ROINN COSANTA.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 336

Witness

Gearoid Ua h-Uallachain;
71 Mobhi Road,
Glasnevin,
Dublin.

Identity

Q.M.G. Fianna Eireann 1916-1921;
Chief of Staff Fianna Eireann 1920-July 1921.

Subject

(a) National activities 1916-1921;
(b) Plans for destruction of Water Pumping Plant and Power Station, Manchester, 1920;
(c) Burning of Independent Newspaper Plant, December 1920.

Conditions, if any, stipulated by Witness

Nil

File No. S.104

Form B.S.M. 2.

ORIGINAL

SECOND STATEMENT BY GARRY HOLOHAN

71 Mobhi Road, Glasnevin, Dublin.

When I returned home from Frongoch I met Eamon Martin. He had slept in my house at 8 Rutland Cottages so that he would be there when I would arrive. He was only skin and bone, and it looked as if he were not long for this world. I spent a good deal of time with him until he sailed from Dún Laoghaire on the last day of 1916 for America, to try and regain his health.

The centre of our activity at that time was the National Aid office in Exchequer Street, where all prisoners reported on their release, giving details of their previous employment and registering for employment if they were not reinstated by their previous employers. I was presented with a ten-shilling note and the price of a suit of clothes, and, except for money I had earned from Miss O'Rahilly which she left at the National Aid offices, I made no further claim on the funds.

The National Aid Committee gave a reception for the released prisoners in Exchequer Street shortly after we were released. As I had to get to work at once to keep the home I had no time for politics, as we know them now, or in looking for easy money. I took very little interest in the working of the National Aid organisation.

There was a large number of refugees, that is, men who were on the run from conscription in England and who could not return after their release from prison, living in Dublin, and when it came to filling vacancies these men were given every consideration. It was as a result of this sympathy that Mick Collins - as well as the fact that

he held meetings of the I.R.B. in Frongoch Camp to which he only invited certain members - was responsible for his appointment as paid Secretary to the National Aid. Like everyone else who has the giving of money or jobs, he became very popular. I must say I never liked him. I always considered him a rude, bouncing bully, but he was a very competent worker and very popular. While I feel sorry for him, the pitiful part he played in the Treaty negotiations in London justified my views of him that he was an over-estimated character.

An incident occurred in 1917 that did not help us to pull together. Barney Mellows was employed in the National Aid office, and he reported to me that Collins was making a habit of going and drinking in the Deer's Head several times during the day. As this was a very grievous offence in my opinion I mentioned it at my Circle meeting of the I.R.B. This caused ructions, as they wanted to know where I heard it, and as Barney was working in the office I could not say where I heard it or he would have been sacked, and he did not come forward himself voluntarily, with the result that I found myself in a very unenviable position. Eamon Bulfin, son of the famous author of "Rambles in Erin", was the Centre of our Circle, the successor to Con Colbert, at the time, and I recollect we had very hot words over it. He afterwards went to America. I think he came back again.

About the beginning of 1918 the John Mitchel Circle of the I.R.B. was divided, all who were in the Volunteers remaining in the Mitchel Circle, and the active Fianna members forming a new Circle to be called the Fianna Circle. This split separated me from George and Jack Plunkett, Joe Cullen, Maurice Walsh, now Father Walsh, and the old St.

Enda's pupils. Eamon Martin was our Centre until he went to Russia at the end of 1920, and I was Centre from then until the Civil War started in 1922.

It is difficult looking back to understand how we were allowed such liberty on our release.

I rejoined the Cleaver Branch of the Gaelic League in Donore Avenue, Dolphins Barn. The Dwyer Club organised a football club, and new football clubs started everywhere for the purpose of keeping the Volunteer Companies together.

When we arrived back from Frongoch the Fianna were already re-organised. Barney Mellows kept in touch with the younger boys from Dolphins Barn. The Hollands of Inchicore kept it going in their area. Hugo MacNeill and his brother, Derry, kept it going at No. 6 Harcourt Street. Peadar Brown re-organised a Sluagh in the North side, in the Hibernian Rifles Hall in Frederick Street, and in 41 Parnell Square, so that no time was lost in getting ahead with the work for freedom. Concerts were held in the Workmen's Club, York Street, and 41 Parnell Square, almost every Sunday night, to raise funds.

My brother Pat was arrested with Seán Milroy and Vincent O'Doherty in 1917 for singing seditious songs at a concert in 41 Parnell Square, and got six months in Mountjoy Jail.

I was to recite at a concert the following Sunday night, but when my mother went to Ship Street barracks for the courtmartial or to see Pat, the officers warned her about me, so I gave the concert a miss.

I wore my Fianna uniform in public for the first time

about a month after my release from Frongoch. We assembled at Blanchardstown early one Sunday morning with our uniforms under our overcoats. We took off our coats and marched in military formation from the village to the Catholic Church, where a special Mass was offered for the soul of Michael Mallin. As the police did not interfere we got courage and we became bolder and bolder, and the Fianna went on holding route marches. I remember on one occasion we were marching home from Green Hills, near Tallaght, when we were told that the police were very active, so we tried to dodge them by entering the city by the old road from Kilmainham. When we had passed Cromwells Quarters and were approaching the entrance to St. Patrick's Home, a police inspector stepped out and seized me, as I was at the head of the column. However, the boys became so threatening that he let me go again. This is only one of many similar incidents that occurred. The police acted in a very halfhearted manner, as if they were not under any definite orders.

Some time in 1917 Cathal Brugha and Count Plunkett were holding a meeting in Beresford Place when the police interfered and one of the police inspectors was killed by a blow from a Fianna officer named Eamon Murray, who had taken part in the Rising (he was in the Magazine Fort attack). Murray ran towards Abbey Street, followed by a policeman, and he would have been arrested and hanged only he happened to have a revolver in his possession. He turned round to shoot the policeman, who got such a fright that he ran away. It was a very near thing with Murray, as the first bullet jammed in the revolver, and had the policeman realised that there was something wrong with the revolver he would have got Murray. Murray went on the run and was sheltered by the Countess Markievicz and her

friends until he was smuggled out to America. He came home after the Truce, and fought with us during the Civil War. He later joined the Civic Guards, but lost his reason and is now a patient in Grangegorman Hospital.

