Diocesan College at Washington where Bishop Keyes became a teacher or professor and from which he was elevated to the Bishopric of Savannah. Mrs. Byrnes, our landlady, mistook him for a priest and invited him to occupy my room and bed for the night until I came back the following day. Two shots were fired from the opposite side of the street by a party of British military at the shadow which appeared on the window blind, but neither of the bullets hit His Lordship but lodged in the opposite wall. He threw himself, clothes and all, into bed and stayed there until morning. The bullets were .303 fired from a rifle or rifles.

An inquest was held on my brother though it was prohibited by a Government telegram to the Coroner, Dr. John O'Connell, LL.D., and a verdict of wilful murder was returned against a soldier, known as Ginger George and Jaspar a Black and Tan. The soldier named Ginger George was transferred to another English Regiment but Jaspar the Black and Tan was captured and executed, despite my protest, and buried in the Fanna sandhills. His remains were subsequently exposed by the blowing away of the sand and I had his corpse transferred to England by the Kerry County Council for burial. I had already certified his execution so that his wife and family could get the compensation paid by the British Government.

The British military also held an Inquiry in lieu of the Inquest at which Ginger George gave evidence to the effect that my brother

was pointed out to him by a Sergeant Clarke, of Tralee R.I.C., as an I.R.A. officer and said he was the man who shot Sergeant Moloney, R.I.C., Annascaul, in December, 1919, arising out of the trial of the Walsh family of Annascaul at Cork Assizes. Sergeant Moloney was shot in the backside by a first cousin of mine, another Pat Kennedy of Coumduffmore, Annascaul. The weapon used was a shotgun and the Sergeant was only slightly wounded as he had a greatcoat on him which prevented the pellets from penetrating his bottom very far, and not much damage was done. The evidence described how Sergeant Clarke pointed out my brother to Ginger George in his own home which is a pub. Later that day a young man named Jack Kennedy of Anagap, who was returning from a funeral at Inch with a number of others and who had been at the ambush at Ballinclare on the previous day, ran away at the approach of the lorry of Tans and military who had been scouring the country about. Kennedy ran towards the mountain at Gurteen and was followed by Ginger George and the Tan, Jaspar. Jack Kennedy escaped them but they came on my brother in a bothareen with two young lads named Counihan and James Mannix, now N.T. at Ballinalee, County Longford. Counihan is in the U.S.A. Ginger George said he recognised my brother as the I.R.A. officer pointed out to him in the morning by Sergeant Clarke and shot him. The Tan who was with him did not fire.

I had this information from Mr. Eugene Downing, Crown Solicitor, whose brother was Mr. Francis Downing, Solicitor to Kerry County Council, who was a great friend of mine. Officers and men from all three Kerry Brigades attended the funeral and the British military and Tans were present but did not interfere and he was buried with full military honours.

Paddy Cahill, Brigade O/C. Kerry I. met me on my arrival from Dublin for the funeral and said I was to take no action by way of

reprisal for my brother's death. He was aware that I had a good deal of influence with the Battalion Officers, especially with Tadhg Brosnan, O/C., Castlegregory Battalion; but I assured him I would do nothing which had not the approval of G.H.Q. and his approval as well. In fact, I had to use all my powers of persuasion to prevent any ill-conceived attacks on the British. I returned to Dublin shortly after my brother's funeral, I think about a week or a fortnight afterwards, and helped to complete the Report on Local Government and I signed the majority report on 27th August, 1920. I intended putting in some memoranda on phases of local government but I hadn't the time and I was upset by my brother's death and the effect it would have on my sister with whom he was living at the time.

All the monies of the Council were duly accounted for at the subsequent audit after the struggle was over. I think it is time that tribute should be paid to the invaluable assistance given to us by these men. All honour to them and may those of them who have died gain eternal bliss.

As an example I remember one occasion when the Kerry County Council held one of their meetings at the Office of the Board of Guardians at the Workhouse, Caherciveen, about a mile east of the town. The members of the Council, all "wanted" men, came from all parts of the County Kerry, some by boat from the Dingle and North Kerry districts and some by "shanks mare". The meeting was held after dark and proceedings lasted until after midnight. Mr. Quinlan, the Secretary, and I travelled by train from Tralee and took our papers for the meeting with us. We left the train at Kells which is the next stop before reaching Caherciveen and walked from there to the Workhouse. I had finished the finance portion of the meeting about 9 p.m. and had nothing much else to do. Tom Clifford, O/C., 2nd

Battalion, who was a member of the Council, suggested that we go down the backway to Caherciveen for a drink. I got permission from the Chairman (An Seabhac) to go, and Tom Clifford, who was a native of Caherciveen, led the way down away from the roads by a short cut. We went into Denis J. O'Connell's pub. by the back way and had a few drinks in the snug there. Denis O'Connell was an old friend of both of us and a Republican of long standing. After some time some local, who was a Volunteer, came into the snug and after a hurried consultation they decided to attack some lorries of Tans who had gone to a place locally known as "over the water". I refused to have anything to do with it as it had not the authority of the O/C., Kerry III. Brigade, in whose territory we were. I advised Clifford to have nothing to do with it unless he had the consent of Jeremiah Riordan who was O/C. Kerry III. He took no heed of my advice but went away with the local man. About an hour afterwards we heard some shots and saw the glare of a fire down the street. Denis O'Connell made enquiries and found that three houses were set fire to by the Tans who had been ambushed coming back from "over the water". One of the houses was a drapers shop owned by Jeremiah O'Connell, a brother of Denis, and two houses owned by Joseph Brennan, later Senator Brennan. Needless to say, that was the last I saw of Tom Clifford for that night as I thought.

Tom Fitzgerald, Clerk of the Union, had a hotel next to O'Connell's and I sent for him as we expected Denis O'Connell's to be burnt down also as he was a prominent Sinn Feiner like his brother Diarmuid. Joe Brennan was also a prominent Gaelic Leaguer, as well as Sinn Feiner. Tom Fitzgerald took me into his hotel and upstairs as the bar and ground floor was crowded with Tans and R.I.C. I remained there until after midnight and then went by the backway shortcut to the Workhouse under the guidance of a man sent by Tom Fitz.

When I arrived Tom Clifford was awaiting me but the remainder of the Council and the Secretary had departed. Tom and I had a feed and a few drinks from the good sisters of the Mercy Order and we slept that night in the general ward with the inmates as the safest place to stay. Some of the inmates kicked up a row as they complained they could not sleep owing to a kind of whistle made by a bronchial tube when Tom was sleeping.

Tom went by boat from Coonana and reached the other side of Dingle Bay at Annascaul and so reached his Battalion.

Ambush at Findlater's Church, Dublin.

Another incident during one of my visits to Dublin was my visit with Mick Collins to the Gaelic League Rooms in Rutland Square, now Parnell Square, to vet a prospective Brigade I.O. from the West of Ireland, Mayo or Sligo. We left 22, Mary Street, G.H.Q. of Intelligence, and called at the Gaelic League Rooms. After our interview with our man I advised Mick that I did not think him suitable for the job. We left and proceeded up the Square and across to Findlater's Church where we turned about and went down towards O'Connell Street along by the Rotunda railings on the right-hand side. About half ways down the street towards the Parnell Monument Mick was overtaken and stopped by a small man and he hurried me along to a gate half-ways or so down and told me go along a concrete footpath towards what was then the Post Office Parcels Office.

I entered the building just after I heard shots and explosions up towards Findlater's Church and I was immediately given overalls and was put loading parcels into square wickerwork containers. I was probably engaged in this work for about twenty to thirty minutes when all was quiet again and I was relieved of my overalls

and returned back the concrete path to the gate where I originally entered. On emerging out of the gate I walked right into an Auxiliary who held me up and searched me for a gun and then I produced a Military permit in an assumed name which I got from a friendly officer from Ballymullen Barracks, Tralee. Just as the Auxiliary was examining the permit who came along but Jimmy Murphy, a Captain in the Auxiliaries, son of Mr. James Molyneaux Murphy, Solicitor, Tralee. He looked at the permit and saw the name and shook hands with me and called me by the name in the permit. I knew then that I was safe though when I saw him coming my knees began to wobble with fright. His father committed some offence for which his name was to be struck off the Register of Solicitors. To save their father both of his sons Jimmy and Harry joined the British Army during the war and Jimmy joined the Auxiliaries. Before he joined the Auxiliaries his appointment was captured by us in the post and he was tarred and feathered by the local I.R.A. He told the other Auxiliary that I was a friend of his, he took me under his wing and asked me whether I could get him in touch with Dan Browne, Solicitor, of Tralee (now Land Commission Judge) who was then a much-wanted man and was working in the Office of Home Affairs (Austin Stack, Minister) on the Quays over Cahills, the optician. On turning about I was horrified to see Mick Collins just standing outside the gate where I came out. He was with a big D.M.P. policeman apparently in conversation with him and as Mick was tall anyone would assume he was a G-man or detective from Dublin Castle. I promised Jimmy Murphy I would ask Dan Browne if he would meet him and he gave me a 'phone number at Mountjoy Gaol where he was in charge of an Auxiliary detachment. He shouted instructions to the next Auxiliary further down to pass me along and just as I stepped out Mick joined me and we were passed along from one Auxiliary to another down to the Parnell Monument.

Just as I got down to the Monument I saw Michael Knightly, then reporter on the Independent Staff and a 1916 man and now just retired as Chief of the Dáil reporting staff, standing near the Monument with Mr. Quinlan, then County Secretary in Kerry and now County Manager for Kerry, who was apparently looking for me. Mick Knightly knew Mick Collins and I could see him restraining Mr. Quinlan from coming over to me. Mick and I went over to Quinlan's publichouse at the bottom of Rutland Square and went upstairs to a room where I explained to him about Jimmy Murphy. He told me get Dan Browne to make contact with him and Dan later arranged to meet him at the Theatre Royal. I was with Dan but I met Dave Neligan in the Bar and, as I did not want him to know Dan Browne nor James Murphy, I went off with Dave Neligan and left Dan Browne and Captain Murphy on their own.

Mick Collins had given me a card which I was to produce to the Head Porter at the Gresham Hotel to enable me to stay in a room there on the night of the ambush. I produced the card to the Head Porter and he was very excited and told me that an Auxiliary had called to enquire if I was staying at the Hotel and he gave my own and my assumed name and gave a faithful description of me that I had a mourning badge on my coat-arm. The porter satisfied the Auxiliary that no such man was staying there.

The Auxiliary was none other than Jimmy Murphy who that evening on reflection came to the conclusion that the man who went with me from the Rotunda was a C.I.D. man and that I was pinched. He tried the Castle and other gaols and eventually tried the Gresham Hotel where he knew Mr. Quinlan was staying. I went off to 3, Lansdowne Terrace, Ballsbridge, where Austin Stack was staying in the house of Mrs. Gordon, later Mrs. Stack. I sent a message to Mick Collins and Mick sent a

tailor along named Paddy Bowler of the Quays (a Kerryman) to fit me out with a new and different outfit within twenty-four hours. I resumed duty, saw Dan Browne, 'phoned Jimmy Murphy at Mountjoy Prison and arranged with him to meet Dan Browne at the Theatre Royal. I subsequently met Mr. Quinlan who wanted me in connection with some County Council business.

Secret Room at Henry Street, Dublin.

I remember one day at 22, Mary Street, word came that the sector about Henry Street and Mary Street was completely surrounded by British forces and a house-to-house search was being carried out within the sector..

Mick Collins took me down to Henry Street and up the stairs in one of the houses. We went along a corridor till we reached what I took to be a bookcase. He touched a spring or something and opened up the bookcase and we went through into a darkened room which I noticed had no windows. He closed the entrance and locked them firmly with a contraption of levers. He told me the escape room was constructed by Batt O'Connor, a Kerryman builder contractor settled in Dublin for some years previously. We heard the tramping of the British soldiers along the corridor and the sound of their rifles as they touched the floor.

We spent the whole night there and were not released until the following day. We slept on the floor, at least Mick did as I heard his heavy breathing. I know I didn't sleep much and I was feeling anything but happy. Batt O'Connor built similar escapes in other houses in the city and he offered to construct some in Tralee for my protection but I was able to manage without them.

3 Lansdowne Terrace, Dublin.

I stayed in houses in Dublin with Mick but in the majority of occasions I hadn't the foggiest notion where I was. I stayed often

at Mrs. Gordon's with Stack at 3, Lansdowne Terrace, and on one occasion Mick Collins and Austin Stack met Lord Monteagle, an old man with a long beard, by appointment. I don't know what they had under discussion but they must have overstayed their time. I arrived at Lansdowne Terrace, to which I had a standing invitation from Mrs. Gordon, just on the start of curfew and complicated the accommodation arrangements as there were only two rooms available for guests. One room had, of course, to be assigned to Lord Monteagle, and Mick, Austin and I had to occupy the other. We got into bed and I occupied a central position, but I found I could not sleep what with the heat and the rumblings of the military and police vehicles past the house to Ballsbridge and elsewhere. I slipped out and lay down on the floor which was covered with a thick carpet. I took the eiderdown off the bed and rolled myself up in it and slept sound until morning. I often slept under worse conditions at places in Kerry.

Brigade Meetings.

I remember sleeping at a house in Camp with Joe Malinn, Brigade Vice O/C., after a Brigade meeting in Camp schoolhouse. The bed was quite hard and Joe kept discussing till morning the affairs of the meeting etc., and I am afraid he talked for a long time to a man in dreamland as I was very tired after walking from Tralee, ten miles.

I slept on another occasion at a little cottage owned by a man named Greany beside the Dingle Railway and Camp-Tralee public road after a Brigade meeting also held at Camp school. I had the Brigade Adjutant with me, Paddy Garvey. When we reached the cottage it was 2 or 3 a.m. and we had to rout out the occupants, an old man and his daughter. Both got out of their beds (two)

which were in the same room. They were the old-fashioned timber beds with feather ticks. The weather was very cold but when I got into my bed, the one vacated by Miss Greany, it was quite hot and I was quite comfortable and slept till morning about 9 or 10 a.m.

Shooting of Bob McElligott,
O/C., 6th Battalion.

