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BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913–21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS

DOCUMENT NO. W.S....244.....

Witness

Mr. John McGallogly,
46 Eglinton Road,
Dublin.

Identity

Member of I.R.B. Glasgow, 1915;

Captain 'A' Company Manchester Area.

Subject

(a) G.P.O. Dublin, Easter Week 1916;

(b) I.R.B. activities Manchester 1920 up to dte of Truce.

Conditions, if any, stipulated by Witness

Nil.

File No. ..S.1317.....

Form B.S.M. 2.

ORIGINAL

STATEMENT BY Mr. JOHN McGALLOGLY,

46, Eglinton Road, Dublin.

1916 to 1922.

I was born in Bothwell Park, Lanarkshire, Scotland, in July, 1898. Bothwell Park is an ugly group of 150 miners' houses on the Glasgow-Edinburgh Road, about ten miles south-east of Glasgow and about a mile distant from the surrounding villages of Bothwell, Bellshill and Uddingston. Bothwell Park was attached to Uddingston parish, and in my early schooldays Uddingston had a branch of the Gaelic League. However, my link with the National movement did not come through Uddingston.

In 1915 my brother, James, was living in Glasgow, and he had become associated there with Sinn Fein, the Volunteers and the I.R.B. He was eight years my senior, and it was no difficult task for him to bring me to his way of thinking. He took me into his confidence, made me a member of the I.R.B. and proposed that I should assist him in a raid on the powder magazine attached to the colliery where I worked.

Each colliery has its principal magazine about a quarter of a mile removed from the colliery and at least the same distance from any other building.

It was arranged that I should meet him, and about ten members of the Volunteers one Saturday evening at Uddingston, and conduct them to the magazine, about two miles away.

/When

When the time came he himself was unable to attend, but I was acquainted with some of the party, so the raid was carried out. The door was forced with a wagon pinch,which I had conveniently placed beforehand. After the event one can always see how the job could have been done better. There were about two tons of explosives in the place, but we could only carry away about two cwt. without making ourselves conspicuous in the tram. Amongst those present were :- Joe Robinson, Alex Carmichael, Seamus Reader, Frank Scullen and Cormac Turner.

We could find no detonators in the principal magazine so a few weeks later, at 3 a.m., my brother and I made a raid on the small magazine located at the colliery itself. I knew where the keys were kept in this case, but we were disappointed to find only a small number of detonators, so we had to make up our load with more gelignite.

Early in January of 1916 Joe Robinson passed on word at an I.R.B. meeting at which I was present that the Rising would take place within three months, and suggested that we should go to Ireland as soon as possible. That meeting was held on a Sunday afternoon and it was arranged that, as a number were leaving the following Saturday night, another raid should be made. This time a colliery nearer Uddingston was selected and much the same party carried it out. Sean Hegarty also took part on this occasion.

The quantity of explosives obtained on these raids was despatched to Dublin. I think Frank Scullen and Seamus Reader took most of it, but I had no part in that side of the work.

/ My

My brother and I planned to leave for Dublin on Saturday, in the middle of January, but the police speeded up our departure. I sustained an injury at work on the Wednesday prior to it, and I had to go home. Later that day I recovered somewhat, and went to visit my brother in Glasgow. His wife (he had only been married a fortnight) told me he had gone to the Volunteer hall, and that Joe Robinson and Seamus Reader had been arrested. I called to the hall and was confronted by six detectives. They questioned me and I made myself appear as stupid as I could, so they let me go, probably thinking they could pick me up at any time because they told me I would hear more about it later. I rambled around the city for a couple of hours after that, visiting the shops that I normally was interested in, to give the impression, in case I were being followed, that I was unconcerned. Then I returned to my brother's house and found two of the detectives with him. He had been making ready to go on nightwork in the shipyard when they called. They eventually left when he told them he would have to go or be late for work. A few minutes after they left we both set off for Ireland. To avoid the Central Station, Glasgow, we took a tram to Paisley, and the train to Ardrossan, then crossed to Belfast. It was my first time in Ireland.

In Belfast we had the address of a young man named Dempsey; an ex-member of one of the Glasgow I.R.B. Centres. On calling to his house we were told that he was at the Court, listening to the case of a Belfast Volunteer who was charged with possession of arms. We too, went on to the Court and found Barney Freel and Alex Carmichael there,

/along

along with Dempsey. I don't remember how they crossed from Glasgow. They were not on the boat with us, but may have come by Stranraer and Larne.