The reason I relate this incident is to have a record of the first man to kill a British officer after 1916. It is stated in Desmond Ryan's book that Soloheadbeg was the first event of the kind. Eamon was in charge of the Fianna Sluagh at 41 Parnell Square at the time. He should not have been at the meeting and he should not have been carrying arms.

There was a tremendous difference for me in the Movement before 1916 and after. Before 1916 I had five comrades on the Volunteer Executive, as well as a number of friends, with the result that I was in the centre of all activity. As the only men who were considered reliable before 1916 were the members of the I.R.B. we were in the centre of every action and held the key positions in every movement. This was completely altered after 1916. Every man who took part in the Rising was considered tried and true, as well as the other members of his family, so the new organisation grew to enormous dimensions and the ranks were swelled with the usual crafty place-hunters and job-seekers, who were quick to realise that this would eventually mean a new party.

A number of Civil Servants were dismissed for their part in the Rising. They were employed, where possible, by the new Sinn Féin organisation, as clerks and organisers.

The movement changed from a small party of idealists, who were ready to do and die in face of all adversity, to a huge political movement embracing all classes and types.

The fighting men of limited education, like myself, devoted most of our energy to the re-organisation of military organisations, while the men of education took over control of the political machinery. In other words, men of my type were to accept the position of citizen soldiers.

When the Fianna was under way we held our first Convention in Pearse's home in St. Enda's, in 1917. The splendid house was in a dilapidated condition, as it had been torn to bits by the military. Even the ceilings were damaged.

I was Officer in charge of Dublin, and was appointed Quartermaster General, two posts I held until the Truce. The job of Quartermaster General took a good deal of time and energy, as orders came pouring in from all parts of the country for uniforms and leather equipment. It is hard to believe that it was still possible for me to buy ex-Army leather equipment in large quantities at Lawlors' store in Fownes' Street, and post it to all parts of the country. Alfie White was my assistant, and I can say he was energetic. This supplying of equipment continued until about 1918.

The Fianna organised a big ceilidhe in the Banba Hall, Parnell Square, early in 1917. We also organised the Manchester Martyrs concert in November, 1917, at which we got de Valera to give an address. We re-occupied the hall at Skipper's Alley, and carried on with our classes and drilling as usual.

In the meantime the Great War was still going on in France and the Volunteers were constantly buying arms and ammunition from the soldiers. These guns were passed

out through the railings of the different barracks in the most daring way.

I raided a pawn-shop on Ellis's Quay with a party of boys at about 10.30 p.m. about November, 1917. We arranged with one of the shop assistants, who lived on the premises, to slip down and open the hall door at the appointed time. We then climbed into the lock-up shop through a fanlight over the door leading from the shop into the hall, and got away with twenty guns and revolvers. We made our way by the back streets to Mrs. O'Donoghue's in Fontenoy Street. Mrs. O'Donoghue was the mother of Father Tom O'Donoghue, who fought in 1916 and is now on the English mission. She lived opposite Mrs. Heuston. We left the guns there until any excitement that might take place would die down.

The Fianna also marched to Bodenstown churchyard in June, where the Wolfe Tone procession was held as usual.

There is just one incident that comes to my mind which took place after 1916. As if to add insult to injury, the British authorities erected a large scroll or banner of bunting across the top of the columns of the G.P.O., on which was painted an appeal for recruits for His Brittanic Majesty's Navy. This was too much for us, so we organised a party of the Fianna. There were about twenty of us, including Liam Langley, Hugo MacNeill and Theo Fitzgerald. We met with bicycles at George's Pocket. We had a supply of twine with lead weights attached, and several sods of turf soaked in paraffin oil. We cycled into O'Connell Street at about half-past eleven, held up the policeman on duty at the point of a revolver, threw the lead weights over the banner, hauled up the burning

sods of turf and the whole thing was in ashes in a few minutes. It was never replaced.

There was a works manager with me in the Bottle Works in Ringsend. William Cooney was his name. He proved more of an instructor than a boss, and, as his standard of education in engineering was very high, he proved a great friend to me. He later proved to be very sympathetic to the I.R.A., and his home at Springfield Terrace, Herberton Road, Crumlin, was used as a shelter by different leaders during the trouble. I am sorry to say he found it necessary to go to England for a job during world-war 1939/45, and was killed while manager of a munitions factory in Cardiff. Most of the men employed in the Irish Glass Bottle Company on the engineering staff were sympathetic to the Republic, and a number of them were men who were victimised for their part in the Rising.

Even during this period, in spite of heavy work, I kept in touch with the Fianna, going straight to the meetings on my way from work.

To give you an idea of my activity during the black 'flu of 1918, I was at work in Ringsend for two hours on Sunday morning, and carried out some repairs to the gas engine. After dinner I cycled to an Aeridheacht in James's Street, where I gave a recitation. I then cycled to Clondalkin to another Aeridheacht, where I gave another turn. I then went to a ceilidhe in Clondalkin. I was feeling so seedy that I decided to start for home early. However, as I came along I got worse, and I thought of stopping at Mellows' if I could reach it. When I got to Inchicore I decided to continue on my way to Avondale Avenue, Phibsboro', where we then lived. When I got

home my mother was out. I got into bed and was delirious by the time she came home. It was late the following evening before I could get a doctor, they were so busy.

Early in 1917 I returned to work in the Bottle Works for a couple of weeks. The next job I got was as a fitter in the Gas Works, but I did not stick that for more than a week because I was rolling in soot for most of the time and my clothes were destroyed.

While I was working in the Bottle Works I accompanied James Baskerville, who was attached to the Volunteers, to a Volunteer concert in Bray, at which Piaras Beaslaí gave a lecture. Jimmy was severely wounded while fighting on our side at Moran's Hotel, Gardiner Street, during the Civil War. Jimmy gave me a good deal of help, as he had a sound technical training, for which I am ever grateful.

