ORIGINAL

ROINN COSANTA.

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STATEMENT BY WITNESS

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Witness

Comd't. Seamus Daly,
Carraig Ruadh,
Windgate Road,
Howth Summit,
Dublin.

Identity

Member of I.R.B. Dublin 1904 - ;

Member of 2nd Battalion Dublin Brigade I.Vol's. 1913 - .

Subject

(a) National activities 1902-1916;
(b) Manufacture of munitions - Clontarf 1916;
(c) The Rising Easter Week 1916 - Fairview and Imperial Hotel.

Conditions, if any, stipulated by Witness

Nil

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ORIGINAL

STATEMENT BY COMDT. SEAMUS DALY. (retired)

CARRIG RUAIDH, HOWTH SUMMIT, CO. DUBLIN.

I was about 17 years of age in 1901 or 1902, and at the time lived in Dollymount. A few pals and myself were interested in Irish-Ireland matters generally, and we got together and started an Irish class and debating society in Dollymount. We had no Irish teacher and we got in touch with Eamonn Ceannt and his two brothers who were running a Gaelic League branch in Fairview which was started some years before that. I cannot remember the name, but I think it was called the Clontarf branch. Eamonn Ceannt and his two brothers, Michael and Dick, used to come down to teach us. A law student used come with them. He was John O'Byrne, now Mr. Justice O'Byrne of the High Court.

This class continued for about 18 months. At the time we started it, we did not bother to seek approval from anyone, and we next found ourselves and our activities opposed by the local clergy. All our members were also members of the local Sodality and most of us were pioneers. At a meeting of our Sodality in St. John's the Baptist Church, Clontarf, the Curate, Father Hayden, who was then acting as Parish Priest, got up in the Pulpit and denounced the whole thing and forbade the people to have anything to do with it. The parents were told not to allow their children to have anything to do with the Irish classes. At the time we had no connection whatsoever with any other organisation. I was present in the church when this happened and Father Hayden named me publicly that evening as the ringleader of the Secret Society, as he called it. When he did this, I got up and walked out of the church and waited at the Presbytery to see Father Hayden when the Devotions were over. He came along and when I addressed

him and said I wanted a word with him he refused to see me and went into his house. I followed him in and insisted on being heard and eventually he allowed me in. We then discussed the whole thing for about two hours, but I got nowhere with him, as he told me it was a case of closing the class for good and all or else the Sacraments would be refused to all its members. About a week afterwards, on a friend's advice, I went to Confession to the Parish Priest of William Street, who was then Vicar-Forane of the Diocese. When I told him the whole story, he gave me Absolution but warned me against having anything to do with secret societies. We, of course, denied that our class was a secret society as it was open to anyone to come into it, as we only learned Irish and had lectures and debates on matters of national interests.

Subsequently, Pat Ingoldsby, who used to come to visit our class, took the matter up with Arthur Griffith, who was then running the United Irishman, and he gave publicity to the whole matter. Eventually the Archbishop, Dr. Walsh, gave a verdict in our favour, and our curate, Father Hayden, had to withdraw the charges from the pulpit. This happened the year Father O'Growney was brought home to be buried in Ireland; I think it was 1903. Our little class, owing to the opposition, came to an end as the people were afraid to send their children to it, and the little hall we used in Byrnes Lane was refused us by the Irish National Foresters who owned it. I went in to town and joined An Craoibhin Branch of the Gaelic League in Bolton Street. It was there I first met Sean T. O'Kelly, now President, and Andy O'Byrne, first General Secretary of Sinn Fein.

There was an organisation in Fairview called Clann na h-Eireann which was in existence for some years before this, as Willie Rooney was a member of it along with Tom Wheatley and the three brothers, Ingoldsby- Pat, Louis and Gus. A number of us joined this organisation about 1904. In Clann na h-Eireann our activities consisted of lectures, debates, and Irish classes. There was no drilling or anything like that. Somewhere about this time a split occurred among the members of the Gaelic League over politics, and those who stood for the old Fenian ideal left the Gaelic League and formed Clann na h-Eireann. One of the leaders on the Gaelic League side was Eamonn Ceannt, and in opposition to him were the Ingoldsbys whom I looked upon as extremists, and great workers. I followed them, and as a result did not come into contact with Eamonn Ceannt again until after the formation of the Irish Volunteers in 1913. On the other hand, when 1916, arrived, the Ingoldsbys, who never joined the Irish Volunteers, were missing and Eamonn Ceannt paid the supreme penalty.

I continued membership of Clann na h-Eireann until I joined the I. R. B. Before I joined the I. R. B. I was also a member of an organisation known as Cumann na nGaedheal which had for its object the sovereign independence of Ireland. This was a political society and its members were regarded as advanced nationalists. Arthur Griffith was one of the main founders of it together with John McBride, Maud Gonne and others. About 1903 or 1904 I was approached by Gus Ingoldsby one evening and told all about the existence of the I. R. B. including some hair-raising penalties for mentioning any of its secrets to outsiders. He asked me to join it and after some weeks I was accepted as a member. I was initiated at 41 Parnell Square into the Fintan Lalor Circle. A man named Cowley was the centre.

Padraig Pearse, John O'Byrne and Sean McDermott became members of the circle afterwards. Sean O'Casey (the playwright) was also a member at the time I joined. Peadar McNally was a member of my Circle but I do not know if he became a Centre afterwards. As far as I remember the monthly visitors to our Circle who were centres themselves were Sean McDermott, Seamus Casey of the Gaelic League, George Lyons, Seamus O'Connor, Donal O'Connor, Jack O'Hanlon. Of course, I did know what Centres they belonged to , Pat Ingoldsby was also a centre of a circle but I do not know what circle. He was Military Secretary for Dublin. I think John R. Reynolds was another centre and I think George Irvine was a member of the I. R. B. I was astonished when I saw there members whom I had always looked upon as harmless and lukewarm nationalists.

We used to meet once a month and after about six months I thought the meetings of the circle were very often boring and a waste of time. The chief matter always discussed at these meetings was proposals to take new members. A name would be proposed and this would be debated on by everybody who gave his opinion for or against.

One of the first proposals I heard within the circle was one put forward by Sean O'Casey for the election to membership of James Larkin, the well known Labour leader. This proposal created much discussion and most of the members were against it. O'Casey was asked to withdraw his proposal but he refused as he was a stubborn disruptive character. The proposal was sent on to the Supreme Council and every month O'Casey used raise it afresh. Eventually we were given to understand the whole thing was turned down and we heard no more about it.

In or about 1905 we started an anti-recruiting campaign and put up posters all over the city calling on young men not to join any of the British Army or police forces. This was carried out simultaneously all over the city on a Saturday night. The police went round the next morning tearing the posters down. Two of our lads were caught by the police putting up the posters and were duly charged in the Courts. These two men were Thomas Atkins of South Circular Road, an electrician, and the other Thomas O'Shea. Tim Healy, the famous Counsel and later Governor General, was engaged to defend these two men and the two men got off lightly. This Thomas Atkins is to-day the Secretary of the 1916-1921 Commemoration Dinner Committee. I remember reading an account somewhere of the King , Edward VIII when he was Prince of Wales, and his visit to Kenya Colony where he made a speech about the British Empire, in which he mentioned that during his tour of the Colony he met a Sinn Feiner from Dublin with whom he had a long conversation. This Sinn Feiner was none other than Thomas O'Shea who, at the time, was employed in Kenya Colony.

I continued a member of the Circle right up to the Treaty of 1921. At the beginning when I joined and for some years afterwards there was no question of drilling or arms, and some of us younger members became restive and began to ask questions. We felt that we were a minority in all things and that we were getting no where. We carried on membership of the other organisation and a lot of us became dissatisfied with the I. R. B. About 1912 things began to happen. At this time Sean MacDermott was a regular monthly visitor from the Centres Board, and his little talks to our Centre impressed us very much/ as he

~~he~~ appeared to be very sincere and warned us from time to time that the time might come when we would be tested. This used to 'pep' us up. One of the things I remember he said was that we would not wait for the organisation (meaning the I. R. B.) to be broken up by informers and that if a war between England and Germany came, we would then get the opportunity to strike and that we would not repeat the mistake of the Boer War when the country should have struck, as it was then only held by small weak garrisons of militia.

One day, in early 1913, I was coming down D'Olier Street when I met Bulmer Hobson whom I had known for a number of years in various organisations in the City. He appeared to be excited and had just come from a Conference. He told me that an open organisation was about to be started in opposition to the Ulster Volunteers and was going to be known as "The Irish National Volunteers". He said they had got the support of Eoin McNeill, who was a prominent Gaelic Leaguer, and also Andy Kettle who was a supporter of Redmond. He told me to spread the news quietly among the lads and that we should give it our full support as in this way we were bound to get rifles. At the next meeting of our I. R. B. Circle Sean Mac Dermott announced that every member would have to do a certain amount of drill, and arrangements were then made to make drill compulsory for all the younger members. Within a week we were drilling in a concert hall attached to 41, Parnell Square, and we were first taught to 'form fours' by Con Colbert and Sean Heuston.

Those drills were splendidly attended and brought new life into the organisation. We continued at this

drilling and occasionally somebody would bring along a rifle and we were given our first lessons in this weapon . Then came the big meeting in the Rotunda in November 1913, when the Irish National Volunteers were officially formed. Our Circle were all instructed to attend this meeting and hand in our names. We did this and we were all enrolled as members of the Volunteers. We were told that no one could continue membership of the I. R. B. unless he could produce a membership card of the Volunteers. This soon tested the sincerity of a lot of the older members, some of whom had to be almost forced into membership of the Volunteers.

Our next trouble was guns and how to get them. We used to be forbidden as members of the I. R. B. to fraternise with soldiers of the British garrison. This order was now reversed. We were encouraged to make contacts discreetly with the object of getting information or buying arms or ammunition. We soon discovered that the British Tommy had his price, and in that way some ammunition and occasionally a rifle or revolver would be secured. The exchange usually took place in a public-house.

