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STATEMENT BY WITNESS

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Witness

Mr. Joseph Good,
"Roisin",
Riversdale,
Butterfield Ave., Dublin.

Identity

Member of Irish Volunteers London 1914 - ;
Member of Kilmage Garrison 1916.

Subject

(a) National activities 1914-1921;
(b) O'Connell St. Easter Week 1916;
(c) Miscellaneous events 1916-1921.

Conditions, if any, stipulated by Witness

Nil

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ORIGINAL

W.S. 388

STATEMENT BY JOSEPH GOODS, a.f.y.

"Roisin", Riversdale, Butterfield Avenue, Dublin.

THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT IN LONDON PRE-1916.

I enlisted in the Volunteers at a place called the German Gymnasium near King's Cross, London, some time early in 1914. When I joined, the only person I saw that I knew really well was Michael Collins. He was in the ranks with me the first night I joined up and the following week he was a Section Leader.

My first impression of Michael Collins as a man was that he recognised ability in a rival, and I had no doubt as to his competence to lead. Obviously this man, Michael Collins, meant to be in command. I had, and he knew it, military training, and he rather ridiculed my methods of drilling, although he knew his own lack of knowledge in that matter at the time.

The Volunteer split followed very quickly. I spent some time in the country and was not able to attend all the parades, but when I did return to London, I found that our numbers had diminished owing to the outbreak of the war and Redmond's propaganda at home in Ireland. A small number remained and, as far as I remember, drilled at St. George's Hall, Westminster, London. Of this small number, the greater part came to Dublin for the Rising. Amongst those who attended at the drill hall was Michael Tierney, and even at that time he was armed.

I had no association with the I.R.B. In fact, I did not know that such an organisation existed.

Our small unit in London appeared to be under the orders of Michael Tierney. Unlike units of the Volunteers in Ireland we did not, as far as I know, elect company officers.

To my knowledge, even as far back as 1913, small amounts of arms were being smuggled into Ireland; some of these were taken from Woolwich Arsenal. They comprised only revolvers and revolver ammunition.

I should mention that I attended Gaelic League classes at a Branch which had its headquarters in Maiden Lane. The Gaelic League in London impressed me as being a purely cultural organisation, with no pretence whatsoever to the application of physical force as a means of obtaining freedom in Ireland.

I attended various functions and sports meetings of the Gaelic Athletic Association. This Association impressed me as having behind it, or in it, the driving force of Michael Collins. He was a participant in most of the sports, and he obviously had something to do with organising such sports. The organisation of which he was a member attrached quite a number of young men, many of whom seemed to be attached to him. I think that the G.A.A. was the driving force behind the revolutionary spirit in the Volunteers in London.

From a military point of view, nothing of importance happened during the years 1914 and 1915.

The first intimation I had that the Volunteers in Irelan proposed to take military action was implied in articles published in a paper called, I think, "An Claideamh Soluis" which was surreptitiously distributed in the branches of the Gaelic League. The paper espoused physical force, and was a source of light to me.

I knew that conscription in England was imminent, and as I had no intention of becoming a member of any of the British fighting forces, I decided I would come over to Ireland, where I already had affiliations with the A.O.H. (Irish American Alliance). When I decided to come to Ireland

I returned to London from Salisbury, where I had been working. I went to the place where I had last drilled in London, St. George's Hall, and learned there that a number of Volunteers had already departed for Dublin. I decided to follow them and arrived in Dublin.

The London Volunteers had no particular organisation, meeting-place or centre in Dublin. I put up in Neary's Hotel, 77 Parnell Street. After about a fortnight there, a man named Gilbert Lynch (now an organiser in the Amalgamated Transport and General Workers' Union) came to lodge at Neary's Hotel. A raid on the hotel was carried out by police during his absence and ammunition was found in Lynch's trunk. Mick Collins came to the hotel seeking Lynch and, on seeing me, told me to take this man to Batt O'Connor. Batt O'Connor harboured him. This happened early in February 1916.

THE KIMMAGE GARRISON.

Mick Collins ordered me to go to Larkfield, Kimmage. This place was 4th Battalion H.Q. where they had a miniature range. When I arrived there I found 30 or 40 men, mainly Liverpool men, occupying a derelict mill, part of some property belonging to Count Plunkett, whose residence adjoined the old mill. These men had voluntarily subscribed to sustain and maintain themselves when they came to Ireland. For some time they received no assistance from the Volunteers or any other kindred organisation, but they harboured and fed Volunteers from other parts of England who came without funds to accommodate or keep them.

The number in Kimmage swelled to 64 or 84, composed of men from Manchester, London, Liverpool and Glasgow, the majority of whom were born in England. The greater number came from Liverpool, the lesser number from Manchester. The officer in charge was George Plunkett, a brother of Joe

Plunkett. We behaved as disciplined troops, and when not drilling, we were engaged in making ammunition. The ammunition consisted of shotgun cartridges filled with large slugs, larger than peas. We sometimes worked a 24-hour shift. We also made hand-grenades. These were made of sections 2" x 4" long of cast-iron downpipe with a flange end through which a long bolt passed. A small hole penetrated one of the flanges, through which the fuse was inserted. The fuse was of sulphur or match description, that is to say, one struck it on some abrasive material before it was fit to throw. It was estimated to be a three-second bomb.

We had only two crude brass moulds, which turned out ten lead pellets per mould. The brass expanded and became so hot that he handled them with gloves or, alternatively, plunged them into a bucket of cold water. Owing to the metal being run so hot, the moulds became heated. The pellets were apt to have a ragged fringe of lead; these fringes we most carefully trimmed off lest it should be said that we fired dum-dum.

While we were engaged on this work, Michael Collins sometimes visited the place where the munitions were being made, to speak to Plunkett. He aggressively tried to hurry us and even to instruct us, but he displayed a lack of the most elementary knowledge of mechanics and made himself unpopular by his aggressiveness. I was impressed by the sense of hurry and earnestness in Michael Collins, although I had little sympathy with his drastic methods for getting the work done, since he was abusive to us.

On the night of a peak load our output would be 5,000 lead pellets. The output of hand-grenades, when we had the material, would be twenty an hour. The ammunition was distributed to Volunteer units as it was produced, so I am

not in a position to give an estimate of the total amount that was produced, during the entire production period.

The lead from which the pellets were made was bought in scrap-yards. 3/-, 4/- and 10/- worth was bought at a time and wheeled through the streets in hand-barrows. Sometimes small parcels of lead were given to us by Volunteers of the 4th Battalion.

During this period we worked on a purely voluntary basis without any pay whatsoever.

About a week or so prior to Easter Week 1916, Patrick Pearse addressed the garrison and intimated to them that they would be going into action in a short time, that by a special honour the garrison would become a Company of the Headquarters Battalion s of the High Command Staff of the Volunteers. He also said he had great hopes and that we would have allies, implying help from the continent.

The garrison expected action on Easter Sunday. Our kits were in order and we were confined to barracks. Nearly all of us were armed with shotguns supplied by G.H.Q. and some of us had revolvers of our own.

EASTER WEEK, 1916.

On Easter Sunday evening, a car arrived at Kimmage and Denis Daly alighted. He had returned from Kerry where he had, with Sheehan, tried to contact Casement. Some "G" men tried to approach close to Daly but were precluded from doing so by the garrison sentries. We had learned that the mobilisation for Sunday was cancelled; as a result, some of the garrison were inclined to be insubordinate.

Normally we rose early in Kimmage, but on Easter

Monday most of us were dilatory and were lounging about. There was some talk of going to Liberty Hall where, apparently, they meant business.

Some time before twelve noon we fell-in when George Plunkett blew his whistle. He read a dispatch saying we were to parade at Liberty Hall. The Company broke ranks cheering and ran for kits and arms without being formally dismissed. We re-formed and marched off as instructed. On arriving at the tramline, the 64 or 84 of us, I cannot remember which, boarded one tram, George Plunkett paying our fares. We arrived at O'Connell Bridge and marched to Liberty Hall.

I remember seeing Joe Plunkett standing with plans in his hand outside Liberty Hall. He was beautifully dressed, having high tan leather boots, spurs, pince-nez and looked like any British brass hat staff officer. Connolly looked drab beside him in a bottle green thin serge uniform. The form of dress of the two men impressed me as representing two different ideas of freedom. Some packages or boxes were taken from Liberty Hall and loaded on a hired four-wheeler, which was the total amoun of our transport before going to the G.P.O. Then the whole party, including some Citizen Army men, I think, proceeded to the G.P.O., Pearse, Connolly and Plunkett marching in front, followed by the four-wheeler. The Kimmage Coy. were in the rear. We went via Abbey St.

On arrival at the G.P.O., George Plunkett gave the order "Into line. Left turn". This brought us into two lines facing the main entrance to the G.P.O. I heard him then say " 'A' Section right turn", and 'A' Section went to Henry St. Then he said " 'D' Section left turn". This brought the section I was in facing in the direction of O'Connell Bridge. I heard George say: " 'B' and 'C'

Sections, charge". He had nearly lost his voice by this time.

Peadar Bracken was in charge of my section and we ran towards O'Connell Bridge. Bracken placed three men on O'Connell Bridge facing the G.P.O. with orders to allow none of the enemy to cross the bridge. There was a great deal of noise from the G.P.O. direction. The orders to smash all glass, as per lectures in street fighting, to avoid flying splinters, were being carried out and there was a considerable amount of smashing.

Within twenty minutes of the taking of the G.P.O. a party of Lancers approached O'Connell Bridge from the North Wall direction. A second party of Lancers followed, and this party appeared to be escorting ammunition. Three Volunteers were standing holding O'Connell Bridge during this time. They were:- Arthur Agnew of Liverpool, Paddy Moran of Glasgow and myself. There was some jeering at us and a woman said: "Here come the Lancers, now you'll see them run". The three Volunteers had loaded shotguns and stayed at their posts. The Lancers passed within a few feet of them, proceeding in the direction of the Four Courts.

Peadar Bracken took possession of a house, Kelly's the gunsmiths, now Kapp & Petersen's, and then withdrew the Volunteers from the Bridge. I saw Seamus Robinson and his party break into Hopkins & Hopkins before I was ordered by Peadar Bracken to go into Kelly's shop.

Until Wednesday, our outpost was not attacked. About midday on Wednesday Bracken opened fire on soldiers in D'Olie St. The enemy were apparently about to mount a gun in D'Olie St. because they were trying to lift the stones. Some time later our position was shelled with what seemed to be a 4.7. There was some firing at us also with what seemed to be a pom-pom. Then they fired tracers. I assumed they were

tracers because when they struck the wall behind us they exploded. We could get no signal from our other outpost in Hopkins & Hopkins and we assumed they had retired from there. I considered the position untenable. Bracken said he would not retire without orders and consented to my making an attempt to contact headquarters. This I did and received orders for the outpost to fall back.

At dusk on Wednesday evening we evacuated our position and retired to the G.P.O. I was posted by Oscar Traynor on the first floor of the Metropole Hotel, later to the top floor where there were about 12 young lads. Some of these were not Fianna boys or Volunteers but were civilians who had asked to join in the fight. The young lads were rather depressed; long gazing at burning buildings caused them to moan whilst they slept. They responded quickly when I made them eat something and sing a few songs. They had forgotten to eat. After they had taken a meal they were as good as I thought veterans should be.

Some hours later I told Oscar Traynor that the top floor of our building was on fire. He said he had known it for some time. The wind was in the right direction; therefore the young lads were not aware of the fire. The Metropole became untenable; as in most cases the buildings which the enemy fired burned from the top downwards. This was also the case in the G.P.O. We retired into the G.P.O. when the building was almost completely on fire, crossing Prince's Street at a run because this street was under machine gunfire.

I learned later that one of our party was hit by a tracer or bullet which exploded a haversack of cartridges which he carried. He died two days later from loss of blood This man was not a member of the Volunteers or an Irishman,

but a revolutionary who had asked if he might join in. I had met him as far back as 1913 in Hyde Park, London, when he was speaking in favour of the I.W.W. (International World Workers) I have never found out his name.

When I entered the G.P.O. the garrison seemed to my mind unduly optimistic. Those who had been in the G.P.O. during the whole period had settled down and some of them had formed their own messes. Desmond Fitzgerald was in charge of the commissariat and the canteen. He served up meagre rations, saying that he had supplies only for ten days or thereabouts. Perhaps because during 1915 I had spent nearly a year in a military artillery camp in Salisbury Plain I was bemused by the general attitude of security.

Padraig Pearse was on the ground floor and was very approachable. Volunteers spoke to him directly. I was ordered by Liam Daly to repair telephone wires on the roof of the G.P.O. Denis Daly was on observation duty under a tarpaulin which he had for head cover. He had spent a long time there, I believe. I felt very naked repairing the wire I came down from the roof through the instrument room and I saw Mick Collins, who was in charge of this room. I had seen him on the previous Tuesday. He was then on the ground floor. The instrument room was secure, having no windows looking out on the street. It was hardly a dangerous post and Mick did not seem pleased. He gave me the impression that he was in a post that was too minor for a man of his temperament. It was probably the next day that the G.P.O. went on fire. At first the guards were withdrawn from the ground floor windows and an attempt was made to erect another barricade further back near the courtyard, but this was abandoned. By this time the fire had spread to the first floor. Mick Collins was trying to put it out with a hosepipe but there was a poor water supply and in his attempt to put

out the fire his breeches were burned. The enemy appeared to have closed in, but there were bursts of machine gun fire through the first floor windows and the snipers found some targets.

