

W. S. 733
ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21
BURO STAIRE MILEATA 1913-21
No. W.S. 733

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BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 733

Witness

James O'Shea,
15 Joyce Road,
Drumcondra,
Dublin.

Identity.

Member of Irish Citizen Army, 1916;
Associate of Michael Mallin.

Subject.

- (a) National activities 1909-1921;
- (b) St. Stephen's Green area, Dublin,
Easter Week 1916.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil

File No. S. 590

Form B.S.M. 2

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STATEMENT BY JAMES O'SHEA.

15 Joyce Road, Drumcondra, Dublin.

I met Michael Mallon in 1909. He was starting a Boy Scout Movement in opposition to the Baden Powell Scouts. There were about 12 or 14 lads in it; he gave us instruction in scouting and signalling in a little shop he lived in near Little Green Street in Capel Street. He brought us out to the mountains for practice several Sundays, but it appears from what he told me there was a bigger movement in contemplation. He had been in touch and was immediately turned down by the powers as he was an ex-soldier. I forget the names but I think Madame Markievicz was one of them. He got a bad time when he spoke on scouting at its initial meeting from a guy who did not turn out in 1916.

As far as I remember I lost touch with him for some time, but during the Herald Newsboys strike I found they had a backer. At that time he had opened a newsagent's shop opposite where I lived in Meath Street. I did not know for some time that he lived opposite me. It was only when he prominently displayed the Irish Freedom and I went in to buy it, that I discovered who owned the shop. At this time there was a newsboys' strike and for the excitement of it I was out in it all the time. It was the first time I knew what the police could do and what a small organisation of lads could do to police. Very early on in the strike the police used all they had, fists, boots and batons and the poor lads were smashed wherever the police could get them, but the lads retaliated with interest after a couple of days due to some big lads organising. I was present at the smashing of two Herald motor vans in Liffey Street and I must say it was a great job, paving stones going through wind screens. The reason I bring in this is because I believe it was the first time Mike Mallon got up against the police. As I have already stated he had a shop in Meath Street. He had a lot of police customers and,

of course, they discussed openly in his shop what they had done and what they were prepared to do, to smash the newsboys. One evening a sergeant, a brute would be a respectable term to use in his case, openly stated what was going to be the outcome in a day or two and Mike attacked him, the Police and the Government and there was a great showdown in his shop. The consequence was that Mike's name was discussed in Newmarket Police barracks and police customers thereafter were few and far between. After this Mike used to discuss the possibilities of getting away to Argentine or some South American State. He said he would never be able to stick Ireland as she was at the time. He held this shop for about eighteen months and got broke due to 1913 strike in which he took part as Secretary of Weavers' Union. He was helped by J. Larkin but was afterwards attacked by him at a meeting in James Street. Mike tried to explain but Larkin would not have it. It appears it was a misunderstanding. There was a lot of it at the time of the strike.

At this time I was very little in touch with him as I was an organiser for Transport Union in Inchicore Works and was going through it as it was some job. There three of us, a man named Jack O'Neill, Paddy Byrne and myself, started organising unknown to one another. When we got going Emmet Hall was opened with a Secretary named Whitaker who is now a successful merchant in Capetown, South Africa.. The skipper was W. Partridge who was a great speaker and a great democrat. He was always in demand at meetings. His acceptance of Transport Union was curious. At the time Jim Larkin was regarded in some quarters as everything that was bad. The Trade Unions of Dublin were at that time the most conservative narrow-minded body in Dublin. Before Larkin came there was no organisation for labourers in Dublin. There were, of course, Unions but they were controlled by U.I.L. Ward Healers. Inchicore was worse; as well as being bad it was controlled by the