Garvey and I set out for Tralee, about seven or eight miles, and were joined by Bob McElligott of Listowel, the O/C. of Listowel Battalion. After some time the morning train came along from Dingle and I put up my hand and stopped the train. I was Chairman of the Committee of Management and though there was no station, the train pulled up at the roadside. I tried to persuade my two companions to travel in by train but they considered it too risky as Garvey had a number of documents. I climbed into the train and just beyond Derrymore Bridge we met a large cycle party of military coming along the public road. They didn't hold us up but passed along towards Camp. At Derrymore Bridge the two I.R.A. officers spotted their advance guard and Garvey, who knew the terrain well as he was a native of the peninsula, turned up a bye-road to the right towards some houses at the foot of the mountain. The road was screened from the military for the whole distance up to the houses and Garvey succeeded in reaching them and dumping his documents.

Unfortunately Bob McElligott took the road to the left towards the sea which was open all the way to the military. Apparently the military called on him to halt but, whether he heard the order or not, he kept on his way and the soldier fired and shot him dead. Garvey returned to the public road to find that his companion was dead. The military thought he was a local and ordered him to procure a pony and cart and took him back to Tralee with the corpse. They were taken to Ballymullan Military Barracks where McElligott's people

from Listowel put Bob in a coffin and took him away for burial. Garvey was held a prisoner for a few days and subsequently released. He returned to his job at the Co-Operative Society premises in The Square, Tralee.

What we didn't know that morning was that an ambush had taken place that night at Connor Hill and the military were on their way out to the district that morning when we ran into them. Another I.R.A. officer, Paddy Kelly, Assistant Brigade Engineer, was on his way back to Tralee from the ambush at Cloghane when he also encountered them. His story should be got. He lives at The Kennels, Celbridge, County Kildare, and he was one of the two men who shot Major McKennon, O/C., Auxiliaries, Tralee, at Tralee Golf Links.

Sack of Trim, County Meath.

I remember one day that David Neligan called to 22, Mary Street, to see Mick Collins and told him in my presence that, as a result of an attack on British forces at Trim in County Meath, the Auxiliaries and Tans at the Castle had planned to sack the town of Trim as a reprisal. Neligan said he would let Mick know the time of attack and volunteered to go with the I.R.A. in the attack on the British. Mick, apparently, had been in touch with Trim and he told me that there would be no reprisal by the British as some Church dignitary at Trim had arranged with the British that there would be no reprisals there, and he believed it absolutely. The guarantee by the British wasn't kept and Trim was completely sacked that night as reported by David Neligan. Mick was very upset by the incident and was very grateful to Dave Neligan. I don't think he ever after took notice of any guarantee or advice by the clergy or local civilians.

Sergeant Michael Costello, R.I.C. 1920-1921.

Sergeant Costello was a native of Glin, County Limerick, and he was in touch with the I.R.A. Intelligence headquarters at Cork before he came to Tralee. Florry Donoghue, another Kerryman, was Brigade I.O. to Cork No. 1 and he told Costello to get in touch with me when he came to Tralee. He was in the habit of going alone into the pub owned by Paddy Quinlan of Bridge Street, Tralee, for a drink, and he asked Paddy if he knew me. I was actually sleeping at Paddy Quinlan's by night at that time. He said to Paddy to tell me that he had come from Cork and that he had a message for me from a friend in Cork. I made an appointment to meet him after closing hours in Paddy's shop and, in the meantime, I found out that he was the successor as Crime Special Sergeant to Sergeant O'Rourke, who had served me faithfully and long for years past. He called as arranged to Paddy's, but before I could see him the Tans raided the place, but it was only for a drink. They found nobody but Sergeant Costello, but both myself and Jack Lawlor, with whom I was sleeping, went out on the roof for safety and it was a cold frosty night and we were in pyjamas and no boots. When the Tans left I went down to the bar and met Costello and he gave me a note from Florry Donoghue. Thus I had a new and valuable ally at R.I.C. Headquarters again where I also had the County Inspector, James Duffy.

During the whole time he was in Tralee Sergeant Costello regularly supplied me with the code every month and whenever it was changed in between as it sometimes was. He also sent me word of every raid by the Tans and gave me a line on the attitude of every member of the old R.I.C. in the barracks. Sergeant Clarke, who was District Inspector's clerk, volunteered to go on raids with the Tans. He explained to Costello that he did so because he believed he would get promotion and expected in time to be made a District Inspector, as others were who went out with the Tans and murder gangs. He sent word to me that

Head Constable French, Sergeant Clarke and a Tan named Heapy from Sligo would raid my digs for me on a certain night with masks on their faces and do me in. The raid took place on the night mentioned but I was not there, as Richard Hudson, solicitor, who was secretary of the Freemason Lodge, and a former schoolmate of mine, had also warned me and told me to go and stay with his mother at Strand Street in the house which is now the Ron Secours Home. Hudson was a descendant of the Mason family of whom one was Robert Emmet. Hudson's mother was formerly a Miss Kate Fawn Mason of Dingle, a Catholic who turned Protestant and married Dr. Hudson of Dingle. Her father was a Protestant and Chief Clerk in Lord Ventry's Estate Office in Dingle, and her mother was Huggard, a devout Catholic. There is a tradition mentioned to me by Richard Hudson that his kinsman, Robert Emmet, is buried in the old Protestant graveyard at Blennerville, Tralee, his body having been secretly brought from Dublin for burial.

Costello also sent word to me that Willie McCarthy of Lixnaw, Battalion I.O. to Lixnaw Battalion, who was in Tralee on a visit, would be arrested by the Tans and done in when they caught him. I located McCarthy at Lawlor's Hotel and warned him and told him to get out of town as quickly as he could. He went to Moore's Yard in Pembroke Street and was actually in a pony and trap about to go to Ardfert where he had relatives, but at the last moment he decided to go to the Dominican Church to Confession. He returned to Lawlor's Hotel where he was arrested and taken by two Tans to the R.I.C. barracks. He was taken out that night by Head Constable Benson and some Tans and taken into The Green where he was murdered after torture. His arms were twisted and broken to extract from him information about the Brigade I.O. to Kerry I Brigade.

I have no doubt but were it not for Sergeant Costello, the Tans and R.I.C. would have done me in also. Sergeant Clarke suspected who I was when County Inspector Blaney gave him the message about the raid for Paddy Cahill on Paddy Cantillon's in Caherina.

Towards the end of the Anglo-Irish war Sergeant Costello was transferred to the Depot in Dublin and I notified Mick Collins. He had difficulty in making contact in Dublin but eventually he did through a Franciscan or Capuchin priest there and did further good work for Mick Collins.

Costello, through my representations, got a job as clerk in the office of Dean Roe, Board of Works engineer, during the Truce. After a time Dean Roe got to know of Costello's activities during the Tan period and he sacked Costello who promptly complained to me. I wrote to Mick Collins and Dean Roe, after an inquiry, lost his job and Costello was reinstated and held the job till he died. After his death, his wife qualified as a midwife and I got her a job as midwife under the Board of Health and Public Assistance. For some reason or other, she left Kenmare and I lost track of her. I think she returned to Galway which was her native place.

County Inspector James Duffy, R.I.C. 1920-1921.

When I came back to Tralee at the end of October, 1920 (at the urgent request of Paddy Cahill, Brigade O/C. to G.H.Q.) I found that there were some changes in the personnel at Tralee R.I.C. Headquarters. Sergeant O'Rourke, Crime Special Sergeant, had retired and had been replaced by a Sergeant Michael Costello who came from Cork. County Inspector Heard had been transferred to the Depot at Dublin and was replaced by County Inspector James Duffy who had been in the British army during the war and left it as a Major or a Captain. Mr. Duffy was son of an R.I.C. Sergeant and was born in Tralee. He was educated at the local schools and at Blackrock College, Dublin, where

he was a schoolmate of De Valera's and of Paddy Cahill's and other Kerry boys. He went from Blackrock College to Skerry's College, St. Stephen's Green, where he was a classmate of mine. We were very friendly there. He was a candidate for a cadetship in the R.I.C. whilst I was preparing for a Second Division clerkship in the Civil Service (British). We attended the same classes as the syllabus was the same.

Later, he had a brother, Jack Duffy, in the National Bank, Tralee, when I was an official in the County Council of which the National Bank was Treasurer.

In the week before 1st November, 1920, I strolled into the Grand Hotel, Tralee, and in the bar I noticed a strange man with Michael Walsh of The Mall, Tralee, who had also been with Duffy at Blackrock College. There was nobody with me and Michael Walsh (who was in the I.R.B.) called me over and introduced to me James Duffy who had been inquiring for Paddy Cahill and myself since he came to Tralee. He was in plain clothes and he asked me about Cahill and said he heard he was gone out to the hills. We stayed till about 10.30 p.m. in the bar and Mick Walsh had left us alone. I accompanied him to the door of the R.I.C. barracks and on the way there he asked me could I get a message sent to Paddy to meet him somewhere near Tralee. He would guarantee him safety to the rendezvous.

I went out and saw Paddy Cahill in Fibough camp and Paddy agreed to meet him wherever and whenever I arranged the venue. Mr. David Moriarty was clerk of the Crown and Peace for Kerry and his office was in the Courthouse, Tralee. He had previously been Chairman of the Kerry County Council and was a great friend of mine. He lived at Ballyard, a short distance outside the town of Tralee, and he had no person in the house except Mrs. Moriarty and a servant. I arranged with

him that he would be away from home with Mrs. Moriarty on a certain evening and that the housekeeper or maid would let us in and show us to the meeting room. Duffy and I left the town and walked to Ballyard House together and were ushered into the diningroom by the housekeeper. In a short time Paddy Cahill came in and joined us. The table was laid for tea or supper and there were some bottles of whiskey and sandwiches on the table. It was a happy reunion in turbulent times and Jim Duffy and myself enjoyed it. Paddy Cahill was an intolerant teetotaler during his life and had no drink. We discussed the pros and cons of the struggle and Jim Duffy volunteered to Paddy to go out with him and serve in any capacity they wanted him. He said he was unmarried, had nobody depending on him and that he was suffering from some form of T.B. as a result of gas attacks in the war. He said he saw no reason why he wouldn't fight for the freedom of his own country after going through "hell" for the freedom of other nations, small and big. We came to the conclusion that his services would be more valuable to the I.R.A. if he remained on in his position at the barracks and I explained to him how important he could be to our Intelligence.

He agreed to our proposals and from that day forward I had two of the most important contacts in Ireland, the County Inspector and the Crime Special Sergeant, Michael Costello. I did not let either of them know that the other fellow was in it and they were both supplying me with the same stuff and were a check on each other. Costello had a suspicion that Duffy was in the swim as he knew what I was and saw me often with Duffy.

During 1921 Duffy got worse in health and had to stay in bed in the Grand Hotel where he was attended by a Bon Secours nurse until he died. His successor was a brother of Surgeon Blaney of Dublin,

and he persuaded Blaney to continue his help and sent for me and introduced me in presence of his Bon Secours nurse whose brother was a Battalion O/C. in West Cork. This brother of hers was killed in one of the wars.

Blaney continued to supply me with information and on one occasion when the Tans had discovered that Paddy Cahill had come home to Tralee to see his mother and was staying at the house of Paddy Cantillon, an ex-British Hussar at Caherina, Tralee, he sent word by Sergeant Clarke to me. Clarke did not tell me, but he let his wife accidentally know and she conveyed it to me unknown to the Sergeant, who was a "bad hat". I got Paddy away before Clarke and the Tans arrived at Cantillon's house. I advised Blaney that Clarke was dangerous and he went on sick leave to the Canary Islands and never resumed duty.

County Inspector James Duffy died at the Grand Hotel, Tralee, in 1921, and was buried at Tralee.

British Spv - Hardy.

Father Carmody, a native of Ardfert, was an American priest home on holidays. His brother, James Carmody, now living at Tralee, was the Battalion Adjutant to Ardfert Battalion, and Tom Clifford, a 1916 man and native of Caherciveen and now living there, was O/C. of the Battalion.

Father Carmody had some money from the U.S.A. which he proposed to exchange in Dublin Headquarters for small arms and ammunition of which the battalion was in dire need.

Father Carmody and Tom Clifford proceeded to Dublin and contacted Sean McMahon, who was Q.M.G. of the I.R.A. The stuff was available but could not be handed over except on the requisition

of a Brigade Officer. Tom Clifford knew I was in Dublin and he located me and asked me to sign the requisition. Although I had no authority to do so I agreed to sign as I knew how desperately in need the Kerry Battalions were. The three of us went to Brunswick Street where the Q.H.G.'s office was and met Sean McMahon, but there was, in another room, a comedy going on and we saw the assembly through a window to which Sean took us. It was an assembly of journalists from all parts of the world presided over by Arthur Griffith, which was attended by a British spy named Hardy, or Gooding and other names - an ex-criminal. He was told it was a meeting of the heads of the I.R.A. and Griffith led him up the garden path till, finally, the spy was unmasked before the whole assembly of foreign journalists. He was told to leave the country forthwith and he did.

Captain Mentor of the Auxiliaries, 1920.

I made it my business to know every Auxiliary policeman stationed at Tralee and to find out all about them. Most of them took excessive drink, some had criminal records, and some - a few - were decent men who came over to earn the £1 per day as they were unable to get a decent job in Great Britain. One of the decent fellows I came across was Captain Mentor, a tall good-looking man of soldierly bearing. He came over to restore law and order and, as he thought, to carry out the duties of an ordinary policeman, to prevent robbery and murder, and all the other crimes he was told were rampant in Ireland. Tralee was his first station and he could be seen directing the traffic at the street crossings in Tralee and generally carrying out the duties of the ordinary policeman. I got to be friendly with him and we used to have discussions about the position. He was surprised that there were so many of the old policemen - the old R.I.C. - still serving. He got to know the people and found that they were law-abiding but

that they wanted to govern themselves in their own way. His experience was that the vast majority of the people wanted it that way and they wanted to do it quietly and constitutionally if they were allowed to do so. He came to the conclusion that he was induced to enlist fraudulently, and eventually decided to resign and go back home. He was occasionally sent on sorties out in the country but came into conflict with nobody.