There were some high-spirited men running the gauntlet on the first floor, retrieving a large supply of cigarettes and tobacco. The garrison fell-in in the courtyard. A party was detailed to take our rather dangerous hand-grenades down to the basement. Some of the these were mere round tins filled with shrapnel. This job was carried out calmly, although some sparks were falling down the lift-shaft into the basement. One man, seeing the danger, left his hand-grenades on the stairs and did not complete his journey.

Our wounded were evacuated through the buildings and into Jervis St. Hospital, I believe. We then proceeded to leave the G.P.O. Pearse stood at the Henry St. exit with what appeared to be plans in his hand. There was some delay and there was something of a press behind him. The building was now well alight down to the ground floor. There was something of a crush, but no panic. During this time a couple of shot-guns were accidentally discharged and a couple of men were wounded.

The garrison crossed Henry St. into Moore Lane. There was no considerable firing down Henry St. I helped carry a wounded man and entered Moore Lane at the rear of the main part About half way up Moore Lane, which is L-shaped, there was a small whitewashed house. As our men were passing this house there was fire from 5 to 10 rifles, some of them Howth rifles, I assumed, because the explosions were very loud. This house was held by our own men, but they did not know who were approaching and thought we were the British. There were shouts of "You are firing on your own men" from our party, but the firing persisted. I saw one or two men fall while trying to pass the house. Our advance was halted.

James Connolly was being carried along on a stretcher. He was left down in the middle of the road and shouted out what seemed to be orders. Some Volunteers attempted to break down a large door with their rifle butts, but in doing so shot three or four men who were behind them. Apparently the safety catches were off; they had been shaken off. Eventually a small man named John O'Connor (Blimey) persuaded some of the men to lift him and put him through a small window, after which he opened the door from inside. The Volunteers were pressed into a small narrow space, and there was some confusion. I took it on myself to approach Pearse and suggest to him that a rearguard be placed at the bottom of Moore Lane, facing the G.P.O. Having agreed to my suggestion it was carried out.

Our military prisoners whom we had captured during the week appeared terrified, as was only natural in the confusion. I suggested to O'Rahilly that they be let go and take their chance of escaping. It looked to me as if we were trapped. O'Rahilly misunderstood me at first, thinking I wanted to exploit the prisoners in some way and he almost struck me. Then he saw my point and apologised.

We put the Volunteer whom we had been carrying on a stretcher inside the doorway of Hamilton Long's, the chemists. When I came out I heard O'Rahilly calling for twenty men with bayonets to make a charge. There was not a very prompt response to his call, which seemed reasonable to me, because what or whom he was going to charge was not clear, unless he intended charging the white house, and that seemed daft. I thought perhaps I could find a hand-grenade to throw into the white House, although there was little doubt in my mind as to who occupied it. I asked Padraig Pearse, I think, where I could get a hand-grenade and understood him to say that the rearguard had them. I approached the Henry St. entrance and

asked one of the guard there where I could get a grenade. He just pointed to the G.P.O.

O'Rahilly shouted "Are you Irishmen that you won't charge?" and the men stepped forward more promptly. Bayonets were not numerous amongst us. I noticed one man who stepped forward for the charge and he was armed with a shotgun and a bayonet made of 1" x 3/16th" bessemer steel, which had been made in Kimmage. A number of these bayonets had been made in Kimmage, but they would have bent against three-ply wood. Apparently O'Rahilly got his party. I did not notice what way they went, but I heard a rush of feet in Moore St., then a burst of fire for a short period and the rush was over. Apparently O'Rahilly had left Moore Lane, proceeded up Henry and charged down Moore St. By this time the firing from the white house had ceased. Michael Collins was helping to form a barricade across a small laneway opposite the white house, down which apparently the military were firing.

We were now able to proceed, stooping, past the white house in relative safety to the top of Moore Lane. Most of the doors in Moore Lane were shut and the Volunteers attempted to break in. In doing so, they fired through the lock of one door, killing a girl and wounding her father in the chest. The Volunteers were unaware of who were behind the door.

By this time we had approximately 18 to 20 wounded men. Nearly all of these men were carried into the first house. We were considerably compressed in the small house, having not yet broken through into the other houses. James Connoll was carried up a narrow staircase. The staircase was so narrow that it was impossible to take him up the stairs until four strong men lifted him horizontally at extended arms length over the banister rail. While this was being done

the stretcher was sometimes at an acute angle, but James Connolly made no attempt to clutch the sides or pass a remark. He made one remark to one of his carriers, "Heavy load, mate", recognising an English accent.

We all knew that our position was now very vulnerable. As far as possible, no lights, or very few, were lighted. Fires for cooking were used with great discretion, because the heavy smoke from them drew snipers' fire.

Headquarters staff, consisting of Padraig Pearse, Plunkett, James Connolly, but not Tom Clarke, passed the night in one room. James Connolly lay on a bed and was conscious the whole time. Whenever I saw him he appeared to be chatting quietly with the others. In the same room as Connolly was a wounded British soldier, a Dublin Fusilier He was wounded in the groin, was delirious and was calling on Connolly, that is to say, he said "Jim Connolly, Jim Connolly" several times. I thought it somewhat peculiar that a private soldier was borne with in the same room as the headquarters staff.

Most of the men by this time were utterly tired, exhausted and apparently despondent. A large number in the more or less darkened rooms were saying their rosaries. During this period I noticed one other small party of young men. I had heard some talk of their being part of a bayonet charge that was impending. These young men I found discussing the hereafter somewhat academically.

Except for cups of tea and a few biscuits, the headquarters staff got no food during this period. Water was hard to procure - at least in my vicinity - because there was a tap in the yardway and one ran the danger of being sniped in attempting to get water.

During this time another man named O'Carroll and myself gave all the assistance we could to the wounded. The civilian who had been wounded was approached by McDermott when it was found that we were responsible for the death of his daughter and his wounding. I think it was McDermott who told him that if he thought there was any carelessness or recklessness in what had befallen him he, McDermott, would endeavour to bring the culprits before him. The man said he was quite satisfied that it was all an accident, that he was opening the door when the Volunteers were trying to gain entry into the house.

Some time in the early morning a party of civilians were leaving Moore St. I understood that the enemy had consented to the evacuation of women only. This party of civilians was led by a man carrying an improvised flag of truce. I heard this order shouted by the enemy: "Females advance and males stand". Then there was a burst of fire.

With the exception of perhaps one man there appeared no aggressive leadership. This man was Sean McLaughlin who was dressed in Fianna boy's uniform. I would say he was abou 21 years of age, but looked younger. He approached and spoke frequently to the headquarters staff. At one time he propose a plan to them whereby he could release the stores out of a shop. These stores, I understood, consisted of turpentine and other combustible liquids. His plan was to run these liquids across the pavement and into the street, to ignite them if and when the wind was favourable, and to charge through the fire and attempt to get to Williams & Woods. It appeared to me that headquarters staff were deliberating on this plan, because he came back on more than one occasion asking for their consent. I noticed then that Sean McLaughli wore on his tunic shirt yellow stripes. I had the impressior they were James Connolly's. When I first saw McLaughlin he had no such stripes, but on the second occasion I saw him

he was wearing them. They were of good quality and obviously only recently attached. He entered and freely discussed his plans with the members of the staff and seemed to have authority by their mutual consent. Joe Plunkett sat at the foot of Connolly's bed.

I remember a woman leaving the building on some message and I remember a reference to a message which she brought back which stated that Connolly's person would be handed over.

I was sent from the room to get Tom Clarke. He was standing alone at a window some few houses away. He came into the headquarters staff room. I did not hear the conversation which followed, but I knew they were discussing the surrender as I heard sufficient of the letter, which was read out openly, to know what terms were being sought.

McLaughlin was made aware of the British terms of surrender. He demurred when he heard the terms, and asked that the honours of war be given us. I do not know whether this was incorporated in the reply to the British, but it occurred to me afterwards that it was great foresight, because we might have left Moore St. and the other garrisons with our hands above our heads instead of, as we eventually did, in military formation carrying our arms. Apparently the surrender was agreed upon.

I pointed out to Joe Plunkett that many of us might have acquired things or property not our own during that week; I suggested that he authorise me to tell the men to leave behind them things of value that they might have acquired, lest it be thought we had been looting.

Connolly was taken from the building by four Volunteers. These Volunteers were washed, shaved and polished as if for a parade. Before Connolly left the building, I was sent for a barber, but I could not locate one at the time. James

Connolly then sat up in the bed, Miss Kearney held a small hand-mirror leaning across his body and he shaved himself with a cut-throat razor. He was then taken away by the Volunteers. Joe Plunkett was sitting on Connolly's bed and I observed he had lost one spur. I pointed this out to him, but he took the other spur off and kicked it under the bed. Miss Kearney said, speaking of James Connolly: "This is bad; it will break his heart. He has worked hard for this all his life". Then she said: "The Kimmage lads - what will happen to them?". Joe said facetiously: "The doctors tell me I have only six months to live".

Some short time later I saw Joe Plunkett standing at about the centre of Moore St. His back was turned to the military barricade in Parnell St. and he was holding a white sheet - a flag of truce - on a pole. Joe saw me watching him from the doorway and beckoned me to him. I went out on the street to him, otherwise he was alone on the street. Joe sent me to the military barricade with some messages. I think it was then I pointed out to Joe that we had found it difficult to evacuate our wounded because of snipers' fire. However, I went down to the barricade at the bottom of Moore Street at Parnell St. Eventually the officer there, after staring at me for a long time, crossed the barricade. I then saluted him and he returned my salute. I told him of the difficulty we had in trying to get our wounded evacuated from the house and asked him to do something about it. This he said he would do.

I returned to Joe Plunkett bearing messages from the officer. Our wounded were brought out onto Moore St. I did not know what provision, if any, was made for them. I asked Joe again and he sent me back down to the barricade to ask the officer what provision would be made for our

wounded. The officer treated me very churlishly and childishly. I quickened his interest by telling him that a number of his own comrades were wounded too. He then foolishly asked me who had shot them.

Sean McLaughlin fell-in all the Volunteers in Moore St. and proceeded to read a paper which referred to the terms of surrender. He concluded his address to the men by saying: "The officers will fall-in at the rear", which they did. Then he said: "The men will be allowed to proceed home". There was a small cheer, but Sean McLaughlin corrected what he had read and said: "The men will lay down their arms in O'Connell St." I remember that he most carefully ordered that the rifle magazines be unloaded.

I came at the rear of the party since I stayed behind to speak to the wounded, and followed them into Henry St. via Moore Lane. A flag was still flying on the G.P.O. The Volunteers fell-in in two lines in front of Findlater's, extending down to about the Gresham Hotel. I would say that in all there were about 120 there. They had stepped forward and deposited their arms just as I arrived. The Volunteers were covered by men with fixed bayonets, and each Volunteer was covered from the rear. Some of the British officers stepped forward and began to meddle with and inspect the arms we had deposited. I considered them rather undisciplined to behave like this in the presence of senior officers and to have much more freedom than I thought proper. Major General Lowe was present. He passed along the ranks of the Volunteers and addressed me, saying: "What is your name?" I answered somewhat flippantly: "Good". He apparently thought this was a joke. I noticed his indignation and said "G-o-o-d, Good", whereupon he said: "Come on, you're not dead yet". I answered this by saying: "No b----- fear, I'm not". He attempted to strike me with

his riding cane across the legs and I jumped in the air, missing the cane, whereupon there was a scream of laughter from some British officers who were standing at the entrance to the Gresham Hotel. Lowe then completely lost his head and shouted: "Go in, the whole b----- lot of you", whereupon they fled like sheep.

I should have mentioned previously, during my account of Moore St., that G.H.Q. staff were approached by J.J.Walsh who suggested trying to re-occupy the G.P.O., as by that time the fire had burned out. During this time in Moore St. Michael Collins was very aggressive and ill-humoured. Some men had built a barricade at the top of Moore Lane, and when they looked for his approval he said, "So-and-so your barricade". I was resting on the stairs at one period with my head in my hands and Mick said angrily to me: "Are you ------- praying too".

On the two occasions I went to the military barricade I saw O'Rahilly. He was lying near where the plaque is now erected. I could not mistake him because of his waxed moustaches, and I looked at him closely.

To go back to O'Connell St. after the surrender, it would be only fair to say how harsh treatment arose. The bea bearing and behaviour of the Volunteers was that of men who had done something laudable and, as their behaviour had been chivalrous, they expected that military etiquette would be observed by the enemy. The British soldiers - officers and men - were obviously irritated and puzzled by the Volunteers. They were shocked at the small numbers that surrendered and at the variety and crudity of their arms. They regarded the Volunteers as shameless, impertinent traitors, and said so. The following incident illustrates this: A British sergeant said to one of the Fianna boys: "Look at this that you fired' and held up for inspection a Howth rifle bullet. It was

soft-nosed, fully half an inch in diameter, and was wedged in the cartridge case with paper. "A dum-dum" the sergeant said. "Well, you wouldn't let us get the right stuff", the Fianna boy answered reproachfully and some of the Volunteers laughed aloud.