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"Tin Hut" , an organisation of Freemasons from St. Jude's Protestant Church. They controlled all promotion. There was a special job for an engineer in the Works. It was charge of gentlemen apprentices who were getting workshop experience after passing out from Trinity College. This always called for a special type of educated tradesmen and consequently caused jealousy of the worst type. The "Tin Hut" controlled it until by sheer ability Bill Partridge got the job and then it was hell for him, as I stated his acquaintance with Jim Larkin was curious. He went down to Beresford Place to a meeting to attack Jim Larkin whose extreme socialist policy he felt he could not support, but after a talk and a showdown Larkin showed the leaders of that time what was happening to labourers unorganised and otherwise. He showed them where tradesmen could not do without labourers and he could prove that tradesmen could be stopped from working by the power of Transport Union which he afterwards proved in fact by stopping the ports and carters bringing goods to scab firms. Bill gave his heart and soul to the workers of Dublin. I know as I was acquainted with his home and I know what his family suffered, but Bill always made very little of it as he used to point out examples of other families who were on strike during this time. Bill was always followed by police wherever he went but as far as I know was not interfered with. The lads of Inchicore were always with him excepting the rotten element. I remember during strike one Sunday after a short meeting the R.I.C. attacked the crowd but a lot of them got more than they gave. The R.I.C. and D.M.P. were stationed in Tram shed and Martin Murphy saw to it that they were always well supplied with fireworks in the shape of free whiskey, beer, etc. It was never necessary to tell them to use batons; as a matter of fact the more they used batons, fists, the more appreciation they got from Dublin Castle. At this

-x- A tin hut adjoining St. Jude's Church where meetings were held.

attack a very funny incident occurred; it happened like this: the R.I.C. attached and smashed heads, a lot of the lads got clear up the road towards Brassington's Mills and one hardy customer who worked in Works Sawmill got an R.I.C. man isolated and he was giving him all he had when another man who had disposed of his R.I.C. man was about to give him a hand. When the Saw Mills man gripped his R.I.C. man by the throat and said "go and get a bloody policeman of your own, I am about to finish this fellow". That day taught the drunken police not to get isolated, especially at Inchicore.

About four or five weeks afterwards I got, as a member of Strike Committee, notice that Jim Larkin would address a meeting at McCann's corner. I passed word around my crowd of foundry men, the rest of the crowd had also been warned for the meeting. At this time I was working on scrap bank which supplied the furnaces of the Foundry. It was the best day I spent on that hated bank as I had men coming from all over the works that day for handy bolts, pieces of iron bars, etc.

The meeting was held that evening and it was like a confraternity meeting; a double line of police kept the wind off us, but the sequel was not until next morning. As soon as the meeting was over every man thought that his present for the police was too heavy and dropped it where he stood, consequently the police remained behind and stared and were ordered to collect what was on the ground. It was brought up next morning to the Works in a handcart with an escort and a police superintendent who pointed out to manager that there was murder intended at last night's meeting and he had the proof in the handcart. The works manager said he could do nothing about it but it had a good effect afterwards as the police had a healthy regard for the Emmet Hall section. The end of the strike is history, but its

terrible effect on the morale of the men was terrible. There was resentment and seething rebellion everywhere; there was also plenty of cowardice. Its effect on the Works was terrible; after a while no man could openly give you his subscription and men would not go near the Union Hall as they were afraid to be seen.

About this time W. Partridge was in the Corporation as a T.C. and owing to his work there and because there was little doing he gave up his job in Emmet Hall and Mick Mallin took over. I was a regular visitor to Hall at the time and I heard of the change but did not know who was coming in Bill Partridge's place, so I got a big surprise when I again met Mike Mallin. At this time everything was at its lowest ebb. Jim Larkin was about to go to America and the Union only existed in Liberty Hall. We were then getting to hear a lot of Jim Connolly, but knew little of him. One evening I had a great talk with Mallin in the Hall. I remarked the terrible change, how lonely it was with no one coming in or out, but it did not shake Mike Mallin. ~~At this time everything was at its lowest ebb. Jim Larkin was about to go to America and the Union only existed in Liberty Hall. We were then getting to hear a lot of Jim Connolly, but knew little of him. One evening I had a great talk with Mallin in the Hall. I remarked the terrible change, how lonely it was with no one coming in or out, but it did not shake Mike Mallin.~~ He had plans go loer, but I could not see eye to eye with him as I knew the conditions that existed in the Works and it was not possible to organise for some time. He then asked what I thought of the Citizen Army and I said I had drilled with Captain White a couple of times. He said he would start a branch in the Hall and asked me if I would come along. I agreed, and we started with about 12 or 14; we drilled twice a week and often walked on a Saturday from Inchicore to

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Croydon Park to carry out drill etc. It was tough for some time, but after a little time we got some rifles, Italian thumb lock; they were heavy and awkward but great for drilling and we thought them magnificent though there was no ammunition for them.