For some months before the gun-running at Howth we were always being cheered with the news that guns were coming but where or when we did not know. We were keenly interested because every Sunday route march we had around this time was always out to the coast and rightly or wrongly each time we went on these route marches we had high hopes that we were going for the guns. On the 25th July, 1914 (a Saturday evening), I got a message to meet Sean McGarry at 3 p. m. at Nelson's Pillar. I arrived there with my brother, Paddy, and while waiting, Tom Allen and Jack McArdle met us and told us they were also waiting

for Sean McGarry. None of us knew what the job was going to be and when Sean McGarry arrived he told Tom Allen to get a 'hack', which was done. When the 'hack' arrived somebody arrived with a big hamper and this was placed on the 'hack'. We presumed the hamper contained food, but when we asked McGarry what was in it, he politely told us to mind our own business. We drove to Amiens Street Railway Station where McGarry took five tickets to Howth. We arrived at Howth about 4 p. m. McGarry remained at the station telling us to go on down to the end of the East Pier and wait there for him and to take the hamper with us. We went ahead, and later McGarry came along with a fisherman, a middle-aged man dressed in a blue jersey and a peaked cap. The fisherman asked us if we knew how to manage a boat, and we told him we did. At this time the wind was blowing hard with a high sea running outside. It was raining hard at times. We told the fisherman we were out to do some fishing and he told us this was impossible as no one could go out in a boat on an evening like that. After some argument about this with McGarry, the fisherman and McGarry walked away, but McGarry came back to us in a short time and asked us if he could get a boat would we be afraid to go out. We said we were waiting to go. We knew then for the first time what the job was. McGarry told us that we were to go out to meet a boat which was expected in with arms and that he had the necessary arrangements made. We were to contact the boat and stay out with her. He told us to stay on where we were until we heard further from him and he then went away. About two hours later, we were surprised to see Darrell Figgis coming down the Pier with the fisherman, and they started to walk up and down having an argument. Whilst this argument was going on

McGarry arrived on the scene accompanied by Tom Clarke, the executed leader of 1916. They joined in the argument with Figgis and the fisherman and eventually McGarry came back to where we were, took away the hamper and told us to remain where we were and not to leave the Pier until we got a message from him. He gave us to understand they were going to make other arrangements for another boat to go out, possibly from Dun Laoghaire. He and the others then went away and we remained on the Pier. We were very down-hearted at the failure to get the boat. Some one arrived on a bicycle about 9 p. m. He was a stranger and he told us we were to remain where we were. Tom Allen was the man to whom the message was given and he seemed to know more about what was going on that we did and he was evidently in McGarry's confidence. The last tram and train were gone from Howth that night when another messenger arrived on a bicycle and told us we could go back to the City but we were to remain together and to go to Tom Allen's house near the Broadstone Station. We started out and walked all the way into town and got soaked to the skin. We arrived in Allen's house in the small hours of Sunday morning. From then on there seemed to be a procession of messengers arriving at the house and they were dealt with by Tom Allen. When one of us suggested a sleep Allen said there was a chance we would be moving out any minute and we therefore did not bother. We got a good solid meal on our arrival. Somewhere about 7 a. m. we were told to proceed to Father Matthew Park at Fairview and join our Companies. Allen told us we were all off to Howth to get the guns as the ship had been contacted during the night, from Dun Laoghaire, I expect. My brother, Paddy, and myself were then members of the 2nd Battalion , Paddy in 'B' Company and myself in 'F' Company. The

other two were 1st Battalion men. 'F' Company Commander was a man named McGee and Frank Henderson was 1st Lieutenant. Tom Hunter was the Battalion Commander. We went and joined our Companies at Father Mathew Park. There was an under-current of excitement all that morning and especially when we saw Tom McDonagh and others of the Headquarters Staff appearing in the park. We moved out some time around 10 o'clock and marched to Howth. When I was passing Findlater's Clock opposite Howth Harbour I could see the sails of a rather large yacht and was surprised to see how she could move against the wind. She moved around the Lighthouse and pulled into the East Pier. There was great excitement in the ranks and somebody started to cheer. This was, however, promptly stopped by the Company Officers. When the head of the Column reached the Pier entrance the order to 'double' was given and the whole column doubled down the Pier. When we got near where the ship was I saw a cordon of Volunteers drawn up. We could see the crew of the Yacht opening boxes on the deck and to our dismay we saw some of the boxes to contain large wooden batons. I understand the idea of these was in case the Volunteers would be hampered by hostile spectators. Then the guns were handed up. Each man as he got a rifle ran round and back to his place in the Company. This went on until the boat was empty. No time was lost and when all the guns had been taken ashore we moved off. An enormous crowd had gathered at the entrance to the Pier and when they saw us marching along with our newly-won rifles on our shoulders they went wildly enthusiastic and gave us a great cheer. Among this crowd I noticed an old white-haired priest with his hat in hand waving it and smiling all over. He seemed to be as excited as anyone else. Nothing occurred out of the usual

after that until we got near Raheny when we saw that the road on each side was lined with D. M. P. men. This created a bit of a stir in the ranks and the men started to shout "What do we do now, shall we resist them?." The order came back to us to march on and take no notice. So we marched on and as the head of the column entered the cordon of Police, the latter turned round and moved off on each side of us. A lot of sarcastic remarks then took place between us and the police, but nothing happened and some of the police were very friendly. When the column got to the corner of Marino Avenue at Howth Road, we saw a large body of military drawn up across the road in front of us about 500 or 600 yards away. The whole column of us wheeled right into Marino Avenue which joins up with the Malahide Road. The column entered the Malahide Road, and turned left towards Clontarf Road. We then saw that the military had taken up positions at the bottom of Clontarf Road, and we were halted. I was pretty far back in the column and do not know what parleys went on up in the front. Whilst the parleys were going on we all scattered across the fields, and I went to my home in Marino Avenue and took into the house about 150 of the rifles. Somewhere in the column there was a company of the Fianna with their 'trek-cart' which carried the ammunition for the rifles. Before we scattered I saw Eamonn Ceannt come up to the cart and demand the ammunition. The Fianna officer refused to give the ammunition, as he said his orders were not to allow it out of the cart. Poor Ceannt seemed very upset and excited and he appeared to be determined to fight it out, and he said he was not going to be disarmed. Some Volunteer officers then intervened and the cart was sent

back up the road. That was the last I saw of it. Meanwhile men and rifles were disappearing over the walls of the O'Brien Institute. I then collected a party and went across the fields where we picked up quite a number of rifles which had been dropped or left behind. Occasionally we met a man carrying three or four rifles. One man carrying eight rifles shouted out to me. "You'll find four more in that ditch, I cannot carry any more ";. We dumped the rifles in various houses and cottages and before long I found myself out at Puckstown, where we met a number of the Volunteers, some with, and some without rifles. I found a gentleman in a white moustache in a heated argument with five or six Volunteers. A hackney car drew up beside them, and this gentleman with the white hair called out; "Now, jarvey, I want you to take these rifles and myself into the City"! As he put the rifles on the car, the jarvey threw them off. He then made himself known to the jarvey, saying he was Colonel Moore. The jarvey said - "I'll take you, Colonel, but I won't take any of them damn things - Don't you know that the military are out shooting down men, women and children in Dublin!". Colonel Moore got very annoyed and told the jarvey to shut up, and he eventually drove off on the hackney with one rifle which he insisted on carrying. That was the first I heard of any shooting in the city. We scattered and I went home to rejoin my family whom I had not seen since Thursday afternoon. On approaching the house, I was met by a neighbour who told me that the family had gone down to 'Cluny' in Clontarf where my mother-in-law lived. I was still carrying one rifle. As I had to pass the police station at Clontarf, I gave up the rifle to the neighbour to mind for me and I went

on and joined my family. I spent an hour there and then got uneasy about the large number of rifles I had dumped in my house in Marino Avenue. I went there and met the same helpful neighbour at the gate of my house as I went in. "Yes", he said , "two lorries have come and started to load the rifles on them". I asked him who had the lorries and he said they were my own crowd - all Volunteers. I then asked him for the rifle I had given him and he said he gave it up with the others. I lost my temper at this - to think that after all my work I had not a rifle for myself. I discovered later that the rifles had been taken by a crowd of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and that they were all sent up North.

The following day, I took a half-day's leave from work and went to Volunteer Headquarters in Kildare Street to ask if there were anything else to be done, as I knew the rifles were scattered all over the place. I met Tom McDonagh there and he asked me to gather as many lads as I could from the Company and meet him at the Malahide Road. I gathered a number of the lads together and met McDonagh, as arranged. We then went on a search for the rifles and recovered a large number of them. Late in the evening when we finished a young chap told us there was a rifle in the gate lodge at Marino and that the man who had it, a Mr. Newman, would not give it up. Tom McDonagh brought me along with him and went to see this Mr. Newman. McDonagh thanked Mr. Newman in the name of the Executive of the Volunteers for his help in saving the rifle. Mr. Newman said he wanted the rifle for his son, and McDonagh asked him if his son was a Volunteer. Mr. Newman said he wasn't but that he would be joining up later. After a bit of coaxing from McDonagh he eventually gave up the rifle. We then went back and joined the remainder

of the Volunteers at Malahide Road where McDonagh 'fell us in' and addressed us. He told us we had now established a freeman's right to carry arms openly, and as I had told him some time during the evening about the manner in which I had lost my rifle the previous day, he presented me in front of all the others with the rifle he had taken from Mr. Newman. He told me to take it home and carry it openly 'at the slope', past the Clontarf police station on my way to 'Cluny'. This I did, and passed two policemen on my way who bade me good evening.

We started learning arms drill in the Companies but we were very disappointed with the Howth rifles. The boys never liked them, but they served their purpose in helping the men to learn how to handle arms and get used to them. When the split came, I was a member of the guard on Volunteer Headquarters in Kildare Street and we had barbed wire covering the basement. We were instructed not to use arms against the Redmondites who, we were afraid, might seize the building and our plan was to use fire hoses. We kept guard on the building for about three weeks and then the Executive took over No. 2, Dawson Street which remained Headquarters up to the Rising.

I did not take part in the Kilcoole gun-running but I was on duty at No. 6, Harcourt Street that evening. We were 'standing to' and I heard an interesting conversation that evening between Arthur Griffith and Alderman Tom Kelly who were both in the building that evening. The two of them started to discuss the war, which was then looming, and I heard Griffith say that he thought Germany did not want the war then. Kelly said "Arthur,

how would we fare here in this country for food in the event of a war?". Griffith answered "We will have to eat meat". And Kelly rejoined with a laugh "A man might eat worse".

During the first part of 1915, all our time was occupied drilling and training. We erected a miniature rifle range in Father Mathew Park and this was open to all Companies in the Brigade. We fired as much practice as our ammunition allowed, and the more ammunition one could buy the more practice we could have. We usually spent Saturday evenings on the miniature range and one of these evenings, Peadar Kearney, then fairly unknown to most of us and who was a member of the 2nd Battalion, got wounded accidently in the knee with a .22 bullet. This threw Kearney out of work. He was a married man then with a young family. At this time 'B' and 'F' Companies of the 2nd Battalion organised a concert in the Clontarf Town Hall to raise funds for arms. For the concert we got a few thousand copies of "The Soldier's Song" and sold them during the concert at 1d each. The proceeds of the sale of these ballads were allocated in aid of Kearney and at the time we all believed that this was the first occasion on which this song was sung in public. This was in the spring of 1915.

In August, 1915, we had the O'Donovan-Rossa funeral, at which the whole Brigade turned out, and a military funeral was accorded the remains. It was on this occasion that Pearse delivered his famous oration at the graveside in Glasnevin. To the best of my recollection Tom Mc Donagh was the officer in charge. It was the only occasion on which I saw Volunteers mounted on horses. There were about two dozen mounted that day.

During all this time, 1914 and 1915, I attended the usual monthly meetings of my I. R. B. Circle, but we did not give this part of our activities the same attention as before, as a lot of us felt the Volunteers were more important. In January, 1916, Headquarters wanted grenades made and various other jobs in the munitions line. My brother, Frank, and myself established a workshop in a back kitchen of our house in 'Cluny', Clontarf. In our spare time we worked there making a very crude type of grenade. There were two sorts, one consisted of a tin can with broken metal for shrapnel, mostly bits of cast iron. The broken metal was put into the can around a wooden peg. Molten lead was then poured in to bind the metal and the wooden peg then taken out. A stick of gelignite was then inserted into the hole and a detonator with a fuse attached stuck into the gelignite. This completed the grenade and the idea was that these would be used from windows and roof tops. The fuse would be first lighted and the grenade then thrown. Later we made a percussion type consisting of a spring and pin. In this case we had to make sure that the tin can was heavy on the top side so that the striker would, on release of the pin, fall and strike the detonator. I don't know who designed these two types, but they were never much used, as they were too heavy to carry about. Another item we tackled was a clip to enable a bayonet to be affixed to a shot gun. These were made of sheet steel shaped to fit round the barrel of a shot gun. They were made to fit closely and secured with two small wing nuts and bolts. After a week or two of this work I was asked if I would give up my job and devote my whole time to this work. This I did, and a whole fortnight went by before there was any talk of payment in lieu of my normal earnings----------

which, of course, were necessary to support a wife and three children. I saw Michael Staines who was then Assistant Brigade Quartermaster, and he told me to go and see Michael O'Hanrahan who used to work at Headquarters at No. 2, Dawson Street as a clerk. I never heard if he had a rank then, but I regarded him as a confidential secretary to the Headquarters Staff. I went to see O'Hanrahan and after waiting two hours he saw me and gave me thirty shillings and said my wages were to be 30/- a week. I reminded him that I had two weeks' wages coming to me. This surprised him. But I took the 30/- and thereafter I received this weekly wage.