While we were standing in O'Connell St. another party of Volunteers came from the direction of O'Connell Bridge and halted on the opposite side of O'Connell St. Someone said that they were Daly's men. As they marched down the street many of them were smoking, and even when they had halted and deposited their arms they continued to smoke. There were repeated orders by the British to cease smoking, but apparently at that stage the Volunteers would take orders only from their own officers.

We were all marched then to the small green in front of the Rotunda Hospital and forced back until we were closely packed. Eventually we managed to squeeze down into a sitting posture. Those near the margin of the grass plot were threatened with rifle butts when they stretched their feet out on the pathway. An enemy officer, one of our previous prisoners whom we had allowed to depart, walked around the Volunteers, saying: "I know this one and that one". "Monkey face", "Beast face", "Ape face", were some of the expressions he used. Garrett McAuliffe said to him: "You are no bloody Adonis" and that put a stop to the annoyance. It was this same officer who remarked on Sean McDermott's lameness. It was impossible torelieve ourselves in any way until morning, we were so closely packed. When we did get to our feet in the morning, a cloud of steam arose in the air.

From the Rotunda we marched along O'Connell Street. A solitary fireman was working near Kelly's corner and he said out loud: "I'm with you boys". That was the first word of approval I had heard from Dubliners that week. As we proceed

through High Street, near St. Audoen's Church, crowds of women were in the side streets and they shouted "Bayonet them", but they were kept back by the British soldiers.

We reached Richmond Barracks and were halted on the square. We were there about an hour and a half, I would say. Men began collapsing in the ranks. Had we been left there another half hour few of us, I think, would have been left standing. One of the first to collapse was Joe Plunkett. Two British soldiers lifted him by the shoulders and dragged him on to the footpath.

A party of British soldiers - Irishmen of an Irish Regiment - rushed towards us shouting, and would have attacked us only they were halted by our guards.

Since the surrender, the private soldiers and N.C.Os. behaved correctly towards us. After a considerable number of Volunteers had collapsed, a soldier came along with a bucket of water. Some of the Volunteers gave him things from their pockets, money and personal belongings, such as rings &c. This made the soldier "choosey" and he gave water only where there were offerings. It struck me that the Volunteers gave their belongings in gratitude and because they thought they would have no further use for them.

Eventually we were marched into the gymnasium. As we entered we were observed closely by a number of "G" men, and our finger-prints were taken. Later, these detectives walked amongst us as we sat on the gym. floor and picked out the men they wanted, including Jack and George Plunkett. I was sharing Michael Collins's overcoat. The floor was hard. A British sergeant said to Michael Collins: "What has you here, Collins?" and Mick replied: "England's difficulty". There was a long pause then.

That night we were marched to the boat, but before our

departure, we were given iron rations. A halt was made at O'Connell Bridge. I was with a group of Volunteer officers - Ned Morkan, Seamus Murphy, Harry Nicholls, W.R. O'Reilly and others. Our Coy. Officers compared most favourably with any British officers I had seen. They were not at all disheartened. I made some cynical remark to Ned. Morkan and he replied: "If they let you live six months you will see the reaction".

The boat which we boarded was near Liberty Hall. We were taken down into the hold of a cattle boat. On our journey one Volunteer remarked: "If they choose to have an accident now and say an enemy torpedo struck us, it will solve their problem". Perhaps he was right, because the personnel of what was afterwards to become G.H.Q. I.R.A. were aboard that boat - that is to say, Michael Collins, Dick Mulcahy, Gearoid O'Sullivan, etc.

When the boat reached England our party was divided. Some were sent to Stafford and the party I was with were sent to Knutsford.

KNUTSFORD PRISON.

We spent two months in Knutsford at first in solitary confinement. Knutsford at that time was a military prison and our warders were soldiers. With one exception, our keepers behaved correctly, but this man, a sergeant, was a sadist and struck Volunteers if they talked to each other. After nine weeks or so there was a sudden change in the treatment we received. We were allowed smoke, receive parcels, speak freely to each other, and it was obvious that our jailers had been instructed to treat us gently. I may say here it was my first observance of the tactics peculiar, apparently, to Irish prisoners or Irishmen, for when they were given an inch they took the proverbial ell.

Alfie Byrne, then an M.P., came to Knutsford and distributed cigarettes. At first the Volunteers nearly attacked him, but something he said pacified them. He said something to the effect that he had condemned in parliament the executions in Ireland.

Many of the Volunteers said that next time they would not surrender. This frightened me. For my part, I was glad to get away with a whole skin.

FRONGOCH PRISON CAMP.

Eventually we were sent to Frongoch. At first we were well treated, given a good deal of liberty and sometimes taken on route marches.

A British-appointed commission to determine the cause of the Rising was sitting in Wormwood Scrubbs, London, and the Volunteers were brought in batches from the Camp. Every encouragement was given to the Volunteers at the inquiry to declare that they had no previous knowledge of the Rising, and were more or less misled, or so it appeared to myself and others. The Commission was obviously trying to find evidence of "German gold" or, alternatively, that the Volunteers were led in ignorance into the Rising by their leaders. Some of the Volunteers interviewed at the inquiry were members of the Kimmage garrison who were liable for conscription since they had normally resided in England. Five of these men were identified and handed over to the military authorities in London. They did not return to Frongoch. All the Kimmage garrison, including Michael Collins, were liable for conscription. The British authorities were aware that a number of such wanted men were in Frongoch.

It was decided in Frongoch that no man would answer

to his name if called by the authorities. What I believe was the first small cleavage began over that issue. During the whole period in Frongoch the Citizen Army sank their identity as a separate military body and had no special billets, officers or leaders. They accepted leadership from the Volunteers. A number of Fianna leaders, Garry Holohan, his brother, and Barney Mellows did not appear to agree with the instructions not to answer names. I was in a 'hut' in the North Camp when the doors were suddenly closed and the soldiers of a kilted regiment with fixed bayonets entered the hut. An officer proceeded to read out names, and Holohan and other Fianna boys answered their names. The majority of the men in that hut remained silent when their names were called. Those of us who did not answer – about 300 in all, I think – were marched to the lower Camp, the distillery, where we went on hunger-strike. After three or four days we were allowed to rejoin our comrades in the other Camp. Eventually the whole party of Volunteers were taken to the old distillery.

The prisoners in Frongoch were originally divided into two sections, one section were housed in huts, the other section in the distillery. Brennan-Whitmore was in charge of the distillery in the early stages of our occupation, and he was very anxious that the Volunteers be recognised as prisoners of war. He instituted a procedure whereby Volunteers were punished by their own officers for what he regarded as breaches of discipline by being confined to cells However, well-intentioned this was, it had a most depressing effect on the Volunteers occupying that portion of the camp. Fortunately, Brennan-Whitmore was released early, and the rules he had drawn up were completely ignored. Eventually those who remained in the camp (there had been numerous releases and our numbers were now reduced to between eight hundred and a thousand) were housed or billeted in the old

distillery. All courtesies to the British were omitted. It was the practice for the British Commanding Officer to address us at the morning parade and say "Good morning, men. Hats off". The main body were not long in the distillery before we refused to pay him such courtesies or answer him; we just ignored him.

One incident arose out of our declining to answer names and addresses, for by refusing to expose our personel identities, we received no parcels and no messages from home whatsoever. This was a great sacrifice, for nearly 40%, I discovered, were married men.

A story was started in the lower camp - by whom I cannot say -- that the surrender in Moore St. was brought about by members of the Kimmage garrison prevailing upon G.H.Q. to surrender. This story came to my ears. I told Mick Collins that I would ask my comrades of the Kimmage garrison to surrender to the British. Mick acted at once. He called all the Volunteers together in the dining-hall and addressed them, but before doing so he said to me: "Joe, if you do this thing you will shame us for ever. I beg you not to do it". He then addressed all the Volunteers in the dining-hall. At that time there were Volunteers there from every part of Ireland, many from the Gaeltacht, and they had not yet become familiar with each other; therefore, this story about Moore St. might have been believed and might have weakened our solidarity if allowed to go unchecked. For the first time I saw the leadership of Michael Collins. He addressed all the Volunteers, pointing out that we of the Kimmage garrison had our share, or more, of casualties, and that it was unthinkable that the Volunteers would surrender their comrades. He was cheered and that put a stop to the intrigue which, I assume, was really aimed at taking the

natural leadership from those who had it, that is, Dick Mulcahy, Michael Collins and Gearoid O'Sullivan. There was no attempt, so far as I can remember, to appoint these men as leaders; they led by their natural gifts and ability which instilled confidence in their followers.

The following incident is worthy of note: A member of the Irish Citizen Army, affectionately known as "Blackguard" Daly, showed extraordinary loyalty during our close imprisonment when he was informed that his wife had died, leaving a number of young children. This man, an ex-British army private soldier, had served the greater part of his life in India, and although encouraged by Mick Collins to assert his identity and take the privilege of returning to Dublin, he declined to do so. He said in case he might weaken us in any way he would not do it and so he remained in the camp.

All the prisoners were informed that they would be released on 22nd or 23rd December 1916. All was ready and the train was waiting, when they were asked to give their names that they might have tickets issued for their return journey. All refused to give their names and addresses. The tickets, therefore, were handed over en bloc and were distributed amongst the men.

During the period in which the Volunteers in Frongoch were united in their determination to protect the Kimmage garrison from the British the camp worked smoothly. The leaders who ran the camp seemed to take their cue from Michael Collins. Mick's aim was to give the authorities all the annoyance possible. He took every opportunity to seduce and bribe our guards. The military guards were replaced by men from another regiment or unit. The British commanding officer of the camp addressed these men and told them that the previous guards had been corrupted by the prisoners, but the new men, or some of them, made inquiries at once as to

who the bloke was who was giving out the bribes.

Occasionally Volunteers were taken under guard to the local town for dental treatment, and carefully prepared propaganda was smuggled out of the camp. Much was made of the confined sleeping space and the area in cubic feet allotted to each man was minimised, although it was a fact that on the whole the Volunteers' health was good. A military doctor said the camp was unique in his experience, for amongst 1,800 men he had no case of venereal disease. One of our facetious comrades said we could not be an army under those circumstances and said that the situation was redeemed, but I have no evidence of this.

The continued annoyance and publicity of our alleged insanitary quarters caused the camp doctor, who was a civilian to commit suicide. The camp commandant paraded us and upbraided us for this man's death. He nearly precipitated a riot thereby, because the Volunteers broke ranks and some of them approached him and swore at him. From that day forward he never addressed us and we disobeyed every order to parade. I think the instigator of most of this annoyance was Michael Collins; he was in his element making war on something. He was conspicuous in all the tussles with our warders, but he was never disliked by them.

During our stay in Frongoch we were not conscious of our leaders. They, i.e., Dick Mulcahy, Gearoid O'Sullivan and Michael Collins, did not form a clique, but played and worked with all.

I was born in London and I think I can be forgiven for saying that the men in Frongoch were a band of brothers. I was dependent on the loyalty and self-sacrifice of these men and I was never, but once, made conscious of it.

The six or eight Kimmage garrison men who had been taken

from us were handed over to the British. All of them, including the two Nunan brothers, two King brothers and Paddy O'Donoghue, were evantually discharged from the British army as being persons not likely to give loyal and faithful service to His Majesty, because they would not wear the British uniform, and when thus dressed they stripped themselves to their underwear.

INTERNEES RETURN TO DUBLIN.

The ex-internees from Frongoch arrived at the North Wall Dublin. There were few people to meet us, because the authorities had concealed the time and place of our arrival. I doubt in any case whether many Dubliners would have met us at that stage, but from the time of our return a change was taking place in Dublin. O'Connell St., which was then a place where one could walk with freedom, was being paraded by numbers of young men. Normally they would have rambled about, I assume, for they were ordinary respectable young Dublin men, but now they appeared to march. They kept step, and on greeting each other, gave an indifferent military salute.

DUBLIN BRIGADE RE-ORGANISED, 1917.

Early in 1917, the Dublin Brigade of the Irish Volunteers was re-organised. I became a member of "C" Coy. 2nd Battalion. Dick McKee was Officer Commanding the Battalion; one of the two brothers Meldon was Captain of "C" Coy., the other brother being Lieutenant. Our headquarters was in Gloucester St. During this period also the Fianna were attempting to re-organi

The first orders we received were rather ambiguous. We were ordered to raid for arms, but were told that we were not to fire on the police. On one occasion myself and Tommy Kearns, having successfully raided a house for arms, had to hide round corners from policemen, with arms in our hands. A good deal of raiding was carried out during the early period,

and, as far as I know, no shooting incident resulted.

SEIZURE OF PIGS.