Our object in calling to Dempsey was to get introductions to someone in Dublin, where the four of us would be complete strangers. We had the address of Countess Markievicz in Leinster Road, but as Seamus Reader and Frank Scullen had been traced to it, we did not think it safe, so Dempsey suggested Tom Clarke's shop in Parnell Street.

We arrived in Dublin about six in the evening, and proceeded to search for Tom Clarke's shop. I'm sure we walked from the Rotunda to Capel Street five times without finding it, of course. There was nothing for it but try the Countess. From the moment we arrived she was in a flutter. Ten minutes afterwards she told us we would have to leave, as she had just got word from Volunteer sources that the house was to be raided for two men from Glasgow. She made no useful suggestion as to what we were to do when we left. It did not seem to strike anyone to tell us that Great Britain Street was the official name at that time, of the street in which Tom Clarke's shop was located.

We tried the offices of Nationality, but they were closed as it was now about nine o'clock. In the flat above the office (I think it was in D'Olier Street) there was a boxing club. We told some of the members we were looking for a man named Sean McDermott. It appeared that they had a member of that name, one of their star performers, and they asked did we want to arrange a fight. We were not looking for the kind of fight they had to offer.

/At

At 10 p.m. we were sitting on the steps outside Liberty Hall, wondering what to do when Alex Carmichael remembered seeing on the wall of Nationality office, a poster announcing a meeting of Cumann na mBan in Parnell Square. We rushed off at once and when we got there our troubles were over. Mrs. Tom Clarke was in charge. She sent word to 6 Harcourt Street and Sean McDermott came accompanied by William O'Brien.

Barney and Alex were brought away, I don't know where, and my brother and I were taken to Paddy Gleeson's house in Dundrum. We were given tickets at Harcourt Street and told to get out of the train when we saw Paddy leaving it, and follow him. I had never heard of Dundrum and had no idea where it was, but I remember glancing at the ticket, mistaking the 5d. for 5/- and thought it would be a long journey for that hour; it was now nearing midnight.

From day to day Paddy used arrange for us to call on some of his friends. I think he enjoyed a joke at our expense. One day he sent us to a man named Jackson at the Stillorgan Waterworks. An R.I.C. man opened the door in answer to our knock. He was quartered on Jackson to guard the waterworks during the 1914-1918 war. On another occasion he sent us to Tom Hackett of Milltown about five in the evening. Tom took us immediately for a seven mile walk at about five miles per hour. I did not see the fun of it as I had eaten nothing since breakfast.

After about a month in Paddys we were given a job by Corrigan, the Undertaker, in the De Selby Quarries, Jobstown The job was digging rock out of the mountainside. We spent the night in damp beds in a wooden hut and started

/work

work at 6 a.m. next morning without anything to eat. There was a break for a meal at 9 a.m. but we had no food, and no way of getting any so I decided I had had enough of the job. We went back to Dublin and were quartered in Ryan's, 7 Ballybough Road. Mrs. Ryan was Sean McGarry's mother-in-law. We were told that we must only go out at night and must keep away from the centre of the city as the police were keeping a keen lookout for me. The trial of Joe Robinson and Seamus Reader was held up pending my arrest.

We continued on there until about two weeks before the Rising. Then Sean McDermott sent word that we were to go to Kimmage Camp as the time of the Rising was drawing near.

In the Camp at this time were men from London, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow. I enjoyed the short stay there although conditions were not up to luxury hotel standard. Most of the Glasgow men put their mattresses together and made one large bed out of them. I considered myself fortunate in having the outside position. Part of the work consisted in fitting six-foot handles to ½" socket chisels. These were to be used as lances. I saw no serious attempt at work while I was there.

On Wednesday before the Rising, P.H. Pearse and two others (I think Ceannt was one of them) visited the camp. Pearse gave us a talk on how to barricade a house or a street and carry on individual street fighting, which might become necessary if the British acted before we were mobilised. He impressed on us that we should trust

/no

no civilian and take no food from them if we did not know them.

There was much activity in the camp on Saturday of Holy Week because we expected to be leaving it for good the following morning.

Sunday was passed in doubts, grumblings and rumours. We were "confined to barracks".