On one occasion on a Monday morning I was returning by train from my home, Annascaul, to Tralee where I was employed as County Accountant. It was a fair day in Tralee and there was a considerable number of people on the train travelling to Tralee, some from Ballyferriter over forty miles from Tralee. I was on the train travelling First Class as befitted the Chairman of the Railway Company. With me in the carriage was Colonel Chute, a local landlord who was Commanding Officer of the Munster Fusiliers whose headquarters was Ballymullen Barracks, Tralee. He was typical of his class, tall and gentlemanly, and sporting one eyeglass held by a string. The other occupant of the small compartment, the smoker, was Mr. Justin McCarthy, J.P. of Inch, Annascaul, if possible more pro-British than Colonel Chute. He had lost two sons in World War I and regarded the I.R.A. as more criminal than even the English did. He was unpopular in the peninsula as he had been Chief Bailiff in his young days for Sam Hussey, a notorious Land Agent and evictor. He had carried out evictions for Sam Hussey and was rewarded by getting a place from which the local medical officer, Dr. Kane, had been ejected. I remember in my boyhood days that he was escorted everywhere by two R.I.C. men armed with rifles. Naturally, he was unfriendly to my father and aggressively so to myself. As a reprisal for some occurrence in the Dingle Peninsula Captain Mentor was dispatched with a number of Auxiliaries and Tans to hold up the Dingle train at Derrymore, five or six miles west of Tralee, and prevent the people from going to Tralee.

We were all taken out of the Tralee train at Derrymore and lined up along the side of the road opposite the train. Captain Mentor walked along the line of people and when he came to me he told me to go over to the other side of the road next the train. He went along to the end of the line and then addressed them and told them all to go back to whence they came. He then came across to me and told me I could continue my journey to Tralee. I felt anything but comfortable and asked him why he had turned back the O/C. of the Munsters. He said he didn't know him and would I be good enough to introduce him. I took him over to the Colonel and he was all apologies to him and told him he could travel with me. I then thought of Justin McCarthy who was standing near and appealed to Captain Mentor on his behalf. Colonel Chute confirmed my appeal and McCarthy was allowed into the train also. All the other people were left behind to find their way home as best they could. Colonel Chute was profuse in his thanks to me for getting him in, but Justin was truculent and said he could not understand how a Sinn Feiner, as he described me, had influence with the Auxiliaries, and said he would lodge a complaint about it. I conveyed to him that it would be a bad day for him if he did, and the Colonel could not see why a son of my mother's shouldn't have a say more so than people like Justin. He didn't like Justin as an upstart and a servant of Sam Hussey's and a bailiff and he took a poor view of having him on the Bench as a Justice of the Peace beside gentlemen like himself. He never employed a bailiff, as he had never an occasion to. If one of his tenants got into difficulties he came to his assistance instead of evicting him. Consequently he was very popular.

Justin thought better of making any report. Mentor resigned from the Auxiliaries and went home shortly afterwards.

Visit to Lower Castle Yard Canteen with Dave Neligan, 1920.

It was reported to Intelligence Headquarters at 22 Mary Street, Dublin, that spotters were being sent up from Tralee to Dublin to try and locate Austin Stack, Minister for Home Affairs, who was a much-wanted man. After a conference at 22 Mary Street it was decided that I should go into the canteen at Lower Castle Yard with Dave Neligan and have a look around to see if I could recognise any such persons. Dave and I went in through the main gate from Dame Street and proceeded right up towards the building in which was the canteen. I did not bargain for meeting with anyone who might know me and, judge of my consternation when I ran into a Mr. Quinlan-Murphy, Dave Neligan picked up a big D.M.P. policeman in uniform and I don't remember how he introduced me, probably as a friend up from the country on holidays.

We went up three or four timber steps to the canteen and there I was in the midst of a whole lot of huge policemen, mostly in uniform, and I was presented with a large pint of stout. There seemed to be nobody drinking anything but big pints.

I looked around and the only person I spotted was an ex-soldier from Tralee whom I knew. However, I picked out amongst the crowd a chap who was in digs with me in Tralee named Jimmy Walsh from Waterford. He was employed in Nelson Street, Tralee, at a private Loan Bank owned by Jews, and stayed in the digs with me at 9 Nelson Street. He was very anti-Sinn Féin in the early days of the World War I and used to argue pro-British. He eventually got a commission and joined the British Army and left Tralee for good. He did not see me in the Castle canteen and I got out quickly and told Dave Neligan when I came out.

I reported back to Collins at 22 Mary Street and forgot Jimmy Walsh until I ran into him in a bar in one of the side streets off Grafton

Street. He appeared glad to see me and we had a few drinks together. We chatted about old times and he asked me was I in the same old job. I said yes and inquired what he was doing now that he was out of the army. He said he had a job in the Castle but didn't say at what. We made an appointment to meet again but I never met him, as he was fired at going in the short way from Grafton Street and he never came out afterwards by day. Mick seemed to think he was in British Army Intelligence and I assumed he was, as he was very pro-British when he was in Tralee. I checked up on the ex-soldier at Tralee and found he was coming out of the army and was quite harmless.

I know they sent R.I.C. men from Tralee to Dublin to locate Austin Stack and Dan Browne who was secretary to Home Affairs, who was also a much-wanted man, but we had by then roped these R.I.C. men in and there was no fear they would recognise either Stack or Browne. I met some of them in Dublin and had talks with them.

Stack's office was over Cahill's, the opticians on the Quays and it is interesting to note that Mr. Cahill, who owned the place and had his shop underneath the offices, was a brother of James Carey, who was shot at Capetown by another I.R.B. man named O'Donnell. Mr. Carey, the optician, changed his name to Cahill and was not known to Dubliners as James Carey's brother. He was very friendly with Stack and was trusted by him.

Visit to Brunswick Street (Dublin) Police Station
with Mick Collins, 1920.

It must have been in the early days of 1920 before the Tans and Auxiliaries arrived that Mick Collins asked me to accompany him on a visit to police headquarters at Brunswick Street, Dublin, where the Intelligence records were kept. I remember going with him and meeting a man in plain clothes who was obviously a policeman and going into a room where we inspected a book or ledger giving a summary of the political history of certain persons who were suspected of

revolutionary activities. I don't remember who the man who met us was but I presume he was either James McNamara or Eamon Broy, neither of whom I knew at the time. I saw the history of myself up to 1917 when I was supposed to have left the Volunteers. It was then I was appointed Brigade I.O. for the Kerry Brigade and I ceased to march or have anything to do with the Volunteers, to all intents and purposes.

It is strange that in all the subsequent years they never connected me with the I.R.A. though my brother was killed and I used to be missing for long periods during 1920 and 1921. I always kept friendly with the R.I.C. and was never offensive to them. I often helped them when dealing with matters arising out of County Council business such as Food and Drugs, sheep dipping etc.

Eamon O'Connor, Nelson Street, Tralee, 1920.

Mr. Eamon O'Connor was a son of Daniel O'Connor, stationmaster at Dingle in my school days. I went to school at the Christian Brothers, Dingle, with nearly all the O'Connor family except Joe, who was the eldest and before my time. Donal was in my class and Eamon was older and in the classes before us.

The father had been in the British Army, but the boys were always pro-Irish and Gaelic League and some were gifted as singers and artists.

I again met Eamon in Dublin where he was a Gaelic Leaguer and a Sinn Feiner according to the Arthur Griffith pattern. Eventually I met him again at Tralee in 1905 where he was in the I.R.B., Gaelic League and Sinn Fein. He, of course, joined the Volunteers and I.R.A., but soldiering was not in his line and he was used more for propaganda, such as singing patriotic songs at concerts. He became very unpopular with the old R.I.C. even though he had married an R.I.C. man's widow. He had a newspaper and general shop opposite the Courthouse and was doing a nice trade.

He used to say, when he opened the paper in the shop in the morning and an announcement was made about the shooting of an R.I.C. man somewhere: "That's the stuff to give them". It came to the ears of the R.I.C. in Tralee and they didn't like it.

When the attack was made on the Tans on 1st November, 1920, they burned three houses in Tralee in retaliation :- Tom Slattery's, Rock Street, Tom Clifford's (1916) in Castle Street, and Eamon O'Connor's of Nelson Street (now Ashe Street) as well as the County Hall in Stoughton's Row. It was well that they didn't find Eamon at home; he had gone on the run a short time before. He used to steal into Tralee to see his wife occasionally and stay at the house of the Miss Teahans at Russell Street, who were Sinn Feiners of long standing.

One evening I came out of the Courthouse where I was working after the County Hall was burnt and met a Captain . . . of the Auxiliaries. I knew him from the bars of the hotels and often had drinks with him. I asked him to have a drink at Lawlor's Hotel just near and he said he could only have a quick one as he was to be at the Auxiliary Barracks at 7 p.m. to take charge of a raid. I sympathised with him having to go out in the country at that hour and on so dangerous a mission. He said the raid was not to the country but around the corner where the man, Eamon O'Connor, whose house was burned, was staying, and he'd get it in the neck when they caught him. He had to go up to the Technical Schools for his party and I went into the back of the ruined house to Mrs. O'Connor (who fainted). She told me he was at Miss Teahan's and I ran around to Church Street and told Eamon to disguise as a woman and shave off his monstache. I got a servant-girl who was at the Lee Strand Creamery to take him into her pony and trap and drive up Nelson Street out of town. I went into the Manager of the Lee Strand Creamery as I could not get away out of Church Street before they came and I did not want to meet my friend,

the Captain, on the way out. The pony and trap with Eamon disguised as a lady with hat and veil complete were at the top of Nelson Street at the Dingle railway when the Auxiliaries surrounded Church Street, but Eamon had got away to the Dingle Peninsula. It was a good job for him he did. I don't believe he would ever reach the barracks.

Eamon had to remain at Annascaul until the Truce came, at the house of Bob Knightly, stationmaster, who was Battalion I.O. for the Dingle Battalion, and he got many a fright there. He would have been far better off in an active service column, but was too old and not suited for soldiering.

Raid on Brandon for Daniel Jeffers, I.R.A.

Mr. P.P. Fitzgerald, Director of Training and Organisation, Kerry I Brigade, informs me that he supplied a story recently concerning the raid on Brandon by the Tans and R.I.C. from Dingle to capture Dan Jeffers, who was Brigade Colonel O/C., and who was then suffering from an attack of pneumonia and was in Brandon for treatment and nursing.

The R.I.C. man, who was Crime-Special Sergeant in Dingle Barracks which was Headquarters for the Dingle peninsula, was Sergeant John O'Sullivan. He spent all of his service in the Dingle peninsula and was eventually made Crime-Special Sergeant at Dingle Headquarters. He knew me since I was a small child and all my people. He was a native of West Cork and his brother Con was a railway guard between Kenmare and Headford. I knew Con well and knew that he was connected with the I.R.A. and carried despatches between these stations. I was friendly with Sergeant O'Sullivan and with his family who were openly Sinn Féin and Gaelic Leaguers. I asked for his assistance against the Tans whom he hated. He would have resigned but he was an old man and had to await the finish of his service. I advised

him to stay on and help us and he agreed to do so. I also promised him that as far as it was possible for me to do so I would protect him from our side. I arranged a safe contact for him, none other than John Moore of Green Street, Dingle, who was well-known to be supposed pro-British. He was, in fact, a very great friend of mine and he agreed to convey to me any messages he should get from Sergeant O'Sullivan. He did, in fact, send a number of small messages to me before this one came along.

When a report that Jeffers was in a house in Brandon came to Sergeant O'Sullivan at Dingle barracks the Tans arranged to go across Connor Pass and capture Jeffers and probably do him in on the way back. Sergeant O'Sullivan volunteered to go as their guide, and they fixed the time and route. Sergeant O'Sullivan got in touch with Mr. John Moore and gave him the message for me. As arranged by me John Moore went to the Dingle Railway Station, called up the stationmaster at Tralee, James Baily, who got me to speak to Mr. Moore from Tralee Station.

I was then Deputy Chairman of the Tralee and Dingle Railway; in fact, I was the Chairman, as Stack took no part in its management. I got the message from Mr. Moore and then 'phoned to the Stationmaster at Castlegregory, probably Michael A. O'Donnell, and ordered him to send on a despatch to Brandon giving the particulars of the proposed raid and directing their particular attention to the fact that Sergeant O'Sullivan would keep swinging his lantern which he was to carry in the raid as a signal of identification. Mr. Tom Duhig, a local Volunteer, was sent on horseback to Brandon to convey the message. Paddy Paul gave you the rest of the story but thought it was Sergeant O'Rourke, Crime-Special at Tralee who gave me the message. In fact, I had constant contact with Sergeant O'Rourke from as far back as 1918 and 1919 and he did convey the message to me later in the day after I had

already got it from Sergeant O'Sullivan and dealt with it. The deapatch did not come to Tralee Co. Inspectors Headquarters until out in the day on the night of which the raid took place. The Tans drew blank and Jeffers got away.

We thought it better make this correction in Commandant Fitzgerald's story.

The 'phone in the Dingle Railway system was independent of the public telephone but I had it connected up with the public 'phone at Tralee Post Office through the "courtesy" of the Post Office local staff and without the knowledge of the Postmaster, Mr. Senior who was an Englishman and an honest simple poor man. Miss Pandy was the officer in charge of the telephone apparatus at Tralee Post Office and she acted as our agent and as a listening post and right well she did her job.

Paddy Foley, Ballycullane, Annascaul. 18/4/1920.

Paddy Foley was born at Ballycullane, Inch, Annascaul, County Kerry, the son of respectable small farmers. His aunt, who was named a Landers before marriage, was married to Thomas Foley, Rate Collector of Ballintaggart, Annascaul, and the couple had no children. Paddy, when very young, was reared by his aunt at Ballintaggart with the view, presumably, to his getting Tom Foley's land. His father was also a first cousin of Tom Foley's. Young Foley was very wild as a young lad. He was spoiled by the Ballintaggart family. He was related to Paddy Cahill, Brigade O/C., and to most of the Volunteer Officers in the district. His brother, Mick Foley, was a great friend of mine, and another aunt, Katie Landers, was married to my uncle. Mick Foley was a good footballer in the Annascaul team with myself. Paddy Foley was also very friendly with me. When World War I was on he ran away and joined the British Army although he was under age. Tom Foley tried to get

him out of the army but did not succeed, and he served until the Armistice. He did not come back after demobilisation, and I don't know where he was.

