

ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21

BURO STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21

No. W.S. 516

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COSANTA.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 516.....

Witness

John J. Quilty,
Cappagh,
Kilrush,
Co. Clare.

Identity.

Member of Irish Volunteers, Limerick, 1913 - ;
Owner of car "Brisco" which went over Ballykissane
Pier, Good Friday 1916.

Subject.

- (a) National activities 1913-1921;
- (b) Car accident resulting in drowning
of three Volunteers at Ballykissane
Pier, Good Friday 1916.
- (c) Escape of Monteith after landing at
Banna, Good Friday 1916.
Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil

File No. S.1612.....

Form B.S.M. 2

ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21

BURO STAIRE MILEATA 1913-21

No. W.S. 516

STATEMENT BY JOHN J. QUILTY,

Cappagh, Kilrush, County Clare.

I was born in Limerick on 4th June, 1884. My father was, I understand, at that time the goods manager of the old Waterford-Limerick railway. Subsequently he became a partner in the firm of Quilty & Payne, which preceded the firm of John Wallis & Sons, railway carriers, and to which firm, I understand from my mother, our business was afterwards sold. My father was intensely national in his outlook; he was one of the old '67 men.

I began my early education at the Christian Brothers Schools in Sexton Street, Limerick, later transferring to the Jesuit Crescent College, Limerick, where I spent the last five years of my educational life.

I naturally imbibed at home a very clear concept of Irish national aspirations, which my father insisted upon instilling into me. At the Christian Brothers this was further developed, and at the Jesuit College my recollection is that Father Kirwan did a lot to continue the shaping of my national outlook. Therefore, when the Volunteers were formed or inaugurated in Limerick by Sir Roger Casement in 1913, I think I was one of the first to join the Battalion. When the Redmondite split occurred I took the side of the Irish Volunteers, throwing the Redmond coterie overboard, and I continued my connection with the Irish Volunteers, which subsequently became known as the I.R.A., until 1921.

In the early part of 1916 preparations were well afoot for the Rising, as everybody now knows. I have a distinct recollection of attending a meeting which was addressed by

P. H. Pearse in St. Ita's Hall, Thomas Street, Limerick. Sitting on the platform with Pearse it has become indelibly written on my memory that on that occasion he dilated on the necessity of the Volunteers realising that it was not playing soldiers they were, but that the organisation meant business and that the time was approaching when action would have to be taken. I have a recollection that on that occasion he stressed that point, and also he advised those who thought otherwise and who were not satisfied that the ultimate aim of the Volunteers was to go into action, that they had better leave the Volunteers now.

My recollection of my position with the Volunteer movement in the period 1916 and leading up to it was something as follows; - while I did not hold any official appointment I did attend Executive meetings and I had the confidence of the Limerick Executive, particularly of Seoirse Clancy and Commandant Jim Ledden. My advice was sought on many occasions on matters concerning the movement and the advancement of it, and for that reason I was selected to drive my car to Killarney on Good Friday, 1916, in order to engage in the action connected with the landing of arms from Germany, ex the s.s. "Aud".

It unfortunately transpired that a few days before Good Friday, 1916, a domestic circumstance arose which made it impossible for me to go on the trip to Killarney, but, in company with Comdt. Ledden, I succeeded in getting Samuel Windrim - who at that time was engaged as a munitions worker in J.P. Evans & Co., Thomas Street, Limerick - to drive my car instead. I was able to vouch for the loyalty and integrity of Windrim, and circumstances justified my selection. I called at the works and explained that I wanted Sam to go on a Volunteer job at once. Windrim said, "What about my job?" and I replied,

"Your job will have to go by the board". He said, "Allright", and I said, "You have got to come over with me to Tommy McInerney's garage, where instructions will be given to you", and he walked across the street to that garage. Here Ledden, McInerney and I, in an upstairs office, had the oath of secrecy administered to Windrim. I have a recollection that Ledden enjoined on him that the job was a difficult one, might prove dangerous, and that, above all, the utmost secrecy would have to be kept in connection with any movement on that particular occasion. To this Windrim was quite agreeable. I interjected, after the oath had been given to him but before instructions had been given, that he might in fact engage in such an enterprise that night that it might have fatal consequences. I pointed out to him that he might receive orders which might eventuate in the loss of his own life, and I asked him, before any further instructions were given to him, to say whether he was still willing to proceed. The reply he made was "Yes, I am quite satisfied, and no matter what happens it can be said that I did something besides following the band".