During an outing of the Cleaver Branch of the Gaelic League I told Joe Cullen I was out of work, and I got the job of lino-mechanic. The work in the printing house was very interesting. I learned the names of the types and all about the machines. I told the manager I had no previous knowledge of the work. He gave me £4 a week and promised me an increase when I knew the work. After four months I asked the foreman if he was satisfied with me. His name was Pidgeon; his brother had been shot in Bachelor's Walk in 1914 after the Howth gun-running. He was an objectionable type of bully, however, and told me he was satisfied. I went to the manager, Mr. McLean, and asked him to fulfil his promise. When he asked Pidgeon about me he told him that I was not as good a man as the man before me, so I did not get my increase. I immediately told Pidgeon I would get it and I went to the

Trades Union to force the issue. Meantime I got a bout of sickness due to overwork in the Bottle Works, and I went away for a fortnight to Newcastle, County Down. While I was away, the printing works were raided by the military and a number of machines dismantled, for printing seditious matter, and a lot of the staff were unemployed. When I returned from Newcastle I found that they had employed a mechanic operator. He was carrying out my duties, as well as working the linotype machine, while I was away. At the end of the week I was given a fortnight's notice. This matter was taken up by the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. Pidgeon swore he would never take me back. He was forced, however, to employ a mechanic at £10 a week.

By that time I had found work at the Linenhall with the firm of Hugh Moore & Alexander, wholesale chemists. I was engaged in lighting their new offices. These had been erected to replace those burned by myself during the Rising.

I was working in Hugh Moore's under the most pleasant conditions until I left to join the Dublin Corporation at the end of September, 1920. While I was employed in Hugh Moore's, the Kings Inns in the next street was raided by members of "H" Company of the 1st Battalion, and a couple of machine guns and some ammunition were taken from the guard. There was a solicitors' clerks strike in progress at the time, and this gave Jerry Golden an opportunity of obtaining details as to the position of the guard.

Another day as I was going to my lunch through Church Street I found the excitement just dying down after the

arrest of Kevin Barry.

In 1919 I arranged with Seán Russell a raid on Clontarf Pumping Station, and handed him out an electric motor and starter for use in one of the munitions factories. I also measured the different bridges along the North Wall with Jimmy Ryan, for the purpose of calculating the amount of guncotton necessary for their destruction.

During November, 1919, I became Captain of the 2nd Engineers. I replaced Tommy McMahon, afterwards County Engineer for Donegal, who went to India at that time to gain experience. The Company was composed of all classes of tradesmen, blacksmiths, carpenters, fitters, bricklayers, shipwrights, plumbers and electricians. We met at No. 14 North Great George's Street, and spent our time studying explosives, destruction of bridges, locomotives and telegraph communications. We also plotted the existing lines of communication and vital points for destruction on Ordnance Survey maps.

The first job I took part in was the destruction of the Independent Newspaper plant. This was a reprisal following the publication of an article which referred to Martin Savage as a murderer; he had been killed the previous Friday in an attack on Lord French.

While I was in Bríd O'Hegarty's house in Cabra Park, Tom Keegan mobilised me and said I was wanted at Parnell Square that night. I was selected to take charge of the destruction of the printing presses. I picked men who were employed using sledges in the Dublin Dockyard. My principal work was to indicate the delicate parts of the machines for their attention.

We met that night at 46 Parnell Square. Mick Lynch was acting as Vice-Brigadier at the time; Dick McKee must have been away. Peadar Clancy was also there and Dick Mulcahy. We went down Middle Abbey Street in batches. I will never forget the shock I got when I came opposite Independent House. All the rooms were lit up and one could see the shadows of the members of the staff standing against the blinds with their hands held over their heads. This gave us a most uncomfortable feeling as we entered the building.

We made a very thorough job of the machines. I remember that just as I was leaving I noticed a small gas engine, and I turned back to complete the destruction. Then I went to 25 Parnell Square, and we joined the dancers in the usual Sunday night sgoruidheacht.

Our Company prepared most of the plans of the underground cables and overhead wires that were used to isolate the Custom House when it was attacked later on. About this period a threatening letter was sent to several Volunteer leaders. My brother Pat received one. I did not go on the run at once, but a few nights later a house a few doors away in Avondale Avenue was raided and thoroughly searched. This house was occupied by two bachelors. After a few nights the military returned and raided a house on the other side of ours. Here lived an ex-British soldier, who was employed at Islandbridge Barracks. After a thorough search he was asked about the home of two young men who lived in that street. He said he did not know anything, but told us about it the next day. From this period I remained on the run until the Truce, except for a few nights at home after my release from Arbour Hill.

While on the run I stayed in Mr. Egan's house in Russell Avenue with Liam O'Doherty, or in Mrs. Hussey's house, No. 14 St. Columba's Road. I also stayed for periods in Mrs. Burns, 41 Leinster Street, Phibsboro.

On Shrove Tuesday, 1917, I was at a meeting of the I.R.B. at 41 Parnell Square. Barney Mellows told me that he was to be arrested. I walked home with him through the back streets. We cut up through Eustace Street. Half way between Fleet Street and Dame Street I heard a trot behind and we were overtaken by two detectives, McNamara and Hoey. They said they wanted Barney. He went off with them. I went to tell his mother, as he asked me to do. I realised afterwards that McNamara must have given him the tip. He was deported to England, to Usk I think.

It was about this time that Dick Coleman died I believe

The Fianna were being organised in different Companies. We formed four Commandoes in 1918, the older boys were in these. They got special instructions in guerilla warfare, in view of the conscription menace. We never expected to stay in the city, but to go out in commandoes.

Most of my time was spent studying matter for lectures. I had to attend Volunteer and Brigade lectures too. The Brigade lectures were under Ginger O'Connell.

Our Companies met at rooms in George's Street and Parnell Square. Things went on easily until 1919. We carried on as if the British did not exist. They seemed to be unable to detect us. It does seem amazing that where there was an army of occupation forty men could meet and drill in a hall once a week.

From 1916 to 1921 I was Quartermaster General of the Fianna, and O.C. Dublin Brigade of the Fianna. I was Acting Chief of Staff from the end of 1920 to the Truce. There was a big dance hall in George's Street in a house owned by Dicky Graham, where we used to drill. We often had the Auxiliaries jazz-dancing in the next room.

About the end of 1920 I saw a section of soldiers walking slowly up along the footpath in Parnell Square. I dashed to North Great George's Street and told the men at a lecture that the military were out in batches. These men were very indignant afterwards that I had been so excitable, they had seen the patrols before.