On Monday morning, fifty-six men from the camp, with George Plunkett in charge, boarded the tram at Harolds Cross. We were a unique body of soldiers; going into action on a tram. Each man had a different kind of kit. No two had it affixed in the same way and probably no one could have put it on in the same way twice. I was armed with a shot gun and a .22 automatic. We dismounted at O'Connell Bridge and marched to Liberty Hall.

At noon we were led into O'Connell Street. When I was just opposite the point where Eason's is now, our section leader ordered us to barricade the houses in Lower Abbey Street. He led us into the flats over the shop "Kelly's for Bikes". I was sent to the top flat with Joe Duffy of Liverpool. When we had done what we thought was a workmanlike job we went downstairs to report and discovered that the others had withdrawn. We learned that the G.P.O. had been occupied, but neither of us knew where the G.P.O. was nor did we know very well our way about the city. Joe agreed to come with me to Ryan's of Ballybough Road when I explained that they would be able to put us in touch again somewhere. We went there, and while explaining our difficulty we saw a Volunteer in uniform pass the window. Catching up with him he brought us to a

/field

field somewhere in Fairview, where two Companies were mobilising under Diarmuid Lynch. Our first post was the shop at the corner of Ballybough Road and Clonliffe Road, but no sooner had we removed the furniture out of our way than we were withdrawn to the junction of Summerhill and Portland Row. Soon afterwards a company of Volunteers was passing by. Amongst them I recognised Sean Hegarty, whom I had known in Glasgow. He told me they were on their way to the G.P.O. so I fell in and rejoined the Kimmage Company there about 4.30 p.m.

From that time on one day was much like another. I was on duty most of the time on the main door in O'Connell Street, one of the front windows or the Princes Street gate. Diarmuid Lynch gave me quite a lot to do in the way of carrying bags of nails, coal or sand for barricades. Except for an occasional hour's sleep I was on duty day and night and I don't remember taking a normal meal.

On Tuesday Frank Scullen and I were sent out to Henry Street to collect whatever food we could find in the shops. There was a steel cable stretched across O'Connell Street on the north side of the Pillar and a few sightseers were standing outside this barrier. A British officer walked beyond it and Frank spotted him. We took him prisoner. I had a little .22 automatic which I held in his ear and I told him that if he made an attempt to escape I would blow his brains out. It seemed to impress him as I afterwards learned at my courtmartial. He was held in the G.P.O. until Friday when he made his eacape, or was released during the evacuation. He must have had some measure of freedom inside the building, because he identified a number of the men afterwards in Richmond Barracks. He was Lieutenant King of the Royal Irish Rifles.

/On

On Thursday I was on guard with Joe Good of London at the Princes Street gate. A man came to the gate and asked if he might join us. Joe covered him with his rifle while I went for someone in authority. I heard him say to Joe, "You can trust me. You have no need to be afraid" and Joe replied "While I'm at this end of the gun you're the one to be afraid." James Connolly came and advised the man to go home. Some lads of school age from a boys' home in the neighbourhood made several visits to the gate with supplies of food. I think they had taken on themselves to do this. In the front hall the O'Rahilly started community singing for the purpose of cheering up the men. I did not notice any sign of despondency amongst them and I remember being rather surprised.

On Friday afternoon I was on duty again at Princes Street while we were being shelled from the Helga. The young man with me was rather nervous and I assured him that the noise we heard was our own lads on the roof with the Howth rifles, as I myself at the time believed it was. When the building took fire I was put to the task of moving the stores of ammunition and explosives to the basement. The Volunteer in charge of the stores told me there were 33,000 rounds on hand. Most of it was shot-gun cartridge. There was some long-range miniature stuff.

Shortly afterwards the evacuation started. The party I was with went by Henry Place. One of the party was killed or killed himself in an attempt to break in a door with the butt of a loaded rifle. We were under machine-gun fire crossing Moore Lane but no one sustained any injury.

/We

We entered the houses in Moore Street from the rear. We were not allowed to sleep during the night. On Saturday morning I found a bare spring mattress and in spite of the efforts of Jack and George Plunkett I had a wonderful sleep. When I awoke the Rising was over and I hadn't fired a shot.