This part of the business having been disposed of, I arranged that Tommy McInerney and Sam Windrim would be at my house, ^{WESTON} ~~Western~~ Cottage, Rossbrien, around two o'clock that afternoon, when I would hand over my car to them. At 2.15 they arrived at my home and the car was ready for them.

I should say here that it was arranged that Sam Windrim should drive my car, which was a new 20 H.P. Briscoe American open touring car, and it was to him that I gave the car. However, Tommy McInerney, being the senior Volunteer of the two drivers was therefore in charge once they set out and was in the position to give Windrim any orders which he thought necessary en route. The result

was that when they had proceeded a few miles on the journey McInerney changed cars, giving his Maxwell to Windrim to drive while he took my Briscoe.

Before leaving my house I had to make Windrim and McInerney conversant with the sign and password by which they would be recognised at Killarney station, where they were to pick up five Volunteers from Dublin. The password in question and the sign were as follows;- The Volunteers, on recognising Windrim and McInerney by a fist of grass which either one or the other of them was to hold, would ask the question, "Are you from Michael?", to which McInerney and Windrim would reply, "Yes. Who are you? Are you from William?"

The cars safely arrived at Killarney station and awaited the arrival of the five Volunteers. The sign and passwords being duly used, the Dublin Volunteers took their positions in the two cars as follows. McInerney, in my Briscoe, took Sheehan, Monaghan and Keating, and Windrim took a Volunteer named Daly. The name of the fifth Volunteer who accompanied Daly in Windrim's car I cannot remember.

They proceeded from Killarney to Cahirciveen, the intention being to destroy or dismantle the trans-Atlantic cable station there. En route McInerney who was not sure of his road from Killorglin to Cahirciveen, and, approaching the bridge over the Laune, he stopped and enquired the way from a young girl on the roadside. She gave him the direction, "First turn to your right". McInerney followed this direction but unfortunately it turned out to be a cul-de-sac leading to Ballykissane Pier, on to which he drove. It was dark at the time, and realising too late that he was at the approaches to the river, he could not stop the car which went right over into the water.

I have no knowledge, nor had McInerney, of what became of Sheehan or Monaghan, but Tommy McInerney told me himself that when they were precipitated into the water Keating and he swam together for quite a while, shouting for help, until a light appeared on the shore, towards which they swam. Unfortunately Keating suddenly sank, with the prayer, "Jesus, Mary and Joseph", and McInerney made the shore alone, to be helped by, I think, a school-teacher named Begley. On that latter point I am not quite sure.

McInerney reported the matter of the accident to the local police in Killorglin, who supplied him with a policeman's uniform to wear while his wet clothes were being dried. While in the custody of the police in Killorglin he was severely questioned with regard to his passengers. He disclaimed any knowledge of their identity, and stated that he had been hired by them to drive them to Cahirciveen, and that that he was doing when the accident occurred. In this he persisted to the end, adding another piece of information for police consumption, namely, that he intended calling on some potential buyer of his Maxwell car, which was being driven by Windrim, at Killarney. This particular circumstance had an extraordinary aftermath, in that when I was questioned by the police in Limerick as to why I gave my car to McInerney, and why he had two cars in Killarney, I fell back on the statement that McInerney had made to me some time before, - that he might have a buyer for his car in Killarney so I said that I understood McInerney was selling his car to somebody, who I thought was a Captain Jameson, in Killarney.