While I was engaged in Hugh Moore & Alexanders I was always available for Volunteer work. Once I was working up a chimney when a message came from Liam O'Doherty at Liberty Hall. He wanted me to discuss the cutting off of electricity from the electric cranes, in connection with some general strike that was being organised by William O'Brien as part of the anti-conscription campaign.

In November, 1920, I was asked to go to Manchester to plan the destruction of the Stuart Street power station and water pumping plant at Clayton Vale. That was the last time I met Dick McKee and Peadar Clancy, who were murdered in Dublin Castle just three weeks later. I met them in big John O'Mahoney's house in Gardiner's Place, where I received instructions. I went to Manchester on the following Saturday night. I travelled with a man named Harris - I think that was only an assumed name - an Irishman who lived in Manchester, and who, I think, had already worked in the power-house.

On my way over on the mail-boat I met Cathal O'Toole, the journalist, and he suggested that we should carry the war into England. He had no conception of where we were going. There was a party of prisoners on the boat and on the train under an escort of R.I.C. One of them was a Dublin fitter named Joe Toomey. I saw him when we got out to get tea at some station. He had been a member of my own Company. The fact that these men were going into penal servitude had no effect on us.

We stayed for the night in the Deansgate Hotel. The following morning a man named Paddy O'Donoghue, who is now manager of the greyhound track in Shelbourne Park, called with some other men. One of them was Jack McGollogly, whom I afterwards met. These introduced us to two ladies who had a friend employed in the power-house. These women understood that we were visitors from Newcastle-on-Tyne, and were sightseeing and anxious to see the power station. Their old friend got us the necessary pass. On Sunday morning we were shown all over the station. I made a quick mental survey. I noted where we would round up the staff while we would be destroying the generators, switchboards and pumping machinery. When we left the power station I spent the rest of the day walking around outside to get my bearings.

I also visited Clayton Vale to see the plant there. I made a rough sketch of the place, and made a list of the quantity of stuff we would need to do the work.

I promised I would be back in about a week. That was the week-end that Terry MacSwiney died. There was a big procession in Manchester that Sunday. I was not supposed to let anyone know I was in Manchester, but at

every turn I was running into people from Dublin.

The second night I stayed with a family named Sullivan. I never met them since, but I heard that they lost a son somewhere in England in the Civil War.

While travelling round the city I went into a restaurant, and perhaps because of my hunger the rabbit pie I got tasted sweeter to me than anything I remember. In 1922 when I was on hunger-strike this pie resurrected itself and proved my greatest torment during the whole strike.

When I returned to Dublin I went to the County Council's offices in Parnell Square where Rory O'Connor, Director of Engineering, had his offices on the top floor. I gave the details I had collected and suggested that I return as soon as possible to carry out the job. It was proposed to raid the power station early on Sunday morning before the trams started, when the smallest amount of current would be in demand in the city so that our activities would not be noticed. We should approach the place in vans or lorries with the required materials. There would be about forty men there to carry out the work, no matter what consequences might follow. This would be an attack on the very heart of British industry and it would focus attention on our cause.

However, I found that things were not handled as quickly as I had hoped. Weeks passed without my hearing of anything. Then Rory made an appointment with me at Liam Archer's house for another discussion on the matter.

The next I heard of the business was when I read of a raid on Mick Hayes's house in Heytesbury Street, where

Dick Mulcahy was staying. My detailed report was captured, luckily the only signature to it was "G.H." It was published in the "Irish Times". Steps were taken immediately by the British Government to guard the places of public importance.

The following is an extract from the "Irish Times" of 25th November, 1920 :-

"Sinn Féin Plot in England"

"Destruction of Power Houses and Docks"

"The Irish Office last night issued copies of the captured Sinn Féin documents referred to by the Chief Secretary in the House of Commons yesterday relative to attempts designed to be made on the Stuart Street Power House, Manchester, and the dock gates, Liverpool.

The first document referring to the plot against the Power House, Manchester, says:-

The best day for an operation would be Sunday, say 9 a.m. as there is the minimum number of men working in the station. This place is undoubtedly of great importance, not only in connection with the tramways but also with the coal mines in the vicinity. The document continues:-

The plan of operation would be somewhat as follows:- At the appointed time six men enter the time office, of whom three should immediately go to the telephone and hold up the system, while the other three should remain in the office and hold up any person who may happen to be there. A second party of six should enter the

gate marked "A". Three of these six should remain at the gate to admit a motor car carrying tools and the other three should go to the fitting shop and take up a position at the gate of same. This shop is to be used as a place to hold any persons who were rounded up inside the works. The third party of six should be divided as follows:- Two to take up position at the door of the general office to keep persons from coming out, two at the outside gate marked "B" for the same purpose, and two at the end of the line marked "L". The demolition party should then enter the main gate, thirty men to the engine room, three for each turbine, two armed with sledges and one with oil and waste. The first two should destroy the casing, while the third should, by means of the oil, set fire to the windings. Ten others should destroy the casing of the balancers and also destroy by fire. Four men armed with sledge-hammers can easily destroy the switchboard. Three others with hatchets and oil will attack the marine-engine. The total men required as outlined above is 65. You will find attached a report by G.H. which explains the location of very important pumping stations at Clayton-Vale.

I consider the best means of attacking this is to destroy the crank, for which purpose 30 lbs. of guncotton will be adequate. Six men will be required for this operation.

The Stuart Street Station

The next document comprises a report on a visit to Stuart Street Station. The writer says:- I arrived at Stuart Street at about ten minutes to twelve o'clock on Sunday morning, where I met two women who brought us

into the time office where we were introduced to our guide.

In a technical description of the plant, the writer observes: The marine engine is a very difficult job unless we are supplied with gun-cotton. As regards Clayton-Vale the writer reports:- Without this station Manchester would shut down, as all furnaces are worked by electric blast. There would be no coal without the mines which are supplied from this station - not to mention the damage done by water for want of pumps. I have worked out a plan for the taking and destruction of the place, which I hope will meet with your approval as I have no doubt it will be a success.

The writer then details his plan as follows:- An officer would be appointed to take charge of 30 men who would be used as a guard to prevent anyone from leaving or signalling from the engine room. Two men with sledges each turbine. Ten men will make their way to the balancers in front of the switchboard. Each man will have a sledge. Some men will bring oil and waste prepared beforehand in petrol tins so that it will not be difficult for the men to carry. Four men will make for the switchboard with 4?lb. hammers. Two or three men will go to the marine type engine - two can attack it with hatchets, drench it with paraffin oil and prepare it for lighting while the other is placing his charge of gun-cotton.