In Moore Street we were given the order to fall in. One of our own officers (a small man named Kavanagh) made the announcement that we would march to O'Connell Street with arms at the slope and after laying them down, all, except officers, would be allowed to go home. Much to my disgust a large number of the men cheered. However, the statement was immediately contradicted.

Our names and addresses were taken after the surrender in O'Connell Street. My brother and I gave our names as James and John Doherty because we did not wish to be discovered by the Glasgow police. All were then brought to the grass plot outside the front of the Rotunda Hospital where we spent the night. Our men seemed to be in good humour. A particularly objectionable little British Officer of the Royal Irish Rifles placed a D.M.P. man to watch the Glasgow group because we were laughing at Paddy Moran's remarks. The D.M.P. men showed no hostility.

We marched to Richmond Barracks on Sunday. The civilians (mostly women in shawls) hooted at us as we passed by. Our names and addresses were again taken; we were searched and then divided into groups of about 30 to each room.

My brother and I went to sleep together on the floor and I was awakened shortly afterwards by the officer whom I had taken prisoner on Easter Tuesday. He had three or four

/detectives

detectives with him and he told them to take a good look at me to ensure that they would know me again. I was then taken to another room. My brother was still asleep and did not learn until some months afterwards what had become of me. In the room to which I had now been taken I was acquainted only with Tom Clarke and Sean McDermott at that time but all the occupants had been picked out by someone or other, for courtmartial. Denis O'Callaghan had assumed the post of room orderly and used manage to obtain a few extra rations. Each time they were delivered the Sergeant used tell us this would be our last meal. By way of reply we always gave him what to-day would be called the razz. A day's ration was three Army biscuits and a small tin of bullybeef. The biscuits were so hard it used take me several hours to consume them.

One day (I don't remember whether it was Monday or Tuesday, 1st or 2nd of May) a number of us were taken to be charged by the court. I was brought in along with Tom Clarke and Eamonn Duggan. When the charge had been read we were asked if we had anything to say and each one of us declined to say anything. Tom Clarke afterwards assured me that I acted wisely in not saying anything. I still have the copy of charge which was given to me that day. It is written on a torn sheet of foolscap, with no signature, and no other wording than the following :-

Copy of Charge.

Did an act, to wit, did take part in an armed rebellion, and in the waging of war against His Majesty the King, such act being of such a nature as to be calculated to be prejudicial to the Defence of the Realm, and being done with the intention and for the purpose of assisting the enemy.

/While

While we were waiting to go in, we sat on the grass outside. The guards sat down too and an argument developed about the merits of the Rising. I ventured a remark and one of the guards, a red-haired Irishman, said "You shut up, you Scotch bastard. You only came over here to make trouble."

On Wednesday I was brought for courtmartial along with J.J. Walsh, Willie Pearse and Sean McGarry. The President of the Court read the names of the members and I think he asked had we any objection to any of them. We hadn't. The charge was read and then the evidence of Lieutenant King of the Royal Irish Rifles was taken. He stated that, while a prisoner, he had seen the other three in the G.P.O. In my case he told how I had taken him prisoner and three times during his evidence he said "I will never forget his face until my dying day." I grinned at him. We were then asked if we had anything to say. J.J. Walsh and Willie Pearse were in uniform. J.J. said he held no official position in the Volunteers. The President of the Court asked if he were a member, and J.J. said "Yes". The President then said "Isn't that an official position?" and J.J. answered "I mean I was not an officer". Willie Pearse said he was merely a personal attache of his brother. Sean McGarry and I both stated that we had nothing to say. The President then told us that the sentence would be promulgated in due course, and the trial was over. It did not last fifteen minutes.

About eighteen of us were then removed to Kilmainham Jail. Joseph Plunkett and Willie Pearse were of the number. Each one was put into a separate cell. When

/darkness

darkness fell I took off my shoes and went to sleep on the floor. No bed or blanket was provided.

Sometime later I was awakened by three redcaps opening the door to announce my sentence. One of them said "You have been tried and found guilty and sentenced to death. Do you understand?" I said "Yes." He paused a second or two and then continued "Out of considerations of mercy the sentence has been commuted to penal servitude for ten years. Do you understand?" Again I said "Yes." He told the others to give me a shake, and I was duly shaken. Then he asked did I want anything to eat, and in the same sullen tone as before I answered "Yes." They gave me three biscuits. I wondered afterwards why he ordered the others to shake me. It may have been that my lack of reaction to the death sentence caused him to think I was half asleep. I was wide awake but actually I was always sceptical about anything they said and always on guard against any show of feeling other than sullenness. At any rate it did not keep me awake because I heard no sound of the executions that took place the following morning although my cell was not far removed from the yard in which they were carried out.