Meantime, the first car containing Daly with Windrim driving, got through Killorglin all right and waited a considerable distance outside Killorglin for McInerney to arrive in my car. They were perturbed when he was not putting in an appearance, and eventually they decided that

it would not be safe to stay there much longer. They also decided that, as something seemingly had happened to McInerney and his companions, the attempt on the station at Cahirciveen would be useless, and the enterprise was abandoned.

Windrim got his men away - I believe they travelled to Dublin by train - and he made for Limerick by road with the Maxwell, calling at my house in the early part of Saturday morning. I detained him in my house until almost eleven o'clock that night, instructing him in what he was to say to the authorities, who I knew were bound to pick him up. We spent practically the whole day going over and over again the story which he should stick to.

Windrim was arrested after leaving my house at eleven o'clock that night. I was made aware of this circumstance on Sunday morning, I think, by Hugh O'Brien Moran, solicitor, who had been instructed by Windrim's mother to visit him in Limerick jail. Moran conveyed the message to me from Windrim that he would stick to what I had told him to the end, and that "mum" was the word. This he certainly did.

Adverting to the matter of the enterprise in Kerry and the landing of arms ex the German s.s. "Aud", there was a tale prevalent in Volunteer circles at the time that if the cable station had been dismantled as arranged my car was to have proceeded to Tralee where it was believed Roger Casement would then be in hiding, that he was to have proceeded from Tralee on that Good Friday night to Limerick, where he was to have stayed in John Daly's in Barrington Street. In fact, it was commonly believed that a supper awaited him there. I have a kind of a recollection that this information was given to me by Comdt. James Ledden, but not previous to the proposed trip to Kerry.

I have a distinct recollection of discussing with Ledden and Seoirse Clancy the disposition of the rifles and other arms that were to come off the "Aud" at Fenit, and I understood that something like the following was to have taken place:- The Volunteers in Kerry under Stack and Con Collins were to load the arms on a goods train which was already fixed up to do the job by Joe McGee, who was the station-master in Abbeyfeale. Joe was an old Limerick Volunteer and had been a member of the 1st Battalion. He had arranged with a driver, a fireman and some other officials of the railway to have this train in readiness to transport the rifles, as far as I can now remember, from Tralee to some point near Limerick. Here the Limerick Volunteers marching from Killonan on Easter Monday would pick them up, arm the Volunteers in Limerick City and County, and hand the residue over to the Barretts or the Brennans in Clare. The latter in turn would give a certain residue to somebody, possibly Mellows, in County Galway, to where they would convoy that particular lot of rifles.

I had, for some months prior to Easter Week 1916, been entrusted by the Volunteer Executive with the safe keeping of 2,000 rounds of .303 ammunition. These I kept in my house, Western Cottage, Rossbrien, together with 23 rifles, the property of individual Volunteers. On Holy Thursday night, 1916, Alphonsus Kivlehan and James Hennessy of Limerick came to my house some time about eleven o'clock in a horse and trap and relieved me of the 2,000 rounds of ammunition. The 23 rifles I still held, and these were collected from me by the individual owners at intervals up to three o'clock in the morning of Easter Sunday.

Casement's landing at Banna Strand and the subsequent police activity to connect Volunteers with that incident

is now a matter of history. My car, the arrival of the "Aud", the death of the three Volunteers and all the surrounding circumstances were immediately identified by the authorities as having a prime connection with Casement's landing. Very close enquiries were immediately instituted in order to effect arrests or to connect the personnel of the Executive in Limerick, including myself, with the Kerry arms landing and the landing of Casement.