Proposed visit to the Dublin Pigeon House

Inquiries will have to be stopped and I suggest that when you intend carrying out your scheme you give me permission to bring the four men or six men to the

Pigeon House to train them. I had an idea to smash up the feed pumps in the boiler house, but owing to the danger of the boilers bursting, I do not think we can do anything except making prisoners of the men working there. This will take about twelve men.

Above is a verbatim copy.

Signed ".

The I.R.A. then concentrated on the destruction of docks. I was not called on to take part in that work, as there was no intricate machinery involved.

As a result of the discovery of these documents, it was found necessary to remove the Log Book from Clontarf Pumping Station, as it showed my absence during this period. I changed my name to "Gerald O'Dea" and carried visiting cards in my pocket to support the idea.

On Christmas Eve, 1920, I was in the office of the Clontarf Pumping Station talking to one of the bin-men who came in to light his pipe at the fire, when there was a knock at the engine-room door. When I opened it I found facing me two very suspicious-looking characters of the ex-officer type. I asked them what they wanted. One of them was big, the other tiny and of Jewish appearance. They told me they were from a Law Agent's office and that they were looking for a Mr. McGarry. They said there was a fortune awaiting him if they could locate him. I told them there was no one of that name about, and to assure them I showed them the Log Book. They went away on the Howth tram, and appeared to be in the best of spirits.

I immediately rang up the superintendent, Mr.

Fitzgerald, and told him that two Tans had called. He advised me to clear out at once. It was Christmas Eve. One of the staff, Paddy Blanchfield, had gone on sick leave that morning, and the fitter who would relieve him in the ordinary course of events refused pointblank to do so, as he believed it was a stunt to stick him for the work during the Christmas holidays. Another man had to be got from the Trades Union to carry out Blanchfield's duties. I felt I would only be adding to the confusion if I went out then, so I decided to stay on until after Christmas.

I was on the morning watch on Christmas Day, from eight o'clock until two o'clock. At about ten minutes past twelve I was in the engine-room just about to start up one of the machines, when there was a sharp knock on the door. I called out to come in. The door opened and the little black fellow appeared with a revolver in his hand. He said to the big fellow who was with him, "There he is". I was taken out to the office where I met three others. They asked me if I was in the Volunteers, and had I a brother who worked in the D.B.C. This gave me the idea that they were only bluffing. They then burst open the presses, where they came upon some white powder which they made me light, as they thought it was explosive.

A few days before that, a large quantity of ammunition had been brought to the station by a Volunteer named Conway. He and I buried it in one of the flowerbeds in the garden. I also had a lot of military textbooks bolted up in an iron casting.

When they searched the drawers and presses in the office they said they would take me outside. They

searched the store at the back. One fellow remarked that they would have to bring a party down to search the place thoroughly.

We went around to the ejector chamber, which was underground. The little fellow walked exactly to the spot where the textbooks had been kept until a few days before. While he was doing this, another fellow stood over me with a gun pointed at me. He was watching every movement of my face. I had a horrified feeling that the large casting in which I had the books bolted up might be recognised as a possible land-mine and that all might be discovered.

Just as they were completing the search, the officer in charge of the party came to the top of the stairs and called to them to bring me up. I was brought to the office and I was there shown a handful of ammunition and asked what did I mean by it. I denied all knowledge of it. They asked me what Company of the Volunteers I was in. They were knocking me about. Just at that moment a Corporation fitter named Christy Doran was passing outside. He saw the Ford car and thought it might be a cattle dealer we knew calling to wish us a happy Christmas, so he came in to join the fun. He was immediately pounced on by the three men with guns, and, being a very nervous man, he nearly passed out. He had a G.A.A. Medal on his watch-chain. They seized on this and asked him all about its meaning. They also wanted to know what his business was. He said he came in to ring up the Rotunda Hospital to know how his wife was, although he was a man with no family. This incident had given me time to collect my wits. I told them now that I had no responsibility for the office at all, that it was not mine, and that I could only be responsible for my own locker. Unfortunately

when they came to search my locker they discovered a whistle, which came next to a gun as a dangerous instrument. Finding myself in a tight corner, I said I would answer no more questions, as they evidently did not believe me.

They then gave me permission to ring up Mr. Fitzgerald to tell him I was being taken away. I was then taken out of the station in my overalls and put into the Ford touring car in the back. Two men sat in the front, one sat beside me, and another sat on the other side with his revolver pointed at me.

We drove past Fairview Chapel while the people were coming out from Mass; up Philipsburgh Avenue. We went to Fitzgerald's house in Waverley Avenue, and one of them went to the door and gave old Mrs. Fitzgerald the keys and told her they were going to shoot me.

Down past the Chapel the car was driven again, and on towards Amiens Street station. When we got to Talbot Street they turned again and came back to the post office in Amiens Street, where they stopped. One of them went inside and bought cigarettes, while the others scattered money to the children playing in the street. Next they tore up Talbot Street at about sixty miles an hour, around the Pillar and down Mary Street. I had a sinking feeling that we were bound for the Castle, where Dick McKee and Peadar Clancy had been murdered five weeks before. However, when we got to Capel Street we turned towards Bolton Street and made for the North Dublin Union. We entered by the narrow lane between the Union and Grangegorman Asylum. Then I left the car and found a photographer taking a picture of all the Auxiliaries in the place. He was an I.R.A. man named Jack Smart, and he

nearly died when he saw me being brought in.

I was brought to a small hut on the side of the main avenue. There was a British sergeant of the clerical type in charge here. I was searched, and a detailed account was taken of all my possessions. Great excitement was caused when they removed my hat and discovered paper within the lining. It turned out to be a copy of "The House-Finder", a paper published by MacArthur, the auctioneer.