One evening in the summer of 1920 he walked into my digs at Nelson Street, now Ashe Street, in plain clothes and stayed with me and with another official of the County Council, Michael O'Leary, who was a first cousin of his father. I didn't pay much heed to his arrival home, but became suspicious when he started inquiring about the reception he would get from the Volunteers at home. He stayed in Tralee about a week and, whilst there the Fianna reported to me that he used to visit the R.I.C. barracks daily. I saw him go in once there myself and I advised him not to go back home. However, one Saturday evening, he travelled out by train with me and had tea with me at Annascaul at my home. I again tried to persuade him to clear out but he wouldn't take any notice of my advice. Of course, I had him tightly watched. He went to Dingle several times and I found him making inquiries as to who were the officers in the I.R.A. in the area. He stayed with an aunt of mine Mrs. Bowler, in the Main Street, and tried to pump her eldest son, Michael, who reported to me. He visited the barracks several times where the District Inspector, Bernard O'Connor who was friendly to us, gave him some notebooks on which to record his information. When he had finished he returned the full notebooks to the District Inspector.

I told our mutual first cousin, Pat Kennedy, Battalion Quartermaster of Dingle Battalion, what he was at and suggested that his brother, Mick Foley, himself a member of Inch Company, and Pat himself take Paddy away by force and detain him somewhere until the war was over. They tried to get him to go but he defied them.

The District Inspector, Bernard O'Connor, sent me word to meet him at Camp Junction station on a matter of great importance.

The two trains, one from Tralee to Dingle and the other from Dingle to Tralee, met at Camp Junction and, as I was Chairman of the Railway Company, I issued orders that the two trains be held until I gave orders that they could go. Nobody noticed much the District Inspector who was in plain clothes, but there were some I.R.A. men on the platform and none of them knew that I was the Brigade I.O. They had decided they would take both of us off the train when Dan Jeffers, who was on the run, came up to see what was going on. When he discovered what they intended to do he let out unprintable language and told them that if it happened the Brigade O/C. would skin them alive.

The District Inspector, O'Connor, handed me over the notebooks and I escorted him to his train past the lads and he went back to Dingle safely. I returned to Tralee and delivered the books and reports to the Brigade O/C., Paddy Cahill. He, Foley, had the names of every officer in the district and every prominent Sinn Feiner, nearly all of them his relatives, in the notebooks. After my name he had entered a big question mark. It was a very painful situation for Cahill and myself as we were both relatives of his.

However, Cahill gave me a job escorting by car some money for railwaymen's pay, apparently to get me out of the way, and, on a holiday evening whilst I was away, Paddy Foley and another ex-soldier, Michael Moriarty, were taken out of Moriarty's Hotel at Annascaul and tried and Foley was condemned to death. He was attended by Father Edmond Walsh, O.F.M., Guardian at Ennis, and a close friend of Bishop Fogarty and, after the last rites of the Church, was executed at Meenascarthy in the Castle Gregory Battalion. The sentence could not be carried out in the Dingle Battalion as almost all the officers were relatives of his.

His brother Mick came to me during the Truce and said if he could have any visible proof of his guilt he would be satisfied. I took him to his cousin, Paddy Cahill, Brigade O/C., who produced the notebooks to him and when he saw and read them he said he would shoot him himself. Cahill also told him that I did my best to save him and ever since Mick and I have maintained our friendship and he did his best to ease the tension in the district caused by my friend Paddy's execution.

To us, his friends, it was a terrible tragedy and I was very upset by it, more so than my own brother's death at the hands of the British.

District Inspector Bernard O'Connor,
R.I.C., Dingle. 1920-1921.

District Inspector Bernard O'Connor came in charge of the Dingle District in August, 1920, after my brother's death, his predecessor having been transferred as a result of the shooting of my brother, I suppose because he didn't keep proper control of the Tans. He may have asked to be transferred after he had interviewed me at my home at Annascaul. I told him I would not let him get away with it and he was visibly frightened. That might have explained the shots which were fired into my digs at Tralee and nearly shot Dr. Michael Keyes, Bishop of Savanagh.

The wife of D.I. O'Connor had been a teacher and a Gaelic Leaguer. She was a great friend of An Seabhac who was the Battalion O/C. of Dingle Battalion. I made contact with them through an Seabhac and the D.I. promised to assist us in every way possible. I did not tell him about Sergeant John O'Sullivan, Crime Special Sergeant, nor another agent I had in the barracks whose name I do not now remember. He kept me posted about all raids and enemy suspects and became so bold in the end that he went to Castlegregory area alone to see, I think, Tadhg Brosnan.

National Archives Act, 1986, Regulations, 1988

ABSTRACTION OF PART(S) PURSUANT TO REGULATION 8

**Form to be completed and inserted in the original record
in place of each part abstracted**

- (i) Reference number of the separate cover under which the abstracted part has been filed: NS 1413/A
- (ii) How many documents have been abstracted: 4 pt
- (iii) The date of each such document: c. May 1956
- (iv) The description of each document:

NS 1413 Wilson statement Hugh Kennedy
named person P 79 - 102 (ind)

(Where appropriate, a composite description may be entered in respect of two or more related documents).

- (v) Reason(s) why the part has been abstracted for retention:
 - (c) Would or might cause distress or danger to living persons on the ground that they contain information about individuals, or would or might be likely to lead to an action for damages for defamation.

(These will be the reasons given on the certificate under Section 8(4).)

Name: (J. Moloney.)

Grade: Col.

Department/Office/Court:

Date: 7 March 2003.

His authorities got suspicious and eventually suspended him and brought him up to the Castle. They stopped his salary and put him through the third degree, but they could not prove anything against him. He was demobbed early without salary nor pension, and he had to withdraw his two daughters from school. The family were in a bad way financially until I met him accidentally in Dublin. I took him to Mick Collins and he got him his arrears of salary and appointed him Garda Superintendent in charge of recruitment of the Gardai. He was at the Curragh when the Gardai mutinied against their R.I.C. training officers and arrested them. An exception was made in his case as there were some of the Dingle Battalion officers in the Gardai who knew of his history.

He was let go and came to Dublin where he met me and both of us went to Mick Collins and he explained, as only an R.I.C. man could, the situation at the Curragh. When the dispute was settled he was re-installed as Superintendent and he was made shortly Chief Superintendent, I think at Mullingar. He was prepared to take every risk to help us; in fact, he was over-eager to do so, and very nearly got caught.

He was succeeded in Dingle by a Major Hamilton whose ancestors came from Annascaul and were middlemen landlords there. My father was tenant of half the farm on which they formerly lived and the other half is now owned by Michael Donoghue, whose grandmother was one of the Hamiltons and had married a man named Currane. They were barons of the old Bailinclare Fair. There is not a Hamilton in the district now where there were formerly a numerous tribe of them, all Protestants.

O.P., Tralee, April, 1921.

was a priest at the Dominican Priory, Tralee, who had been a chaplain in the British Army during World War I, and his Superior or Guardian at the Dominican Convent was Father Ayres, O.P.,

who was a sincere republican and a friend of every Irishman who had taken up arms for the freedom of his country. It was to Father Ayres, Austin Stack, our Brigade O/C, sent me for Confession on the Thursday before Easter Sunday 1916, when he sent me to the Dingle Peninsula to bring in the contingents of the Volunteers who were to unload and cover the landing of the arms from Germany from the 'Aud'.

Complaints had reached me in 1920 that Father [redacted] was making all too frequent visits to the R.I.C. barracks and made no secret of his sympathy with the Tans and R.I.C. I have no doubt but his service in the British Army during the war had given him a false idea of his duty to his own people and country, when they were in conflict with the British Empire in an effort to free his native country, a small nation. He fought on the side of the British, the French, the Belgians and the Americans etc. in World War I, for the freedom of small nations, or so the Governments of these countries said, and he should have known that our attempt was an effort to assert the same right to complete independence.

Anyway, my information from inside the barracks was that his visits were not in connection with any of his religious duties and I complained to the Prior, Father Ayres.

Major Mackinnon was shot at the Golf Links and it appears that Father [redacted] met Mrs. Charles Nolan of Pembroke Street, Dan Browne's sister, as she came out of the Dominican Church after Communion. She was a very religious lady and a patriotic one and Father [redacted] made the mistake of condemning in his talk with her the lads who shot the Major. She replied to the effect that she hoped that God would bless the hand of the brave man who shot the tyrant down or words to that effect.

I was at Mass in the Dominican Church on a Holy Day the following week and Father _____ who said the Mass, turned to preach and told us about this lady, a frequent communicant, who had made use of these uncharitable expressions. Father Ayres, Prior, came on the altar and had a whispered conversation with Father _____ who then said, "My superior has forbidden me to preach" and turned in and continued his Mass.

A few nights afterwards Charlie Nolan's house was attacked by the Tans with bombs in his absence from home, and Mrs. Nolan and her young child - a girl - had a narrow escape. Father _____ had called at the R.I.C. barracks and told his story there little dreaming that everything he said was conveyed back to me at the I.R.A. Brigade Headquarters.

I reported the whole circumstances to Mick Collins and he summoned me to Dublin for consultation. After long deliberation he decided to send me to the Superior-General, who was then Father Finbar Ryan, and who is now a Bishop somewhere in Africa-Zanzibar, I think. I went to see him and I never went through such an ordeal in my life. I was received by Father Ryan with whom was a very old Dominican priest who, I was told, had been a Fenian in his young days - a Father Headley. I spent some time telling Father Ryan, who sat at the head of the table, what I knew and had learnt through my intelligence system. During the recital of my story, Father Ryan was very visibly moved and distressed and I saw the tears in his eyes, and Father Headley, when I was finished, asked me what I would do if he weren't a priest. I told him and he said: "You are a brave man. This is no priest of God. Do your duty, boy, and you need have no fear of the future". He said words to that effect several times and walked out of the room. I don't know whether it was Father Ryan or I

was in the greater state of fright, but I think I recovered more quickly. I said I would go back and consult again my superior officers, but he may rest assured that I would submit being put against the wall myself before I would do my "duty" on a priest, no matter how bad the case was.

I went back to Mick Collins and reported the interview and scene to him. He sent me back for a second interview with Father Ryan and sent with me Mr. Dan Browne who was a brother of Mrs. Charles Nolan. I don't know if Father Headley was present at the second interview but we arranged, I am sure on the suggestion of Dan Browne, that Father should be shifted out of Tralee to some safer place and that Father Ryan should send for him and give him some fatherly advice.

He was summoned by Father Ryan by wire to Dublin and was, after a time, sent to where he did his best to make amends. He did not know till the Truce who the Brigade I.O. was and then he came to me and tried to explain his attitude. I understood what his service in the British army had done to him. He expressed to me his deep regret for the pain and distress which his actions had caused to Father Ryan, Father Ayres and myself, and offered to make any amends he could for his foolish acts. He gave evidence about the burning of the County Hall, Tralee, in the claim for compensation made by the Kerry County Council, and put beyond any doubt that the Hall was burned by the Tans and not by the I.R.A., as claimed by the British.

Sergeant Buckley, R.I.C., Causeway, 1921.

G.H.Q. of the I.R.A. got an idea that by sending down to each brigade an Inspecting Officer he would increase the activities of the I.R.A. in the district. I think it was Eamon Price who was sent to Kerry in and he went to Ballyheigue where Tom Clifford had his headquarters for the Ardfert Battalion of which he was O/C.

Price persuaded Clifford to attack Causeway Barracks where the sergeant - Sergeant Buckley - was friendly to the I.R.A and was willing to co-operate. He arranged with me to fire off all his ammunition during the attack so that the I.R.A. could rush the barracks and take it over. It was arranged that the barrack should be set fire to by throwing a $\frac{1}{2}$ -cwt. iron weight from the adjoining house, which was higher, on to and through the roof of the barrack and then pumping petrol with a hand pump through the hole and thus setting the barrack on fire.

All preparations were made and the lads kept up a fusillade at the barracks and the R.I.C. hammered away in reply with everything they had until they had exhausted their ammunition. Meanwhile, Price and Clifford were up on Roger Harty's house endeavouring to pump the petrol into the barracks, but there was a high wind and the result was that they were saturated from head to foot with petrol and failed to get any into the barracks. They gave up in the end and poor Sergeant Buckley waited in vain for the I.R.A. to come and take over the barracks.

Sergeant Buckley came to me at Tralee the following day and left the R.I.C. and went home to Cork.

Patrick J. O'Connell of "The Kerryman".

Sometime after the organisation of the Kerry Volunteers in 1919 and the formation of the three brigades, someone in Kerry I got it into his head that it would be well to have a group photo of the Brigade staff of Kerry I. The afternoon of a Wednesday was fixed for the taking of the photo at the Sportsfield, Boherbee, Tralee, now the Austin Stack Park. I was duly notified and promised to be there. I was accustomed to go home to Annascaul every Wednesday, which was the half-holiday at Tralee, as well as the week-end.

I completely forgot my appointment to attend at the Sportsfield and I went home instead, as usual. My failure to keep the appointment at the Sportsfield was a pure accident and was not deliberate. Mr. Austin Stack and the remainder of the Brigade staff waited for a time, as they were anxious to have the whole staff in the photo, but I didn't turn up.

Mr. Patrick J. O'Connell, who was Chairman of the Kerry County Board of the G.A.A. at the time, was at the Sportsfield, and he came along to speak to Mr. Austin Stack who was for a long time previously Chairman of the County Board. In order to make up the Brigade staff they asked Mr. O'Connell to come into the photo and he had to remove his spectacles and his hat to make some resemblance to me. He was about my size and had a bald forehead like I had and had the same undistinguished-looking appearance.

Pat was so delighted to be associated with the 'big shots' of the I.R.A. that he bought a copy from the photographer, Mr. Healy, had it appropriately framed and hung in the living-room of his house at Boherbee, Tralee.

Time passed on and arrived in Tralee the Tans and Auxiliaries in 1920. They made extensive searches of the houses, innocent and guilty alike, especially in districts like Boherbee which had a bad name from their point of view. One night the Auxiliaries carried out a search of the houses in Boherbee district and in Pat's house they found hanging on the wall this photo of the Brigade Staff with the inscription by Pat himself "Brigade Staff Kerry I Brigade". Needless to say, the Auxiliaries were delighted and took it away to their barracks and were able there to pin-point each member of the staff with accuracy, but for some time past they weren't able to locate the Brigade I.O. Now they had him, but they decided to bring some of the old R.I.C. Sergeants into consultation. One of these was a sergeant who knew everybody in the

I.R.A. in Tralee except, of course, the Brigade I.O. He could not believe his eyes when, by a process of elimination of the other ranks, he discovered Pat Connell to be the missing Brigade I.O. They were able to identify all of the others with their respective ranks.