I forgot to mention that about September or October, 1915, McDonagh asked me at a parade of the Company in Father Matthew Park to attend an Engineering Class at Headquarters in Dawson Street. I took this up at once and our instructor was Peadar Slattery. He was at the time on the teaching Staff of St. Enda's and was known to us as "The Professor". We thought a lot of him in those days as he was a very good instructor. The Course consisted of lessons on the use of explosives and demolitions, field works and field cookery. We also got lectures on house construction which was designed to teach us the art of breaking in from house to house, also the construction of barricades and the proper materials to use in their erection. We carried on with these lectures right up to Easter Week. This course finished up with an examination. Pat Breen was the officer-in-charge of this course. He was Engineer Officer of the 2nd Battalion. Padraig Pearse used visit the class occasionally to enquire into our progress and we felt very satisfied with ourselves on one occasion when "The Professor" said to Pearse in our presence that we now knew

as much as he did. Pearse addressed us on that occasion and told us that soon we might have to be putting our knowledge into effect. He told us to report back to our Companies and to ask the Company Captains for six men each. We would teach these men and use them as military engineers when the fight came. I reported back to my Company and saw Oscar Traynor who was then a Lieutenant and was acting for the Company Captain, Frank Henderson. When I told Traynor of the instructions I got from Pearse, he took a poor view of it, and said that it was fighting men he wanted, not engineers or tradesmen. I later saw Tom Hunter who was O/C. of the Battalion and he told me that he had heard about an Engineer Company being started and that he had a man in view to take charge of it and that man was my brother, Paddy. I said 'alright' and did not bother any more about it. I went back and 'fell in' in my place in the ranks.

About January, 1916, I was speaking to some one at No. 2 Dawson Street, where I had been in connection with the distribution of the finished grenades. I think now it was Michael O'Hanrahan I was speaking to. He asked me if the house, meaning 'Cluny' , was still safe and advised us to keep as little stuff as possible on the premises and to get away as much of it as we could. I pointed out to him that we had to wait and get instructions from him or Michael Staines as to its disposal and he suggested I should see the Company Captain for the purpose of finding a place to dump the stuff in. On account of my previous experience in connection with the Engineering course, I was somewhat chary of approaching my Company officers. O'Hanrahan said there was grave danger at the moment, and they didn't know when the Government might strike. He told me to warn anyone who was helping us in the Munitions factory to be ready for a sudden order

or instruction and whatever instructions we might get they were to be carried out without question. This was on a Friday afternoon. Some time on the following evening, a runner from the Company, Jack McQuaid, arrived at 'Cluny' with a verbal instruction from the Company that I was to get in touch with any Volunteers living in the district, to gather them together with their rifles and to remain with me in my house at 'Cluny' and await further instructions. I did this and a number of us, about 7 or 8, sat up all that evening and that night at my house waiting for orders. No orders came until the small hours of the morning when some one arrived on a bicycle with the word that everything was alright and that we could dismiss. We were never told why we were made 'stand to' that evening but my idea is that 'Cluny' had come under suspicion and that there was a possibility of the house being raided. We discovered the next day that the other Battalions had also been on 'stand to' at the same time and I never discovered the reason for it.

Just before St. Patrick's Day, 1916, I got an urgent message to prepare a parcel of grenades and a parcel of shot gun bayonets, and these were to be delivered to No. 2, Dawson Street by 9 o'clock that night. This was on a Thursday evening. Knowing there were two other parties coming to the house that night for 'stuff' and it being my Company meeting night which I wanted to attend, I decided to ask the Company Captain to give me a reliable man to deliver the parcels to Dawson Street. I had brought the two parcels with me from 'Cluny' to Father Mathew Park. I asked Frank Henderson and he told me to pick a man. So I took Billy McGinley, a member of the Company, and told

him I was sending him on a very important job. I advised him to walk and to go by the back streets as far as possible and not to talk to anyone on his way. I told him when he got to No. 2 Dawson Street to ask for Assistant Brigade Quartermaster Staines, and deliver to him the two parcels. On receiving my instructions, Billy went out but was back again almost immediately with a request to me to repeat the name of the title of the man he was going to meet. I repeated the words 'Assistant Brigade Quartermaster Staines', and Billy ticked each word off on his fingers with the remark "I hope I wont forget these as some of these bl_____ fellows are very particular about their titles". He then left but was back again to get me to repeat it all over to him once more. A day or two later we read in the papers of a motor car being stopped in College Green by detectives. The occupants were arrested and the contents of the car were seized. These turned out to be the two parcels I had given to Billy McGinley. I learned afterwards that the people in the car, whose names I have forgotten, were followed up from Wexford, were traced to No. 2 Dawson Street and were evidently seen leaving the premises with the parcels. The following Thursday night I was present at the Company meeting. It was a wet night. I met Billy McGinley coming through the gate of Father Mathew Park and I called over rather sharply. "How many people". I said "did you tell where you were going to last Thursday night or what was in the parcels."? Billy dropped down on his two knees, and joining his hands, solemnly swore that from the moment he left me that night he never stopped or spoke to "any living person or thing" until he got to No. 2 , Dawson Street. The poor fellow burst into tears and

swore by his Maker that he never mentioned a word to anybody or entered a public-house, which I had warned him against. I was sorry for 'pulling his leg' and I found it hard to convince him I was only joking. He served to the Treaty and joined the Army in 1922 .

On St. Patrick's Day we had a big parade, and we marched to St. Michael's and John's Church on the Quay where we had a Mass. After Mass we fell in and we marched to College Green. The whole four Battalions were out that day, and we lined up each side of College Green, and a cordon of Volunteers stopped all traffic in Dame Street. I was up near the Dame Street end (George's Street end). There was one little scene there. A British War Office W. D. van belonging to the British Ministry of Munitions came along under Major Downey. The Volunteers refused to allow him to pass and he jumped out of his car, and in an excited fashion pointed to the car - "W. D.", "it has to pass". De Valera left his place. He was with his own Battalion. He went over and proceeded to argue with the Major, but he couldn't get through. He had to drive away. At the College Green end, near the Henry Grattan Statue, there was a car with Eoin McNeill and all the Headquarters crowd. So we marched past them, Eoin McNeill taking the salute. Each Battalion marched back to its own headquarters. I was in the Second. I forget the exact route we took, but we went up the Quay and up Manor Street. As we were coming up along the top of Manor Street, we met a Company of Infantry coming down from Marlborough Barracks. Most of our men were in uniform. The street is very wide there.

We were on the Aughrim Street side and they seemed to be coming down Prussia Street, and just as the head of our Company met theirs, the Officer in charge of the British Company gave the "Eyes right", and our skipper immediately returned the compliment. Our skipper must have been M. W. O'Reilly. He was Captain of the Company.

Between Patrick's Day and Holy Week, there was a term of tense excitement amongst the boys. My part of it was chiefly concerned in making the bombs and the bayonet clips in a house in Clontarf -'Cluny' and we worked sometimes very late into the night, assisted by Volunteers from various Companies who used to come down to us, and we worked there, filling and making and doing the various jobs, and getting the stuff away. All this time Tom Hunter was the O/C. of the 2nd Batt., but we of the Companies did not see a lot of him. There were not so many battalion parades then. Each Company was on its own.

On Spy Wednesday night we worked right through until four o'clock the following morning on the making of the stuff.

Thursday night, being Company night, I went there. We had noticed that at every Company night for six weeks before, Tom McDonagh was always there, and when we were adjourning for a short time he used to walk up along the field and ask the Captain to allow him to take charge of his Company for a while. Tom would give us a few movements, a few right and left wheels, halt, and then he stood and addressed us. He always gave us an encouraging little speech, a few compliments on our efficiency and all that sort of thing. So on Holy Thursday night he spoke for a

long time, and then reminded us we were standing on historic ground in Clontarf where Brian Boru had defeated the Danes in 1014. Easter was the time of the battle of Clontarf. The battle was on Good Friday. Good Friday and Easter were coming near, and that was the time of resurgence in Ireland, and who knows but it might be the resurgence in Ireland, and he was glad to see we were all ready to take part in it, but he gave us one warning. "When big things happen like this", he said, "there is very often confusion of ideas, and people may not always see eye to eye with each other, and one warning I want to give you, and that is; when you get an order, and you may get an order over this week-end, I want every man to obey it implicitly, and," he said, "if the orders are not carried out, you don't know what damage you may do". He said, "One thing I want you to sink into your minds and that is; order, counter-order, disorder; that always happens". After the Company meeting, I went back to the workshop and we carried on for a few hours more.

Some time on Good Friday afternoon, I called down to Father Mathew Park. There was a fair number of men there. I was speaking to Thomas McDonagh for a few minutes. As he was leaving he half-turned towards the men who were standing around, and with that characteristic jerk of his head, said; "I am going now". "If anyone should want me during the week-end, Mr. Redmond will know where I will be". This was Paddy Redmond of "F" Company and caretaker of Father Mathew Park.

On Good Friday, my brother, Frank, informed me that everything we had in the place had to be cleared out and finished, and we were to work non-stop till everything was

finished. So we worked right through the Friday and Friday night - Good Friday - until the small hours of Saturday morning. We worked till about 7 o'clock on Saturday morning, and we got everything away. The only thing that was remaining in the house then was one large box of gelignite, which we had buried under a floor in another room.

On Saturday I went into town early. I went to Marlborough St. I went to Confession. I wasn't at all surprised to find Marlborough St. filled with young men - mostly Volunteers - dozens of whom I knew, all the one thing, going to Confession. Everyone felt anything might happen, any time now. I called over to No. 2 Dawson St. and I saw Michael O'Hanrahan, and I asked him how were things. He asked me how were things in the Workshop. I said that everything was practically cleared out now, that we delivered all the stuff, and was there any use in carrying on with any more work, and he said; "I don't think there will be any time to; and then he said; "as a matter of fact, we may be in the field - any time now. Expect anything that happens". And then he said; "Keep in touch with your Company, and wait for any orders".

I might say that Saturday evening there was continous calling on one another, and asking one another; "Have you heard anything?. Sometime during that night I had heard - possibly it may have been in the papers, I don't remember now- that a car had been driven off the pier into the sea somewhere down in Kerry, and that somebody was drowned. One of the names I heard afterwards was McInerney, a man I knew later. I forgot to mention one little incident on Holy Thursday night. Tom McDonagh was in the Pavilion in Father Mathew Park, talking to groups of men, and he suddenly left them and turned round and said; "Oh, that reminds me - I have a little job to do. I want to write out a commission for an officer". And he went up to the table, pulled out his fountain-pen, and turned to me. He said; "I am writing out a Lieutenant's commission for your brother, Paddy". He did not tell us why or anything about him, nor did I ask him.