The Jewish fellow again asked me if I was prepared to answer questions. When I said "No", he said he would soon make me. I was brought into one of the main buildings, into a small courtyard, and put up against the wall. The small fellow put a revolver under my chin and asked again if I was prepared to answer questions. I said "No". He asked me if I would like to say a few prayers. Needless to say I was delighted. After I had said the Act of Contrition I told them I was ready. He then said he would not shoot me in cold blood. The other man who was with him, the big fellow of over six feet, rolled up his sleeves and beat my head from side to side with his clenched fists. There was a guard-room a few yards away, and the regular soldiers were looking horrified. One of them winked at me. This was a tremendous help; it was like hanging on to a straw. I got the idea from it that the others were only bluffing. They again asked me to talk, and when I refused they just took me in and handed me over to the Sergeant of the Guard.

I was brought upstairs and into a room which had been used long ago for lunatics. There were about forty or fifty fellows there. My Christmas dinner consisted of what was left after theirs.

For about eight weeks I was a prisoner. Paddy Doyle, Frank Flood, Bernard Ryan, Tommy Bryan, and Sullivan were put into this room afterwards. Four of these men were later executed.

When I was taken for courtmartial I refused to recognise the Court, but I claimed the right to question these fellows, because when they had given evidence they had said I had been very excited when arrested. I questioned them about being on the premises without my knowledge and about beating me up even in the presence of their Regulars. The officers interrogated them about that. They admitted that it was usual for them to give certain treatment.

After I had left the room the officers debated, and I was brought back and told that they had found me "Not Guilty". All this had taken place in the principal buildings of the Dublin Union.

I was then released. I ran down the stairs. Outside the door I was re-arrested. I was brought back and placed amongst the prisoners again. That night after dark an officer called with an escort and took me and a few others, who had been courtmartialled, in a lorry to Arbour Hill and I was handed over to the Governor. At that time the prison was packed, two in every cell. The gas service was so bad that we had to be supplied with candles at night.

I discovered later how the news of my arrest on Christmas Day had reached my people. Somebody saw me passing the Pillar with the Auxiliaries, and brought word to my mother in Phibsboro'. That day my brother Pat and his wife and Brid O'Hegarty spent the day running around

the different barracks trying to find out where I was. That night I got in touch with the soldier who had winked. He turned out to be a Belfast man. I gave him a shilling and he brought a letter home for me.

While I was in Arbour Hill the prison was filled with many notable people from all over the country. I remember Peter de Loughrey, Mayor of Kilkenny, Joe McGuinness, Paddy Daly and Fionán Lynch.

At this time the British started carrying our lads as hostages in the lorries to prevent ambushes.

Arbour Hill was used as a kind of clearing station for Ballykinlar Camp. One was sent to this camp, released or sent for trial.

The men who were afterwards tried for the Mount Street shooting were in some of the cells here in this period.

After a couple of weeks Fionán Lynch came to me and told me there was a fellow of the same name as mine, about to be released that day, but the fellow refused to co-operate. The next day I was called into the Governor's office and discharged.

I slept at home in Avondale Avenue for a few nights, but Diarmuid O'Hegarty advised me that I was taking a grave risk, so I changed to Mrs. Burns in Leinster Street.

All this time the Corporation had been paying our wages while we were in prison. I was to return to work at Clontarf on the following Thursday morning, but when I reached Fairview I was stopped by Dan Clare, one of the fitters, and told that the place had been raided the

night before by what appeared to be a murder gang looking for me, so I returned home.

The engineer in charge of the main drainage, Mr. George Harty, facilitated me by providing me with maintenance work on the sewers, repairing the flaps where the sewage entered the Liffey. I remained on this work for a few months. It certainly was not a pleasant experience, as I would see car-loads of Auxiliaries driving up beside me, perhaps someone I knew sitting in the back of the car, and myself in terror of being recognised. Once I was working at the corner of Queen Street and the Quays, I was at a man-hole. It was the day of the funeral of soldiers and officers killed in a Cork ambush. We noticed terrific military activity in the area. While I was at the man-hole I noticed a man standing with his hands in his pockets at the corner of the street. He was suddenly confronted by a big fellow in a trench-coat, who put a revolver before him and asked him his business. Next he was struck a crack of the revolver. Apparently as the funeral came along they expected everyone to take off their hats. If they did not, they were subjected to this treatment. I was in a dilemma. I had a pair of heavy top boots on and could not get away. I could not go down the man-hole for fear of creating suspicion so I showed loyalty as well as I could until the funeral passed.

After a couple of months I had a bad attack of 'flu, and as I was in very bad form I did not feel I could stick the sewer work, so I told Mr. Harty I would have to risk going back to Clontarf. He told me to go to the main pumping station and ask Kit Doran to change with me. Doran refused, as he was still nervous after his experience on Christmas Day. Then George Harty took his

car and went down to the station and ordered Doran and a man named John Davis to replace me, week about, in Clontarf.

I took up duty at the main pumping station at Ringsend and carried on there until the Truce, when I returned to Clontarf.

To give you an idea of the spirit of the time, one night I was returning home from the pumping station at Ringsend with a man named McHenry. Near Boland's Mills a bomb was thrown from a side street at a lorry passing and it struck the hoarding on the far side of the street. The lorry continued on its way. We went on towards Pearse Street. McHenry left me at the first turn and I just reached Mark's Church in Great Brunswick Street when I heard the cry from the people, "Here they come", and several cars of Tans appeared. I dashed down a side street on to the Quays. When I reached the corner of Moss Street and City Quay I saw the Auxiliaries going into a public-house, apparently to search the occupants. I went on towards O'Connell Street. There appeared to be great activity in Beresford Place. I learned afterwards that they had raided a meeting of the National Union of Railwaymen, an English Union, which they took to be an I.R.A. meeting.

I continued on to 35 Gardiner Street to attend a meeting of the I.R.B. Council that same night.

While I was in Hugh Moore's I got a chance of making a trip as Third Engineer on the steamship "Carradore". This vessel was plying between London and Dublin with beer from Guinness's. This gave me great experience of handling the engines, so that if we had to block the river with a boat I would have been competent. The

Chief of the boat was a Presbyterian. His name was William Cole, and, although he knew I was an I.R.A. man, the only condition he made was that I should not carry stuff.

During the period 1921 it was usual for me to call at the Dublin Brigade Headquarters every morning to keep in touch with Oscar Traynor and get instructions for the running of the Fianna.

On the 11th April, 1921, the London North Western Hotel, occupied by the military, was bombed by the I.R.A. I was asked to operate the electric bridge over Spencer Dock to cut off the approach of the military from the city. Tom Ennis was in charge of the operation.