About this time there was a meeting called for the Rink. It was for the formation of Volunteers. I was at this meeting and it was very near being a wreck when some of the farmer employers who had locked out their men appeared on the platform. I helped to quiet some of the element by asking that they be given a chance, and showing my strike committee card, but I never thought it would come to much as there was nothing but disturbance during the meeting.

After this came the Howth gun-running. There were four or five of Emmet I.C.A. lads in my home when I got a call from a shop next door telling me of a Stop Press and asking me to find out if anything happened her husband (the lady was Mrs. Pidgeon who proved afterwards to be a great friend of the Movement). I accompanied her to Newmarket Police Station and was met with a jeer that we had not the police to deal with now. I did not mind but asked the Sergeant to find out and he 'phoned several hospitals. He asked for a description of Silvester Pidgeon and Mrs. Pidgeon gave it. After a short time he said we might find him in Jervis Street Hospital. We went there and found he was badly wounded by the Scottish Borderers. I had a terrible job to bring this poor woman home as she could not see him and she was in a state of collapse. About a fortnight after he died from pneumonia, if you please. There was a great funeral attended by Volunteers and I.C.A. It was our first big event and we did it in style.

Some weeks after this there was a big meeting in the Antient Concert Hall to ask Jim Larkin to stop and not go to America. It was a tense meeting as Tommy Foran got up and did

all he could to get Jimmy to carry on but it was no go. I remember that after the meeting the I.C.A. formed up and hundreds of others. It was the biggest display of loyalty I have ever seen for a defeated Union leader. The police got the fright of their lives when they saw 1,000 men, apparently disciplined, march right through the city. It showed that Larkinism was not smashed and it would have taken very little to let hell loose that night.

Under Michael Mallin we were attending drill twice a week and were getting odd recruits. We became active at meetings etc. Our army was getting smaller as a great lot had been called up in the war. The smaller it became the more active Mike Mallin became. He used to give us lectures and we were becoming real soldiers. He lectured us on outpost duty and brought us out to the Park at night. Nowhere would suit him only around the Magazine. We heard from a friendly soldier in Richmond barracks that they doubled the guards on the Magazine over our activities but we gave them a hell of a fright one night. We were supposed to be waiting for a convoy and for effect we had blank ammunition. Around this place it is noted for courting couples but not that night. I was on the attacking party and we did not half use the blank. There were screams and couples flying in all directions in the dark. We cleared half the park that night. At a signal of the whistle we fell in and Mike took out his piccolo and played us home. It was great. We did this fortnightly.

There was a great flare up on Parnell Sunday at Rutland Square North. There was a meeting and we marched to it and Jim Larkin would not be allowed on the platform. We moved in and some Volunteer Company blocked us. As far as I can remember they were of the Redmond type. It nearly came to bloodshed.

I remember Captain Monteith giving us ammunition and we were only too ready to use it. Mike Mallin was the coolest man there that day. After some time there was an agreement, Larkin was allowed to speak and we gave military compliments to our foes and they marched away. A little after this Jim Larkin went away and Jim Connolly took over. After a little time it was apparent to us that Jim Connolly meant business; what kind we did not know. Mike Mallin now took over at Liberty Hall and things started to hum. I used to be always home with Bill Partridge and Mike and I was soon informed that Jim Connolly was not going to play soldiers and that the going would be very rough for some people. We planned to get out of our Italian guns and get real ones, so with Mallin we got in touch with soldiers and little by little we got the real things. Regarding the getting of rifles I spent many nights with Mallin under the walls of Richmond Barracks waiting for "friendlies" to hand over stuff. I remember spending two days with a young Englishman who was prepared to find a machine-gun. That was Mallin's ambition at the time but it did not work. As far as I remember we got two rifles instead.

We were having a great time after Connolly and Mallin getting a grip on and taking over the Army. It was drill, drill, most of the time and we were becoming experts with rifles. We had great tutors in (Captain) Dick McCormack, (Captain) John O'Neill who were all old soldiers and anything they did not know was not worth knowing. We had also something that was worth more than anything else since or before - a peculiar comradeship that had no limits. It meant that you stood by your mates against all comers, friend or foe. We were like a big family when you got the swing of it. Home or nothing else mattered. I stress this as I have felt it and sensed it amongst I.C.A. during that period. It made for a carelessness in

danger and a happy-go-lucky devil-may-care comradeship that I had never experienced before. Now at this time we had a great parade in the Phoenix Park for Redmond and his gang. Poor John Bull was beginning to worry and there was a peculiar disunity move going on for some time in the Volunteers. The politicians had tried to disrupt them and had failed. Now the only thing seemed to be to capture them for John Bull. So we had on this Sunday an all Ireland display for John Redmond.