When we were assembled next day, J.J. Walsh said "There are some missing." The Sergeant in charge replied "You may thank your stars you are not missing too."

In the afternoon (Thursday 4th May) we lined up to go to Mountjoy. A few women were waiting outside Kilmainham Jail when we were leaving. One of them offered me a packet of food, but I refused it. This time we travelled in the Black Maria.

/In

In the prison we were subject to the ordinary regulations. A warder showed me how to make mailbags. A couple of days afterwards he put me into a cell where he had eight or nine others. "Go in there" he said, "and hold a Sinn Fein meeting." They were a later batch of sentenced men. I was to teach them to make mailbags. One of them asked me the usual prison question, "How long are you in for?" When I told him "Ten years" he said "Have you much longer to go?"

The 'supper' in Mountjoy used get me down. They called it cocoa. I don't know what it was. It has just occurred to me now, as I am writing, it may have been shell cocoa.

After five days in Mountjoy we were on our way to Portland. Eighteen of us were marched to the North Wall with a file of Notts and Derbys on either side. The streets were lined with people and some of them marched on the outside of our guard. This time they were well disposed towards us and offered food which we declined. There was much cheering and our guards told us afterwards their hearts were in their mouths on the route. Subsequent batches from Mountjoy were conveyed by Black Maria.

On the boat the soldiers became very friendly. We had quite a ceilidh in which they joined. They were given whatever money we had but spent all of it later to buy food for us on the train as we had been given no rations.

My fellow prisoners were quite hopeful that they would not have to complete their sentences. I am not a pessimist, but I generally prepare to face up to the worst and in this case I could see no reason why we should not do our full time.

/Portland

Portland Prison was a model of efficiency. I remember the warder in Mountjoy saying "Get yourself a pair of shoes," and he indicated a heap containing hundreds of them. In Portland everything was new and to correct size. There one could be sure of getting all that regulations prescribed, either to one's advantage or disadvantage.

Other batches arrived soon after, until there were about fifty of us.

One Sunday, some time later, the Chaplain, Rev. Dr. O'Loughlin, made an apology to us from the pulpit during Mass, in the presence of the warders and the ordinary prisoners. He said that before we arrived he had accepted the English newspaper accounts that riots had been started in Dublin by a large number of corner boys. He then declared he had found amongst us high intellectual and moral standards. On another occasion he preached a sermon on the theme "As the dead were so are they." It was to the effect that men would judge our dead leaders and hence the cause for which they died from the moral standards which they saw in us who had been associated with them.

There were about a hundred men sentenced to penal servitude; the other half were in Dartmoor. Those of us in Portland lacked leadership with the result that at no time did we act as a body. We adhered strictly to rules without a protest. It was not so in Dartmoor, as we afterwards learned.

In December 1916 the British authorities arranged to bring us together into Lewes Prison. This included about twenty others sentenced to one or two years hard labour.

/Before

Before our transfer we were faced with the choice of giving our word not to attempt escape and travelling in civilian clothes, or of going in chains. All in Portland gave the undertaking and regretted it afterwards. It was good propaganda for the British and they certainly dressed us like a lot of corner boys, in Martin Henrys. The Dartmoor men went in chains and convict garb.

I learned something of the effect of suggestion. In Portland, where the rule of silence was strictly enforced, I always had more than enough to eat, but in Lewes, where conversation was permitted during exercise, I began to feel hungry when I discovered that the others had always felt they were not getting enough. One morning sixty-seven of them complained to the Medical Officer of insufficient food. He knew it was planned so he painted their stomachs with iodine.

We gradually began to break down prison discipline. Strikes were called on two occasions when one of our number was punished for a breach of rules and the authorities gave in to us. After the second strike we had things pretty much our own way.

There were no other prisoners in Lewes at that time, so we ourselves carried out essential services such as cooking and washing. I was in the laundry party. De Valera was in it for a little while, but he was not a success. Most of us in the party were young lads and liked a bit of horseplay with the wet clothes, but we could not indulge while he was around. Afterwards he was in the cleaners party, sweeping the paths and yards. Also in that party were Cosgrave, Beasley and Colm O'Geary.