The Auxiliaries went back to Pat O'Connell's house and hauled Pat out. They manhandled him and broke his spectacles and took him to the Auxiliary barracks which was in the Technical School at Moyderwell. They beat him up and threw him, bruised and battered, into the coalhouse under the stairs. Major McKinnon, O/C. of the Auxiliaries, was delighted that they had at last caught the infernal Brigade I.O.

Sergeant Clancy, R.I.C., came along to the bar and, when he heard of the photo, he asked to see it. When he had examined it he broke into peals of laughter. He knew Pat well and that he used, on regular occasions, break out into terrific boozes and was the last man that Stack would have as Brigade I.O. He explained to Major McKinnon that he was a perfectly harmless individual and was never in the Volunteers. He was corroborated by others of the old R.I.C. Pat was hauled out of the coalhole into the bar and the Major asked him how he came to be in the photo and Pat explained, but did not know whom he was supposed to replace. The Auxiliaries stood him glass after glass of whiskey until he passed out. Next day, they had difficulty in getting him into hospital. The County Infirmary refused to take him as he had been discharged only a short time before, but eventually they succeeded in getting him into the Workhouse Hospital where he spent two months recovering from the effects of the beatings and the excessive whiskey he consumed.

When the Truce came Pat had a grievance to me that I was the cause of all his sufferings and his narrow escape from death. Pat O'Connell was employed as a clerk in the office of "The Kerryman" Printing Works.

Philip Roche, British Signal Corps, 1921.

I strolled one evening into Lawlor's (Vaughan's) Hotel in Nelson Street (now Ashe Street), Tralee, opposite the Courthouse where I was working as accountant to Kerry County Council with, I think, James Flavin, Brigade O/C., Engineering, and Mr. Tim Hurley, another I.R.A. man. Flavin was teacher of engineering and Hurley was instructor on woodworking, both at the Tralee Technical School. There were two soldiers in the bar and I asked them to join us and we became friendly. One had an Irish accent and the other was obviously English: I discovered, in course of conversation, that the man with the Irish accent was a son of an old friend of mine, Stephen Barry Roche, an Excise man from Cahirciveen, and a member of the old Gaelic League in Tralee, and the other's name was Perry, and he was engaged to be married to a Miss O'Keeffe of Tralee. Roche had occasion to go to the lavatory and I followed him out. There he told me he was a wireless officer at Ballymullen Barracks. I asked if he could be of any help to us and he said possibly he could. Out in the hallway he said he would try to get us some bombs, revolvers and ammunition, and I arranged with him to leave them to a lady named Nora Lynch from Brandon who was a maid at O'Grady's Restaurant at Moyderwell Cross which they frequented during time off. The young O'Grady's - three of them - were members of the Fianna. Roche continued to supply small arms, grenades and ammunition in small quantities.

I continued meeting him and got from him information about wireless messages sent and discussed ways and means of utilising the wireless for other purposes. Roche gave me the information that General Cummins and his escort was going from Tralee to Cork and I passed on the word to Kerry II. with the result that Cummins was ambushed at Brennan's Glen and killed during the fighting. I think

it was Jack Sullivan of the Post Office, Tralee, who was in the British Army at Nairobi, gave me the idea of sending the wireless messages inviting an attack by the British. I am sure I must have discussed it with Roche. He was transferred with Perry to Killarney and then on temporary duty to Kanturk where he tried it out after a discussion with Perry at Killarney before he left. He sent out the G.D.C.B. message from Kanturk and he was caught. He was courtmartialled and sentenced to death. He was defended by Mr. Michael Comyn, afterwards Judge Comyn who walked out of the courtmartial and thus saved Roche from execution. The carrying out of the sentence was delayed and the Truce saved him. Perry was also courtmartialled and sent out to Austria afterwards as punishment. Judge Comyn's statement to the Pensions Board would confirm the circumstances and the result of the trial and should be got at as well as Roche's own statement. My memory of it is hazy, as Jack Sullivan also did something on the same lines, and my recollection of them is confused. There is no doubt, however, about the assistance Roche and Perry gave us, nor about their trials.

I saw afterwards that the shifting about of these chaps was done to locate the particular man who was engaged in it, but I hadn't sufficient knowledge and experience at the time to foresee the result.

I have a file of correspondence with Roche which gives his last known address as c/o Mrs. Daly, 50 Eccles Street, Dublin. I know that Paddy Cahill and Dan Browne were both interested in looking after him in the army, but nobody thought of poor Norah Lynch who died forgotten at the County Home, Killarney, the last resort of a good many ex-I.R.A. men and women, I regret to say. I have great pleasure in having the opportunity of putting on record the assistance given us by Philip Roche and Barry, and the loyalty of this poor humble girl from Brandon, Nora Lynch. May the Good Lord give her a

bed in heaven and reward her for her unselfish patriotism! She was dead before I could locate her, and I suppose I should have looked her up earlier and tried to do something for her.

Phil Roche's brother was secretary to the Department of Justice, but is now dead.

Sometime in 1921 it was decided to provide a munition factory in the area of the 1st Southern Division, I.R.A., and an amount was assessed for the purpose on each Brigade area. The amount requested from Kerry I Brigade was £ ... and Paddy Garvey, the Brigade Adjutant at the time, was directed to send it by cheque payable to bearer to Divisional Headquarters.

I was temporarily absent from Tralee probably in Dublin and, as the forwarding of the money was very urgent, Paddy Garvey decided to get it from the late Paddy Kennelly, Chemist, who had his chemist's shop in the Square, Tralee. He got the cash from Paddy Kennelly, but Paddy had no current account in the Bank as he had only recently set up business. However, they solved the problem by procuring a bearer cheque in exchange for cash from his neighbour and good friend, James O'Hara, Pawnbroker, who had an account in the Provincial Bank. Mr. O'Hara was a good pro-British Conservative gentleman and was the secretary of the local Race Company and at one time owned racehorses himself. He told me that he was a native of Sligo and I was on friendly terms with him. He would never believe that I had anything to do with the revolutionaries as my uncle in Dingle also had racehorses. Anyway, he was on friendly terms with Paddy Kennelly next door and had no hesitation in giving him the cheque.

Paddy Garvey sent the cheque overland to the Division and it was found on Sean Moylan when he was captured by British military somewhere

in his brigade area in North Cork. The British military lodged it in a bank at Kanturk, their military headquarters and it duly arrived at the Provincial Bank, Tralee, for collection. The Bank Accountant, who was then Acting Manager, was a Mr. Brown, a Protestant Mason from Derry, and he wondered what the hell business had James O'Hara in issuing a bearer cheque which had got into the hands of such a notorious rebel as Sean Moylan. He called on James O'Hara and when the latter was queried by him and James had learnt that the cheque had been found on Moylan, he made some excuse to Brown and went out next door to Paddy Kennelly who contacted Paddy Garvey. I was brought into consultation and advised my friend, James O'Hara, to consult his solicitor. I went along with him to his solicitor, Mr. Terence J. Liston. I had considerable knowledge and experience of cheque transactions as I was a qualified accountant and I got Mr. Liston to write a letter to the Provincial Bank stopping payment of the cheque. Mr. Liston called with Mr. O'Hara to the Provincial Bank and asked, as Mr. O'Hara's solicitor, to see the cheque. In course of his examination of the cheque he asked Mr. Brown, the acting manager, if he had yet debited Mr. O'Hara's account with the amount. Mr. Brown said he hadn't and Mr. Liston immediately handed him the letter stopping payment. Consequently, the British could not succeed in getting the money. The Tans and Auxiliaries got after Mr. O'Hara who was an exceedingly excitable man and put him through the third degree. They put guns into his mouth and threatened him but James wouldn't budge as he was between the devil and the dark blue sea. He went on the run to Mr. Liston's in Ballyard, a quarter of a mile from the town, but he wouldn't say to whom he gave the cheque.

The British military had to let it lie and it was sometime during the Truce that the cheque was released and we got back our money. James must have suffered considerably as he did not know which side he was on, but I think Mr. Liston decided it for him and he kept his

mouth shut until after the war. He knew the Tans and Auxiliaries and could see them, but the other devils you could never tell where they were; so he told me afterwards.

British proposals for Armistice in March 1921.

Sometime in February, 1921, Captain Tyrell O'Malley of the Munster Fusiliers at Ballymullen Barracks, Tralee, showed me a flimsy he received from the Command I.O. at Buttevant, Cork, British Army Headquarters for the South, asking him to approach the I.R.A. in Kerry to negotiate an informal armistice and allowing all I.R.A. officers on the run to return to their homes, with the exception of, I think, Dan Jeffers. I suggested that he ask the secretary of the County Council to approach me with the suggestion and that I would see the Brigade O/C., Paddy Cahill, at his headquarters in the Dingle Peninsula. I was for a long time on very friendly terms with Captain O'Malley who, I knew, had no use for the Tans and Auxiliaries. He had in 1920 got me a military permit, not in my own name, that I could use in Dublin and elsewhere, and got me a permit to use a bicycle which was nearly my undoing. I advised him to get in touch with me through Mr. Quinlan with whom he was friendly. He asked me to meet himself and the British I.O. from Buttevant whose name I do not now remember, and I agreed to hear what the I.O. had to say and communicate it to Cahill. I knew that the I.O. had been mixed up in the shooting of an I.R.A. man named Walsh from Currow who was 'done in' when he was captured and on the way to prison. They called on Mr. Quinlan on 2nd March, 1921 and he brought them to me at my office in the Courthouse.

The British Command I.O. had come by aeroplane which landed in a large field at the rear of Ballymullen Barracks. I arranged that a party of the I.R.A. should attack the plane as it landed, more to put the wind up the British officer than anything else. As they were firing at the plane from Rath graveyard some lorries of Auxiliaries accidentally came along the Workhouse Road from Ballymullen and opened

fire with machine guns. The few I.R.A. lads ran for it and some climbed over the wall into the Mercy Convent at the Workhouse and eventually escaped. The Bishop of Kerry sent a letter of protest to Paddy Cahill and he gave me hell about it.

However, the British I.O. arrived at the Courthouse a bit shaken and I asked that I see him alone and shook him further by telling him he was a marked man over the killing of Walsh. He admitted he was present but could do nothing to prevent Walsh's murder as it would be as much as his life was worth. He then made his proposal and I promised to see Cahill and convey it to him but insisted that there should be no exceptions about the men coming back. He eventually agreed and I promised to see Cahill and let Captain O'Malley know. I explained I was a life-long friend of Paddy Cahill and that we were school-mates, which we were not.

I reported on 2nd March, 1921, to Mick Collins as follows:

"Armistice - I was approached through the Secretary of the County Council, by a Munster Officer, saying that General Strickland is willing to give a written guarantee of the safety of Cahill, Brown, Clifford, Jeffers, and all the other wanted men in Kerry, and that they can return to Tralee in safety, on condition that they, on their side, guarantee that they will not organise or take part in ambushes, and asked me if I would see Cahill and, as a neutral man, put the proposition before him. They say they want a reply within the next three or four days. I must, of course, see him, and I presume his reply will be that any negotiations for an armistice must be through Headquarters, Dublin. I would like that, for the present, this would not be made public, as it would put the tin hat on me. It is put this way that, unless this is done, the country will have to be flooded with military and they cannot guarantee to restrain the Black and Tans any longer. If you have any observations to make send them as soon as possible, but you may rely on us to do the right thing."

I did not go out then to Paddy Cahill, but awaited Collin's reply which I got in a few days and the gist of which I communicated to Captain O'Malley. Collin's reply was:

"Armistice - This sort of thing is going on a good deal. It would be very easy for General Strickland to get rid of his troubles by giving such a guarantee, after which the Black and Tans would be quite free to murder; and as for flooding the place with troops, it can be conveyed to General Strickland that we know he can do no such thing, for he is continually begging for more men from his own Headquarters. The General seems to be a good propagandist, and a good bluffer. It might also be suggested to him that if they cannot restrain the Black and Tans, they can remove them. Please report again as to what happens. I need hardly assure you that I know very well what answer Paddy and Co. will give."

Of course, I went out to the Fibough Camp afterwards, and showed both dispatches to the Brigade O/C., Paddy Cahill.

British Casualties and Extra Constabulary.

I attach a file (see Appendix C) giving particulars of the amounts deducted from Local Taxation Grants payable to the Kerry County Council in respect of the casualties suffered by British forces in Kerry during the Anglo-Irish war.

These lists, which I don't think are complete, give an idea of the result of the guerilla attacks made by I.R.A. forces on the British during the period.

These attacks started in Kerry away back in 1918 with the first attack on Gortatlea Barracks which I am told was the first attack on an enemy stronghold in Ireland during the Anglo-Irish War.

There may be notices of other awards to British forces and their dependants which I did not file away and these may have been burnt in

the County Hall fire on 1st November, 1920, or may be buried with other documents in the basement of the present County Hall.

I had another file, which I think I lent to Mr. Tom Dennehy of Tralee some years ago, that set out the names of the additional R.I.C. police and Auxiliaries posted to County Kerry in the 1920-21 period and the number of men carrying on the strength of each station and the changes from one station to another. These monthly returns were of great value to the Intelligence section of the I.R.A. as giving the exact strength of each enemy garrison in the County, and serving as a check on the number returned by the local Company I.O. as the strength in each barrack.

The British Government allowed a basic number of R.I.C. men as the normal complement of men who were required during peaceful times in each barrack area and the Central Government bore the expense of maintaining these forces in normal times. In times of land agitation and during the Anglo-Irish War the number of armed police was increased and the cost of the increased establishment was charged to the County affected and the amount levied on the rates whether by way of payment by the County Council or deduction from the Local Taxation due to them.

Of course, the amount assessed on Kerry County was large and such amounts were levied both during the Anglo-Irish war and on occasions in former years.

The returns were furnished to the County Councils so that they could check the charges made and to account for the demands made on the County Council.

How I got to know Michael Collins.

I first met Michael Collins at Ballybunion in the summer of 1914 or 1915. He was there on holidays from London with Sam Maguire, Brigade O/C., London.

The late Michael J. Quinlan was secretary of the Kerry County Council, and it was the occasion of the birth of one of his children that he took Ned Harty, Assistant Secretary, Jack Dillon and Frank O'Donnell and myself to Ballybunion where his father had a lodge for the summer. I was the accountant of the County Council and the relations between the officials were very friendly.