I had no key of the cabin, but I entered through a trapdoor I knew was in the floor. We opened one side of the bridge and had the outside gates closed when they started bombing. I went to open the other side, but it would not rise and had to be unlocked by hand. As I turned to do this I nearly fell 30 feet to the ground through the trapdoor. I took all the electric fuses and dumped them into the gulley in the street. This had the desired effect, because when the soldiers found the gate shut they were afraid to cross the bridge, as they thought it was mined and they had to have it examined underneath. One man was killed in this attack.

At this time Liam Mellows was active again in Dublin as Director of Purchases. One of Palgrove Murphy's boats, the "City of Dortmund", was used for running stuff from the German boats. They had probably chartered her; they had their own men in her anyway. I remember

recommending Arthur Connolly's brother to Liam Mellows for Ship's Officer, and a brother of Joe Dolan's as Engineer. About April, 1921, Mellows was very anxious to get ammunition into the country. He was making arrangements to buy a trawler to run through the British Navy and bring in the arms. It was expected that if this were caught, all on it would be executed. I volunteered as Engineer.

On the 25th May, the day the Custom House was burned, I left Oscar Traynor at Brigade Headquarters in the Plaza on my way to meet Mellows in his office at 11 Westland Row. Traynor had not mentioned the Custom House, but I knew there was something exciting afoot, by the way Tom Ennis put his head in and called him. When I reached O'Connell Bridge there was a big crowd looking towards the Custom House, from which smoke was belching.

I continued to Westland Row. I met the Captain of the boat, and Liam Mellows and I showed them a photograph of the boat. I note from Tom Barry's book that he is under the impression that Mellows was out of town that particular day.

It was evening before I heard of the excitement at the Custom House. Lolee Burns, Dick Hegarty's wife now, was working there at the time, and she told me her experiences that night while I stayed in her mother's house in Leinster Street.

I think it was on the following Sunday that Liam Mellows - Brid O'Hegarty was typing for him at this time - asked me to go to Fairview and intercept Cathal Brugha, who was going for a dip at the Bull Wall, and make an appointment to go to Howth to see the boat. I understand that Cathal Brugha turned down the whole idea. He could

not allow anybody to take exceptional risks.

I was a member of the composite council of the Volunteers and the Fianna, which was intended to ensure smooth co-operation. On this Committee were Liam Langley, Barney Mellows, Gearóid O'Sullivan, Diarmuid O'Hegarty and Eamon Price.

The Truce came in July, 1921. I remained a member of Fianna Headquarters Staff until Easter, 1922. Then we had a Convention and I gave up the G.H.Q. Staff and just remained in the Dublin Brigade and was Liaison Officer.

There was intensive training during the Truce, with a view to the renewal of hostilities. I was Officer in Charge of Fianna training camps in the grounds of Loughlinstown Union.

I was married in February, 1922.

During the Truce I got off the G.H.Q. Staff. There was no shortage of help then. I still reported to Oscar Traynor every day. Every Battalion had its own training camp.

While we were in Loughlinstown a rumour came that the negotiations had broken down. I made a speech saying that the country might be split up and that each section might have to fight to the last man. It would be hard to realise what the Truce meant in the way of relaxation. Looking back one can realise how difficult it would be to ask the country to go back to war. A huge number had been roped into the camps. Many of them were only in on suspicion. These had not gone through what the men outside had experienced. It was easier for them to accept

the Treaty than it was for those who had fought to the end. Except the Active Service Unit and those directly under Mick Collins, they marched in a body and got officers' big money, and some had lost all idea of going back to fight. Everything was against those who opposed the Treaty. They had nothing at all to offer but hardship, so that only the strongest men would hold out. One would talk to a man who was wildly Republican one night, and the next day he would have gone over to the other side. I was accused of being a Free Stater while I was bitterly arguing about it in Headquarters, for instance, with Paddy Daly.

I was connected with Diarmuid O'Hegarty on the Centres Board of the I.R.B. The first night the Treaty was signed I was at the Aonach. Diarmuid said he was in favour of the Treaty, and I said I was sorry for him. I went round the Round Room with Rory O'Connor, and I think Mellows, and we were dead against it.

When the Free Staters got the barracks, money and uniforms were too much of an attraction for fellows just out of jail and full of authority.

Dick O'Hegarty was at the taking over of the Castle and Paddy O'Hegarty was offered a job as secretary to the Minister for Defence. He refused it and Dick took the job. Up to that Cathal Brugha had been Minister for Defence. A lot of people were not saying anything at all, thinking of the dissension.

The "Freeman's Journal" printed something against the Republicans and it was decided to smash it up. I was in charge of smashing up the machine-room. We broke up the

place, and, having put out the stuff, burned it. Two of the men who were with me that night were in the Free State Army the next day. Their names were Bent and Coughlan.

Note dated 12th July, 1945.

Pat Sweeney, the Commandant of the 2nd Battalion of the Dublin Brigade of the Volunteers, was buried this morning, 12th July, 1945.

Although he was out in 1916 and wounded, I did not know him intimately until I met him in Barry's Hotel in Gardiner's Row when it was the headquarters of the Republicans, when the Four Courts was attacked in 1922. Later in the week he was in charge of part of Parnell Street when I took the National Bank from the Free State forces. He was a prisoner with me in Mountjoy for a considerable time, and always watched for the arrival of Liam in a pram on the canal banks, when he would hasten to call me. Liam is my boy, he is a Franciscan now. Pat was a splendid simple type of man, and was broken-hearted that so many of his old friends of 1916 and the Tan time joined the Free State forces.

I will always feel happy, proud and thankful to God for my association with Pat, who was one of the most loyal and true soldiers that Ireland can boast of.

Note dated 8th July, 1945.

I see a notice in to-day's "Sunday Independent" of the death of Seán Farrelly on 7th July, 1945. He had a public-house at the corner of South King Street and St. Stephen's Green. He was a 1916 man and was a very decent fellow. He was a member of the Dublin Centres Board of the I.R.B.

and was present when this Board adjourned indefinitely until it was informed of the attitude of the Supreme Council to the Treaty. I was never summoned to another meeting, if one was ever held.

My recollections of Commandant Joe Cullen, who died on 1st September, 1945.