/Cosgrave

Cosgrave was very distant. We were in the same prison for over a year and although I was in the cell next to his for six months and met him every day we never, at any time, exchanged a word. I was on friendly terms with all the others, including his brother, Philip.

In May 1917 we commenced our final strike. De Valera handed to the Governor a document which stated that we were on strike to be released or treated as prisoners of war. We would do no work other than cooking or laundry for ourselves and would obey no order by the prison officials. He demanded that the document be forwarded to the Home Secretary,and made it clear that he would negotiate only with a Home Office representative. A Prison Commissioner came and interviewed De Valera. All except cooks and laundry party were locked day and night in their cells. After a week of the strike even they were locked up and the warders did the cooking. When we commenced breaking the windows with the table or stool everything in the cell was taken from us, and we took our food sitting on the floor.

About the end of the second week two batches were transferred, one to Portland and the other to Dartmoor. But that had been anticipated, and the strike continued. I was returned to Portland and sentenced to three days No. 1 diet (two ozs. of bread morning and evening). I commenced a second term immediately the first was over, but before completing it we got word of our release.

We were taken to Pentonville on Saturday evening about the second or third week in June. On Sunday evening we were brought in closed cars to a special train for Holyhead. The warders remained on the platform until the train left, to

/ensure

ensure that there would be no demonstration by the London Irish. There was no one with us on the train except the railway guard and he could not guess what we were with our cropped hair and shoddy clothes. Somewhere down the line, De Valera wired to have 120 lunch baskets on the platform at Crewe and on the boat he commandeered the dining-room until we had been served.

Notwithstanding the British efforts to avoid publicity, there were hundreds to receive us at Westland Row. They brought us to Flemings' hotel where a reception had been prepared, but I found my brother and slipped quietly away instead.

Lucky to live. Lucky again
To have met and marched
With the finest of men
Earth ever bred (so I believe)
Since heaven was arched.
Lucky indeed, but they are dead.

(From the Spectator).

Towards the end of 1917 I returned to Glasgow. A split had developed in the ranks of the I.R.B. there and, as a consequence, in the other organisations too. Joe Robinson was at the head of one party composed mostly of those who had been in the Rising. Seamus Reader was with, but not at that time at the head of those who had not taken part. Some of them were in the I.R.B. beforehand and had been informed of its coming. One of them was alleged to have been in Dublin during Easter Week without turning out, and to have given a false account afterwards in Glasgow.

I linked up with Joe's side and could not see any reason why Reader remained with the others. Some time afterwards Joe was arrested in connection with explosives. I had a visit from one of the detectives at the time, but he had no case against me. However, I was sacked out of my job at the coal mine a couple of days later. I got another job elsewhere next day but it only lasted a week. The foreman told me the police had given an order for my dismissal.

Suspicion had arisen against Liam Gribbon, who was of Joe's following, and it was even suggested that he had informed on Joe, but we found nothing against him; those who made the insinuations were not themselves such super patriots. Gribbon continued a member of the Volunteers.

After the arrest of Joe Robinson, Alex Carmichael became Captain of the Company. Michael O'Callaghan, one of the members, who used procure an occasional quantity of explosives, decided to establish his own channel for sending it to Ireland. An early result was a term of imprisonment for two of his carriers, (one of them a girl named Rose Healy). I can't remember now if O'Callaghan himself was arrested. My opinion was that he felt he was not being let sufficiently into things. Carmichael, naturally, did not disclose unnecessarily to anyone the details of the supply or the export route. I, personally, did not always know where the stuff came from, or how it went out, and I was not curious. I was barely even interested because I felt that there would be no further use for it in Ireland in our time.

In the month of March 1918 I met Mick Staines accidently in the street in Glasgow. He did not tell me

/why

why he was there nor did I ask him, but he said that the threatened conscription would be resisted by force and any of us who wished to lend a hand had better get to Ireland at once. The Company was mobilised and about a dozen of us left that night. There was a good crowd to see us off, and we bid goodbye also to the G. man who was always on duty at the Ardrossan train. I stayed three weeks in Dublin and at the end of that time it seemed unlikely that conscription would be tried. Before leaving, however, I made arrangements with my brother, James, to recall me immediately if necessary.