I had changed the number plate on my car on Good Friday, 1916, from T.I.174 to read I.K.174, and I was perfectly satisfied that when the car would be salvaged or taken out of the River Laune the real numbers would show up, and they did. This gave the police a clue to the ownership, and I was immediately visited by Detective Sergeant Walsh and Detective O'Mahoney for the purpose of eliciting information as to how my car got to Kerry. Anticipating such a move, I had mapped out the course which I intended to take in connection with investigations. I informed the police detectives that I had lent my car to Tommy McInerney, who was a close personal friend of mine, for the purpose of proceeding to Killarney with his Maxwell car which he was trying to sell to somebody, who I thought was Captain Jameson, residing somewhere in the Killarney area. I told them that McInerney was anxious to go down with his car for inspection. If it was bought he would leave it there and would have the other car to return home that evening. This was why he borrowed my car. The police made every effort to get me to admit that I knew that this car of mine had been taken to Killorglin or Killarney by McInerney on a Volunteer job. I completely denied that such was the case, and stated further that I felt that McInerney had no connection whatever with any Volunteer movement. After a considerable cross-examination my statement was written down and duly signed, embodying these

facts, the police then left me, but before doing so I was pulled over the coals very severely by Detective O'Mahoney as to why I had not reported the loss of my car, and why I had not tried to ascertain its whereabouts or to elicit information on this point from the McInerney family, which I told him I had intended to do. I told him that I actually had made all the enquiries I could, going to the nearest authoritative source, namely, Sir Anthony Weldon, the commander of the forces, whose barracks was situated only one hundred yards from my house. Weldon had promised to find out for me if it was. I never heard from him, but the incident of my call on Weldon enabled me to negative the force of the detective's charge that I had made no attempt to inform the authorities of the loss of my car.

I was arrested by the same two detectives on some day during the following week, taken to William Street barracks, kept there overnight and the greater portion of the following day and then released, having made exhaustive statements of a similar character to what I had already made at my home, and which I have already outlined. Two days later I was again arrested and, as far as I can remember, kept for one full day and released again. I was arrested on a third occasion some days afterwards, confined to a room upstairs, put through the third degree, made a statement read it and refused to sign it because it did not contain what I had dictated. The police tried to force me to sign, and I refused. Subsequently, after one of them catching me by the coat and shaking me very severely, I was brought down to the officer, the County Inspector, whose name was Yates I think. He cross-examined me on the trouble and I told him what it was, pointing out the particular sentences to which I had objection. I must say that he immediately crossed out with red ink the sentence to which I objected. I initialled a correction

which I made and inserted the information in the way which I required it.

I had no further visits from the police, but I was kept under strict surveillance for a long time. I could not travel anywhere without my movements being watched, but they found it very difficult to track me because of the fact that I had not to buy a ticket at the railway station which set out my destination, being the owner of a first-class all-stations pass all over Ireland.

After about a fortnight, I think, I approached Hugh O'Brien Moran, solicitor, and asked him to apply to the authorities for the return of my car, which was held by them in Killorglin. The reply he received was a refusal, setting out the fact that it was being held in the event of criminal prosecution arising. Moran made subsequent attempts to get me back the car, and finally succeeded, I think some few months after the occurrence.

When leave was ultimately given that the car should be handed back to me, I proceeded to Killorglin by car to take possession of the Briscoe and to tow it home. When I got to Killorglin the police sergeant there asked me to make a statement which I refused to do, pointing out that I was there with a specific order to get my property, and that I insisted upon getting it. He came with me to the shop of a hardware merchant named Stevens who did business in Killorglin at the time and in whose yard the police were holding my car. He had a private confab with Stevens at the end of the counter, and then both of them came to me and said they could not give me my car unless I paid £20 salvage to Stevens. I refused pointblank to do this and defied them leaving the shop to proceed to take my car forcibly from the yard, but before I had time to clear the yard in question the police arrived with a big posse of locals carrying pitchforks and sticks. These men

took the tow-rope off the car and ultimately had to pay the £20 in order to get possession. Having thus got possession I towed the car over the mountains that night from Killorglin to Limerick.