We called to Mr. Bill O'Sullivan's hotel for a drink before going to Mr. P.M. Quinlan's lodge. We went into a 'snug' where there were already two young men, strangers and holiday makers. We were about to withdraw when the taller of the two insisted that we stay. Mr. Quinlan then explained who we were and that our visit was in the nature of a 'celebration' for the birth of his child and invited the two strangers to join us in a drink. He ordered champagne and brandy and we were in good form when we left for Mr. Quinlan's lodge. I became very friendly with the tall young man whose name was Michael Collins. He introduced the other man as Mr. Maguire and we parted on an assurance that we would meet again on the morrow. I did meet Collins the following day and other days during his stay and we exchanged letters when he went back to London.

Our next meeting was at the funeral of Tomas Aghas in 1917, when he was in charge of the firing party at Glasnevin. I had come up from Kerry as guide with Tomás's father, Mr. Gregory Ashe, and Collins had known that I was just appointed as I.O. Kerry Brigade. Because I was escort to Mr. Ashe, I was at the graveside at Glasnevin and there was mutual recognition between Mick and myself.

From then onwards we were fast friends and associates in the I.R.A. and from time to time he called me up in consultation about various intelligence matters. I was constantly with him during the worst portion of the Anglo-Irish war in 1920-21 and when he was nominated to go to London on the Treaty negotiations, he decided to take me with him.

At that time a serious situation had arisen in Kerry I Brigade arising out of the resignation of Paddy Cahill, Brigade O/C. and the appointment of Humphrey Murphy in his place. The appointment of Humphrey was not at all popular with the other officers of Kerry I and what was equivalent to a mutiny had taken place. The mutiny was led by Commandant Daniel Jeffere, and the tension in Kerry I. was very serious, so that it was decided at G.H.Q. that I should be sent back to Kerry to keep an eye on and ease the situation. I returned to Kerry until eventually the matter was considered at a G.H.Q. courtmartial at which Cathal Brugha, Minister for Defence, presided. Tadhg Brosnan, O/C. Castlegregory Battalion, and myself, who were brought up as witnesses to the courtmartial, tendered our resignations and asked to be returned to the ranks. Both resignations were refused and I was transferred to G.H.Q. Intelligence staff but assigned to Kerry. This courtmartial took place during an interval when the negotiators had returned from London. Mick Collins, Tadhg Brosnan and I had lunch together at the Bailey Restaurant and Mick asked me to go on a 'mission' for him to Portsmouth and ascertain from a Captain Russell, R.N., whether any preparations were being made for a blockade as threatened by Lloyd George. Captain Russell was son of a Corkman, who was a coastguard at Ballingoul, Dingle. He was born at the coastguard station at Ballingoul and knew my people well. He was apparently an I.R.B. man. He told me that warships, destroyers etc., which had been laid up after the war, were being refitted for sea for the blockade. He told me, however, to reassure Mick that not one of them would reach the coast of Ireland. He would arrange to have them sent to the bottom of the sea if necessary.

I returned and delivered my report to Mick and went back to Tralee to see after Kerry I. Mr. Sean Hyde was sent down as Brigade I.O. Kerry I. and I was ordered to give him every assistance. I did.

His reports were typed by a young chap who was employed in an Insurance Office in Tralee and who was a Fianna Officer. I was still Brigade I.O. to the Fianna. Sean was asked for a report about myself and my activities in Kerry. He got it typed by the young Fianna officer and collected the copies himself. He forgot to collect the carbons and that night I presented Sean with an exact copy of his report. He resigned forthwith, but I refused to take the job and a Tipperary man named Matty Ryan, under the name of "Matty Murphy" was appointed I.O. to the Brigade. I helped him in every way and we became fast friends. Alas! he was killed later during the Civil War in his native Tipperary. He was succeeded by Michael J. Hanafin of Ashe Street, Tralee, who acted as Brigade I.O. to the end of the Civil War.

During the Truce, the officers of Kerry I. established training camps throughout their areas. Humphrey Murphy became Brigade O/C. of Kerry I. in January, 1922, with John Joe Sheehy as Vice Commandant. Those of Kerry I. who were attached during the Civil War to the Brigade Column under Paddy Cahill formed a new battalion independent of Kerry I. under the command of Paddy Paul Fitzgerald former Director of Training and Organisation of Kerry I. This battalion refused to serve under Humphrey Murphy and Liam Lynch, Divisional O/C., came to Castleisland where he made the arrangements of the independent battalion. I had an interview with him at Tralee and approved of it.

Humphrey Murphy had been Brigade O/C., Kerry No. II. during the Anglo-Irish war. Dan O'Mahony of Castleisland, African big-game hunter, had been his predecessor in Kerry II., and he came in to Tralee to see me and showed me a letter which Humphrey had written to Richard Mulcahy, then Director of Organisation, in which he complained that Dan was too old for command of the Brigade and stating that the Brigade Officers were anxious to have a change. The outcome was that Humphrey was himself appointed Brigade O/C.

I had been at I.R.B. meetings with Dan Mahony, Dan Allman and Stack on occasions in Tralee and there is no doubt most of us were on the old side. I was the youngest and I wasn't so young.

A somewhat similar situation arose with regard to Paddy Cahill. He and I were the next generation, were the same age and about five years younger than Stack. Cahill, though athletic, was always inclined to be delicate. He had pneumonia several times and, though his health was not good at times, he was always hardy and he had great vitality. He set up his headquarters in a hut at Fibough between Castlemaine and Annascaul built in the side of a mountain there. He held Brigade meetings which I attended at various places, at Annascaul, Camp and other places. I rarely said anything at these meetings as I had already discussed the agenda with him and I am sure many of the battalion officers who attended these meetings wondered to the devil what business I had at the meetings and what particular rank I held. Some, Tadhg Brosnan, An Seabhaic, Joe Melinn, and Battalion O/Cs. knew I was Brigade I.O. though, I am sure Cahill had warned them never to refer to it. All saw me at times at I.R.B. meetings but to the rank and file and under-officers of the I.R.A. I was simply the friend of Stack and Cahill.

In Tralee, where the principal British forces were concentrated, were stationed under cover Paddy Carvey, Brigade Adjutant, acting for Daniel J. O'Sullivan, Michael Doyle, O/C., 1st Battalion, and myself as Brigade I.O. and Joe Melinn, Brigade Vice O/C., all, of course, underground. We had also an O/C. Battalion A.S.U. who ranked as Battalion Vice O/C. Joe Vale of Boherbee, Tralee, acted until some time in 1921 when he was succeeded by John Joe Sheehy, an appointment which improved the activities in the area. I think I should pay tribute here to the efficiency and courage of John Joe and the members of his column who had a very difficult and dangerous period of service in 1921. He was in charge of many unpleasant jobs which were,

to say the least of them, dangerous and difficult and he carried them out with the utmost efficiency. Amongst them were the executions of Major McKinnon, Boxer Mahony, Cosey Fitzgerald and in Knightly's pub.

At any rate, these operations had to be carried out with the maximum of secrecy and it led to difficulties with some of the rank and file in the I.R.A. who were anxious to be in all these actions or at least have a hand in them.

Attached to the Parish Church at Tralee as a curate was Father William Behan, who had been a chaplain in the British Forces during World War I. He was constantly urging me, with whom he became friendly whilst I was supervising the guard of I.R.A. on Fathers Wm. Ferris and Jeremiah Casey, C.Cs. at the Presbytery, at night. Father Ferris was openly threatened by the Tans and Auxiliaries and had to go about in civilian clothes when he chose to come out by day, and we had an armed guard in the curate's part of the Presbytery every night. I constantly called to see that the guard was posted there and so became friendly with Father Behan. He was undoubtedly a very patriotic Irishman in every sense of the word. However, I saw very soon that he was a bit unbalanced in his mind, no doubt as a result of his service in the Great War. His sense of valour was inclined to outrun the discretion which we had to exercise owing to our meagre resources and, although he didn't know then that I was Brigade I.O., he had sufficient experience of me to see that I was in a position of authority in the I.R.A. He was constantly making proposals to me to be conveyed to Paddy Cahill about operations which I even did not approve with the limited resources and personnel at our disposal. He was full of enthusiasm for helping us against the British and volunteered for some of the actions personally. For a variety of reasons I could not explain matters to him even if I had

authority to do so which I had not. Unfortunately, he made contact with another member of the A.S.U. who suffered from the same complaint - Mr. Ramon Horan of Bridge Street - a member of "B" Company, 1st Battalion. Father Behan drew up a report or petition to G.H.Q. complaining of the want of activity in the area which was alleged to be due to the policy of the Brigade O/C., Paddy Cahill, that he was too old for the job and that he was in a poor state of health. Father Behan, to my mind, was not a responsible person, wanted an all-out war against the British, which was a policy which we could not carry out for want of arms and ammunition and for want of training of a sufficient number of men. Father Behan got the petition signed by Ramon Horan, Joe Sugrue, Paddy Kelly and others who had good I.R.A. records without the implications being understood, and it was taken to G.H.Q. by Maggie May Horan, a sister of Ned Horan's, who was back from the U.S.A. The O/C. of the 1st Battalion, Michael Doyle, came to me with an order from the Chief of Staff, Dick Mulcahy, for the execution of the I.R.A. men who signed the document. That was the first I heard of it and I went to Dublin to Mick Collins who, of course, was my superior officer. He sent me to Cathal Brugha, G.O.C. and Minister for Defence, to whom I explained the position and protested against any such action being taken without consulting me. He sent me to Dick Mulcahy whom I met in a house at the top of Harcourt Street. I reported to him and, as a result, the order for the executions was cancelled. At my interview with Dick Mulcahy I pointed out that both Mulcahy himself and I were the same age as Cahill and it didn't seem to matter. However, Mulcahy wrote to Cahill subsequently outlining the arguments against his retaining his command of Kerry I., and Cahill, after showing me Mulcahy's letter and discussing the matter with Tadhg Brosnan, sent in his resignation. Andy Cooney of G.H.Q. Staff, after several efforts were made to get Tadhg Brosnan to take the command, was appointed O/C., and set about the organisation of the Brigade and Battalion staffs. The officers and men of Kerry I,

notwithstanding Cahill's own admonitions to them, did not take too kindly to the changes in the staffs and in some battalions the position could be described as near-mutiny. The tension continued down through the Truce and Humphrey Murphy, who had taken over command of Kerry I. Brigade from Andy Cooney and had taken over the military barracks at Tralee from the British, felt himself anything but secure from the officers and men of what was afterwards known as the 9th Battalion.

I had remained Brigade I.O. to Kerry I. until December, 1921, when the G.H.Q. courtmartial took place. Tadhg Brosnan and I attended the courtmartial in Dublin as witnesses, but both of us tendered our resignations and asked that we be returned to the ranks in the I.R.A. Both resignations were refused but, after the investigation, Liam Lynch was sent down and made the arrangement about the 9th Battalion. Humphrey Murphy, as O/C. of Kerry I. Brigade, was to transmit all orders from Divisional Headquarters to the 9th Battalion as an independent unit. As far as I know, this arrangement was not carried out by Humphrey and the 9th Battalion acted independently afterwards. Some time during the Civil War Humphrey Murphy contracted pneumonia and was replaced as Brigade O/C. by John Joe Sheehy.

Whilst all this trouble was going on during the Truce period about the change in officers, negotiations were going on in London with the British. Before going to London Mick Collins sent for me and told me I was to accompany him and that my services would be used to bring dispatches to and from during the negotiations if necessary. I was still Brigade I.O. to Kerry I., and I could foresee trouble in Kerry about the appointment of Humphrey Murphy as Brigade O/C. A more unfortunate selection for the brigade could not have been made. A good many of the older officers did not consider his treatment of Dan Mahony as proper. They believed that he had cut the ground from

under Mahony and he was not by any means popular because of it.

I kept G.H.Q. regularly informed through Mick Collins up to the time of his going to London and I explained to him that it would not be easy for another person not so conversant as I was with the situation in Kerry to keep them informed and at the same time smooth things over. I persuaded him that it was more important that I should be in Kerry than with him in London. I suggested that he should take instead Denis Daly of Cahirciveen, later Fianna Fail T.D. for South Kerry, who was with him in the Civil Service in London and who came over to Dublin like himself to take part in the 1916 Rebellion. I don't think that Daly and himself hit it off during the negotiations in London and I believed Denis Daly returned home before the proceedings were completed.

After the Treaty was signed in London and the delegates returned home I was called up and was assigned as a security officer to the Dail and Cabinet sittings under the command of Simon Donnelly. My principal duty was to look out for any dangerous person of the enemy forces who might attend the public sittings and to help in seeing that no unauthorised person got into the private sittings.

I was disappointed with the result of the Treaty negotiations in London and I realised that it would not be acceptable to the vast majority of the I.R.A. in Kerry. I said to Mick that I was sorry that they did not return to Dublin to the Cabinet before they signed and he retorted that it was a pity I didn't go with him to London and advise him what to do under the circumstances. He had, on one of the occasions that he returned to Dublin, sent me to Portsmouth to a Captain Russell of the Royal Navy to ascertain if there was any likelihood to the threat of Lloyd George that he would order a blockade of the country if they failed to accept the terms laid down

by him. He reminded me that I was aware that preparations were being made to put the blockade into effect and asked me how he could take the responsibility of a blockade and an all-out war. I returned to Tralee but was constantly up and down to Dublin and matters began to deteriorate seriously from January 1922 onwards. The military and political pacts were signed and I was in Dublin, during the negotiations, with Humphrey Murphy, Paddy Cahill and Tom McEllistrim, and I thought the situation was saved when the pacts were signed. At a meeting at Ballyroe (I am sure it was an I.R.B. meeting) with Tadhg Brosnan in the Chair, I was delegated to go to Dublin to see Austin Stack and Mick Collins and implore them to prevent an outbreak of Civil War. Stack gave me an assurance to take back that if there was any danger of it he would go himself to Mick Collins and stop it and I got a similar assurance from Mick Collins.

Sometime afterwards I was in Dublin on railway business and, on the way back by train, I met Mick Collins on the way to a meeting in Cork City. He persuaded me to go to Cork with him instead of going on to Tralee. I did, and before arrival at Cork station, we made arrangements to meet at the hotel where I was to stay with him. There was a tremendous crowd to meet him and I stayed in the door of the railway carriage until the platform had cleared. Tadhg Brosnan was working in Ford's Motor Factory and he was on the platform and spotted me. He waited for me and we went to the meeting and we heard Mick repudiate the Pact though he never pretended to me he would on the way down. I stayed that night in Tadhg Brosnan's digs and returned to Tralee the following day and never saw Mick Collins after.