The first serious event in the obstruction of British administration on the part of my battalion was the seizure of pigs which were being taken to the North Wall for export. We took these pigs to the Corporation abattoir where they were slaughtered by Volunteers who were competent to carry out the job. Afterwards the pigs were brought to a bacon curer, I think O'Dwyer, but, as he had purchased the carcasses of the pigs with the consent of the owners, the police could not intervene in the matter. Something of a parade was made in taking the lorries of pigs to the curer.

PRISONERS' DEPENDANTS' FUND.

In 1917, Michael Collins was secretary of the Prisoners' Dependants' Fund. This Fund was necessary because a large number of Volunteers were victimised by their employers. One outstanding case was that of the National University where Harry Walpole was discharged by the then President of the University. As far as I know, no student attending the university seemed to be aware of, or commented on, the matter.

MANSION HOUSE MEETING.

I cannot remember the date of a meeting which was held in the Mansion House to form a political party. On the platform were Count Plunkett, Gavan Duffy and Arthur Griffith. Almost from the moment that the meeting opened, antagonism to Griffith was shown by Count Plunkett. Gavan Duffy, exquisitely dressed, was in the middle trying to do the mediator, but such was Count Plunkett's apparent anger that a serious disturbance arose on the platform. I think everyone at the meeting expected that those on the platform would be utterly divided. Fortunately, an incident arose which prevented this. The reporters present at the meeting,

realising that this was news, jumped to their feet to take notes of the proceedings. The Volunteers in the hall, thinking the reporters were G-men, snatched at their notebooks and were inclined to treat the Pressmen roughly. Eventually it was realised that these men were reporters, and those on the platform seemed to get a sense of responsibility, quelled their anger and resumed their discussion. But for the fortunate mistake made with regard to the reporters, Count Plunkett would have precipitated a split. Griffith was regarded as a pacifist at that time, and Count Plunkett was obviously out of patience with him from the moment he saw him on the same platform.

THE LONGFORD ELECTION.

There were, I believe, two elections during 1917, one in which Count Plunkett won the first seat; but, strange to say, it was the election in Longford, where the seat was won by Joe McGuinness, to which the Volunteers were called to give considerable support. They responded with enthusiasm. During this election campaign a number of Volunteers cycled to East Longford. The first sign that the R.I.C. might be affected by the national resurgence was when I saw R.I.C. men drinking and 'culloguing' with the Volunteers.

The election in Longford was won by the Sinn Fein nominee by less than one hundred votes. This victory can be attributed to Joe McGrath's genius for mathematics, because Joe demanded a re-count, and, although everybody there could have sworn that the Irish Parliamentary Party's nominee had a numerical victory, on the re-count Joe demonstrated that the Sinn Fein candidate was the victor.

DE VALERA'S FIRST PUBLIC SPEECH ON RELEASE FROM PRISON.

I cannot remember the date that de Valera was released, but I vividly remember his first speech in O'Connell Street. For the first time I heard a person publicly state that he would not be satisfied with less than a republic, as de Valera stated at that first public meeting. That speech may still be extant, but I remember he said something like: "I believed 1916 to be a mistake. I see now that I was wrong. I obeyed orders. I know now that they were right, and we will not be satisfied with anything but an Irish Republic." To my mind, the importance of what he said was that he had welded all the various political parties who were inclined to put tags on themselves, into a party with a definite objective, and that he had said something dangerous and, as I saw it, practically impossible.

Immediately after de Valera's release I was sent to him with a dispatch. He seemed urgently to need knowledge of the Volunteers. He asked me what I thought most desirable for the Volunteers. (At that time I was an ordinary Volunteer). I said to de Valera that I thought some mark or insignia was necessary for any military body, and that perhaps the failure of the Wexford revolution could be attributed in some measure to this lack of uniform. De Valera said he had considered this matter and had designed a trench-coat which had pockets fit to contain the necessaries for taking the field. It could be put on or off, so that men could be uniformed easily. On reflection on what I thought and suggested, and on de Valera's reply, I knew soon after that conversation that we were both in the grip of romanticists, because not six months later I realised that a hard core of realism was necessary, and I saw signs of what was eventually to become the hard core.

THE SOUTH ARMAGH ELECTION.

The South Armagh election was, to my mind, a demonstration of the potential strength of the Volunteer movement. Some hundreds of Volunteers were taken to Armagh. They marched, drilled and took up quarters in the towns and villages of South Armagh. Although there was no attempt made by the Volunteers to intimidate the voters, they made it very clear that they regarded themselves as a military body.

I was Aide-de-Camp to Michael Brennan at a post in a place called Forkhill. On one occasion the polling booth was about to be aggressively approached by a number of what I think were Orangemen. Although the R.I.C. were there armed and numerous, Mick Brennan pulled a bluff. He called on his men - mostly Co.Clare Volunteers - and said: "Men with the .45s. step to the front". I do not know how many of the men had .45s, but twenty or so Volunteers stepped to the front. These Volunteers faced the oncoming Orangemen, and Michael Brennan said to the Inspector of the R.I.C.: "The blood will be on your head if you don't halt them". The R.I.C. Inspector halted the approaching Orangemen, and Mick Brennan went back into his hotel, like any staff officer. The strange thing about that incident was that if a man was found giving orders to civilians in military formation that man was subsequently arrested. Mick Brennan, who had defied the R.I.C. and threatened them with arms, was not approached by the Inspector of the R.I.C.

Later in the day, when the election was over, I was in command of one hundred or so Claremen. I took them onto Dundalk. These men were mostly farmers' sons, obviously with good backgrounds, and full of fight. I found it very hard to restrain them from firing, from sheer high spirits. In the number I took back to Dundalk I would say there were 20 or 30 revolvers, for I halted and inspected them when a shot was

fired without my orders. I thought then, and still think, that we were reaching the peak of our enthusiasm for action against the British, because people of substance were joining the Volunteers, and I think that the decline that occurred was due to the inability to arm these men adequately.

ARREST OF DICK McKEE.

In Dublin the Volunteers met regularly in their drill halls, but it was discouraging to drill without arms, uniform or the means to manoeuvre. Occasionally the Dublin County Volunteers had mock battles, and numbers of Volunteers paraded and carried out manoeuvres without arms.

On one occasion, near the Bird Cage publichouse in Drumcondra, the commanding officer of the 2nd Battalion, Dick McKee, was arrested in front of our eyes. A tender of police arrived on the scene. The Volunteers numbered one hundred or more, but we were told by our officers to make no demonstration and we suffered the ignominy of seeing our commanding officer placed amongst 10 or 12 policemen and taken away. We then dismissed. This, and other incidents, had a most depressing effect upon men newly recruited into the Volunteers, but it took the heart out of the old Volunteers.

During this period a number of Volunteers had managed to get possession of small calibre revolvers, mainly.38s. These we frequently carried around on our persons, but with no idea that the logical use of them was close range and assassination.

FUNERAL OF THOMAS ASHE.

I am going back now to the funeral of Tomás Ashe. Immediately before Ashe died he was taken to the Mater Hospital. Collins and Cathal Brugha worked in close unity, at least it appeared so, for I saw them together on several occasions. On that occasion they did what I considered a rather reckless

thing. A huge mob of people was milling outside Mountjoy; they had worked themselves up almost into a state of hysteria, by praying, singing, etc. Collins and Brugha at that critical moment arrived on a common sidecar, addressed the large crowd and precipitated something of a riot. Tomás Ashe subsequently died in the Mater Hospital. His body lay in the City Hall, and then occurred one of the audacious things that frequently happened. The British military were in garrison in the City Hall. Notwithstanding this, Tomás Ashe's remains were escorted from the City Hall by armed Volunteers in uniform. This piece of impudence would have brought the British into action against us, but, I believe, for the ability of Richard Mulcahy, who carefully demobilised the Dublin Brigade within the grounds of Glasnevin Cemetery.

I do not think anyone was arrested as a result of Tomás Ashe's funeral, but an incident occurred which showed the temper of some Volunteers. The funeral procession was very large. One man whom I knew was never a serving Volunteer - at least he never obeyed orders - was in the parade that day in front of a number of men. He was dressed in uniform, although he had not taken part in the Rising. A military lorry driver, becoming impatient of the long funeral procession, attempted to drive through the cortege. Portion of the procession broke up more or less in disorder fearing that the military were about to fire, but ex-Colonel Joe Leonard drew his revolver, ordered the military back and restored order in the procession. I saw this incident from a distance, and realised that the hard core, to which I have already referred, was forming.

THE VOLUNTEERS - SPIRIT AND MORALE.

During the year 1917 large numbers of Volunteers were without employment, due to victimisation. There was sublime irony in the fact that men so unemployed were given the risky

tasks which might, and often did, entail imprisonment.

During the South Armagh election, which took place in early 1918, I was impressed by several things relating to the Volunteers. A very large number of men had come from the South of Ireland. Many were under the command of the Brennans; possibly Paddy Brennan was senior officer at that time. It was significant that the nearer counties were not so well represented. A large number of the men were from Dublin, but they were mostly unemployed.

To my mind the Volunteers from the south were dangerously enthusiastic; they were spoiling for a fight and apt to be reckless. On their return journey to Clare, and I assume to other southern counties, they passed through Amiens St. station and fired a number of shots through the glass roof.

During the election, fares were paid by the Volunteer G.H.Q., and the Volunteers were adequately catered for. It was the first and only occasion that the finance department of the Volunteers did not appear, to me, niggardly.

The Dublin Volunteers were, for the most part, men who had been in action and associated with each other for a couple of years at least. What I want to convey is that the Dublin Brigade Volunteers were trained, had experience and high moral discipline, and the prestige and satisfaction that a successful military action implies, if we regard the 1916 Rising as such. The Dublin Brigade had not recruited new blood to any considerable extent. Of necessity, a man's character is not so well known locally in a city as it would be in the country. The Southerners felt that they had been let down in 1916 by the demobilisation order, and were impatient to justify themselves. I had heard in jail, and I heard again in Armagh, something of the bitterness that was felt in the south due to their inaction in 1916.

After the election I was very relieved to part with my responsibility, i.e., the command of the section of the Clare Volunteers. I assumed that what I had seen, that is to say, the general enthusiasm of newly recruited Volunteers, was the rule all over the greater part of Ireland; young men brought up to a pitch of enthusiasm to attack an enemy, but lacking everything except courage. The Volunteers had just sufficient arms to precipitate their own slaughter. There was no thought at that time of waging guerilla warfare. It was a period of marching in or on any occasion in Dublin. When Volunteers paraded publicly for a funeral, hundreds of young men who were not Volunteers fell in behind and marched i in fours.

There was a tendency then for Volunteers to wear trench-coats. They were serviceable during our manoeuvres. In my one interview with de Valera I had suggested that what the Volunteer required was some sort of uniform. De Valera told me that he had designed a trench-coat which would have pockets in which the necessaries to take the field could be carried. I was wrong. The day of marching in fours was over. We wanted arms first, last and all the time, and I think that Mick Collins only saw this clearly. This is why I think so: Early in 1917 I was speaking to Michael Collins. We were interrupted during our conversation by an American gentleman who flourished a cheque-book and was offering Michael Collins a cheque or money, presumably to help the cause. Michael Collins said angrily and rudely: "We want guns".

During early 1918 I attended my Company parades. These were rather monotonous, and some attempt was made to drill with broomsticks. Often we did not attempt even elementary foot-drill in our drill halls when the police were thought to be active. On occasions when the Volunteers carried out new activities or the British authorities appeared threatening our numbers on parade increased. This was so during the

the period in which the Conscription Act was being debated in England. I think our Company paraded then in full strength.

Michael Collins had broken his bail; he was arrested for making a speech. There was a feeling of tension during the Conscription crisis at our Company meetings; but I cannot remember hearing of any plan as to how the Volunteers, as a military body, proposed fighting against conscription if and when it became operative in Ireland. The fact is that at that stage the Volunteers could not have fought to any extent they could only have been slaughtered. It was no one's fault The few arms we had had been taken from us in 1916 and were never as plentiful again until the British departed in 1922. In my opinion, it is impossible to train men as soldiers without arms and that accounted for the falling off on parades of Volunteers everywhere in Ireland. As the position stood, the Volunteers would have been a danger only to themselves.

THE CONSCRIPTION CRISIS.

It is well known that a kind of solemn covenant, or oath, was signed at the church doors all over Ireland. In sermons and from the altars the congregations were exhorted to resist conscription. I thought many of the young priests would have physically resisted conscription, but, as I saw it, the clergy in Ireland were inspiring the people to a fanatical enthusiasm which they would not be able to lead or control. I do not remember what form of oath was taken at the church doors to resist conscription, but there was no word of <u>how</u> conscription would be resisted. It is easy to be wise after the event, but there was no statement by organised Labour that they would paralyse transport in the event of conscription, as they could have done. Even when conscription was passed by the British government, conscription was not even discussed at my Trade Union meetings, and I venture to say that there exists no

mention of conscription in the minutes of other Trade Union meetings.

I am not trying to play up a period in which I was involved when I say that there appeared absolutely no leadership in that crisis, if we except the signing of the declarations at church doors.

There was then no Dail and only a few republican representatives. The Volunteer G.H.Q. had a moral responsibility for what would ensue if conscription was resisted by force of arms, but they had little to fight with. I hold that during that crisis no Volunteer should have allowed himself to be arrested if he possessed or had access to arms.