With the death of Joe Cullen, Ireland has lost one of her truest and bravest sons.

Joe was the son of a Fenian, and was typical of the quiet Dublin tradesman who never failed to do his duty in a quiet thorough manner in the fight for Irish freedom without attracting any unnecessary attention.

I first met Joe when I attended a social gathering of the Michael Dwyer National Club that was held in the club rooms situated in the house now occupied by the Library of the Third Order of St. Francis in Merchant's Quay. That was in 1913. Joe was learning to play the fife, and helped to provide the music for the dancing. I joined this club for the purpose of organising a local Sluagh of the Fianna, and Joe was one of the first members of the Michael Dwyer Sluagh. He was appointed Section Commander, and before 1916 was in complete charge of the Sluagh. He had no ambition to be in command or to assert authority, and I have a keen recollection of his description of his mental anguish the first time he took a party of boys from Michael's Hill, Cook Street and Francis Street, to the Dublin mountains, under his command.

When the Rising took place on Easter Monday, 1916, Joe was not mobilised, but he made his way down town and

met Eamon Martin, who told him we were in the Four Courts area. He made his way there and fought there for the week. I did not meet him until we were placed in a room in Richmond Barracks. I remember sitting with him on the floor, eating tinned beef and Army biscuits. That night we were paraded, marched to the London-North-Western railway at the North Wall and packed aboard a cargo boat. Joe and I lay together on the floor at the foot of the gangway, and slept all the way to Holyhead. At Holyhead we were placed in a train and later some of us were removed, with the result that he was sent to Stafford Jail and I went to Knutsford. I did not see him again until we were in Frongoch, and I have only a faint recollection of him there.

After 1916 we organised a Gaelic Football Club called the Michael Dwyer Club, for the purpose of keeping the men together. This club had the distinction of never winning a match.

Joe refused to come back into the Fianna and decided to join the Volunteers, so my only association with him now was through our membership of the John Mitchel Circle of the I.R.B., of which he also was a member. He also joined the St. Lawrence O'Toole Pipers Band, most of the members of which took part in the Rising. He was always to be seen in the last line as a drummer.

My next recollection of him is taking part in the fun on an outing with a branch of the Gaelic League early in 1919 to the Scalp. I had just lost my job in the Bottle Works in Ringsend, owing to the closing down of the factory, and informed Joe of the fact. Next day he called on me to say that there was a vacancy at Cahills, the printers, then situated at Ormond Quay, for a linotype

mechanic, and I applied and got the job. We worked together on the same floor for about six months and I never saw him anything but good-humoured.

In 1920, when I was Captain of the 2nd Engineers, I was at a Battalion Council meeting, when Liam Archer, who was the Commandant, enquired if we knew of a reliable man suitable for the taking over of the printing and setting up of "An t-Óglach". I at once recommended Joe Cullen, and I do not know if that was responsible but he was appointed and carried out this dangerous job until the end of the Tan war. His office was situated in a room off a small tobacconist's shop in Aungier Street, owned by a 1916 man named Joe Gleeson. There was nothing but a small partition dividing his office from the shop. The shop was situated in an area known as the "Dardanelles", on account of the number of attacks on the British passing through this narrow thoroughfare. If he had been caught, it is doubtful if the armed forces would have spared his life long enough to give him a trial.

When the Treaty took place he moved into Beggars Bush Barracks with the Republican forces, and took the Treaty side when the split came.

I think it was during the winter of 1918 he joined the Keating Branch of the Gaelic League, and once more attempted to learn the Irish language. He joined a class under Bríd Ní hEigeartaigh, of which poor Martin Savage, who was killed in the attack on Lord French, was also a member. Joe started to sing the praises of the teacher to such an extent that I became affected and started to escort her home. Joe accompanied us for a period to ceilidhthe and to the Abbey, until our friendship had

ripened to such an extent that he could leave us together. He was evidently as good a matchmaker as a soldier.

When the unfortunate Civil War developed, it was not strong enough to break our friendship, as can be proved by the fact that my son Liam was born on 8th December, 1922, the day poor Liam Mellows was executed in Mountjoy, and Joe arrived up to our house with a birthday cake on the 8th December, 1923, while I was still in jail.

When the Civil War ended we visited each other occasionally, never losing touch, and since my health broke down some years ago I have always enjoyed his cheery visits, when he would spend the all too short time explaining the mechanism of sea mines which were drifting towards our shores, and relating some of his exciting experiences with Martin Kelly who was in charge of the work.

He was a member of the Sodality in Mount Argus and was very proud of it. He became a member of the Old Dublin Society, and regretted that he had not joined many years ago, because he found the lectures so enjoyable and instructive.

Joe was proud of his native city, and Dublin has every reason to be proud of him.

Note dated 26th December, 1946.

I see by the papers of Christmas Eve that Seán Madden died on 23rd December, 1946. I will just jot down my very happy recollections of him.

He was one of my hut comrades in the North Camp in

Frongoch, where I discovered he came from the neighbourhood of Buckingham Street and knew me as a child. We had both served our time as electricians and that gave us a common interest. He was a very quiet type and spent a good deal of his time at woodwork. He was also one of Sister Monica's boys from North William Street.

When we were released from Frongoch he kept in touch with me for a number of years, but he never seemed to get a permanent job. He frequently called at Clontarf Pumping Station to see me and tell me his troubles. At that time he was married and living with his people-in-law in Upper Rutland Street. I did not see him from the signing of the Treaty until I was released from prison. I met him in 1924 in a hairdresser's shop in Gardiner's Row, when he was dressed in officers uniform and told me he was off to London for his holidays. I never saw him again, although I knew he lived beside Paddy Carroll, one of my men from the outfall works.

I was enquiring some years ago from Seán O'Connor if he ever met Seán Madden in the Army, and he told me that Madden was going around the country during the Emergency with a projector unit showing pictures to the troops and that he had just been discharged. Seán O'Connor told me he was surprised when he saw such a refined dandy wearing the 1916 Medal, so he must have continued to dress with great taste.

Seán Madden fought in the G.P.O. area in 1916 and was a member of "C" Company, 1st Battalion, Dublin Brigade.

SIGNED Seosamh Ua Mallacáin

DATE 17th January 1950

WITNESS Seán Brennan. Lieut.