In connection with the landing of Casement and Monteith from the German submarine at Banna Strand the arrest of Casement is now a matter of history, but less, perhaps, is known of how Monteith escaped. Monteith had previous to his departure to Germany been chief instructor, and I might almost say, acting commander of the Limerick Brigade. When Casement was arrested at Banna and brought to Tralee barracks, Monteith was not found by the police, and he subsequently made his way from Tralee to Limerick, where he was hidden in the home of Mr. Batt Laffan of Killonan, which is situated four to five miles outside the city. I should like to say that Batt Laffan was an extensive farmer, his farm covering on 250 to 300 acres as far as I know, and from the very inception of the Volunteer movement he did not hesitate to openly take sides with the separatist party. His home and his farm was at all times open to the Volunteers, in fact the Limerick Volunteers used his farms as their usual camping ground. He was a personal friend of all the Volunteer officers and of a good number of the Volunteer rank and file, but he had a personal friendship of fairly long standing with Captain Robert Monteith. When Monteith was taken to his home to avoid arrest after his landing off the submarine, he had to be hidden in the house and kept there without the knowledge of Batt Laffan's staff. This was done although under great difficulties, and Laffan accompanied Monteith in the dark of the night to take walking exercise outside on the farm.

Monteith had been there some time awaiting the opportunity to make a journey to Liverpool where he would

be placed in the good hands of Peter Murphy of Scotland Road, who would see him through on one of the liners to America. During his period of waiting he and Laffan were up one night in the dining-room talking over things in general after the whole household had retired to bed, when, to the consternation of both, the house was surrounded by about fifty police, including inspectors, sergeants and the rank and file drawn from Pallas and Limerick. Monteith, knowing that his life was at stake and that certain hanging awaited him if captured, grabbed I think a "Peter the Painter" which he had, and was prepared to sell his life dearly and go down fighting rather than be taken alive. Laffan kept his head and was much cooler. He took the pistol from Monteith and hid it in a recess under the dining-room table. He told him to go up a ladder which led to a loft bedroom that was occupied by his manservant, who knew Monteith very well but who did not know that he was residing in the house, as I have already said. Monteith following Laffan's instructions, rushed into the room and said to the old man, "I'm Monteith. The police are below". The old man said, "Get under the bed", and Monteith got under the bed.

In due course, having searched the remainder of the house downstairs, a constable, accompanied by a sergeant who stood at the bottom of the ladder, proceeded to climb the ladder. He had three matches. He lit one match when he got to the top of the ladder, on his entry into the loft or bedroom which very quickly went out. He was met by a volley of oaths from Laffan's servant man, I think his name was Mick but I am not sure. The constable was cursed off the face of the earth for disturbing him at that hour of night. Mick's acting on the entry of the R. I. C. men into his bedroom was worthy of Sir Frank Benson in the Shakespearean sphere.

The constable lit the second match and had a look round the room, but the second match went out very quickly. He then used the third match, getting down on his knees to look under the bed, and just at the psychological moment when he was looking under the bed the third match burned itself out, Monteith being all the time under the bed. The constable then, with the stick which he had in his hand, started to poke under the bed, and poked some object which he could not see. He asked Mick, "What is under your bed?" Old Mick started a fresh stream of vituperation, and becoming sarcastic told him there was a cow under the bed and that the best thing he could do was to go in and pull it out and milk it, or something to that effect, that he had no right to be up there at all, and so on and so on. I cannot use the language which was used on that occasion. Anyway, at that particular point, the sergeant, who was listening to all that was going on in the bedroom and who was standing on the ladder midway between the floor and room, shouted, "Come down. There's nothing there". Acting on the instructions of his superior officer, ~~I suppose~~, the constable left the room and proceeded down the ladder, and so Monteith escaped certain death.