It was suggested then that the British government intended putting across conscription in Ireland to crush Sinn Fein, but this is my view since I was born and brought up in England. What Irishmen did not understand was that Englishmen regarded Irishmen as fellow-Britishers, somewhat rowdy, but good fellows when disciplined; that they, Englishmen, were protecting Irishmen from German aggression, that only a few Irishmen had stabbed them in the back in 1916 and that there was German gold sustaining them.

I had some contact with political thought in England. The more Liberal politicians in England had no idea of the national resurgence in Ireland. I reflected that the restoration in England was anything but resurgence. Bonar Law and F.E. Smith were members of the British Cabinet. General Wilson, subsequently Commander-in-Chief, said that it would give him satisfaction to handle 300,000 recalcitrant Irishmen.

That was the situation in April 1918, when I was working in the shell factory in Parkgate St., Dublin. A number of

other Volunteers worked there, including Sam Reilly, Matt Furlong and Joe Leonard.

In April I took a holiday and had a scout around; I thought the British might be bluffing about putting across conscription, but I tried to discover if they were making preparations. I looked at the railway yards and saw what seemed to me to be very large amounts of railway sleepers. In 1916 I had seen at the bottom of Moore St. what was, to my mind, the ideal barricade; the British had piled up railway sleepers for barricades. There is nothing I know of quite as good. I thought I saw the plan of the British, which appeared to be to isolate a town or village, where required, by the erection of these sleeper barricades during the night so that the village could be dealt with.

PLOT AGAINST BRITISH CABINET MINISTERS.

When my short holiday was finished I was informed one evening that I was wanted at G.H.Q. That would be about mid-April. I went to Parnell Square to G.H.Q. and saw in the hall there a Volunteer whom I knew well, named Bill Whelan. He said to me: "What are we here for?" I answered: "I have a good idea. Haven't you?" and he said "Yes". When I entered the room I saw two men - Cathal Brugha and Richard Mulcahy - sitting at two green baize-covered card tables. Cathal Brugha said to me: "You have been recommended as one likely to go on a dangerous mission. It is of such a nature that provision will be made for your dependants, if any". I replied that I had already considered such a mission; it was only a matter of "who would bell the cat" and that, alas, I knew the terrain so to speak. Cathal Brûgha and Dick Mulcahy asked me who I had been speaking to, and I replied that I had been speaking to no one, but that I had been thinking over the matter for some time and thought that the British Cabinet might be

deterred if some of them were shot. Cathal Brugha then told me to consider the matter and if I was of the same mind I was to report in a week, or some such more precise date. I passed Bill Whelan in the hall on my way out and nodded to him as if to say: "You have guessed right".

My Trade Union was only a few doors distant, and I decided to go there and pay my arrears, some £3 odd. A meeting was in progress and I sat beside a Volunteer with whom I was very intimate. I thought he knew more about things political than I did. He asked me what I had been called to G.H.Q. for and I replied by tightening my tie. I saw he understood me. It transpired that he was a Londoner and was too well-known to go there on the mission that was contemplated.

Bill Whelan and I attended at G.H.Q. a week later and were asked had we considered the matter. We were told that it was proposed to shoot members of the British government and thus avoid their signing the order in Council which would make the application for conscription in Ireland operative. We were given a number of addresses in London where our party would stay, two men at each address.

Either Dick Mulcahy or Cathal Brugha had a list of Dublin addresses which was shown to Whelan and me and we were asked did we appear in it. We were advised to change our addresses if that was so, because the addresses in the list would probably be raided.

Cathal Brugha asked us if we had our arrangements made, meaning had we made arrangements for our relatives, and assured us that our relatives would be sustained. We were each given £5. Cathal Brugha told us to take the Holyhead boat and concluded our meeting by saying: "I will be with you and in charge of the party. I will take advice or instructio

from no one, unless requested. Is that understood?" I had a good look at Cathal Brugha and decided he was one I would not argue with.

We travelled saloon to Holyhead. Detectives were obviously searching the boat. One of them approached us closely and might have recognised Bill Whelan but he, Whelan pretended to be violently seasick and ran in the direction of the detective who was about to inspect him.

We got to London without further incident. We had breakfast in a restaurant in London, but when we read the morning papers we were dismayed at the large number of Irish political leaders, including de Valera, who had been arrested. We were anxious about Cathal Brugha. We knew he would fight for his liberty and, as there was no news of any shooting incident, we concluded he had escaped the round-up.

After breakfast we made a tour of the addresses which had been given to us before we left Dublin, as places where our party might be housed. At every address that Bill Whelan and I visited there was no one in residence, and we got no answer at any of the doors, except at one house where we were informed that the lady of the house had gone to Ireland but her husband remained. I knew these people had been informed by Jack Nunan of our coming and that they had consented to harbour us. I told the man of the house that I would billet two men on him; this I did. The two men were Sammy Reilly and Matt Furlong.

I had one address in London which was to be used only as a last resource. It was situated in the East End of London and was possibly under suspicion. The name of the people was O'Connor. I eventually had to visit this house, where I found six men had arrived and all of them were armed This was in a small house and in London, where one able-bodied young man was conspicuous.

Bill Whelan and I made a hurried tour of London-Irish families and secured lodgings for two men in each house. Three of these households had sons who had taken part in the insurrection and were, therefore, not considered very safe. The family with whom Bill Whelan and I stayed probably guessed that they risked severe sentences for harbouring us, but we were made welcome and fed on their limited rations, as we had no ration cards. I cannot speak too highly of their courage, hospitality and kindness.

Cathal Brugha stayed, alone except for his daughter - a very young child - in a large house near Tavistock Place (?), Regent's Park. An Irishwoman, Mrs. Sean McGrath, did what was necessary for him every day, but for the most part Cathal Brugha lived alone.

Bill Whelan, Matt Furlong and I visited Cathal Brugha several times, and he made some attempt to entertain us. He had a large number of photographs of political celebrities, members of the British Cabinet and big newspaper men, - Northcliffe, etc. He seemed to get the greatest pleasure out of discussing these people, much the same as some people look at photographs of film stars.

I remarked to Bill Whelan on Cathal Brugha's deliberate isolation, and Bill said it was obviously to keep us all at a distance. There was one of us he was more in contact with, and that was Matt Furlong. In this I consider Cathal Brugha was a good judge. I would say Matt Furlong was the best man, after Cathal Brugha, on that mission.

We managed to get Cathal Brugha rowing on the river to Kew, and nearly tumbled him into the Thames. We had forgotten that he was not yet healed of his wounds, and were shamefaced when we remembered, but he laughed it off and put us at our eas

Cathal Brugha decided to meet all the men and, as it was not thought wise for them to come to his address, I suggested

a rendezvous in Regent's Park where we could be scattered and yet see him and approach him individually. Cathal Brugha arrived to the minute, and I gasped when he came riding his bicycle along the paths as if he was in Phoenix Park. He passed a policeman who, I believe, informed him of his error, as one would not even wheel a bicycle through Regent's Park. I said to Bill Whelan, "What do we do if the policeman should arrest Cathal Brugha?" However, the policeman let him go and Cathal sat on a bench in the Park. We approached him one by one and he told us we should each have a man; we should get familiar with the movements of this man and execute him; that we would pick the names out of a hat and that Matt Furlong would deliver the orders. That was all for that day; and we dispersed.

There were eight in all at that meeting in Regent's Park - Matt Furlong, Martin Gleeson, Sam Reilly, Bill Whelan, James (Ginger) McNamara, Tom Craven, myself, and I forget the other name.

By a strange coincidence a lady whom I met said to me: "I saw a Dublin man near Regent's Park. He walked on the road. He had cycle clips on his trousers and a cycle pump in his hand. Was that a Dublin man or not?" She had seen Cathal Brugha walking through the streets. This just goes to show how easily he could have been picked up.

Although we could not get a great deal of food I considered we should get plenty of exercise, so we all went sculling on the river in two's. On returning one day from this exercise I was told that each man had picked his luck from a hat, and that I had got Bonar Law. I remember saying to Cathal Brugha in Dublin, when he told us that others as well as the Cabinet members would be shot: "I'm for the Cabinet", which was repeated by Bill Whelan. Cathal Brugha looked sternly at us and then smiled. Bill Whelan and I had

been given two of the favourites - someone had picked for me.

I had nothing against Bonar Law except that he was fond of mutinies. I was several times close on Bonar Law's heels as he walked from Downing St. to the House of Parliament. I thought he was singularly incautious considering all he had done and proposed to do in Ireland.

From day to day we expected orders to attack. It was very wearing. Matt Furlong would appear suddenly when we would be sitting at a meal, and we would hurry away, only to be told it was postponed again.

After a sudden visit from Matt Furlong one day, I said to Bill Whelan: "Do you find it gets into everything, what you eat and what you drink?" I felt very sorry for myself by times and thought of what the world was going to lose when I would be killed I knew I would become maudlin if I continued in this vein, so I deliberately engaged in violent exercise with the result that I slept well; so did Bill Whelan.

Cathal Brugha was anxious to get on with the job and sent Matt Furlong to Dublin on several occasions pressing for consent to commence operations.

There was one point that I thought rather unrealistic. Nearly all of us were armed with .38 revolvers. The .38 revolver was not at all a deadly weapon unless several shots were fired. I had plenty of ammunition - about 50 rounds.

It was not easy for us in London to avoid eating meals in our lodgings for which we were not paying, and Bill Whelan and I endeavoured to live out, but we could only get scrap meals, and with all the sculling, we were losing weight In any case, Matt Furlong ket turning up and spoiling our appetites. We would act tomorrow, and tomorrow, and then tomorrow.

One day I left the house for a short time and during my absence Matt Furlong called and took Bill Whelan away with him. They left a message for me, which I got when I returned to Numan's, where we were staying. Later in the evening Bill said to me "You missed it. Cathal took Matt and me into the gallery of the House of Commons. We went in on Ginnell's ticket. Bonar Law was speaking. Cathal stood up and looked over the gallery, but Bonar Law was out of sight and underneath us. Cathal could not possibly have hit him from his position in the gallery. He had his Peter-the-Painter underneath his coat. We were sitting either side of him, Matt and I. An usher approached us and told Cathal not to stand up or look over the gallery. The House was nearly full of Members in uniform. At least we would have been firing at soldiers". "Yes" I said, "I certainly have missed it".

There were at least two occasions when we, Bill Whelan and I, were told to parade at Downing St. and informed that our victims would be coming out of Downing St., but at the last moment we would be told "Not today".

By some extraordinary luck we were never accosted in London. On one occasion when we were leaving a picture-palace, Bill Whelan and I, the police were questioning those leaving. We gave our Dublin addresses and were not delayed. Four of the ten men of our party were actually liable for conscription since they had been born in England and were ordinarily resident there. Occasionally we saw a British deserter with an escort. It never seemed to occur to us that we might be challenged. We were always armed, but it is doubtful if we would have escaped. On one occasion six of us met accidentally in Victoria St. within 200 yards of the House of Commons. We laughed outright.

There were some German raids while we were in London -

between May and August 1918 - and I think the raiding got on the nerves of some of our men. I had heard Zeppelins raiding before and was not so disturbed because I was in my home town. For a long time I ignored the business and deliberately refused to think about the matter, but one night during a raid I said to Bill Whelan "Here's a chance to do the job" "We should do it while they are in their cellars". I told Whelan that I was going to Cathal Brugha to put it up to him. Bill Whelan restrained me from doing this, and I can imagine now what answer I would have got from Cathal Brugha. He was not the man to put up with suggestions or indiscipline.

Some of the lads of our party must have been cracking up, because I heard afterwards that two of them were praying hard for themselves during a raid, instead of praying for more raids, as was logical, but, as I said, I was on my own dung-hill.

Some time in August some of our lads were sent home. The British position in France was improving and that may have been the reason. Bill Whelan, Sam Reilly and I were the last to leave, except Matt Furlong and Cathal Brugha, who, I believe, stayed in London. I never saw Matt Furlong alive again. He was the best amongst us.

Bill Whelan and I went to Liverpool and were there about a fortnight. During this time we had no pocket money, but we were lodged by a sympathiser. I got the impression that it was easier to find staunch supporters in Liverpool, where people were obviously not so afraid of associating with active Volunteers. A nice thing happened, which was typical of the common people in Liverpool. We were, as I said, without money, and a working man, Neil Kerr, gave us an envelope containing money and told us that he had been ordered to give it to us, but that story was too thin. We were three tradesmen, and we recognised a tradesman's pay

packet. It contained all that working man's wages. He was a stevedore.

Eventually we were informed that we would get a boat to Dublin, but that we would have to stow away in it. At the last moment, however, Delia Larkin arrived from America, and I understand she carried a large sum of money. She got our berth on the boat as, apparently, we could not go in the fo'c'sle with a lady. We were not particularly pleased at losing our trip. Eventually Bill Whelan and I were stowed away in one of Guinness's boats, and arrived in Dublin.

In all Bill Whelan and I were about four months in England.