We had been lectured by Connolly before this event and we knew all that was happening. We were mobilised for that Sunday morning with full kit and ball ammunition for a day in the mountains. We marched off but it did not look as simple as it was pretended to be, a protest by leaving the city. Mallin told me after there was a great significance in it. Connolly had the Citizen Army where he wanted them and was in touch with the City all day. If anything happened we were in a great position to fight. That day we carried out a manoeuvre that Mallin had taught us, that was "prepare for cavalry". It worked out like this. The Companies were marching in fours along a country road and at the whistle and an order "prepare for cavalry" both sides of the road were manned by squads of 8, four men kneeling and four standing. The men kneeling and standing had bayonets fixed. We reformed then and marched along and at an order "rally" we surrounded Mallin forming a square of steel. It was very interesting when we were told how this method would hold cavalry and beat an attack if there was no wavering. This is the kind of drilling we were doing all day in the hills. We were now very proficient with rifle and bayonet and there were two squads picked for display and competition. We went through a further gruelling by Captain Kit Poole and after some time I found we had entered for drill competition at Carlow. Now this competition was for the championship of Ireland and there were squads from all over the country entered and we heard a lot of rumours of all

the crack squads we were going to meet. We only laughed it off and stated that the flag was ours already. The excursion was run to Carlow by the A.O.H. It was very nearly being the R.I.P. as things turned out. On Friday the No. 1 and 2 Drill Squads were ordered to go under canvas at Croydon Park not later than 4 o'clock on Saturday. We duly presented ourselves at 4 o'clock and erected our tents. We did a bit of bayonet drill and started to clean our kit, rifles, etc. for Sunday's competition. By evening it started to rain and we retired inside our tents and had a good sing-song and yarns and at 10 o'clock lights out. Next morning it looked rotten as it had been raining all night so after having breakfast we carried our kit over to a cowshed as we were afraid it might get damp. Now in this cowshed were four cows properly tied up as we thought. We got out, went to Mass and came back just as one of the cows was eating a bandolier of ball ammunition. I do not know what would have occurred if we had delayed any time but we had a job straightening our equipment out and re-polishing. After about an hour we marched to Liberty Hall, picked up the band and other squads of the Citizen Army and proceeded to Kingsbridge railway to entrain for Carlow. We formed at an order from Captain Poole a double file and stood at ease. We waited a while as Mike Mallin and C. Poole went into the station to make arrangements. It was now the sport started. I saw Mike Mallin coming out with railway officials remonstrating with him and he evidently with his mind made up; a smile lighting up his face. It appeared when Mike Mallin went into the station everything was fixed up that the Irish Citizen Army was not to travel. The "Tin Gods" of the A.O.H. and the "Brass Gods" of the railway had agreed and spoken. But they did not know Mike Mallin and his merry men all dressed up outside the station were only anxious for a scrimmage. When Mike Mallin was coming out of the station with

the officials, some of them had sensed a bit of trouble and were trying to argue the time away, so they thought. Mallin looked at us, called us to attention, ordered "fix bayonets" and told us we were not to be let travel by orders of the A.O.H. But his orders were that the train was not to leave the station. We then got the order to "double" and stand by every carriage. We then ordered the driver and fireman to get out, also all passengers. Mallin told the stationmaster if he wanted the train to leave to put two special carriages on. He said he would send for police. When Mallin told him he would wait with pleasure if he would also 'phone the military, the poor idiots of the A.O.H. were in a blue funk. I think some of them cleared away and did not go at all. Mallin also told the stationmaster he would put a couple of Citizen Army men to drive the train. This was the last straw. We got two corridor carriages and were left at peace until we reached Carlow. We got a great inspection from R.I.C. on the platform, with our up-to-date rifles, bandoliers, uniforms, etc. I could see they were very impressed and they left us very much alone that day. We had a short time around the town as we were told by officers that our equipment was equal to British Army and our bearing was much better. We could not say the same of the Redmond Volunteers from different parts of the country. Their equipment was composed mostly of haversacks and wooden rifles. We were advised by Mallin to keep together as there might be attempts on men straying away. In a short time No. 1 Team was called out in the competition. There was a chief judge who was an ex-sergeant major of the British Army. We did our stuff in style and before we finished he said to Captain Poole "March off your old sweats". He had also the same to say of No. 2 Squad. We got a great ovation. We were inspected from time to time by country squads and we told them what was happening them and that they would never get arms other than their wooden guns. Mallin