After the 1916 Rising and when the reorganisation of the Volunteer movement took place, I continued to ally myself with the Irish Volunteers, and helped in every possible way to bring the physical force movement into practical being. In the early part of the campaign when Volunteers were being arrested and tried for individual incidents, such as the disarming of police, and subsequently put into jail, Father Hennessy, Jim Ledden, myself and a few others inaugurated what was called a Prisoners of War Fund, of which I became chairman. This fund was dispensed to the wives and families of Volunteers in jail, and obviated a very considerable distress.

In connection with this fund, I would like to pay tribute to the generosity of two people in Limerick, namely, the late Mr. William South of the Crescent Bar, Limerick, and the present Stephen O'Mara, bacon curer.

Subsequently the committee dwindled to two members, namely, Father Hennessy and myself, and each week we had to make personal calls on people to make up sometimes from £25 to £30 a week in order to meet the outgoings. I will say this, although I do not want to say it, that eventually when deficits of £6 and £7 occurred per week, Stephen O'Mara and I alternately made them up.

I had certain physical connection with a few incidents in the Tan war, and in one of them it was found necessary to abduct an R.I.C. sergeant who had attempted to arrest Dick Connell of Caherconlish. I drove the car some six or eight miles out of the village of Caherconlish with the police sergeant strenuously fighting in the back of it and being held and pummelled by Connell. We released him some six or eight miles from Caherconlish. For this incident two or three fellows who were recognised as participants were arrested in Caherconlish. I was not identified but was suspected. Eventually the other three fellows got terms of imprisonment. I succeeded in evading that. The circumstances of the incident referred to were well known to a Volunteer in Limerick city, named Jim Dalton. I mention this fact because this Volunteer was surprised under suspicious circumstances one night at ten o'clock coming out of Detective O'Mahoney's house in Ellen Street. He was accused, by two Volunteers who caught him, of entering the house and mixing with O'Mahoney for the purpose of giving Volunteer information. That, of course, he strenuously denied, but the atmosphere was charged against him in the city, and he laboured under an intense suspicion

from everybody, so much so that he was practically compelled to seek a Volunteer trial in order to have the matter clarified. He did this, and to the best of my recollection the judge who tried him on the charge which these men were making against him was Cahir Davitt. I think the secretary of the court on that occasion - I am not quite sure of this - was Paddy Sheehan, who used to be de Valera's secretary.

I was subpoenaed by the Dalton family to give evidence. I presume they were basing their action on the incident at Caherconlish, for which they knew I did not suffer, and which they also knew their brother was perfectly well aware of, that the fact that I was not arrested was a proof of his not being guilty of any such thing as spying.

In any case the trial was held overhead a bootshop named Herberts in O'Connell Street, opposite the Royal George Hotel.

I was cross-examined on the incident at Caherconlish. The fact that I was not arrested, and that Dalton knew the full circumstances and knew I was there, went to prove that he did not use this information, and, therefore, that he was not spying. I agreed with that thoroughly, but when I had given this conclusive evidence in his favour, unfortunately he stood up and asked leave of the court, over the head of his own counsel, to ask me a question. The question took the following form: "You know me, Mr. Quilty, for the last thirty years?" I replied that I did. "And do you know me to be a man who can be trusted implicitly?" I replied that I preferred to confine my evidence to the specific count on which I had already given evidence, and that beyond that I did not think I should go.

The finding of the Court was that Dalton was not guilty of the charge of spying, but the court found that his action in entering the detective's house was highly indiscreet. Unfortunately this finding, of what was the only Republican court in existence, was not honoured by certain Volunteers, and poor Dalton was shot at his own door some time afterwards.

I should say that when the Irish Volunteers were first inaugurated as such after what we call the pig market split, that is after the time that Redmond attempted to superimpose his personality on the councils, or otherwise, of the Volunteer movement, a meeting of the entire Volunteers, known then as the National Volunteers, was held in the pig market in Limerick. The Volunteers were addressed by, among others, Jim Ledden. He stressed the details of the attempt of the Redmondite party to collar and manipulate the Irish Volunteer movement. He spoke against certain action, and he asked any Volunteers who disagreed with Redmond and who stood for Ireland, to stand out from the ranks. Of practically one thousand men present, only seventy-two answered his call. I was one of them.