It was clear to all of us that the German offensive had spent itself and broke down. We assumed from this that there would be no point in imposing conscription in Ireland. This, we thought, was the reason we were sent home. Before we left London, Cathal Brugha told us that we were to hold ourselves in readiness, that even when we returned to Dublin our service might be required.

INTERVIEW WITH COLLINS.

On our arrival in Dublin Bill Whelan took me to his home, where I stayed that night. I had no money and was not inclined to return to my digs, although I am sure I would have been welcomed.

The following day, Bill Whelan and I tried to contact someone who could tell us where we might get in touch with some of the senior officers or political leaders. To most of our inquiries we were informed that "so and so" was on the run. After many inquiries we became irritated, for it appeared to us that some sort of a panic had ensued in Dublin after the mass arrests.

Most of us who had been on the mission to London had disposed of our worldly goods. Both Bill Whelan and I had actually left our tools on the jobs we were working at for anyone to take, thinking we would have no further use for them. Whelan was a carpenter and I an electrician.

I got the impression that it was regarded as almost indecent to inquire about those who were on the run.

We met Peter Murtagh, one of our party who had been to London. He was back in his job as manager of a picture-palace, and he told us that James Mooney, another of our party was walking the streets without employment or means. This information made Bill Whelan and me angry. We had expected, I think, in our vanity, to be received as two saved from the burning and were conceited that we were chosen from so many.

The main office of the New Ireland Insurance Co. then occupied only the second floor of Kapp & Petersen's - my first outpost in 1916. It was Bill Whelan's idea, I think, that we might find succour there; we were sure to know someone in charge and there would probably be some money. I found the idea attractive.

Just before going to London I had called at that office and tried to take out a policy for £100 on death, hoping that my mother would receive it. I asked this of Michael Staines, who was in charge of the New Ireland Insurance Office at that time. He refused to give me such a policy, so I concluded he was in the know. Bill Whelan and I entered the New Ireland Insurance offices, and Michael Staines was there alone. In answer to our inquiries, he told us that he did not know where anyone was. We explained our position and asked him for money. He assured us he had none except his own, and gave us a few shillings.

Outside the G.P.O. Bill Whelan and I met ex-Major

General Bob Price, who told us he had just returned from the country where he had been organising, and that we would find Michael Collins at Mick Lynch's house in Richmond Road.

Whelan and I then went to the house in Richmond Road where Michael Collins was staying. We entered the house and went up the stairs quickly. When we opened the door we saw Michael Collins attempting to sweep papers off a table towards the fire. He stopped and cursed us when he saw us, and we cursed back. First it was a tirade between Bill Whelan and Michael Collins, and then a storm between Michael Collins and me. At last Michael Collins said: "What the b.... h.... do you want?" "Money" I answered. "How much?", asked Nick. "£5", I said, "for tools and a week's digs". I think that was reasonable, for four of our party were mechanics - one a tool-maker, one a fitter and one an electrician. One of our party, James Mooney, to whom I have already referred, had finished his time in a furnishing establishment, Messrs. Pim & Co., but was not allowed to resume his job. Michael Collins asked what all the excitement was about. I told him that I had met a man who had been with our party in London, that he was weeks back in Dublin, was out of a job and had no place to live. Michael Collins said: "That little ....", and then the row started all over again. I said to Michael Collins: "He went where you sent him" and Collins replied: "What you want is action", at which we roared laughing. "Look here", said Michael Collins, "Mick Lynch is coming out of jail tomorrow. Don't let them re-arrest him". He gave Bill Whelan and me a gun apiece and told us we would find two parties of Volunteers and that we were to divide up the Volunteers between us if it were necessary to receive support in rescuing Mick Lynch.

Michael Collins then called me aside as if to whisper in my ear, and then gave me a sharp pinch on the ear with

his teeth. I had taught him that trick, but I remembered reading that Napoleon had a trick of pinching ears.

The following morning Bill Whelan and I went to Mountjoy Prison. Two or three policemen were standing at the gates, and we spoke to them. Our supports, ten Volunteers, were in the vicinity. They were ten out-of-works; one was actually a cripple.

Mick Lynch came out of the prison and got into a waiting car. There was no attempt made to re-arrest him. I dropped my gum into the car through the window and walked away. I was sick of it all. Certainly I considered that military play-acting would not get us anywhere, and our potential politicians were easily scattered. I thought it absolutely necessary that something like a Janizary was essential to the Irish people, for the British had fits of legislative lunacy which drove the people to desperation every now and again.

I thought Michael Collins was heroic and pitiable; that he was foolishly trying to carry the resistance to conscriptio on his own shoulders, whilst others were allowing themselves to be arrested. He was trying to rescue Volunteers by force of arms, if necessary. G.H.Q. were intact and they were loyal comrades, but Michael Collins was the only one of the political leaders who, in my opinion, was a practical revolutionary. He was always available. His instructions and the means to carry out those instructions were given in detail. Michael Collins had one great advantage over his contemporaries; he knew the English and their art of dissimulation, and he had the common touch.

About two weeks after my last meeting with Michael Collins I had something of an accident. I wrote to Michael Collins and asked him for a personal loan - impressing upon him that I meant it personally - of £10. Michael Collins

sent me this money immediately. I never repaid it.

TRAINING OF VOLUNTEERS IN MAYO.

From about October 1918, to October 1919, I worked in the West of Ireland, mainly in Mayo. Richard Walsh, now a T.D., was then living in Balla, Co. Mayo, and was a member of the Executive of the Irish Volunteers. I co-operated with him and assisted in training Volunteers in Mayo. During this period I met Peadar McMahon, now Secretary in the Department of Defence. He was an organising officer in the Volunteers. The organising officers of the Volunteers had a most wretched job. They were paid, I believe, £2 per week, barely enough to sustain them. They were constantly under observation and likely to be interrogated. Of necessity they could not lodge with known sympathisers. They carried life insurance literature around with them as camouflage. Of all the jobs this was the most heart-breaking that an officer could be called upon to do when there was no likelihood of action.

In my opinion, it was rather too much to ask men in sparsely populated districts to travel great distances merely to drill without arms in a field.

Lord French was staying in Mayo during part of this perio but there was no attempt contemplated to attack him.

Jack Plunkett came to Mayo in an attempt to capture arms from the British, with the aid of local Volunteers.

As I said, an organising officer's job was extremely difficult. On one occasion a Volunteer parade was being held in a field. It was mid-winter and there was only stubble in the field. The farmer, who was a Catholic, protested at the men drilling in his field. The Executive Officer, Richard Walsh, and Peadar McMahon were there. Walsh sarcastically offered the farmer money for any damage(?) that might be done

to his field. Fearing that the men would be affected by the gentle demeanour of my senior officers, I threatened to burn the farmer's roof over his head. He went inside his house and the Volunteers resumed their drill. I mention this incident to show the extreme gentleness of the Volunteer officers.

During my stay in Mayo the Oath of Allegiance to the Dail was administered. Michael Staines came to Balla, Co. Mayo, and a meeting of the officers of the Mayo Division or Brigade was held in a shed in the convent grounds. This meeting was addressed by Michael Staines. There were about 100 men present who, I was told, were Volunteer officers. Although I thought the Oath of Allegiance to the Dail was necessary, I considered it rather amusing, since most of these officers, to my knowledge, were members of the I.R.B.

I returned to Dublin some time early in 1920. The first thing I remember of any importance to me as a Volunteer was the rescue of Sean Hogan by Volunteers at Knocklong. I heard a good deal of adverse criticism of the successful Volunteers by some of our political supporters.

Dublin was comparatively quiet during early 1920. Up to about 1st May, I think, a number of the G-men had been shot. I heard no comment from Dubliners, adverse or otherwise on the shootings.

m THE WEST AND MID LIMERICK BRIGADES

In the south of Ireland, particularly in Limerick, there had been sensational attacks on barracks. This seemed surprising to Volunteers in Dublin - at least it was to me, and I was anxious to know whence this fervour sprang. I wrote to Garrett MacAuliffe, who was then Brigadier of West Limerick, I think. He asked me to come down to Limerick and to bring some stuff with me. It was arranged that I take

down to Limerick hand-grenades, revolvers and ammunition.

By this time Ballylanders and Knocklong had fallen.

It appeared to me that G.H.Q. were particularly generous with arms and ammunition where there was military action. I took to Limerick nearly one hundredweight of varied ammunition, some hand-grenades the size of Mills bombs and some as large as cocoanuts.

Garrett MacAuliffe had told me to make no arrangements, that I would be picked up. This term was vague, but I was satisfied that he would make all arrangements. On my journey to Limerick I actually conversed with a young Englishman who was en route to join the R.I.C. in Cork.

I changed trains at Limerick Junction. A large number, about 60, of R.I.C. men were taking the same local train as myself. I went to the extreme end of the train a found a dirty carriage in which were a large number of plate-layers. They must have sensed my predicament, for when I hurriedly entered their carriage they crowded at the windows and thus deterred the R.I.C. from entering our portion of an already crowded train.

I expected to be met at Rathkeale Station, but this was not the case. I alighted and found myself alone. I had in one hand a hat-box. It was a clerical hat-box and might have been meant to carry a mitre. It was a very large box and packed tight with ammunition and grenades. A number of the local R.I.C. had met the train, apparently to guard the larger number of R.I.C. who were proceeding further south. As both my hands were engaged with my packages and as I would have to pass the R.I.C. in order to leave the station, I departed by a little entrance or gateway. The porter promptly saw my difficulty, took the ticket from where I held it between my teeth and opened the little gate quickly for me. Outside the

station there was a small pony and trap. I put my ammunition in the trap and climbed into it, but the child, a little girl to whom the trap belonged, was about to scream. I alighted from the trap and said I had made a mistake, that I thought the trap belonged to somebody else.

The station for Rathkeale is some distance from the town proper. I proceeded, walking, towards the town and the R.I.C. eventually caught up on me. I asked them to assist me to carry my packages, but I assume the clergyman's innocuous hat-box saved the situation.

Some 500 yards or so outside Rathkeale I entered a poor dwelling, a one-roomed cottage. I asked the woman of the house might I leave my larger parcel there. She said certainl having no idea of its nature or contents. I asked might I put the parcel under the bed. Then she must have, as the saying goes, smelt a rat. She said "Most certainly" and pushed it under the bed. There was dire poverty in that cottage.

With only one small suitcase I went to a nearby hotel, ordered lunch and went to the commercial room. I observed that the commercial room was in considerable disorder. The dust was thick on the floor and the tables, and the mirrors were smashed up as if by gunfire. For a long time I waited for lunch. By this time I had extracted a revolver from my case and loaded it. Suddenly Garrett MacAuliffe came into the room. He was openly armed, had a gun hanging on a holster and was wearing a Sam Brown belt. This was something of a shock to me, and I said to him "Is there a war on here?". He said: "Get out at once. I have a car at the door. I know where you placed the ammunition. It will come on later". I got into a Ford car with him and he said: "Have you a gun? Is it loaded? We attempted to hold up your train and ran into a party of military".

I was very surprised at the prevailing atmosphere in

Limerick. It appeared to me as if open war was in progress. The Volunteers that I saw there carried their arms openly.

The hotel in which I had endeavoured to get lunch had been the scene of an action, about a week previous to my visit, in which MacAuliffe and other Volunteers had executed the D.I. and others, yet it was common for the Volunteers to enter Rathkeale at dusk, be challenged by the military sentry whilst they actually put the carbines with which they were armed behind their backs, answer the challenge and enter the houses, where they sometimes passed the night.

The Volunteers in that area were extremely popular and were made much of, even by the matrons of the households, In the houses in that district it was quite common to hear from the people of the households: "We have 'so many' bottles, perhaps a dozen or more". The object of these bottles was that they would be filled with the paraffin oil for any future raids on police barracks. These bottles, and I assume other things, were collected zealously.

It struck me that hatred of the enemy went very deep. The following incident illustrates what I mean - During the attack on Kilmallock barracks, one of the Volunteer attackers was heard to say: "Come out 'Bruce', and surrender. This isn't '67". I inquired into this incident and discovered that the R.I.C. man being called upon was a grand-nephew of one of the men who had occupied the barracks in "67, and the Volunteer was a grand-nephew of one of the attackers.

I was informed that the local Catholic senior clergyman in Rathkeale was hostile to the Volunteers. We were very chary about taking full advantage of his grounds. Perhaps his attitude was not surprising when one considered what would happen to his flock.

Sean Finn, or Jackie Finn as we called him, was the

officer in charge of the mid-Limerick Brigade. Rathkeale was his area. For the most part the active Volunteers were only 8 or 10 men. These men travelled around in two Ford cars, and frequently were compelled to carry out duties which should normally have been performed by area commandants. On one occasion an area commandant was unwilling, or too gentle, to carry out the execution of a spy, and the Brigade staff were forced to perform this duty.

During one of our halts for rest in Ballyhahill, Sean Moylan and Liam Lynch came in a Daimler car. It was a very cumbersome affair, and I wondered how long it had taken them to come from Cork. They were very nonchalant and obviously inured to living dangerously.