He called to Tralee to Tom Slattery's of Gallowsfields, where lived Fionan Lynch's people-in-law, whilst I was in Tralee Gaol in September or October, 1922. He sent Colonel Dave Neligan/ⁱⁿto me to say he would call to see me about 7 or 8 p.m. that evening but, later, I was informed

that he was suddenly called to Cork and he would return to see me the following week. He was on his way back to Tralee when he was killed at Bealnabla, County Cork.

I often wondered since what Collins wanted to see me about. He may have wanted to see me personally only or he may have had a message to convey to Stack or someone else. He had already called to Cork Prison and had got Florrie Donoghue released. Florrie Donoghue had been Adjutant General and fought in the Four Courts at the outbreak of the civil war. Or did he? He was there anyway in the Four Courts up to the attack on it by Free State forces. I was known to Mick to be dead against the civil war under any circumstances. In discussing with Stack the danger of civil war taking place, Stack assured me that if Mick and the other delegates had come back and submitted the British proposals before signing to the Dail Cabinet and if they couldn't get agreement in the Cabinet he would go to Cathal Brugha and get him to resign and both of them would retire from public life and they would allow Mick and his associates to carry on. I now believe that they would have done so even after the ratification of the Treaty by Dail Eireann, but that pressure by the British compelled Mick to attack the Four Courts and so to precipitate the civil war. Cathal Brugha was viciously opposed to the terms of the Treaty and had a profound distrust of Mick Collin's wisdom and diplomacy. I was a very old friend of Cathal, our friendship dating to far behind 1913, and I met him one day wheeling his bicycle along Dame Street just opposite the Castle Gate. He said very bitterly to me: "Your friend Mick is inside there where he belongs and I hope to God I'll never see you there with him though it would be hard to blame you, you served him so well". These may not be the exact words but that is my memory of them.

I was arrested on 3rd August, 1922 by Eamon Horan who had with him Jack Lydon of Strand Street, an ex-British soldier. Lydon was

friendly with Ned's Yankee sister, Maggie May Horan, the lady who took Father Behan's petition to Dublin, and at a raid on Lydon's house by I.R.A. after the attack on Camp barracks, a plan of the attack was found there with some jewellery claimed by Miss Horan. A battalion courtmartial sentenced Lydon to death but on appeal a Brigade Courtmartial at which Commandant Dan Jeffers gave evidence on Lydon's behalf he was found guilty of larceny of the jewellery only and ordered to leave the country. He came back in the Free State Army when they landed at Fenit on 2nd August, 1922 and was killed subsequently at an ambush by I.R.A. on Free State troops at the Spa.

I think it was at the end of October or beginning of November when General Pionan Lynch came into the gaol to me asking if I would go to Dublin on peace proposals to end the civil war. I agreed, provided I had the consent of Paddy Cahill and Tadhg Brosnan and that I be allowed to discuss it with them. I was released and went to see them at Derryquay School on the Tralee-Camp road. They agreed that I should go and I went to see my sister at Annascaul before going to Dublin the following week.

When I was in Tralee gaol at first there were 110 of us prisoners. On the transfer of this batch to the Curragh, William Mullins of Moyderwell, Paddy Paul Fitzgerald and myself, who had been Brigade Staff officers pre-Truce, were left behind and I was informed that they had been instructed to open peace negotiations with Paddy Cahill. James MacNamara, who was Command I.O. to the Free State forces in Tralee, told me so and showed me a secret communication from General Eoin O'Duffy authorising him and General Daly to get in touch with Cahill. I wrote to Cahill and arranged for a meeting at the Central Hotel, Tralee, between Daly and MacNamara and Cahill.

They met, but adjourned, at Cahill's request, to the following day so that I could attend. That night some ex-British soldiers in the Free State Army led by Jimmy Wall raided Cahill's father's house, but did not find Cahill there. Cahill, for safety, stayed at Liston's at Ballyard and refused to continue the negotiations on the following day as they had guaranteed him safe conduct and they failed in their obligation. Nobody knew that these negotiations were going on except a few officers and the I.R.A. men mentioned and that was the excuse for the raid on Cahill's house, i.e., that they weren't aware that Cahill was in town on peace negotiations.

It was some time afterwards that Jim MacNamara called to see me in Tralee Gaol when he was going under arrest to Dublin. He complained to me that he refused to carry out a new policy of beating the prisoners to extract information from them and he was placed under arrest and taken to Dublin. Dave Neligan told me afterwards that MacNamara was admitted to hospital with a bullet wound in his head from which he died. The bullet, he alleged, was fired by some National Army lad who belonged to what was known as the Dublin Murder Gang, most of whom I knew well. I mention this to show the end of Jim MacNamara, as good a man as ever breathed.

I failed at that "go" to stop the Civil War and turned my attention to the Brigade Committee of Kerry I. Mick Hanafin, who was Brigade I.O., had reported in support of carrying on the war and his report was captured on the way to the Division. His handwriting was very like mine and they thought in Army Headquarters, that the report was mine and that I had gone back to assist Kerry I. They issued an order to have me liquidated but I got to know it and I asked Dave Neligan to get the original report and he would see that it was not in my handwriting. He did so and, as he knew it was not my writing, the

order was called off. I don't like to remember what might have happened if the attempt to liquidate me was persisted in. I'll say no more about it.

I attended Brigade meetings at Daly's of Knockanecoulteen and at other places where the question of carrying on the war and other matters were discussed. I drafted what I thought should be the "conditions", if I might put it that way, of the unconditional surrender, and that document was found on Stack when he was captured with Liam Lynch and others later in Tipperary. It was in my handwriting which was well known in Government circles and it was well known by then that I was the peacemaker.

I had been to Dublin, at the request of the Government, to meet Stack and to try and stop hostilities and, though I didn't succeed, I am sure I made a strong impression which culminated in the down-arms at Tipperary.

Mr. Dan Brown, now Land Judge, was released from prison for the same purpose, I think, at the request of Senator Dowdall. I was not re-arrested, but Dan Brown was and interned. I would have been much safer if I had been interned, but Mick Collins had issued instructions that I was to be held safely.

Delegation to London, 1921.

I attach copy of a statement (see Appendix "D") made to me by Mr. V.D.Doyle, retired County Surveyor to Kerry County Council, and the son of Mr. J.J.Doyle, an Excise Officer during the British regime - better known to us in Kerry under the pen-name of "Beirt Fhear" - noted Kerry Gaelic revivalist and author of several books in the Irish language. Mr. Val Doyle worked in the same buildings in Tralee, the Courthouse, and both the old and the new County Halls, as I did during the periods of both the Anglo-Irish and Civil Wars, as we had close association in the service of the Kerry County Council. I knew his father through my association with the Gaelic League though he was much

older than I was. I also knew Mr. Val Doyle's uncle from Beaufort - Mr. Jeremiah Doyle - better, and I know he had close contact with Mr. Austin Stack, probably through the I.R.B., and usually nominated him when he was a candidate for the Dáil in County Kerry. In fact, he was his principal nominator, i.e., the paper signed by Mr. Doyle was put in as the official nomination of Mr. Stack. I remember also that Mr. Jeremiah Doyle presided at some important public meetings of the Republican Party in Kerry and I deduce from that that he was an important member of the I.R.B. organisation.

Though I was so closely associated with Stack in the Republican movement, he did not tell me who and who was not in the organisation unless there was a special reason for it. For obvious reasons the less you knew of the personnel of the Organisation, unless there was a special reason that you had to, the better for all concerned. I was astonished at some of the people whom I "discovered" in the course of my duties to be members, and good and faithful members.

I remember the occasion referred to by Mr. Val Doyle in October, 1921. Mick Collins sent for me to call to see him at the Mansion House, Dublin. I did not know what he wanted me for till I called on him. He asked me to go to London with him during the negotiations about the Treaty. I am certain he did not relish the idea of sending him on this mission, but the other members of the Cabinet prevailed on him to go. The relations between Cathal Brugha and himself were somewhat strained, due to the fact that Collins had, to an extent, taken over charge of the guerilla tactics of the I.R.A., and Cathal Brugha thought it was an attempt by Collins to supersede him in control of the I.R.A. This notion, I am sure, was added to by what I will describe as mischief-making underlings in the I.R.B. section who, perhaps, unconsciously boosted Mick to the detriment of the reputation of Cathal, and told stories, which I have no doubt had no real foundation.

I was a friend and associate of Cathal Brugha's long before I had met Mick and I was daily associated with Mick during that final period of the Anglo-Irish war. I know Mick complained to me about the shortcomings of some of his and my associates and he had good reason for these complaints which were purely military questions. I know he criticised Stack to his face and in my presence and, in defence, I reminded Mick that men of Stack's age, after all the trials they endured and which both he and I mostly escaped, had not the dynamic energy which he and I, I suppose I, then possessed. Besides, though I have to say it myself, I don't think the other Ministries had the same type of men serving them. I believe that Mick managed to get hold of the pick of the men of ability and he had to have them for his department and organisation.

Stack, I know, did not resent Mick's criticism and admitted to me that, under the conditions obtaining, he was right in his complaints though not justified in blaming them for it. Anyway, the relations between Stack and Collins, to my observation, remained friendly even after the Treaty had been signed and up to the outbreak of the Civil War. Cathal was very bitter towards Mick after the signing of the Treaty, but it struck me that it was the climax of differences of opinion previously accentuated by tales from some of their satellites but, of course, not in their immediate confidence.

As Mr. Doyle's note reminds me, I called to the Mansion House and Mick told me he wanted me to accompany him to London and stay with him during the Treaty negotiations. I thought I wasn't the type of person who should accompany the delegation to London except as a bodyguard, and I knew Mick had more competent men than I was whom he could use for the purpose. I inquired what other use I would be to him and he said he might have to use me to bring highly confidential documents to the Dáil Cabinet and I said surely he had other reliable men who could do that.

An ugly situation had arisen in Kerry I. concerning the forced resignation of Paddy Cahill from command of Kerry I. Brigade and his rumoured replacement by Humphrey Murphy, who was then in charge of Kerry II. The senior officers, Tadhg Brosnan, Garvey and myself etc. would have accepted the situation, though under protest, but men like Dan Jeffers, Colm Leader and others weren't at all satisfied. An order, which I stopped, had already come down to Michael Doyle, O/C., 1st Battalion, to execute five or six men of the most active of the younger officers for mutiny, and I did not regard the situation in Kerry with the same equanimity as G.H.Q. did, and I was determined to prevent an outbreak which, in my opinion, would be worse than the subsequent Civil War.

I had already reported on all that to Mick and I have no doubt he understood the gravity of the situation in Kerry, and thought it so important that he took Mr. Denis Daly, ex-T.D. of Cahirciveen and a 1916 man. I believe Denis came back before the final outcome of the negotiations, for what reason I have no personal knowledge.

Mick was upset by his attitude to his request which anybody else would have jumped at. He could have ordered me to go and I would have complied with his order, but he did not want it that way. However, so frightened was I of the situation in Kerry that I threw away what anyone would regard as the chance of a lifetime. I met Mick afterwards on occasions and we were on terms of the greatest friendship but, when I said it was a pity the delegation did not report back to the Cabinet before signing the Treaty, he replied that it was a pity I hadn't accompanied him over and advise him what to do under the circumstances. He said it very bitterly too, but it was the only occasion on which we had what one would call a "row" and it didn't last.

During the Treaty negotiations he sent me to Portsmouth, the British Naval base, to find out from a Captain Russell whether any preparations

were being made to prepare for the threat made by Lloyd George, British Prime Minister, that they would blockade the Irish coast and carry out other military measures to starve and beat us into surrender. I told elsewhere Captain Russell's report and I doubt if Mr. Lloyd George would be too easy in his mind if he knew the message I took back to Dublin to Mick Collins.

You may be definitely certain that there was no enmity between Collins and Stack up to the outbreak of the Civil War nor do I think that the ill-feeling continued during the Civil War.

I was sent from a meeting at Ballyroe, Tralee, of I.R.A. officers, all of whom were I.R.B. men, at which Tadhg Brosnan presided, to see Stack and Collins and implore them to prevent a civil war at all costs even to the re-opening of hostilities against the British. I met both of them and received the identical same answer. Collins said if there was any danger that such an event would occur he would go to Stack and prevent it. Stack gave the same undertaking and I have no doubt he meant it, as he had already told me that had the delegation come back from England with the final proposals as subsequently accepted and submitted them to the Dáil Cabinet before final acceptance, he and Cathal Brugha would have rejected them and he would have got Cathal to withdraw with himself from the Cabinet and, I understood, from the Dáil, and they would have allowed Mick and his associates to carry on with the Treaty rather than plunge the parties into armed conflict. He and Cathal Brugha apparently had agreed to take this course rather than be the cause of civil war.

It was on the strength of this knowledge that I attended the Kerry I. Brigade meetings at Knockaunacoulteen and elsewhere and got the Brigade Council to recommend to G.H.Q. the cessation of the Civil War. The representations made were found on Stack subsequently in my handwriting when he was captured at Tipperary.

The McElligotts of Tralee.

I attach a further note from Mr. V.D. Doyle, retired County Surveyor, which reminded me of the adventures of the distinguished McElligott family of Castle Street, Tralee.

They were sons of Mr. Ned McElligott of Castle Street, Tralee, who was a friend of mine of long standing. They were a remarkable family who won outstanding educational distinctions in that cradle of learning in Tralee, the old Christian Brothers' secondary school at Edward Street, Tralee. I did not know the eldest, Mr. John McElligott, as I think he had gone into the Civil Service before I came to Tralee. I met him afterwards when he was a Principal Officer in the Department of Finance. I knew Mr. James J. McElligott and Mr. Con McElligott before they left Tralee.

Mr. James J. McElligott fought in the Post Office in 1916. He was in the British Civil Service and, of course, lost his job and he became subsequently Editor or Assistant Editor of "The Statist". He is referred to in attached note to me in 1943 from his brother, Dr. Michael McElligott, deceased.

I was consulted by Collins and Stack in 1921, about his appointment as, I think, Assistant Secretary to the Department of Finance. I said they could not have procured a more desirable and reliable man and vouched for the national integrity of himself and his family. I would do the same today without hesitation.