On the Saturday morning, we were mobilised for a long route march on Easter Sunday morning; we were to carry revolver, rifles and ammunition, and to bring everything

we had, all that we got. I went home late on Saturday night and prepared. As a matter of fact, I prepared a little haversack with some food in it and a blanket ready to turn out on Sunday morning. We all went to first Mass on Sunday morning, and coming home from Mass we saw the "Sunday Independent" out. The newsboys were selling it. I got a copy of it, and read the notice in it by Eoin McNeill countermanding all orders, all manoevres and marches on Easter Sunday morning. So I came home, and I forget who they were - but two lads knocked at the door and asked me what about it, was that right, and I said I didn't know, no more than what was in the paper. I decided to go down to Fr. Mathew Park anyway, and find out , but while I was at breakfast, the Company runner came down and told that all orders were off for the day, but we were to remain ready for orders later.

About four o'clock on Easter Sunday morning, there was a loud knock at the door, and at that time we were all expecting raids or something. I jumped out and I had no revolver; I had a service rifle. I loaded the

rifle and came to the top landing, and I covered the hall door. My brother, Frank, who was stopping with us at that time, went down, and he said; "I think it will be alright; I think they are coming for me". I had the rifle pointed covering the doorway, from the top landing. Frank opened the door, and he called back to me; "Its alright, they are friends". Frank ran up the stairs and said; "Its alright, they are only for me". They were some officers of the 1st Batt. They had a car with them and Frank went away with them.

When the boys asked me what about this order of McNeill's, I said that we should be very careful about anything like that, and I reminded them of Tom McDonagh's instruction about counter-orders and all that sort of thing. I said that, as soon as I had my breakfast, I was going to go down to Fr. Mathew Park and find out. I went out, and as I was coming down the road - I was going down to Vernon Avenue to get a tram there, in case I would meet any of the lads - I met a chap named Gregory from the Company, in his uniform. He told me that he was mobilising for the Company. "Well", he said, " I need not call to your house. You are all to get down to Fr. Mathew Pk. as quickly as you can". I gave him three or four addresses. Then we started off for Father Mathew Park. I went down in the tram. A great way to start off for a battle! I had six rifles and four big parcels of revolvers and ammunition. At Vernon Avenue two D. M. P. men whom I knew well by sight got on the tram and took their seats on top of the tram opposite to me. One of them turned around to me, and he said "Well, James are you going to have a great field day to-day". I said "Yes".

At the same time I was wondering that when we would get to the police barracks, they would not haul me in. They were sitting opposite me, and I was wondering would it be wise to move from the top, or sit where I was. I was determined I was going to resist. However we passed the police station, and they bid me good-morning and they got down. I went to Fr. Mathew Park, and I met the boys coming from different directions. When we got to Fr. Mathew Pk., there was nothing but confusion. I met men from every Company, including even a few 1st Batt. men, each asking the other what was on. I lost all sense of time after that. Time seemed to fly. I went down and I asked where was Captain O'Reilly. "Oh, he's gone off since early this morning". Some said they were gone to Jacob's. Others said they weren't . I got Frank Henderson and I asked him where was the rest of the crowd. "I heard , they are gone into town", he said. "Seamus", he said "remember this. Whatever McNeill says, is law with me." "I am going to obey his orders". (It was Monday morning I had this conversation with Henderson. Nothing really happened on the Sunday except sitting and waiting for orders. None of us went out anywhere. Every Volunteer remained in his home awaiting orders). Frank Henderson went away then into his house. He lived next door to the park, and after some time there was a sudden order, and we were told to 'fall in! So we 'fell in' and Frank Henderson spoke to us. He told us that everything was off for the moment and we were to go to our homes and await further orders. At this time we had heard and we were convinced then, that already, the Volunteers had taken over the Post Office in the city; and we know now

that that was taken over at twelve o'clock. It was after this that Frank Henderson fell us in and told us to go home. I stepped out of the ranks, and I said I would'nt go home, that our comrades were already out, that Pearse was in the Post Office, and demanded that we should be marched there and then in. He said the instructions were we were to go home and wait for orders. A few left the field but I gathered a crowd around me, and I said that we would go ahead and make our own way to the Post Office, but some of the other chaps said; " I know where M. W. O'Reilly is", He was our Company Captain though we had not seen him at the Fr. Mathew Park that morning. So about four dozen of us as well as I can recollect, went up to M. W. O'Reilly's house and we found him there. I forget now where that house was, somewhere off the North Circular Road. It might be Mountjoy St., or somewhere in that vicinity. On our way, we called to Tom Weafer's house to find out did he know anything. We were trying to contact somebody who would take charge of the situation. We found the women folk in that house in hysterics and they were wondering where Tom was. Some woman in the house advised us to go home, and another of them advised the reverse and said; "Don't let your comrades down; they are fighting in the city; don't waste your time here". After that, we went up to M. W. O'Reilly's house, and we got him. He told us not to worry, that everything would be alright; and he said yes, it was a fact that the Post Office had been taken over, and that the Citizen Army and some of the 1st and 3rd Battns. were in the Post Office, and that we would be in the fight alright. "Come on", he

said, "we'll get back to Fr. Mathew Park. We'll rouse as many as we can". We went straight back to Fr. Mathew Park, and I found a bigger crowd there that what had been when we left. There was a big tarpaulin spread out on the grass there and I found Breen, my old friend of the Engineers. I did not know that the 2nd Battn. had so many arms before. The great big tarpaulin was covered with rifles, revolvers, bayonets, and parcels of explosives of various sorts. When we went back, the crowd was still there in the groups all around the field talking. Tom Weafer suddenly appeared on the field, and he shouted to me; "Here, long fellow, come here. Get me a couple of wagons". "Where will I get them?". "Get them wherever you can, but get them quick. Any sort of conveyance at all -drays or lorries or anything you can get. Take a few men with you". I picked the fellow nearest to hand - Charlie Saurin - and I don't remember who else was on it, but I know Charlie was with us and five or six others. We went down towards Summerhill where I knew furniture removers were - I don't remember the name of the people. Being a Bank Holiday, the place was closed up. We forced in the door. It was hardly necessary, because as we were trying to force the door, a yardman opened the door and asked us what we wanted. We told him we wanted a couple of lorries. He told us the place was closed. We asked where were the stables. We pulled out two horses and got two four-wheeled lorries and yoked them up. He threatened us with the police and everything else. We told him just to keep cool but we did not want to cause any trouble. He said "Who's going to pay for this?". We said ; "The Irish Republic will pay for this". We got our two lorries out, and we drove along up Summerhill.

Coming up along Fairview, Gus Ingoldsby dashed out of his house (This was a man I used to know in the Old Clann na h-Eireann days) came across to us and said; "For God's sake, go back". "Don't you know the military are out in Dublin?". We answered; "They are the fellows we want to meet". We drove up to Fr. Mathew Pk. with our lorries, and immediately Breen got every man he could lay his hands on. We loaded all the stuff on it. We were not twenty minutes at it when the lorries were loaded, and we got the fall-in. We started off for town. We moved out of Fr. Mathew Park, and we went by Ballybough and Summerhill. This was round about two o'clock; it was gone past midday anyway. The two lorries were in front, followed by, I should say, 400 men of various Companies. Frank Henderson was in charge, as far as we could know. Just as we were approaching Summerhill, a cyclist whom I knew, named Bracken, of St. Lawrence Road, Clontarf, and an old "B." Company member, came cycling out from town, jumped off, and handed a note to the Company Commander. We were halted for a moment. As soon as the Company Commander read this note, he came down along the ranks, put out his hand, and he said; "From here - about turn". Leo Henderson was in charge of us, and we were given "Quick March". We marched about 100 yards, when he gave us the order to double. The boys asked; "Are we going back for more arguments in Fr. Mathew Park?". And he said; "No, this is the real thing". I was in the front rank, and Leo told me then. He said that the message was that a party of Infantry were coming in from the School of Musketry in Dollymount, which was on the North Bull, and that we were to intercept them at Fairview and not to let them pass. We would have to make all the speed we could, because we would have to make

Annesley Bridge before them. So we went down at the double, down Charleville Avenue, which connects Summerhill with the North Strand Road. We came along and, just as we were approaching, just past the Ivy Church, we saw the head of the enemy column coming over Annesley Bridge. They marched steadily ahead, and we just could see their heads coming up over the bridge. Henderson divided us in two. He took one party and went and took possession of Sane's publichouse on the corner. He told me to take charge of the other party on the other side of the road. We jumped in, but there was a big front garden, and there were houses projecting , at the top of the street. The result was that when we got into the house , we found that we could not see the British at all. I told most of the boys to stay in the house. With three of them, I went out to the gate, and a few shots were exchanged there. By this time, we saw that Henderson's crowd were on top of the roof of the publichouse. We noticed they were firing too, but we had nothing to fire at. The enemy then trickled down East Wall Road. They did not make any stand at all . As soon as I noticed that, I shouted to the boys on the roof - they were all getting down - "O. K., come down". They came down. We were on Leinster Avenue then, which runs parallel to the East Wall Road; and there were a few gaps in the houses there and, whenever we got an opportunity, we would open fire on them, but they did not reply then from that end of it. Just as we were getting down to the bottom of the avenue, I suddenly realised that if the military came down the railway line we were hopelessly exposed. We gathered together and took what cover we could behind the gateposts, but no enemy came down the railway at all. As a matter of fact, they did but they

kept down to the far side of the bank. We thought they would walk along the line, and they made no attempt to find us. At that, we were called back to the Strand. So we doubled back to the Strand. We went along the North Strand and halted at every avenue. There is a lot of small avenues down there, all looking on to this railway, until we got to Newcomen Bridge. At Newcomen Bridge, we could see them trickling across the bridge in two's and three's, and we opened fire where we could; but there was only an occasional shot returned to us. The firing seemed to die away. The next thing I remember was two Volunteers coming up to me with a D. M. P. man - a policeman - and they said; "We have taken this prisoner. "What are we going to do with him"?. So I asked the policeman where he was going. He said he was coming off night-duty and he was going home, and he lived below in Bessborough Avenue. I told him to go home, and stay at home, and not to attempt to come out; and he thanked me and went away.

Our party then carried on down the North Strand and Amiens Street. We expected to meet the military - the same party. Somewhere about Amiens Street Station was the only way they could come out. When we drew near it, we were pulled into that side street at the end of Buckingham Street, nearwhere the jam factory is now; I think it was Tyrone Street then. We were halted in there against the wall, and it was there we had our first casualities, caused by those shotguns - our own shotguns. The lads had the shotguns loaded, and when they were halted, they left them standing up against the wall; somebody moved, and the guns were knocked down and

instantly went off. Four men were wounded in the foot in about ten minutes from falling loaded shotguns. We made them unload the shotguns then after that. After about half-an-hour's waiting there, wondering what was going to happen, Leo Henderson gave us the order- we don't know where he got it from, but he told us that we were going back to Fairview. This must have been three or half-past three o'clock, as far as I recollect. We marched back, and we asked was it the Fr. Mathew Park; none of us like going there again. He said no, we were going to take up positions at Ballybough Bridge, and they were the orders. So we went, and without incident we reached Fairview, and we took possession of Lambe's publichouse and another shop, both overlooking Ballybough Bridge, where we remained for the Monday night - that night.