Following the split, a subsequent cleavage took place in the ranks of the Irish Volunteers themselves. Certain Volunteers in Limerick - in Limerick only as far as I know - conceived the idea that the Volunteer Executive were not as active as they should be, that they were not going as far as they should in organising physical resistance to the British, and they broke away from the 1st Battalion and formed what we knew in Limerick as the 2nd Battalion. This Battalion was mothered to a great extent by a very great patriotic lady, Miss Madge Daly, but I am sorry to say that bad blood existed almost from the

beginning between the 1st and 2nd Battalions. Whisperings, underhand rumblings and all these things were taking place to blacken the character of the Executive of the 1st Battalion, and extreme dissatisfaction and extreme annoyance were being caused in Volunteer circles as a result. The Volunteers were attempting at that time to present a united front, being very few in numbers in the country, and I know that the 1st Battalion were very sad about the whole affair, and, as far as they could possibly do, did all in their power to keep private the desperate split that really did exist.

In connection with that particular split, I should mention that Dalton remained a member of the 1st Battalion, and it is common property that certain members of the 2nd Battalion were anxious to dishonour him, or attribute dishonour to the 1st Battalion, by saying all kinds of things about him, which I feel were not correct. I believe, and my belief was shared by Ledden and others, that the attempt and subsequent death of Jim Dalton was caused by certain members of the 2nd Battalion, who were suffering from a terrible hatred of the 1st and were anxious to put Dalton away in order to discredit the 1st Battalion.

The foregoing is a bald outline of some of the activities I was engaged in during the early portion of the Volunteer movement. After the reorganisation, from 1919 to 1921, I still continued my activity, and had for quite a period to go on the run, leaving my own house. Unfortunately I was arrested during one of my visits home and conveyed to Cork barracks by train.

On the night of this particular arrest the house was surrounded by some 25 of the Welsh Fusiliers in charge of a young subaltern, two sergeants of police and five policemen. I was in bed, as was the rest of the family.

Having dressed to allow these fellows to come in, the young officer met me in the hall and told me he had come to arrest me. I said, "Where is your warrant?" and he answered "I have no warrant, but you are being arrested" - under some section, I do not know what it is now, of the Defence of the Realm Act - "on a charge of being suspected or of having acted or being likely to act in a manner prejudicial to the public safety".

I asked leave to get a cup of tea. Our maids had, of course, got up when the commotion began, and tea was prepared for me and brought into my dining-room, into which the young officer came and sat at the table with me. I offered him tea, but he declined to partake of it.

When I got my bearings a bit I asked the officer, "Were you out in France?" He answered, "Yes". I said, "Is this what you have been fighting for?", and he replied, "I cannot discuss politics with you". I said, "This is not politics. This is a case where you come into a man's house in a civilised country. You have no document to maintain your right to do so. You arrest me and take me out from my family without any written authority whatever". He still declined to discuss the matter, and said he could not.

When I had my tea taken I said, "Very well, I am ready". When we got to the hall he said, "You know my name. I have instructions to handcuff you, but if you give me your word that you won't attempt to escape I won't do so". I said, "There is no necessity to ask me that question", and I pointed to the soldiers with fixed bayonets.

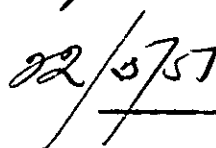
As serving to authenticate my personal association

with the incidents here related I might mention that
I am the holder of an Irish War of Independence Medal.

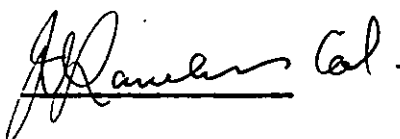
Signed:



Date:



Witness;



BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21
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No. W.S. 516