got a tip during the day that there would be an attempt to disarm us before we left. Of course it would have been madness, so we paraded the principal streets that evening, headed by our Pipers' Band with fixed bayonets and finished with a march past the statue of Father Murphy. We then marched to the station and called it a day. Before we left Carlow we were told we had won 1st prize for our drill and handling of arms. This excursion finished in a tragedy, for as we were going into Kingsbridge a man stepped out of the train before it stopped and fell between the platform and the train. He died in a couple of days. Mike Mallin was called and gave evidence. He caused trouble at the inquest because he blamed the railway company for lack of apparatus, as it was 15 minutes before they got saws, etc. to release the poor man.

Now during all this time there was another phase of our activities in which we were becoming expert, namely the social end. We had a fine dramatic class and Mallin had a nice band going. The dramatic class was great. Every Sunday night we had plays by the class - "The Workhouse Ward", "Under which flag" by James Connolly, and many others which I forget. There were some great artists in class - Sean Connolly, Mrs. Barrett, John Hanratty, Seamus McGowan, Sean Brogan, etc. As well as the play we had plenty of singing and Irish dancing. We were a compact, complete group with a great though hopeless aim, as it seemed at the time. No matter where you looked there was khaki. Every bit of wall space seemed papered with the one kind of recruiting appeal. Between the soldiers and their women it seemed as if we were getting more English than the English themselves and that there would soon be no room for anything but khaki in the city. To give an instance, M. Kelly, M. Donnelly and myself were coming through Ormond Quay and one of us wore Citizen Army uniform. As we were nearing Capel Street Bridge

we were slurred by one or two soldiers about playing soldiers. As we did not mind, other soldiers thought perhaps it was an opportunity of getting mentioned in dispatches so they jostled me. Then the fireworks started. M. Kelly smashed one with a beauty of a left as he was taking off his coat and I did a bit with the other. There was a strategic retreat but as they took their wounded we had to clear up Strand Street and cut out further to get to Liberty Hall. Somehow we were seldom involved in any scrimmage as we were left alone, bar remarks now and again from soldiers' women. Even our old friends the police seemed respectful. Now things were getting busy and everything seemed to move towards a certain object. This was not hidden or spoken of with bated breath. We all knew and discussed openly our aims and objects and we told everyone what we were drilling for. This was early in 1915. The Germans had a motto "The Day". We also had the same. J. Connolly often said "he knew we would fight but would we be in time". There was a little whisper about a job that was to have come off and that some of the lads could not get going. Mallin told me about it and it did not surprise me when he told me we were going to have another go. The job was this. Out near St. Margaret's in a field one evening the poachers, Tom Daly known as "blackguard", Corbally and others were poaching in a field away from the roads when they came upon a peculiar small building. It had two iron gates. Its roof seemed grass-grown and very little above the level of the field. After looking and examining it for some time a herd came along and told them to make themselves scarce as it was full of explosives belonging to R.I.C. The lads pretended to be scared and cleared out of the field but watched the herd until he went away. They then came back and had a good look and when they arrived in the city they told James Connolly. He arranged for a raid on the following night. The roads surrounding the place were scouted and watched by the lads while another squad tackled the job. Alas! it was something that could not be done so easily. It had a reinforced