When we took over Lambe's publichouse and the other shop, whose name I think was Gilbeys, we proceeded to barricade the windows and post sentries. Within half an hour I found myself as a sentry in the back garden of this publichouse, watching out over the fields and hedges; and I thought it was a very lonely experience. We could hear the firing all around the city. Then we heard firing very near us. Henderson told us that everything was O. K., that a detachment of the Citizen Army had taken over Gouldings' Manure Works over at the Annesley Bridge, and that was where the firing was coming from. By this time, of course, all trams and trains in the city were stopped. We saw crowds of people who had been out in Howth and Baldoyle Races that day; and it was a pitiful sight to see the people - women and small children - coming along up to one and two o'clock in the morning, walking to their homes in the City.

We remained there that night, and at about eleven O'Clock the next day, I was handed a despatch that had come from Connolly. The instruction said; "Destroy the railway on your right ". Leo said; "This is a job now for you; you understand all about this engineering business". "Yes, Leo", I said, "What will we destroy it with." "We have no explosives or anything". Then I suddenly remembered that down in "Cluny" there was the box of gelignite left behind. I said "Could you spare two men and I'll send them down and let them bring as much of this gelignite as they can". He found two lads, and one chap came with a black bag, and I told them exactly where to go. They went down for the gelignite. I said to Leo; "We'll go over to the railway in any case and see what we can do." Sometimes there are tool boxes on the railway, and we might be able to open up this, and see what we can do there, and when the lads come back with the gelignite, bring them to me". But we never saw the gelignite. We did not see those men any more. That's another story. Just as we were starting off for the railway, we were called back. Leo called us back. "No," he said, "its alright." "The job is off." "We're going in to the Post Office now". We started off for the G. P. O. We marched down along the same road again - down by Ballybough and, coming near O'Connell Street, we swung into Cumberland Street, taking back streets so as to come out at O'Connell Street at the nearest point to the Post Office that we could. When we reached Cumberland Street, we got a most hostile reception from the tenements. We were jeered and boohed, and every article, mentionable and unmentionable, was thrown at us from the windows, and what they didn't tell us - these were all soldiers' wives; their men were out in France, the ring-money women we

used to call them. In any case, we went through. Nobody was hurt, though a few stones were thrown; a few pots and pans were thrown at us, but nobody was hit. We came out somewhere at the end of Gloucester Street, into O'Connell Street. I remember well marching along O'Connell Street. Charlie Saurin was ahead of me in the ranks, and he turned around and in a most excited voice said to me; "Seamus, Seamus, look at our flag up on the Post Office".

The flag was on the G. P. O. - the Republican Flag; and the big green flag with a green harp on it was flying from the corner. The green one was flying from the Henry Street corner. On the main centre building was the tricolour. We marched straight across to the G. P. O., and it was locked. The doors were shut. Just as we arrived down at the pillars, there was an outburst of firing from somewhere. Our chaps took it into their heads they were being fired at, and immediately they started blazing wildly, firing across the street, until the door opened and Jim Connolly marched out. He said; "Quiet, boys. Quiet, boys, there's no enemy here. There's no enemy here. These are all your friends". Our boys panicked, there's no doubt about it. So with that, we filed into the Post Office. We were marched into the Post Office, and we fell in right along the main hall. After waiting a few minutes, Padraig Pearse came out, and he addressed us. He told us he was aware of all our movements during the last day or two. It seemed to us a week, although this was only on Tuesday evening. He passed a few nice remarks telling us he had heard about our good work, and he had heard about our good attempt to stop the military at Annesley Bridge, and if they got through, it was not our fault, that the word came to us too late, but we lost no time certainly. Then he launched into a regular oration.

He pointed out to us that as the dogs lapped up the blood of Robert Emmet in the streets of Dublin in 1803 Dublin was under a sort of disgrace since then. It was now wiped out. The republic had now been established in arms. "We men" he said, were going to fight to the last and were determined, if necessary, to die for that Republic. "Your Company Officer will now allot you to your posts", he said, and with that, he went away. Immediately Frank Henderson, who was there, came and walked down the ranks, with his hands out and divided us into two parts. He gave us "Rear file" and "about turn". He said; "You go across now to the Imperial Hotel" -(that is , Clery's) - " and report over there to Captain Drennan". As we were filing out the door F. Henderson shouted out; "Seamus Daly, you take charge of this party". That was the first time I found myself in charge of a body of men. We went across and in to the Imperial Hotel. I had met Frank Drennan before, that is, Frank Thornton. He was going under the name of Frank Drennan because he was on the run from Liverpool against conscription, where he had been working all his life. I was glad to meet somebody I knew. He had a very small, mixed crowd of men - Citizen army men and men from various Companies - and, as he said himself, a lot of the men he did not know and he was not quite sure of them. He was glad to have us. Immediately we started getting ready the place - sandbagging windows and laying in water, according to the instructions we received. Every landing and every room - every receptacle that would hold water was carried up from the tanks. Meantime, there was heavy firing going on from the Post Office, on and off.

Somewhere near dusk, about eight o'clock Frank

Drennan said to me; "Listen, they want some bedding across in the Post Office", would you ever take something across to them?.". So I did. I took a bundle of blankets and raced across the street. The first journey was absolutely uneventful. I got there and delivered the blankets. They said they wanted mattresses more than blankets. I came back again and I got more blankets. In all, I made four trips across. The last three times, the firing was very intense as I crossed the street, but I never was hit once although the bullets were hopping around about the place. I got back in safety anyway. Later on, Frank Drennan told me that Pearse had sent a message across thanking us for the blankets and things we got across, and asking for the name of the man who brought the stuff across. Frank told me that he told him it was me. He told me that from then on, I was to regard myself as second in command to him, and that he had a written commission for me as Lieutenant. I felt quite big - my first commission!. He said; " I have it here signed ". I was sort of shy, or something, about it. I said; "Its all the same what you call me, Frank. I'll do whatever you want me to do anyway". "Well, in any case, you are a Lieutenant now", he said, "and its a commission you ought to be a proud man to have, with Pearse's signature on it". "Give it to me, Frank", I said. "No, that's mine", he said, the Company Officer must keep all these for the records". "O. K." I said. We spent the whole night in barricading windows, getting water supplies up. In the early morning I reminded Frank Drennan that I had noticed men going up the street and down the street, and I told him that that could not be, that we would have to get through the buildings. I told him that

we were breaking through the walls. We had practically no tools, but we proceeded with the work. We used pokers, and anything, but lucky enough I had three of these long chisels we had for the purpose and I got a few men, and we started to break through the walls. We worked right through the day and night, and the result was that we were able to get right up to Earl Street and, on the other side, of course, was the laneway - the little street where Clery's Restaurant is, I don't know what you call it. In breaking through, we found ourselves looking down from an upper room, down on to the floor of Allen's the tailors - a well-known Dublin tailoring shop at the time, next door to Clery's - I noticed a small little man sitting on the counter. I asked him who he was , and he told me to take no notice and carry on. So I asked him a second time, and he wouldn't answer me. So I sent for Captain Drennan. When he came, he called him up. He came up rather reluctantly. We gathered round and he cross-examined him. He said he was Brennan Whitmore from Wexford, and that he had written a book on street-fighting which he had submitted to Joe Plunkett; Joe Plunkett sent for him and told him to come up to Dublin, that he wanted his advice on street-fighting in Dublin, and he'd carry on in his own way. So he was more or less ignored for the rest of the week after that.

Sometime on Wednesday afternoon, evidently from enemy fire, the large tank of water on top of the roof began to leak in four places, and we saw all our water supply disappear. It simply poured out from all sides, and the tank was empty. We could do nothing to stop it. It was in too exposed a place. That meant that our water

supply was going to run out. Towards five o'clock or so, somebody shouted that they could see the British crossing the top of Parnell Street, and they were filtering across in two's and three's. We had a few sandbags out on the verandah at Clery's. We posted a few men there, and we fired at every opportunity we got. This went on for about half an hour and suddenly the big guns seemed to open. We saw a cloud of dust, smoke and flame coming through a building in Upper O'Connell Street, somewhere near where the Catholic Club is now. We thought it was an explosion in the house at first. We realised afterwards that the shell had evidently struck it, because we heard afterwards it was from the Broadstone where they had artillery placed there.

Sometime during the night, there was a fierce explosion underneath us. A shell had landed into the very basement of the place and exploded, and this had started the fire. Every available man was put coping with the fire, but it kept spreading. The place was getting filled with smoke, and we had no water. We had to retire. Late on Thursday night, we got a message across to the Post Office, telling them that we did not think we could stay there any longer, that the men were being suffocated with smoke. The reply we got from the Post Office was that they could nothing for us, that they were in as bad a plight themselves. By this time, we could see the building across the street - that and the Metropole; both seemed to be blazing, smoke from everywhere.

At about seven o'clock on Thursday evening, the big D. B. C. Restaurant in O'Connell Street, which was a very, very high building then, and had a big glass dome on the top of it - the whole building collapsed across the street. The first reaction on the part of our lads was; "Oh, boys,

what a lovely barricade". The whole front of the house fell in. There was terrible dust and smoke and blaze.

Somewhere about midnight, Frank Drennan came to me, and he said that the instructions were to evacuate the building, but we were to make no attempt to get across to the Post Office, that they would have to evacuate there, and the best thing we could do was to get out to the north County and see if we could link up the Fingal boys who, we were told, were in the field then.

I well remember one of the last scenes. My party was in the very front of the house, where Clery's Restaurant is now, the ballroom, and the lads were all at their posts there at the windows. The merriest of the whole lot was Paddy Mahon. He was the son of Paddy Mahon, the printer; he used to print the United Irishmen and all the national papers. The place was getting hotter and hotter, and we were stifled with smoke. Paddy said to me; "I was always told that the nearest to the floor was the best place to get air, and that keeps me at my post". And he called out to me one time and said; "Is this the end, Seamus?". "Well", I said , "as far as this building is concerned, it is the end." "We'll have to be getting out of it soon". "Well", he said "I don't think we should." "I think we ought to stick it out to the finish". He called for the boys to sing the Soldiers' Song; and they sang it, and the place blazing all around us. They sang it, very heartily and lustily - there's no doubt about it. So we were moving out. The first problem was to get rid of the Cumann na mBan girls. We had about seven or eight of them. Miss Hoey was in charge of them. We put her in charge. She used to be Arthur Griffith's secretary in

the earlier days of Sinn Fein. She was a most efficient and hard-working woman during the whole thing. And there was a Mrs. O'Connor , a rather elderly woman, from Kerry. I don't know what became of her. They looked after the meals for the men during the week. They escaped by the back. We got out the men by the back. I had nothing to do with that, but Frank Drennan told me that he was getting the women across out through the buildings into Earl Street and from there brought across the street into the Presbytery in Marlborough Street. Just as we were moving off, Frank gave me a dozen men. He said to me; "We're going ahead, and we are going to try and get back along the back of the Cathedral, out to Summerhill and over the canal, and escape to the north country." "You stay back for ten or fifteen minutes and then follow up." "You'll be a rearguard to us". So they got out. We waited the ten minutes, and we started out. We got across Earl Street in perfect safety, nobody seemed to fire at us there - and in through the houses then, Boyer's and Hickey's shops, and we came in to Cathedral Street, and in to Thomas Lane, I think they called it, that is, the laneway that runs at the back of the Pro-Cathedral. We went along there, and I strung out the boys in single file. I told them to crouch in on the footpath and to go as quietly as possible. Just as we were at the back of the Cathedral, somewhere about the Presbytery or that - a low wall - we heard a terrific outburst of fire at the very top of the street, and we could see the bullets striking the pavement and the walls. We lay down, crouched in against the wall, but nobody was hit there. In a few minutes, about a dozen men came pell-mell down the street, and I found they were the crowd that went along with Frank. They

said they had walked into a barricade and that several of the fellows were shot. I said; "Where's the skipper?" And they said; "Oh, he's killed or he's captured". I said; "Were you told to come back"? They said; "There was nothing else to do, but to come back". Then the firing burst out, and there was very little cover in the place. I got them all up over the wall, into the back garden of the Presbytery. I got them in there. The men were badly shaken, by this time.