From the time I returned to Glasgow after that I gradually ceased to take an active part.

At the beginning of 1920 I went with my brother, James, to work in Manchester. Almost immediately we linked up with the I.R.B. there, through Larry Ryan of Manchester who had been with us in Kimmage Camp in 1916. We were not called upon for any activities until the Autumn of 1920. Then my brother was sent to Glasgow to escort to Manchester and Liverpool a lorry load of arms and ammunition on the track of which the police of Glasgow had been rather active. He took ill as soon as he reached Glasgow, and that illness continued until his death in 1924. The load of stuff came to Manchester and caused consternation in several houses where it was stored, until finally we hired a garage attached to a Maternity Home into which we dumped it without the knowledge of the proprietors.

About this time too, it was proposed to take reprisal action in England for the Black and Tan outrages in Ireland. Suggestions were called for. I suggested the

/destruction

destruction of the Manchester Ship Canal locks at Barton. The Manchester power station was also mentioned and the burning of warehouses. Paddy O'Donoghue, O/C. Manchester, and I inspected the Ship Canal locks. This particular one was well out in the country, but Dublin did not favour the project. Instead they sent over Garry Houlihan from the Dublin power station, Fleet Street, to inspect the Manchester one. A small party of us went round it on a Sunday afternoon with a permit as visitors from Scotland. Rory O'Connor came over at the same time, but he did not take part in the inspection. The details were arranged, but the plan was not carried out because, as I heard afterwards, it was captured in Dick Mulcahy's place on the South Circular Road, Dublin, and a force of special constables was immediately organised for the city of Manchester.

On a few occasions fires were started at farms and warehouses, etc. in London, Liverpool, Manchester and Newcastle-on-Tyne. They were to take place simultaneously, but organising was loose, and I think they were not as impressive as they might have been.

One Saturday night I was given two pints of paraffin oil and a party of four men to burn a cotton print works. The works consisted of a number of large single-storey sheds, spread over a wide area. I spent more than an hour in the place getting things ready, but I felt that it would not amount to much. However, the papers gave it a better write up than I expected. O'Donoghue, the O/c. of Manchester, was arrested in March or April 1921, in connection with the fires.

A few weeks afterwards Seán McGarry came over from Dublin, and I had to go with him to Sheffield to introduce

/him

him to some isolated members of the Volunteers there. He said they were nearly at the end of their resources in Ireland and might be compelled to abandon the struggle until the next generation, so he had to organise the I.R.B. amongst the younger element.

I was appointed Captain of A. Company in Manchester in May but a couple of days afterwards was arrested along with Frank Breen at the garage which we used as a dump. We had been going there for several days to take stock and make a report of it to Dublin. We brought a few suitcases of it to Liverpool. In the garage, amongst other things, were 2 cwts. of gelignite, 600 detonators and six .45 revolvers. The police had lain in wait for us from Monday evening until Wednesday morning.

The truce came on before our trial was over, but they went ahead with it and we each got five years. We were sent to Dartmoor with O'Donoghue and about fifteen other Manchester Irish who had been arrested at the same time.

O'Donoghue organised a strike. It was arranged to commence while we were at exercise one Sunday afternoon. I would have preferred to have been left in peace but since it was decided upon I said "Let's get on with it", and I stepped out of the ring and halted. The others lined up alongside. I acted as spokesman, and the prison authorities appeared to take me as the leader. The others were transferred in pairs to various prisons around England. I was left by myself in Exeter.

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In Exeter there were four other Irish prisoners from Dublin doing short sentences, but they were released when the Treaty was signed. We who had been taken in England were not released until February 1922.

There were only two priests for the City of Exeter and part of the surrounding district, so neither of them could be spared on Sundays to say Mass for just one Catholic prisoner, but I used to have Mass every Wednesday. On a Saturday evening in February word came for my release and the Chief Warder explained that I could be liberated that evening but suggested that I should wait until Monday, as there would be no train before then. I told him I wanted to get Mass on Sunday. He said "If I let you out I can't take you back again".

I was released on the Sunday morning, and I've never been back since.

Signed: Jn Gallogly

Date: 6th May 1949

Witness: Seán Brennan. Comdt.

Date: 6th May 1949