The day following their visit, I think, some eight of us with Jackie Finn in charge proceeded to Cork to take over a prisoner, General Lucas. Lynch and Moylan had captured this British officer at Kanturk. It took us a considerable time to get to Mitchelstown, where they had General Lucas prisoner. The whole party of us, including Sean Moylan and Liam Lynch, came back from Cork to Templeglantine, where General Lucas was lodged that night. Lucas was the traditional British officer. He appeared to be quite a simple man, outside the military ability which I have no doubt he had. Lucas and I had numerous conversations together. During our first conversation Lucas was looking down over the valley from a hill at Templeglantine. It was a very beautiful view, and we could see a number of counties from where we were. He remarked: "This is a country worth fighting for". I thought this was a peculiar remark, and reminded him that another general, his predecessor, Cromwell, had passed a similar remark. It struck me then that General Lucas was connected with some of the ruling families of England. I started to abuse the ruling classes of England and concentrated on the Cecils. He defended them.

Two days later some of us escorted Lucas to the banks of the Shannon. Michael Brennan arrived in a punt or boat. It was night-time and there was no attempt to blindfold Lucas, who was observing the stars. Mick Brennan took Lucas across the River, and I remained in Limerick.

Two or three days after Lucas had departed, our party - the staff of the mid-Limerick brigade - were resting in the priest's house in Ballyhahill. I always thought that those countrymen were rather careless since they rarely mounted guards in the daytime. On this occasion we were playing cards when someone informed us that the enemy had entered the village. There were only three or four of them in the party and it transpired that they were not seeking us; they were in a publichouse getting refreshments. I suggested to Jackie Finn that, as I would not appear suspicious on account of the way I dressed and the way I spoke, I would enter the public-house and call upon them to surrender. This would have been easy to do, because we possessed plenty of hand-grenades, but Jackie Finn said he would not agree to this as the whole village would be wiped out. I would not have suggested this action except that I felt assured that I, personally, would be safe.

Eventually the police left the village and proceeded to Glin, which was about three miles distant. Jackie Finn said he would attack them on their return journey, some distance from Ballyhahill. During the ambush which subsequently took place between Glin and Ballyhahill I saw the pathetic weakness of our Volunteers.

We had taken up position in a ditch. On the far side of the road the river flowed. We had approached our position at a very oblique incline, consequently I was not aware that the ground behind us was exceedingly steep. I assumed from my experience of Dublin Volunteers that the Limerick Volunteers

had their own idea of strategy, but I observed that most of the men were very close together, so I proceeded some distance away from them, in the direction from which the enemy would approach.

The enemy party came along on bicycles. From our position in the ditch we could not fully see their approach, neither had we a good field of fire. Only two of the enemy rode into the ambush. These were fired on and fell. I was on the extreme flank and expected an order, but there was no order. Eventually a policeman attempted to cross the ditch beside me. I fired at him and presumably hit him, but from my position it was difficult.

I tried to reload my carbine and found I could not eject the cartridge case. When I turned my head I saw the ambushing party creeping away up a steep hill. Suddenly I heard Jackie Finn say loudly: "Where is Joe?" His call: "Where is Joe" actually attracted my attention first. Whatever was in the enemy party, there was fire from perhaps three rifles, and we were running up the steep hill. I cannot say now whether the rifles of the remainder of my party were working effectively or not. Eventually one of our party said: "Return their fire". I lay down beside him, took by bolt out and was thus able to get out the cartridge case.

I want to make clear that those Volunteers were armed with carbines and the ammunition sometimes did not fit. There was then a Mark VI and a Mark VII issue of ammunition by the British government.

This fault of a jammed cartridge was the cause of another failure in another part of Limerick subsequently. That abortive ambush made several things clear to me - that the Volunteers in that area had received no instruction in trainin for guerilla-warfare; that there was no regard for lines of

retreat, and that they did not realise that they could be enfiladed, as they were.

Our party were six or seven in number, with only four R.I.C. carbines. I think our commander, Sean Finn, had a Service rifle. Even those few carbines were on loan from the East Limerick Brigade, and this was July 1920. Although our party had probably practised loading and unloading, they had not until then fired from the carbines, I believe, due to the scarcity of ammunition.

Sean Finn, the Brigadier, was 22 years of age. He was a conscientious Volunteer and maintained good discipline and care of his men.

As I said, there were apparently three of the enemy firing as we retreated, so I assumed that their number had increased in the town of Glin. Sean Finn, therefore, was wise in vacating his position under the circumstances.

GENERAL LUCAS A PRISONER OF THE CLARE BRIGADE.

A few days after ambush near Glin, I received a dispatch from Michael Brennan asking me to come to Clare. Some suspicious visitors were installed in a hotel near where General Lucas was held prisoner. Lucas and his guard, which included Mick Brennan, were quartered in a big house near Meelick in Co. Clare. I had intercepted a telegram which was addressed to Lucas while I was in Limerick; it was addressed to "General Lucas, c/o the Sinn Feiners, I.R.A., Cork". It ran something like this: "Born this morning a son. Both doing well", and then his wife's name. The telegram had been sent to Cork, was abstracted and a copy brought by dispatch rider to Limerick. I took it with me to Clare. Brennan gave the telegram to Lucas, who expressed surprise and thanks. It referred to his first-born child. Lucas noticed the time stamped on the telegram;

it had apparently taken only a few hours to reach him. It did not occur to him that the time and the date might have been an artistic touch.

I thought the place where Lucas was then held prisoner had a fantastic air. Four rifles were piled in the centre of the drawingroom which had a Turkish carpet. We dined at eight. We used to play tennis, and I remember on one occasion I had to request Lucas to cease playing and withdraw to a clump of trees as we could be seen from passing military lorries and he might be recognised.

General Lucas did some fishing on the Shannon, but he caught nothing. On one occasion he saved me from a ducking or worse. I was being swept towards the weir at Castleconnell when I was alone in a punt. Mick Brennan thought I was joking when I said I could not control my punt, but Lucas jumped into a punt and towed me ashore. Mick Brennan and the others on the river bank informed me that they could not swim. Lucas might have availed of the opportunity to escape.

Lucas was very frank. He told me that if he was released or exchanged for one of our men in British custody he would not again take service in Ireland. He seemed to be embarrassed by the intimate knowledge he had of us personally and of the houses and places where he had been kept prisoner. He said to me: "In the event of my release I shall be asked questions. I know you all personally and know that you carry arms." I said: "That is our right and we ask no defence of it". "Anyhow", he said: "it is unlikely that you fellows will be caught alive". I thought that very nice of him, but I reported our conversation to Mick Brennan. Mick saw what Lucas was driving at and told me to follow up that conversation. Later I said to Lucas: "Many of the houses we have taken you to have sheltered you and us out of their innate hospitality. They would have treated private soldiers similarly. We are

conscious of this and hope that they will not suffer as a result of their kindness". Lucas answered by saying: "I shall not say where I have been lodged", and in this he kept his word.

During our conversations together, Lucas told me that a Party was being formed in England and that Lord Hugh and Robert Cecil would probably form part of that government; that some sort of Dominion Home Rule would form part of their programme; that, in any case, there was to be a Labour government in England, and that we were foolish to be forcing the pace. I believe he thought he was informing a country boy and that his remarks arose to combat my prejudices.

Lucas said one thing that was startling: "You have the pick of the country. I could match you if I had the pick of England". That remark foretold the Auxiliaries, but they lacked one essential and that was moral discipline.

General Lucas asked for parole, saying that he would return to any place we would like to name. He said that he wanted to see his wife and child. This information we sent to our G.H.Q, but the Adjutant General, Gearoid O'Sullivan, replied that even if Lucas was incommoded he would have to remain a prisoner. We thought this rather stupid. Considerable prestige would have been gained by us if we had availed of this offer of parole; G.H.Q. could have made it conditional on the release of Terence MacSwiney, who was then in jail. It apparently did not occur to the Adjutant General that a British officer who could make such a proposal could have exercised pressure on British politicians.

It was quite easy for General Lucas to know where he was lodged. We stayed in Bunratty Castle, Clare Castle and other large dwelling-houses, where there was writing material bearing the address of the house. In one house there was a

rowing scull, bearing the name of an old Oxford "Blue".

Mick Brennan was anxious to be rid of the responsibility for Lucas, and said that the Clare Volunteers were forced to be inactive whilst guarding him.

In one humble home where Lucas was lodged he slept between sheets made of flour bags. We had given him some whiskey before retiring as he was wet. In the morning he told us he thought he had a nightmare, for his sheets appeared to be covered with negroes' heads. These were the printed pictures on the flour bags.

I left the Clare Brigade to come to Dublin. Mick Brennan gave me some dispatches and told me to inform G.H.Q. of what I had gleaned from my conversations with General Lucas. I said goodbye to Lucas. He was a kindly man, for he had once offered to put a stitch on a small wound I had collected.

When I left Clare I delivered a dispatch in Limerick city, and then cycled to Limerick Junction. As I cycled through the village of Oola a military cordon was flung across the road behind me. My front tyre was punctured. I entered a publichouse to get refreshments and make inquiries, but as I entered, I tripped on a step and fell into the laps of three R.I.C. men. I tried to disarm their suspicions, but when I had taken a drink they followed me out I cycled to Limerick Junction on a flat tyre. The three R.I.C men were behind me, so I took to the footpath and anyone coming my way had to jump clear. I could see the train at the Junction; it had started to move, but I had faith and still pedalled hard. Then one of those things happened ..... The driver stopped the train and the guard came to the crossing. He took my bicycle and put it on the train. I jumped aboard and the police were left standing at the railway crossing.

I reached Dublin that evening and went to a ceili in the Mansion House. The ceili was held at the conclusion of the Oireachtas. Curfew was in force until 3.30 at that time.

I saw most of our G.H.Q. staff at that ceili; Mick Collins, Gearoid O'Sullivan, Dick Mulcahy and others. G.H.Q. may have attended this function for the sake of morale and regarded it as being perfectly safe because many of the "G" Division had been wiped out.

There was a jingle or ballad sung by the Volunteers during that period. It was to the air of "Pop goes the Weazel' but the final line as the Volunteers sang it was "Pop goes the Peeler". This rhyme or ballad expresses adequately a phase when the Volunteers had the initiative, in which they were ruthless, and which was a development from the romanticists of 1916.

I told Mick Collins at that ceili that I had just come from the south and that I had dispatches, and he told me to see the Adjutant General, Gearoid O'Sullivan, who ordered me to report to Suffolk Street on the following day.

I know that I handed over my dispatches the following day but I cannot remember now whether I saw Gearoid O'Sullivan or not, but I doubt if I would have made much of an impression on him because I was a private Volunteer and he was the Adjutant General.

Some two or three days, or maybe a week later, General Lucas escaped from custody of the Volunteers. I decided to go to London, because I did not wish to be questioned by G.H.Q. now. I also reflected that Liam Lynch, who had captured Lucas with a view to protecting the Lord Mayor of Cork, would be very angry. After spending nine or ten days in London, I returned to Dublin, and en route conversed with two British soldiers who were proceeding to Holyhead. One of

the soldiers was in considerable fear; there was almost a sense of awe in his regard for Sinn Feiners. The other soldier told me that he was a batman or officer's servant to a General whose name I cannot remember. He told me that before going on leave he had been brought from his billet - I cannot remember the name of the barracks now - to the barrack gate where a man was clamouring for admission. This man was General Lucas, he said, and he was in rags. Lucas had been ambushed and told them that he had escaped by leaving his room, stepping over a sleeping sentry outside his door, going down the stairs and leaving the room in his stocking feet He said that he had been picked up on the road by a Post Office van which was escorted by two or more soldiers; that the van had been attacked; that General Lucas had got a small wound across the bridge of the nose; that one of the soldiers was shot through the head and his brains were inside his tin hat; that the escort was on the point of surrender when General Lucas picked up the dead man's rifle and opened fire on the I.R.A. attackers; that the attackers withdrew and that Lucas then came on to the barracks where this soldier met him. He also told me that Lucas packed up the clothes which he had been wearing, a sports coat and pants, and told him to post them to an address in Cork city. During the detention of Lucas by the Volunteers there was some definite house in Cork city to which communications were addressed and were subsequently delivered to him. It was to this address he had the parcel dispatched, containing some garments we had provided him with. Inside the package he left a note addressed to the Sinn Feiners or to the I.R.A., I do not know which, the note said: "With General Lucas's compliments".

CONTACTS IN LONDON FOR THE SUPPLY OF ARMS.

During the short period I was in London I met two men who were endeavouring to procure arms for export to the Volunteers.

I do not know if they had a regular system of dispatch. One of these men was Edmond Browne, the other - his brother - Robert Browne. They lived in Islington, London. Robert informed me that he could buy very large quantities of .303 ammunition; actually they were offered to him at 10/- per case. I saw the person that E. Browne was in contact with; he was a South African or an Australian and had the disposal of some of the British surplus war equipment. I had no means of buying stuff in such bulk or of transporting it to Ireland. I assumed, however, that Browne was in contact with G.H.Q., but even at that date I had little faith that he would purchase that material, because he told me that he had already purchased arms and ammunition out of his own pocket to the full capacity; he was a working man.