I proceeded then to try to rally the men. Some of the men came to me then and told me that a priest had been talking to them at the lower end of the garden; and he advised the men to lay down their arms and he would arrange a surrender with the British authorities in the morning. I then called to the men that were nearest at hand, and I fell them in. I pointed out to them that Frank Drennan was gone ahead, and he might have broken through the cordon at the top of the street and would be relying on us to follow on; and I thought it was up to us then to follow. Then Paidin O'Keeffe stepped out of the ranks, and he told me it was foolish - it was madness, he said, we should not do it - and that there was nothing

else for it but to take the advice of the priest and surrender. I then said I was going to go ahead, and I asked for Volunteers to come with me. If any men wished to lay down their arms, I said, that would be alright; I would be the last to say a word to them but that I was going ahead. I stepped over to one side and I said; "Who's coming with me?" Two or three men came, and then three or four more trickled over. Then Paidin O'Keeffe made one more appeal to me not to do it, that it was very foolish. I told him he could do as he liked, that he had better go back and surrender with the men, but that I was going ahead. Eventually I had, I think, about a dozen men including Paidin O'Keeffe, he came with us after all. I let them out through the back gate, which was now open - I don't know how it came to be opened. When we got to the gate, I told them to string out about a couple of feet apart, to keep in by the wall, and to make no noise whatsoever, that I was going to make an attempt through Cathedral Street and down to Marlborough Street, and that our direction would all depend on how we would find things, but that we were going to try the back streets and laneways, in the hopes of finding a way out. I said; "We'll go

now, in the name of God". I went out quietly, stooped down, and went round by the Cathedral, down Cathedral Street. When I turned the corner into Marlborough Street, I looked up and down, saw no sign of any enemy there. Everything was silent, and it was pitch black dark. It was in the small hours of the morning. The first thought that struck me in Marlborough Street was; well, the boys are doing as they were told - to make no noise - but I looked behind, and I found that I was alone in the street. I slipped back to the corner of Cathedral Street, and looked up along. I said rather quietly; "Are you there, lads?" No answer from anyone, and I thought for one moment that I was deserted, that the boys had gone back. I ran up along the whole length of Cathedral Street, back into Thomas's Lane, and there I found the whole bunch of boys huddled where I left them in the start. I said; "Why didn't you come along?" "We were waiting for the word." "You said you were going to go ahead". They thought that I was just going to go ahead and have a scout out. I said; "Are you not going to come"? "Yes" they said, "we are waiting to come". I said; "Come on now". We came along

down the same way again and we got round to Marlborough Street. We paused for a moment there. I thought to myself; "well, if there's a cordon across Thomas's Lane, there's bound to be one at the end of Marlborough Street and Parnell Street as well." So we turned down into Railway Street, and everything went well there. We were coming along and still no sign of an enemy, until we approached about fifty yards or so, as well as I can guess, from where Gardiner Street intersects Railway Street, when suddenly there was a burst of fire, and we could see - the impression on me at the time was rings of flame across the street. It was another barricade, manned by the British , and we had walked almost into it. There was a murderous burst of fire, and I said to the men; "Jump to the doorways! So we jumped. This Street was a very old-fashioned street, with three steps and a stone wall dividing each house. We rushed in. We got cover behind this wall, but we found that several of the men were hit. As we jumped into cover anyway , I found that one of our men was lying on the foothpath. I called to him and said; "Are you hit?". He just groaned. I stretched out to see if I could pull him in, and he called on me and said; "For God's sake, leave me alone. I am alright." "Tell my people." "My name's Flanagan". And he gave an address, I think, in Moore Street. He said; "Leave me alone." "I'll be alright, but don't try to move me". Further up, at the next door, there was another man lying there, but he tried to crawl in. So we got him, and we pulled him in behind the door. This was Harry Manning, who had got a bullet right through the foot. We forced in the doorway in the house where we were, and we got Harry Manning in. We put him on a table and some of the men tried to take his boot off, but they couldn't. The foot was so swollen that we had to use a knife to cut

the boot off. We made him as comfortable as we could.

Myself and Andy Fitzpatrick then went up through the house, to see if there was anybody in it. The house had seemed deserted up to this. At the very top of the house we knocked at a door, and we were answered there by a man. We told him we were Volunteers and that we had taken cover but we would not be staying there long. He asked us, for God's sake, to get out of it and, he said, "Go out and give yourselves up because there's nothing but troops around here. "There's thousands of troops all round the streets here. "You'd better go and give yourselves up, and don't be bringing trouble on us". So we waited there until day-break. Several of the men had minor injuries. We did what we could for them. I myself had a bullet at least a wound across the shin and another on the back of the head, which I was not aware of, except for the sharp pain and I had forgotten all about it, until the blood started trickling down my neck. Evidently I had got a splinter or a piece of brickwork or something from off one of the walls.

We remained there. We thought it better to wait till daylight. We didn't know where we were then There was no use trying to get back, and we knew we couldn't get forward anyway. A few hours afterwards, some men came in over the garden wall, or the yard wall, and we found that some of our lads were in the houses lower down. There was only four of us in this house at the time. We remained there till daylight At the first starting of daylight, I said to the lads; "I'm going to get out through the back now, and see what's it like and if I can see anything". I crossed the yard wall into another place, and I eventually found myself in Gloucester Street. I came in there by a back door of a house. There were several people in the house. They looked at me, but

took no notice of me, and I went right to the front room of a house where I found a family there trying to prepare a breakfast - lighting a fire and trying to boil a kettle. They asked me was I a Volunteer, and I said I was. They were very sympathetic. I said I wanted to have a look out of the window. "No," they said, "the orders the soldiers gave us are that anyone who looks out a window here will be shot". However I crept up to the window, and I saw the strangest sight I ever saw. Gloucester Street is a great big wide street - I saw tents pitched along the street, and field kitchens. The place seemed to be alive with troops. I thought to myself that we could do nothing here. So I came back, and I joined the boys, and I told them so. We more or less agreed.

Shortly before I had gone out like this - during the night some time, I discovered that Andy Fitzpatrick had one of the tin-can bombs. He suggested to me that he would throw this out through the top window, and as soon as he had thrown it, we would go through. I told him he could not do it - the distance was too far, and it would only burst outside the windows and it would do no earthly good. I had great difficulty in holding Andy back from throwing this grenade. He was determined because, he said, "If we stay here, we'll all be murdered where we are, and I'd rather die in the streets". After a lot of persuasion, he gave up the bomb to me, and I hid it.

I explained the situation to the lads, and I told them the hopelessness of trying to do anything. It must have been ten or eleven o'clock in the day when we heard the heavy traffic of troops in the streets, and we looked out. There seemed to be hundreds of troops marching down with fixed bayonets, down the street. We decided then there was nothing else for it but to give in, which we thought bad of doing as, to our mind, the G. P. O. would still

be holding out. We had no idea that things were so near an end, and we felt that we were the first to give in. This was Friday morning. When we were discussing when we would surrender or how, it was decided for us by the enemy. Suddenly the door was burst in with a crash , and there was a roar - "Surrender everyone. Come out here. Everyone who is in the house, come out at once". So I said to the boys; "Stay there a minute", and I ran out into the hall. I called to them and said; "Yes, we'll surrender, but we've a wounded man here". "Well, get him out, and get him out quick too." There were four soldiers across the hall, with their fixed bayonets. I called to the lads to come out. I then called out; "Well, how can we get out?. Are you going to stop us from getting out, or what?." "You come along - that's all", they said. We marched straight up to the bayonets, and then they gave way, and out into the street. Two of us took Harry Manning on each side of us. He was not able to put his foot under him. They brought us out into the street and put us along the railings. We saw the same was happening in the house below us. In all, there was about twenty men. I didn't know all of them. Some of them must have been ordinary residents in the street that had been picked up. We were lined across the railings in front of the house. There was a very excited young Lieutenant running up and down the street, waving his hand, bawling at his men. The officer said; "Are all the houses cleared now? ". Someone said; "Yes, sir". "Are they all here?". "Yes" . With that, he marched a platoon of men straight opposite to us, and with a great lot of shouting and gesticulating with his arms and everything else , he ordered the men to load. The boys immediately came to the conclusion that we were going to be shot out of hand. He gave the order to load, and as he gave the order to "present" a white-headed short little officer, whom we discovered

afterwards to be a Major came running down the middle of the street, roaring at the top of his voice; "Stop this play-acting." "Stop this firing." "What the hell is all this about?" He roared at the officer, and he put his hand up to the men - "Put down those damn rifles." "Put them down". "Put them down at once". So the men brought their rifles down. He abused this Lieutenant, and the language he used on the occasion was "blue". He said; "I suppose they all are Shinners, but get them to hell out of this". "Quick - get them out of it". With that, they formed the troops on each side of us, and they marched us off.

They marched us off down Gardiner Street. Gardiner Street was always a busy street, particularly at this time, but the whole street seemed to be deserted. The only person we met on the way down was a priest walking quickly up the road. We looked across at him, and he looked across at us and nodded. Some of the troops that marched us down were Inniskillen Fusiliers, and they were a very nasty lot. I was in the rear rank coming down and, by the way, Harry Manning couldn't walk any longer. I took him, and I threw him across my shoulder. The escort behind us started jeering immediately. They asked me did I expect to get a V. C. for carrying a wounded man off the field. Occasionally, they prodded us with their bayonets, and told us what old fools we were, and that if we had surrendered the night before, everything would have been alright, but now, of course, we would be shot, as three of their men had been hit at the barricade, "and it was some of you bastards that did it". " You're the fellows". We felt that at least we had done something anyway. At least we had hit three men. We did not think we did, because we had fired

rather wildly the night before. We arrived at the Custom House and marched in to a big yard there. There we remained for over two days - Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