I also append a statement to me by one of the brothers, Dr. Michael McElligott (R.I.P) in 1941, when he was a dispensary medical officer in Dublin, and I can personally vouch for the truth of the story about the raid on the County Club in Denny Street, Tralee. I was in the Central Hotel opposite the Club and had a first-hand account of it from some of the Auxiliaries.

The raid on the County Club caused a sensation all right and, had it occurred later when Tom Clifford was better known, the raid might have ended disastrously for both of them. Tom Clifford became O/C. of 2nd Battalion (Ardfert) afterwards and some of the biggest operations were launched by the British against him in his lair at Ballyheigue area - luckily for Tom Clifford, without result. He was a 1916 man and whilst he was in Tralee before he went to the 2nd Battalion he gave the British no peace or ease and was very troublesome to them. He lasted out the Truce without having been caught, and a good job he did. He would get no quarters from the British. In fact, they blamed practically everything on him.

Dáil Elections 1918, 1921, 1923 and 1927.

Though I was not a member of a Sinn Féin Club, I was requisitioned to do Director of Elections for the Republican Party for the 1918, 1921, 1923 and 1927 Dáil Elections.

I think it was at the 1921 Convention held in the Courthouse, Tralee, for the selection of candidates for the Dáil that Tadhg Brosnan proposed my name as one of the candidates and was seconded by Rev. Jas. Slattery, now Archdeacon Slattery. Paddy Cahill, our Brigade O/C., Kerry I, was then in prison and I thought it would be better that he should be selected instead of myself, he being of a higher rank in the I.R.A. and in prison. I did not see how I could be more useful as a T.D. than Brigade I.O. and I could see great difficulty if I handed over my army job. If I became a T.D. I would have my cover as Intelligence Officer, and I would be practically ineffective. Apparently, Tadhg Brosnan had instructions to propose me from I.R.B. Headquarters because Mick Collins kicked up a row with me for not taking it and for proposing Cahill. At first I thought he had some objection to Cahill, but no. He disclosed to me that he intended me to become Minister for Finance in the Dáil. He did not consult me beforehand and I had no taste for politics. I regarded my job as

that of a soldier and I did not want to exchange it for a political career. I don't know that I would ever shine as a party man as I was more inclined to be an individualist, doing my jobs, civilian and military, in the ways I considered most effective and efficient. I was never very amenable to discipline and I did what I thought was right and honest, whether it suited my superiors or not. No! I am afraid I would have made a bad party man and I am glad I didn't take on the job, though it would have been my duty to do so if Paddy Cahill wasn't available. It only shows what small things change the whole course of a man's life and possibly may cause changes to the whole course of events. I can see now why Mick was anxious to have me selected as T.D. and why he wanted me to go to London with him; but at the time I did not realise how important I had become to him both in the administrative and military spheres. I had intensive training in Local Government, administration and finance since I was appointed County Accountant in 1913 at the early age of 28 years in such a large and difficulty county as Kerry, a big responsibility for such a young man as I was.

Both the Secretary and Assistant Secretary, who were my senior officers, were constantly away through illness, and the onus was thrown on me to manage the County Kerry in their absence. I think I did it well, without fee or reward, but it gave me a wealth of experience of dealing with men and things which helped to make my success afterwards in carrying out the dangerous and difficult military job I had as Brigade I.O. and in the advice and assistance I was able to give the Government to get over the crisis in Local Government affairs due to the stoppage of the British Government grants and to plan for the severance of Local Government from British control. I did it without recompense and I never regretted it. The only regret I have is that I spent my life savings in expenses during that time which prevented me from giving my children the higher education they were fitted for so

that they might have at least as good a start in life as others who never lifted a hand for the country.

The file attached concerns the refund of the election deposits lodged with the nominations of the Republican Dáil candidates for the elections held in 1918, 1921 and 1922. Naturally very few of the Republicans in the early days had either money or credit on which it could be raised. The Sinn Féin Clubs on whom reliance was placed to collect and provide the funds for election expenses had been crushed in Kerry and the principal men who were members of this civil arm were either in prison, on the run or in exile in England. The Executive of Sinn Féin turned to the army in Kerry for help to carry out the functions of the Sinn Féin clubs in collecting the subscriptions to the Dáil Loan and the nomination and election of members of the Dáil. Mr. Paddy Cahill, Brigade O/C, and I called on the principal men in Tralee, such as Messrs. Jeremiah H. Slattey, owner of the big bacon factory; Maurice Kelliher, one of the big millers and merchants and an I.R.B. man in his young days; John Griffin, Merchant, another old I.R.B. man, John Baily, principal grocer and publican and other such monied people. We collected a large sum of money from these people for the Dáil Loan which nobody else would get, and Mr. Dan Brown and myself became the Trustees for these monies for Kerry I. Brigade area. At the end of hostilities, the subscribers to the Loan were surprised to get back their subscriptions with interest and the whole of the amounts were accounted for and refunded to the subscribers in full.

In the absence of the officers of the Sinn Féin organisation from Kerry, Rev. Father Ferris, now Parish Priest of Ballylongford and then curate at Tralee, undertook the provision of the money to cover the election deposits (£1,200) for the Dáil candidate in June 1921. Some of the money was provided in cash at the Convention, and the balance was raised in the National Bank, Tralee, on guarantees signed by Father Ferris, Mr. Terence J. Liston, afterwards State Solicitor for Kerry, and myself.

Mr. Daniel J. Brown, then a young solicitor in Tralee and now a Land Appeals Judge, applied to the Returning Officer, Mr. Redmond Roche, Sheriff, for a refund of the deposits so that we could discharge our liabilities to the Bank and the others who lent us the money. I tried unsuccessfully before the Civil War to get the money by getting the candidate to appeal for subscriptions, but the Cumann na Gael people paid no heed to me, except Fionan Lynch who did his best to honour his bond.

I discovered from Mr. Redmond Roche, the Returning Officer with whom I was on friendly terms for years, that he had been ordered by Mr. Plythe, Minister for Finance, to hand over the monies to the Cumann na Gael Organisation. This he did on getting an Indemnity from the Minister for Finance.

Mr. Brown advised legal proceedings which were taken in the name of Tomas O'Donoghue, one of the Republican T.Ds. for County Kerry, and we recovered not only the deposits for 1921, but for the other years as well, and I square up the account.

The attached file deals with some of the recovered money and the claim made by the Dáil Ceanntair. Paddy O'Callaghan was an old friend of mine and I attended the meeting at the Ashbourne Hotel, Tralee, and explained the position and told them I was surprised that they didn't display the same energy when I was looking for the money to pay the Bank. However, all was well that ended well, and I hope they fared better than I did before Mr. Dan Brown took the matter up in the Courts.

The file tells the story of my adventure into politics and the result of my coming to the rescue when nobody else had either money or credit. I have never since got mixed up in political election controversy and if I had to start on the new I would give

these organisations a wide berth.

Mr. Dan Brown, if he had the time, could give you a better account of the transaction, and you have my permission to get him to read over this story and get his comments. In fact, I think you might get him to read over my whole story as he had a very close association with the late Austin Stack both at home here in Tralee and whilst he was Secretary to Home Affairs (Stack's Ministry) in Dublin in 1920-21.

I forgot to mention that I was Director of Elections for Austin Stack when he stood for Kerry as a Republican or Sinn Féin candidate in the first election in 1927; but, of course, I had to put up no money for his election deposit. That was when the Fianna Fáil party was formed and first contested the election as a party. Stack was elected by a huge majority, but he did not stand for election in the second Dáil election in 1927. I took no further part in elections.

Before the Truce came along I was a member of the Árd Comhairle of Sinn Féin and was a delegate from Annascaul Cumann to the Convention in Dublin in 1922.

Officers of Kerry I. Brigade Staff.

The following are the names of the Kerry Brigade Officers of the National Volunteers and I.R.A. appointed during the period since the separation of the Redmondites from the Republican members in 1915, and of the Brigade officers of Kerry I. Brigade since its formation in 1917:

Officers to 1.7.22.

Brigade O/Cs.

Austin Stack, Upper Rock St., Tralee (went to G.H.Q. and Cabinet).

Patrick J. Cahill, Caherina, Tralee.

Tomás O'Donoghue -)
Tadhg Ó Cinnside) Jointly and temporarily.

Dr. Andrew Cooney, Acting to Truce.

Brigade Vice O/C. Joseph Malinn, Greenview Terrace, Tralee.
Tomas O'Donoghue, T.D., Dublin.

<u>Brigade Adjutants.</u>	Diarmuid Crean, Post Office, Tralee. P.J. Cahill, Caherina, Tralee. Daniel J. O'Sullivan, Army G.H.Q., Dublin. Patrick Garvey (also Brigade Director of Communications). Patrick Barry, Rock Street, Tralee.
<u>Brigade Q.Ms.</u>	William Mullins, Mowderwell, Tralee. Maurice Fleming, Gas Terrace, Tralee.
<u>Brigade M.O.</u>	Dr. Maurice Quinlan, Ballybunion (retired).
<u>Brigade Director of Transport.</u>	Denis O'Connor, Castle Street, Tralee. James Mullins, Cahirciveen.
<u>Brigade Director of Engineering.</u>	James T. Flavin, B.E., Dublin.
<u>Brigade Chief of Police.</u>	Patrick Barry, Rock Street, Tralee.
<u>Brigade I.O.</u>	Tadhg Ó Cinnside to December, 1921. Sean Hyde, Cork (Wounded). Matthew Ryan, Tipperary (killed in action).
<u>Brigade Director of Signals.</u>	Edmond Moriarty, Blennerville, Tralee.

During the Civil War, i.e. from 1st July, 1922, the officers of Kerry I. Brigade were as follows :-

<u>Brigade O/Cs.</u>	1. Humphrey Murphy, Ballybeg, Farranfore. 2. John J. Sheehy, Cloonbeg, Tralee.
<u>Brigade Vice O/Cs.</u>	1. Tomás O'Donoghue, T.D., Dublin. 2. Jeremiah O'Leary, Castleisland. 3. Sean McCarthaigh, Castlecountess, Tralee.
<u>Brigade Q.M.</u>	Maurice Fleming, Gas Terrace, Tralee.
<u>Brigade Adjutant.</u>	1. Cors. Casey, Cloonbeg Terrace, Tralee. (appointed Adjutant to 1st Eastern Division). 2. Patrick Raymond, Clash East, Tralee. 3. Jeremiah Hanafin, Ashe Street, do. 4. Denis Cronin, Lower New Street, Killarney.
<u>Transport:</u>	1. Denis O'Connor, Cloonmore Terrace, Tralee. 2.Leahy, Clash, Tralee. 3. James O'Connor, Edward Street, do.
<u>Brigade M.O.</u>	1. Dr. Maurice Quinlan, Blennerville, do. 2. Dr. Roger O'Connor, Tarbert (appointed Divisional M.O. in June 1922). 3. Dr. Maurice Quinlan on 1st July, 1922.

- Engineering.
1. James T. Flavin, B.E., Rock Street, Tralee.
(appointed Divisional O/C., Engineering).
 2. Peter O'Donnell (in U.S.A.)
 3. Patrick Kelly, The Kennels, Colbridge, Col Kildare.
(Assistant O/C. Engineering during whole period).

Signals. Edward Moriarty, Blennerville, Tralee.

- Intelligence.
1. Tadhg Ó Cinnside, Ardrinane, Ardfert.
(Transferred to G.H.Q. Staff in December, 1921).
 2. Sean Hyde, Cork.
 3. Matthew Ryan, Tipperary (killed).
 4. Michael J. Hanafin, Ashe Street, Tralee.

- Police.
1. Patrick Barry, Rock Street, Tralee,
(resigned on reorganisation).
 2. Michael A. O'Donnell, Castlegregory.

Mined Trenches and Bridges.

The notes which were supplied to me by Mr. Val Doyle, retired County Surveyor, remind me of another story with which Mr. Doyle was connected and which has probably slipped his memory.

The roads in Kerry were made practically impassable for all traffic other than pedestrian in 1920 and 1921. The British tried to get the trenches closed and temporary bridges erected where the existing ones were destroyed by the I.R.A. Naturally it was very inconvenient for the loyalists and I presume they made representations to their Government friends in Dublin about it. At any rate, the British forces commandeered the services of the local inhabitants to fill in the trenches and help in restoring temporarily the broken bridges. However, as fast as the repairs were carried out, and when the British forces had left, the work was undone and the conditions were as bad as ever.

The Local Government Board, acting no doubt under pressure from their friends in the forces, wrote to the County Surveyors in each county pointing out that it was the duty of the County Councils to maintain these roads and bridges and that the County Surveyors had a statutory duty to maintain them, and asking that the County Surveyor should be good enough to assist in carrying out the necessary repairs.

Mr. Doyle showed me the letter and I asked him to write the Department and point out that he could not ask his men to risk their lives unless there was made available maps showing what trenches and bridges had been mined, as we were aware they had already done so.

The Military and Auxiliaries marked on maps the trenches and bridges which were mined and Mr. Doyle conveyed the information to me and I notified Brigade Headquarters and gradually the mines were put off and they were not renewed. I don't know whether Mr. Doyle remembers this incident, but I have a distinct remembrance of it.

Establishment of Co-Operative Fishing Society
in West Kerry.

I attach two documents (see Appendix E) in relation to the establishment of a Co-Operative Society in West Kerry :-

1. Letter to me from Mr. Austin Stack dated 22/10/1920.
2. Report from Mr. James Manning, Clerk of Works, dated 2nd July, 1921.

I had nothing to do with the formation of the Society or Societies nor with the carrying out of the works referred to. There was considerable opposition by vested interests in Dingle to any co-operative enterprises in the district as can be seen from Mr. Manning's report.

I know very little about the projects which were sponsored by the Ministry for Home Affairs in co-operation with the local fishermen of whom Patrick Brosnan and John Garvey, boat owners, were the leading protagonists. The Societies were formed for the benefit of the local fishermen in the Gaeltacht and undoubtedly would have been of great assistance to them at that time. The disturbed condition of the times prevented the carrying out of the projects to the great loss to the deep-sea and inshore fishermen.

Mr. Muiris Ó Cathain, who now resides in Dublin, can give the full history of the circumstances which gave rise to the undertaking, and probably the Department of Fisheries are in possession of the facts and of the winding up of the affair.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21
BURO STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21

No. W.S. 1413