Shortly after returning to Dublin I saw Sean Finn, one of the Limerick Brigadiers. I told him of the ammunition and equipment in London. Finn asked me to make some effort to acquire some of that material. he said that the Limerick people had subscribed £2,000 which they had given to the Volunteers. I understand from what Finn said that they had levied the rates to acquire this sum of money. The money was in Finn's possession.

Whilst I was operating with the Limerick Volunteers I frequently had very large sums of paper money in my hip pocket, as had all the others, but we had no opportunity or desire to spend that money because it was usual for the people of Limerick to provide us with all our wants. Sean Finn paid his party one pound per week.

Sean Finn offered me any quantity of this money that I wanted, and asked me to try and do something to improve the military equipment of the Limerick Brigade. I took from him £60 and returned to London a week or so later. When I reached London I was informed by Edmond Browne that,

for some reason, the man who was selling the surplus ammunition had become nervous and had disposed of it elsewhere. Fortunately, before leaving for Dublin, I had told a Cork Volunteer that this man, the South African, had two machine guns. The Corkman, as appeared to be characteristic of Cork people, got on the job at once and secured one of the machine guns, which, I believe, he exported from Liverpool. I had little success in procuring arms; I may have got one or two revolvers.

I returned to Dublin. I had spent a good deal of the money that I had taken with me, and I was somewhat ashamed that I had produced so little. I wrote to Garrett MacAuliffe and told him that, so far, I had done little. I went to work in Dublin with a view to supplementing what I had left - about £30 - proposing to return to London when I had saved sufficient money to bring my funds at least up to the original amount of money giben me by Sean Finn.

During this period in Dublin I worked with Thomas Dockrell and Son. I was not called upon for any Volunteer activity. My mind was definitely full of the urgent need for arms.

PLAN TO PENETRATE HEADQUARTERS OF THE AUXILIARIES.

On one occasion, less than a week after the Mount St. shootings, I went into Beggars Bush Barracks. I knocked on the door and asked to see the engineer-in-charge. I assumed there would be an engineer. I was taken to a Sergeant-Major Dominie. I proposed to him that he install in Beggars Bush and in other barracks in Ireland an independent lighting plant, my object being to recruit Volunteers for such work, with a view to penetrating the Auxiliaries. Sergeant-Major Dominie was taken by my suggestion, I having told him that the "Shinners" were

capable of putting the town in darkness. He asked me to see him very early, I would say about eight o'clock, the following morning.

I went to Beggars Bush Barracks at 8 o'clock next morning. It was a foggy morning. Two men preceded me to the gates; they were Tans in mufti. I was admitted to the guard-room of Beggars Bush. I realised while waiting in the guardroom that many of the Tans were on the point of hysteria, for all the time they kept fiddling with their guns.

Eventually I demanded to see Sergeant Major Dominie and was escorted to what was afterwards the orderly room of the National Army. I had an interview with Sgt.Mjr. Dominie on the first floor of that building. I submitted an engineering plan of quantities, i.e., engines, dynamoes, etc. He told me he would communicate with me later. For references I told him to ring up Thomas Dockrell immediately, whom I told him I knew personally. This was drawing the long bow.

On coming down the stairs after leaving Sgt.Mjr.Dominie, I was preceded by my Auxiliary escort, and I took a chance and opened a door on the right-hand side. This room would have been the orderly room. Major General Crozier, I assumed, for he looked like him and was bedecked with ribbons, was sitting at a table. There were a number of female typists. My sudden appearance in civilian dress caused what I can only describe as a small panic in that room. One of the Tans angrily pulled me from the open door, and then, having left the building, he said to me: "You got into this place; now you can b..... well get out".

I crossed the square towards the gate alone. Seamus McNamara, who had been arrested for the Mount St. shootings, saw me. He was under escort, but we pretended not to recognise each other.

I succeeded in leaving Beggars Bush Barracks by a ruse. The guard on the gate, who, I assumed, was an English public school boy, said to me: "Whither goest thou?" I answered in what I thought was an Oxford accent: "We would have said 'Quo Vadis'". He opened the door for me, held out his hand and said: "Vale". That was the sum total of my Latin.

It was obvious from my small inspection of Beggars Bush Barracks that another turn of the screw would have broken the morale of the Auxiliaries.

Inside the barracks I had seen a man dressed in the uniform of the Flying Corps. I had watched this man in town; he was obviously doing Intelligence. I passed the word on to headquarters.

Nothing arose out of my approach to gain admission to the headquarters of the Auxiliaries. This attempt was comparatively safe for me. The Auxiliaries in Ireland were always most careful to conceal their excesses from the English people.

TRAINING IN THE USE OF EXPLOSIVES.

I lived in a house exactly opposite Liam Lynch's house, where Collins was frequently harboured. The name of the house was Walter House. The house where I lived was No. 109 Richmond Road. During the period from 1919 to 1921 I would say there were always at least half a dozen Volunteers living in my house. At no time during the whole period were we raided.

Richard Walsh of Balla, Co. Mayo, brought many of his officers to the house where I lived. I instructed them in the elementary use of explosives. My knowledge was very elementary. I used and demonstrated only with batteries, that is, accumulators. I had not the necessary technical

knowledge to make exploders, and I believe at that period we lacked technical knowledge from those who were competent to give instructions. In retrospect I dread to think of the possible consequence of my ignorance.

RAID ON LORD FRENCH'S MAIL.

During this period a raid was made on Lord French's mail in the Rotunda sorting office. In his personal mail was found a copy of Mitchel's Jail Journal. This came into my possession. During that raid a large number of samples of jewellery was found. I was told, and I believe it to be true, that this jewellery was subsequently destroyed on instructions from G.H.Q. It was taken from the mail coming from London.

During the period I speak of, from approximately August 1920 to February 1921, an unofficial raid was carried out on a post office or a post office savings bank - I do not know the exact place. Two men carried out this raid. One of them I knew to be in want, he was unemployed and actually lacked food. It would have been extremely awkward for Volunteer G.H.Q. to carry out adequate punishment. This man and his accessory escaped from Ireland.

I wish to point out how G.H.Q. endeavoured to restrain such excesses. On one occasion a senior officer of the Volunteers, having raided a post office, used some of the proceeds, that is to say, money, to equip his brigade. I know that this officer lacked equipment for his Brigade. He was immediately suspended and, I assume, subsequently courtmartialled.

As an illustration of what one might consider fantastic moral discipline, I know for a fact that a Volunteer was given what to him was a normal duty - to carry out an execution. On being briefed for the task he was informed of the name of the person to be executed and he suddenly

declined to carry out the duty, because he said that the person whom he was ordered to execute had once struck him. He said that if he carried out such a duty he might have a private animus, and that, to his mind, could constitute murder. The Volunteer's explanation was taken as being quite rational and another Volunteer was detailed for the duty.

HARRY WALPOLE INCIDENT.

Some time prior to the Mount St. shootings an attempt to contact the British government was made by a Volunteer, Harry Walpole. I believe that Walpole was worked upon and influenced by some of the medical profession who were appalled by the ambushes and their effect, principally on pregnant women. Through Walpole's agency contacts were made with, I believe, Sir Brian McMahon. A Dr. Coffey, who was a bacteriologist in Earlsfort Terrace, was one of the intermediaries. Harry Walpol informed me that discussions were held, that full fiscal autonomy for Ireland was mentioned, that a representative of England had come over and had made proposals to Sir Brian McMahon and/or Dr. Coffey, and that a possible plan for settlement could be offered. Walpole told me that he approache Arthur Griffith and put this proposal before him. He said to Griffith during the conversation: "But, Mr. Griffith, you would be first President of ....." (I do not know the precise nam he used for the form of government). Griffith called Walpole an impudent pup and ordered him to retire. The purpose of telling this incident is to illustrate that at no time was Harr Walpole threatened or put under any restraint by Volunteer G.H. Considering that the I.R.B. to some extent dominated G.H.Q. the would appear to have had remarkable forbearance.

TRANSPORT OF ARMS TO DUBLIN AND JEWELLERY INCIDENT.

Some time in February 1921, Richard Walsh asked me to go with him to London with a view to purchasing arms for the Mayo

Brigades. I told him that I had a limited job to do for the Mid-Limerick Brigade, but that I would go with him and when I had done my limited job I would give him all the assistance I could in the procurement of arms in England. I told Walsh that it was likely to prove very expensive and that I personall had no intention of seeking or handling large sums of money for this purpose. I achieved my limited purpose, that is, I spent any money that I had and secured six weapons, automatics and revolvers, and some ammunition. This was not done independently, but was probably part of a purchase that Walsh and I had mutually made; in fact, I cannot remember at the moment whether I actually owed him the money for those weapons.

Our main source of contact for the procurement of arms in London was Edmond Browne, who was a relative of mine through marriage. Walsh secured some arms through this source, but when we came to transport them to Ireland we encountered some difficulty. The person who was presumed to be an authority on the means of transport - ships - was Ned Golding. We were informed by him that the route was closed, and that if we dispatched these arms we would do so without his permission.

Jack Sherlock was a bo'sn on a ship of the Lady Line. He was quite willing to take aboard arms, stow them away and brin them to Ireland. Living adjacent to the docks was a stevedore named Mahoney, a grandson of an Irishman who left Ireland during the Famine. He was willing to take care of and place such arms aboard boats travelling from London to Dublin. With the assistance of these two men and notwithstanding Golding's dissent, Walsh and I succeeded in getting some arms transporte to Dublin. The stevedore, Mahoney, took me on as a dock labourer and I was thus able to see the possibilities of getti arms on the boats. In securing this job I had some hopes of discovering if it were possible to export large quantities of

arms to Ireland. I saw this could be done because Jacob's large biscuit crates were hoisted aboard the boat and, as far as I know, they were not inspected. I know this to be so because I made one journey in one of the Lady boats with Jack Sherlock. En route to Ireland we touched at four or five ports on the English and Welsh coastlines. We had some arms aboard, and of necessity had to shift them to various places in the hold of the boat during our journey. It seemed remarkable to me that Jack Sherlock did this job for a considerable period, perhaps 18 months, moving small cargoes of arms to different places on the boat. The boat was inspected at every port and never once, so far as I know, did he lose a weapon.

At no time was the import of arms through the London channel anything but a trickle.

On the fringe of the revolutionary movement there was a large element of "theatrical" people and, to my mind, there was a questionable element at work.

On one occasion I was shown a quantity of jewellery. I was informed that there was perhaps 20 or 30 times such a quantity in London. The sample I was shown filled a Primrose 50-cigarette box. I was informed by the person who showed it to me that this jewellery had been sent to London from Dublin for disposal. I thought this matter fishy. I knew that one of the people in London was related to one of the raiding party where Lord French's mail was captured, and I assumed that this jewellery was the proceeds of that raid. I immediately notified Michael Collins. Michael Collins wrote back to me and told me to inquire into the matter with Sean McGrath, who was at that time a member of the Self-Determination Committee. I did not take the person who possessed this jewellery to Sean McGrath, but ordered him, on the authority which I had received from Michael Collins,

to explain his possession of the jewellery to McGrath. I knew this man's brother and I did not wish to have any further ill-knowledge of a comrade. I took no further interest in the matter, but Michael Collins in his letter implied that such goods should have been utterly destroyed.

There seemed to be some jealousy amongst some of the men associated with the Volunteer movement in London, and I assume that was the reason we were deterred from using the available boats to transport arms. The Edmond Browne to whom I referred was an ex-soldier who had been only recently discharged from the British Army. He and his brother, Robert Browne, were only newcomers to the Volunteer movement, but the two of them, particularly Edmond, were zealous and enterprising, and they used their own money for the purchase of arms. They made the most worth-while contacts for the purchase of arms. I assume that hostility to these men arose because of their efficiency and because they were, relatively newcomers to the revolutionary movement.

Richard Walsh and I went into nearly every town in the North of England seeking arms. We picked them up in ones and twos. Irish countrymen in England were friendly to us when they knew our purpose. Richard Walsh carried very large sums of money, perhaps £400 or £500, on these trips and he was never molested, although in Sheffield we, at one time, rubbed shoulders of necessity with a criminal ring. I assume that the fear which the Irishmen, by their obvious respect for Walsh, aroused, was the reason why Walsh walked about in security.

From that period until the Truce we did little else but pick up a few arms here and there. We were well aware at that stage that the Volunteers in Dublin were said to be cutting down .303 cartridges.

Richard Walsh dispatched a fair cargo of arms via the

Liverpool route; it would have weighed about 2 cwts. Another cargo he dispatched through the London route per Jack Sherlock reached Dublin. Walsh had arranged that the cargo which he had sent to Dublin would be picked up by two ladies who would arrive at the dump with a hackney car, but by some misunderstanding, the person responsible for taking the arms from the dump failed to keep his appointment and our G.H.Q. seized Walsh's hard-got arms. I did not consider them lost from my point of view, because I did not care who in Ireland, except the enemy, got possession of these arms.

When the Truce was declared I returned to Dublin and went to work. Later I delivered my collection to Garrett McAuliffe of Newcastlewest. For the £60 which I had been given, I delivered only six weapons, revolvers and automatics and some ammunition.

Signed: A-G. Good

Date: 19/5/50

Witness: W Irony Comdt.