We found then that our guards were New Zealand troops. They were in charge of a perky little redheaded sergeant who ran about like a little wasp. The only officer appearing was a young Lieutenant, who appeared to be a Dublin man, little better than a schoolboy. He was in charge. He put a lantern in the corner, mounted on two broom sticks, and he warned us that if the lamp fell in the night or if that lamp went out, we would all be shot straighaway if any one of us attempt to escape. We told him not to talk nonsense, what would we put the lamp out for, how could we escape out of this yard, with the whole height of the Custom House wall above us. We huddled in together. It was a concrete yard. The only thing about it, it was clean, and we huddled there together as well as we could, and slept there that night. We got nothing to eat, and by Saturday we asked could we have water. The Sergeant asked us what we wanted the water for. "Well", we said, "we want it to wash, and we want it to drink". "We've had nothing to eat for several days". As a matter of fact, several of the men hadn't had a square meal for the whole week, because we, in the Imperial Hotel, were very badly off for provisions the whole week. We never had anything but bread and tea all the time. After long persuasion, he eventually shouted to two soldiers, and they brought in a pail of water. They got it and dumped it down in the middle of the yard. He said; "There you are. There's the water. You can wash in it, or drink it, or you can do both". And he could not have

been nastier. Having gone, some of the lads did go over, and started lifting the water with their hands, to get a drink. Myself and Frank Drennan stood then near the doorway as the fellow was coming out. As the Sergeant was coming out, we called him across, and we said; "Listen, can we have a word with you?" He said; "Well, what do you want to say?" "We want to know, " I said, "what is the meaning of all this? Why are you shouting about? Who do you take us for?" "I know darn well what you are", he said. We learned then from the discussion that he believed that we were a crowd of munition workers who went on strike for more pay, when we wouldn't be given it, we set fire to the town - "at least", he said, "that's what we were told". We gave him our version, and we told him what the whole thing was about. We could see his eyes widening as we spoke, and believe it or not, at the finish of the argument, he turned round and shook hands with both Drennan and myself. He laughed and said; "Well, I was mistaken". "They told us a whole cock-and-bull story". "That's those bloody English men again". "They used do the same in New Zealand with us long ago". "Our fathers told us, but we wouldn't believe it" "I see it now". He changed completely round - the Sergeant - and after that he couldn't do enough for us. As a matter of fact, for the first meal we had - soldiers came in then with a trayful of bread - the Sergeant came out with a hunk of beef in his hand, like a ball, and he dumped it down and said; "I'm sorry lads, I can't make it any better for you". But he called somebody else, and with a knife started paring off the meat. "Pare off a bit of meat and take it", he said - and we were glad to have it. "Yes", he said , "I thought you were a so-and-so lot of munition workers on strike, but I'll tell you what you are. You

are bloody fools, but you're fine men. "You struck for the freedom of your country. "We want to do that in New Zealand too, but we have more savvy. "We don't want to do it in the middle of a big war, when England has her biggest army in the field. "We'll wait, and we'll do it at a proper time. "You Irish never had sense. "You Always prefer to do the mad thing. "However, there's my hand, chum. "We're friends". The Sergeant then felt he could not do enough for us, and after having got as much bread and meat as we could possibly have, and he pointed out to us that they themselves hadn't had a proper meal either. He said that their lad fell down very badly on the provision end, and they had to take what they got. "Most of the food we get", he said, "We have to go out and forage for it ourselves. "So whatever we have, you'll get". We had a wash, and he got a few mugs for us, so that we were able to get a drink in comfort. Things were better after that. We settled down for another night then. Gerald Croftsused to say the Rosary for us every night, and he was a very devout man. The first time we said the Rosary, there was a bit of uneasiness. The Corporal of the guard called out the Sergeant when we started to say the Rosary to know would it be alright. He asked us what we were doing, and we said we were only saying our prayers. He said; "Pray away. You'll need them".

Somewhere on the Saturday afternoon we could hear voices inside, through a window. It seemed to us to be a cookhouse. We hear a typical English voice saying; "Do those blighters outside know. "I think you ought to tell them". The other voice said; "Oh, let the officer tell them. "I don't know whether we should or not".

"Oh, yes", he said, "it will cheer them up. Let them know". The next thing was a head came through the window, and he said; "Do you know that your General is after surrendering. Everything is all over now, and he's being marched off to quad, and you go after him. And the courtmartials are going to start to-morrow morning, and they're going to polish you off, forty at a time". There were several little incidents at that time that I remember. One of the things that really amused me at the time was when this little dark man - Whitmore - turned round to me one evening - that Saturday evening - and he said to me; "Will you tell the boys here not to be addressing me as Captain"; no one had. I said; "Were you a Captain?". "Yes", he said, "and I served for years in India". "In the British Army?" "Yes", he said, "In the British Army." "And a strange thing , it happens that the officer in charge of us here was my Commanding Officer in India, and if I were recognised, it would go bad with me. I would probably be tried for high treason and shot immediately". Shortly after this, the young officer in charge of the guard, came in and I said to Whitmore; "Was that your Commanding Officer?" He said; "Yes, that's the very man". This happened to be a young fellow of twenty-two or twenty-three. Seeing that he was a young second-lieutenant and looked a typical young Dublin man I thought it was very queer altogether, and I never treated Whitmore seriously after that.

On Monday morning, we were roused up, told to get ready to go out and we were marched through the streets. We had no idea where we were going. We tried to find out, but they wouldn't tell us. Eventually, we were marched up to Richmond Barracks, later known as Keogh Barracks after

1922. We went there, and there, of course, we met hundreds of the boys from everywhere. We were put into empty barrack rooms. There wasn't as much as a barrack form- no attempt at a bed. We slept on the floor and we were served out a tin of bully-beef each the first day - no bread at all, just a tin of bully-beef between each two prisoners and a can of water in the room. There were no sanitary arrangements whatsoever other than a big - whatever you'd call it - bath at the end of the room. The only consolation we had there was that we were marched out across to the latrines once a day, and it gave us a glorious opportunity of seeing people - meeting old comrades, just getting a glimpse of them before being locked up. In the room I was in, we had Count Plunkett. He was in the same room with us. There was no attempt of comfort or convenience in the room whatsoever, but we were so tired and bedraggled, never having a proper sleep - as a matter of fact, I hadn't changed one article of clothing since I left home on the Holy Thursday night. But even a hard dry floor, with a bully-beef tin under our cap was the only pillow we had. Some of us discovered that a pair of boots make a lovely pillow. We used to be marched out. On one occasion, we were all marched down into the Riding School, and all along we recognised every G. Division man of the D. M. P. that we ever knew that we used to see hanging about our various hall and clubs in the city. We were all marched in there, and we discovered afterwards that this was really to give these men a chance to identify men; and several men were picked out there. We noticed, on the far side of the room from us, practically all our leaders, with the exception of Pearse and Connolly.

We saw them sitting there. I remember Micheal O Hanrahan. I got opposite to him. I signalled across to him, and he was making signs with his mouth that I didn't understand. Then he put up his hand, and he did with his hand; p, a , d , d , y - and pointed to his arm. Paddy, my brother had been hit. That was the first news I had, and that was the only way he had of telling it to me right across this room. A few minutes afterwards, I caught McDonagh's eye. He nodded across to me, and then he beckoned with his thumb down towards the end of the room where the latrines were, and as he beckoned, he walked down. I took the hint, and I walked down to the same end of the room. We met down at the end of the room there, and he turned and asked me how were the boys, and asked for various people by name. Then he said to me; "Pearse's courtmartial is over." "He's been sentenced to death, and he'll be shot in the morning." "You know, they're going to shoot all us leaders, but don't you worry, lads, everything is going to be alright." "You chaps will all be probably locked up for a year, or maybe two at the latest, but you'll all be released in a very short time, and then you'll be able to take up the work where we left off, and remember, you're going to find a very different Ireland when you come home, to what you left." "This is the best thing that ever happened - better than you know yourselves." "We'd better go now." "It wouldn't do for us to be seen talking here". We shook hands. "Good-bye" , he said, "my courtmartial will be next.".

We were speculating a lot as to why we were all gathered together in this big room with our leaders and everybody . We noticed that every G. Division man in Dublin that we knew was there as well as numbers of uniformed police, both officers and men. We came to the

conclusion that this was for the purpose to give these men a chance of picking men out - sort of identification parade. We must have been over an hour in this place when we were marched back to our rooms. Every day was the same day there. The only outstanding incident I can remember there was one evening there a great big British Army Sergeant came into the room, and he said; "I'm sorry for you chaps. You're for it in the morning. They're building a pit out there that'll polish off fifty at a time. If you've any messages for your homes - a few of my pals took pity on you, because if you'd like to get any messages home, we'll give it to you". Several of the men did give them addresses; and the Sergeant wasn't above asking for a few shillings. The result was that some of the more innocent lads handed out money to them. It was just a racket. Another incident that I remember now was; Father Ryan from Inchicore came running into the room one day, holding a big crucifix, and he said; "I've just been allowed to go around the men for Confessions, but I couldn't possibly hear all you Confessions to-day. Kneel down, and I'll give a General Absolution to everybody in the room". So he did. He only remained a short time with us, but he went around the whole barracks, we understood, afterwards. That is all I can remember that time until some time later in the week - I forget the day itself, - about seven O'clock in the evening, we were all taken out of the rooms out on to the Square; here there was a big body of troops on the Square, and there were tables across the end, with several officers sitting at them. We were all marched up to this table, one by one, where all particulars were taken. We did not know what was on at the time, or what it meant. I was waiting my turn to go up like that, and I noticed that,

with the usual British way of doing things, they were all going up at one side and, as they were examined, they went to the other side and the columns moved slowly back. I said; "I don't know what this is on for, but I'm going to have an attempt at dodging it". I watched my opportunity and, when the men coming back had reached down opposite where we were going up, I sidestepped across into the ranks to be with the men who were finished, not knowing what was on. I thought I got on very nicely, when a voice roared out at the top of his voice; "Daly, from Clontarf, don't try any of your so- and-so tricks on us. Get back into your place". This was Bruen. He was Captain Bruen then. He lived in Clontarf and was the Railway Transport Officer on the North Wall. He recognised me immediately When we got up to the table, he walked over beside me, thumped the table and said; "No, none of your monkey tricks here. You are known. We know all about you. We know all about your two brothers - Paddy and Frank. Where are they?". "I don't know", I said, like that, "I'll answer for myself." The officer at the table was civil enough, asked me all particulars, name and address, which I gave to him, and then I fell in, in my place. We didn't see our rooms again. There and then we were marched straight off, down to the boat at the North Wall. I remember the march down well. We were coming down along by Islandbridge Barracks. We were looking across anxiously at the Magazine Fort. Needless to say, we never had heard how that job failed. We knew the job was to be done and we were hoping to see it in ruins, but we were very disappointed to see that the building was still there. It was spilling rain, and some of us were drenched through. I had neither hat nor overcoat. When we got to the North Wall, here we found our friend, Bruen, in charge, and we were conducted on to the boat. It was an old cattle boat, and down we went below. I'll never forget the stench of

that boat and the filth. We were standing ankle-deep in cow dung. We were in the same compartments that were up for the cattle. There we were, in cattle pens, and we sailed out into the bay.

Several of the men got sick. I remember I was alongside Willie Cullen, and after sometime, I got weak, and was just falling when Willie Cullen caught hold of me - "Hold on", he said, "You'll be alright. This thing will pass". It was a sort of faintness I got. He put his arms around me and, after about five minutes, Willie turned around to me and said; "Are you alright, Seamus?". I said; "Yes, I am". He said; "Because I am going now". And with that, he collapsed at my feet. I managed to get him to his feet, and we edged away along to where there was a little fresh air coming. We thought maybe if we could get out where the fresh air was, we would be alright, but we were met by a soldier with a bayonet, who ordered us back immediately. It was the most uncomfortable trip ever I knew. The result was that when we got across to Liverpool, the third-class compartment without cushions on it, that we got into, sounded like a luxury train. We set off.

We tried to get from the guards as we went along the train where we were bound for, and they wouldn't tell us. Some of them jokingly remarked; "You are going out to France - going out to fight for your King and country". I had no idea where we were going until we passed Huddersfield Station, and then I guessed. I knew there was a jail in Wakefield. I knew that much about the north of England. So, Wakefield was where we went. We arrived at Wakefield. After all the hurly-burly and everything else, it seemed so clean - the first bed I slept in and the first time I had taken my togs off, as I thought for months - as a matter of

fact it was only about a fortnight or so. The routine there was the same as any other prison except we were in solitary confinement - except for about an hour daily when we were all allowed out together marching around the big ring, six paces apart, and we were not allowed to speak to each other, which of course we soon broke through. There was a conversation carried on every night, that the warders frantically tried to stop - fellows getting up to the windows and shouting across to another wing; "Hey, Sean, did you hear about Billy So-and-so", everybody asking for everybody else, and the wild rumours and yarns, the numbers of people that were supposed to be killed and then they turned up at the jail a week afterwards.

After some time there, the warders came around one day and handed us all a form, which we discovered was a form of internment which said that we were to be interned in Frongoch Camp. By the way, the soldiers on guard in this were all prisoners themselves - military prisoners - and they were acting guards on us . Some of them, whenever they got an opportunity when we would be out on exercise, used to say the most sarcastic things about their own officers and tell us what fine fellows we were. The names they gave their officers were, well, not fit to be put in print anyway.

We were taken off to Frongoch Camp - the old distillery. Everybody knows about the distillery. I was a couple of weeks in Frongoch, when my name was called out. Now, we knew from experience, as several had gone before us, that everyone's name that was called out in this particular batch were to be ready to go in the morning to London. We were

to go before an Advisory Commission, presided over by Judge - I think his name was Sankey; he was Lord Chief Justice of England afterwards. We were taken by train to London, and we were lodged in Wandsworth Jail for the night. My first surprise was after being an hour in the jail, a warder suddenly opened the door and asked me had I any cigarettes. I told him I had none. "Any tobacco?". I said ; "None". He asked me had I any money. I said I had none. He said; "Your'e a very mean man. You forget that we are old comrades". I said; "How could I be a comrade of yours?". "Didn't I look after you", he said, "in Wakefield Jail, and listen, chum, I had better tell you that it would be worth your while to play the game while you are in this place. You won't be here long, but we can make it very nice. If not, it will be miserable otherwise. If you have a few bob on you and a few cigarettes, we'll square everything for you". The following morning, we were marched down, across a courtyard, and into a big office where we were conducted in. The first man we met was a very nice, polite gentleman who told us his name was McDonnell, that he was a solicitor and was appearing on our behalf, and if we would like to tell him our story, he would do his best for us. We told him we did not recognise any solicitor nor did we need one. He said; "No, but your friends have". "But," I said, We don't want to have anything to do with any solicitor. "I know why I'm here". " I know what I came in for, and I'm seeing the thing out to the finish". He was very nice. He gave me his address and said; "Remember me, if you want me, but I have been appointed to look after your interests". I went,

in, and sat down on a chair. I was surprised to find alongside about ten or fourteen old gentlemen sitting along it. We were told there was a judge presiding at it, but we did not know whether there was a judge or not, because he wore no wig or anything else. I was told to take a seat at this table. This man looked up over his glasses at me. He seemed to be the President of the Court, and he said to me; "What is your name"? I gave him my name. He said; "Eh, eh, eh, eh, eh, good-morning , James". So I said; "Good morning". Then he said; "Are you a married man?". "I am". "What family have you?". "Three", I said, " a wife and three children". "I see", he said, and then, "Wouldn't you like to see them again? ". I said I would very much like to see them again. "Do you think, " he said, "if you were released, you would find employment?" I said; "Of course, I would". "Did you take part in this fighting in Dublin?" "Yes," I said, "I did". "Did you carry arms?" "I did". "Ahe, I see", he said, "and what was your object in fighting? What were you fighting for?" "For the freedom of the country", I said, "to establish a government in Ireland to replace the government that has been inflicted on us all these years, to make an end to it". "Ah, I see , I see", he said, "Well, you would like to go home?" I said; "Yes, I would". "Very well. Good-morning". With that, I was wheeled out. We were then marched off to our cells, and the next morning we started off in the train for Frongoch.

I forgot to mention a little incident on the journey down to London. When we were about half way on the journey, we heard an awful hub-hub amongst the troops. We heard the officer abusing somebody, and then we discovered that the prisoners' rations had been forgotten at Frongoch station,

and there was nothing for us. The officer settled it, and said there was only one thing to do - the soldiers would have to share their rations. There was a long halt at Crewe Station - Crewe or Chester, I'm not quite sure which, and the officer ordered tea for the men; there was not enough tea to go around - out of his own pocket, I believe. I suppose he could recover it afterwards. Anyway he was a gentleman. Arriving from the railway station, we were taken on the top of buses to Wandsworth Prison, and we had an escort of some Highland Regiment in their kilts. We were an object of great curiosity in the streets of London. Coming near Wandsworth, it was a residential part. What was our surprise when, in a front garden covered with shrubs and trees, there was a young woman waving a tricolour, in the very heart of London, which surprised us considerably. We turned into another avenue, and we saw the same thing repeated, only this time it was from a back garden - somebody waving a small little tricolour to us.

We arrived back in Frongoch on the following day, and fell into the routine of camp life again. After a day or two, I got a message from someone in the camp that I was to attend a meeting in the dining hall that evening. I asked what the meeting was, and they said it was all officers of the Dublin Brigade who were out in the fighting were wanted for a meeting there. I wondered whether I was qualified or not, as I had no rank in the Volunteers except that which was given to me during the fight. So being assured on that point, that I was told to go, I went. I presented myself at the hall. There was a table drawn across the entrance, on which the little man, Whitmore, was once again sitting, with a notebook in his hand.

As I approached, he waved me away and said; "Officers only here". I said; "That's all right". "I was summoned

to a meeting here". "But", he said, "are you an officer"? I said; "I am". "Well", he said, "You're not, and you can't come in here". -I told him who I was, and said; "Don't you recognise me, Whitmore?" He said; "I don't". I said; "Do you remember the Imperial Hotel?" "I heard of it", he said. "Do you not remember me there? Do you remember Richmond Barracks? Do you remember the man who wrote the book on street-fighting, and was invited out to do Dublin street-fighting then, and do you remember the job I had to try to persuade you to come out? I'm that same chap", I said. It finished up that he had to send in for somebody to identify me before I was allowed in to the meeting. That meeting then was to reorganise the camp on military lines. Several of the older prisoners and more of the political type had formed a sort of council and a committee of management to run the camp in the interests of the prisoners. Our people were determined that it would be run on military lines, and that gave rise to a lot of feeling in the camp, especially among some of the elderly men and especially some of the men from the country who could not understand, who openly complained about Captains, Lieutenants and Commandants, and that we were just as bad as the British. However, it was soon settled, but it was a very stormy meeting, at which Colonel O'Connell, well known as Ginger O'Connell, had presided at the meeting; and I remember being very pleased with him, though he did act like a martinet, the way he choked off some of those poor men, but politicians - it was painful; but he choked them off anyway, and told them that this was a military camp and that we were all soldiers - " and we'll be treated as soldiers" he said. A code of rules was drawn up, and we had morning inspections and parades. Everything was done the same as in

any camp or barrack life, on military lines strictly.

Things went on from day to day. Discipline was tightened up in the camp, and we all had our duties to perform, room orderlies and so on, and we had a court there where defaulters were tried and punishments inflicted, letters held back and all that sort of thing, until one day late in August, there was a list of names called, and we all gathered around as usual. To my intense surprise and delight, I heard my own name called, also Charlie Saurin, Leo Henderson, Boss Shields and several others. We were more or less together. They were nearly all 2nd Batt. men that time, although I seemed to be the only one of the crowd that was in the Imperial Hotel in that batch. So the next morning, we started for home. We were put on the train at Balla Junction, and we were told that we were free, but we weren't free until we got on to the boat. Although we saw no escort, we were forbidden to make any demonstrations, and we had to keep the blinds pulled down in the carriages, which was the general rule at the time. The first time we noticed any kind of freedom was when we got out at Crewe Station, where there was a long stop, and we found that we could enter a refreshment room without question. But still there were soldiers and police; we were not sure whether they were travelling with us or whether they just met us at each station. The only time they ever interfered with us was when anyone attempted to speak to a soldier, and immediately the soldiers were ordered away. Then we were put on the boat. We arrived at Dun Laoghaire at six o'clock on a lovely morning. At that time, the war being still on, a crowd used to meet the

mailboat to look after soldiers coming on leave. There was a committee of Dublin Unionists . One, whom I think was Alderman Vance, was there at the bottom of the gangway. One of the prisoners who was with us was Dan McCarthy, who had been a Councillor on the Dublin Corporation. It was amusing to hear Dan McCarthy greeting him. He said; "Good-morning, Alderman". Vance said, "Good-morning, Councillor", very frigidly to him, and passed on. We got to Westland Row. Myself, Charlie Saurin, Boss Shields and a bunch of us - nothing would do us, but we had to go round to see O'Connell Street, to see the ruins; and we went around Henry Street , Moore Street and all the rest of it. So eventually we got on to the tram for Dollymount. At the time we left, there was no mistake, the people of Dublin were definitely hostile to us, to the whole thing. But now we sensed a change. There was one particularly dour little tram conductor who would never be civil to us before the time. When I got on to the tram, he had been chatting on the front platform with the driver. The driver and he came round and shook hands with us heartily, and gave us a welcome home. When we got down to Clontarf, there was quite a number of people there, each shouting to the other, "The boys are coming home"; and they gave us a very friendly reception.

I was a few days home when I got word that ~~that~~ the Company had secured premises up in Clonliffe Road in a garage adjoining Clonliffe College wall, and they were carrying it on under the guise of a dancing class. I went up there one night with several other chaps, and to our surprise we found the place packed out with boys and girls, dancing away; but there wasn't more than half a dozen faces I recognised. One

of them was Jack McDonnell. I asked him what was this. "Oh", he said, "Its to keep the boys together, and the safest thing to do is to run it as a dancing class". And so it was carried on, but after a couple of weeks, I dropped away because there was really nobody there that I knew; it was too full of strangers, and I got afraid; I didn't know what sort of enemy people might be there. I said nothing. I would not interfere, although I got most pressing invitations to attend, but instead of that, a few of us got together. The only thing that was carrying on at the time in Dublin was the Gaelic League. Classes were carrying on. So we decided to reorganise the old forgotten Clontarf Branch of the Gaelic League. We started classes in the Town Hall there. We had the two Tallons with us, who had also been out in the fight. We carried on that until the general release which was sometime in 1917 I think.

Sometime around February, 1917, the general release came. I got a summons, signed by Jack McDonnell, to attend a meeting of F. Company in this garage on Clonliffe road. I went there and was delighted to find all the old boys - a great mustering of the Company. This chap, Jack McDonnell, was in the chair. He announced that on his release with other members of the Company, he had gathered them together, and they had elected him Captain, and that they had appointed a 1st and 2nd Lieutenant, and they were now carrying on, and that he was going to get the Company started again. I objected to this proceeding, and I pointed out to them that F. Company still existed; we had been in the fight; we had been away; and now we were all back again. I called on the Captain of the Company to take the chair and to issue his orders, and to put an end to this nonsense, that we were a Volunteer Company and not a dance

class or a friendly society. After some short discussion, this was done, and McDonnell reluctantly left the chair. Frank Henderson took the chair, with Oscar Traynor and Pat Sweeney as the two Lieutenants. From then on, we started our drilling.

As far as I was concerned, the Volunteers only occupied their attention in having reorganised their Company; and I don't know of any reorganisation of I. R. B. As far as I was concerned, I don't know. Some months afterwards, I was informed of a meeting of the old Circle- the Fintan Lalor Circle, which I attended. Frankly there was no formal business done then. It was really a discussion as to the various members - who was out, and who wasn't - and various questions were asked. Clues were followed up as to who was out and who wasn't. After that, I devoted myself to Volunteer work all the time.

Signed; James Daly Comdt.

Date; 2nd March 1950.

Witness; D. J. Feely. Comdt.