concrete roof, underlined with steel. After working for a couple of hours they had to give up. Now after a couple of days we got the tip we might be wanted that night so we knocked around the Hall from about 7 o'clock. After a short time we got our orders and about twelve of us started out in small groups. No one knew exactly where we were going but we knew that it was a raid as we had a variety of tools, saws, etc., and a few small guns. After hours of walking we were told not to smoke or talk and we crossed some ditches. It was some job in an unknown part of country. I was with Mick Kelly and he had instructed me before we got in what my job was, so I stuck with him until we got to the Magazine. By this time we had got used to the darkness and we came up to some groups. It was arranged by Martin Kelly that different men would watch the ditch for any attack and immediately give the alarm. Mick Kelly, Martin Kelly and another man - I think it was M. Donnelly - and myself stopped at the Magazine. Our idea was to cut the gate down and we started at the hinges and locks. We were working for about an hour when there was an alarm and we put out a small covered light we were using and lay down. At first we could see nothing only blackness and then we heard horses galloping and voices. We took it to be the cavalry and I found I was alone, as I forgot to obey the order agreed to if anything happened, that was to creep towards the ditch. I got up and made towards what I thought was the ditch in the dark and as soon as I got less than ten paces a bullet whizzed by me. I was going towards the Magazine and some of my comrades thought it was the police and fired. As soon as I saw the black mass of magazine I knew what was happening and I shouted. I then took my directions and got to the ditch. We called in the whole squad and made for home, a disappointed crew. I was not the only one in bad luck that night as two of the watchmen fell into running dykes and were wet through. It appears there was a great sensation a week after when the R.I.C. discovered that their pet dump had been attacked.

On another night some time later whilst up in the drill room I was talking to Charlie Darcy and Jim Connolly passed in and said as he was passing "I want you". I followed him outside and he said in a blunt manner "How would you like to be blown sky high?" I said "I suppose, Sir, it is all in the day's work". He told me to pick up another man and go to an address in Ranelagh. He gave me a pass word and told me not to speak to anyone. He said we would get a parcel each and to be careful as it would contain high explosives. We did as ordered and found out that there was a dozen couples on the same job as ourselves. I decided that the best way to get back was by tram so I travelled back to Liberty Hall with my bundle that night. I heard afterwards that there was a big lot of explosives shifted that night without a hitch and under the eyes of police the stuff was taken from Madame Markievicz to Liberty Hall. Things like the above incidents were always *happening* and all men of I.C.A. were on the move to be ⁱⁿ on them.

During this time there was hell with the Volunteers and there had been a definite break. On one side we had Redmond's Volunteers. On the other side we had the Irish Volunteers whose leaders were getting hell when arrested; and confined to certain districts. Amongst those getting it in the neck was Captain Monteith. There was a great protest meeting held on St. Stephen's Green and the I.C.A. was mobilised for duty. It was a stirring affair and we got a lot of wholesome respect out of it as we faced the cream of R.I.C., armed with carbines that night, also D.M.P. There was no speaking but a thoroughly disciplined armed workers' army in batches facing the police. Wherever there was a squad of police that night there was a squad of the Citizen Army facing them. It was turn about with a vengeance and they did not move. The meeting was a success and Dublin Castle knuckled under after proclaiming the meeting. Unfortunately Captain Monteith was allowed to go away. James Connolly and Mick Mallin were very annoyed about it.

We were improved out of all semblance of what we were when Jim Connolly and Mick Mallon took over. We were now thoroughly trained soldiers well drilled in the rifle and plenty of lectures in street fighting and house fighting. In or about this time there was a strike at North Wall. I think it was the B. & I., and the men were picketing for a couple of days and were getting the worst of it as the D.M.P. had not lost any of their aggressiveness and the Transport Union was not the I.C.A. As a matter of fact it was not militant: if they were they would be with us training. After three days the police were shifting them away and Jim Connolly had got a report that the men would not be allowed to picket so he ordered a squad of 8 or 12 men fully equipped to go down to B. & I. and see would the police stop them. I was one of the men and it was great. All the police around had the place to themselves, no strikers and plenty of room for scabs. But when the grim faced squad marched down and halted, re-formed double line and fixed bayonets all their happy smiles faded. They knew it was bayonet against baton and they could not stomach steel as we went about our business in a silent work-like manner, no hurry, no worry. We left that to the guys in the B. & I. office and the police. The sequel to this was that the strike was settled next morning. This was the first time ever in a Trade Union dispute that armed workers had done picket duty.

We had several gala days during the summer. One Sunday in St. Enda's in which we gave a display of drill and rear guard action and advance guard action, we went into two competitions for trophy and lost it as Commandant Mallin gave it against us for a slight mistake in a command. Our marching was remarked and discussed by officers of the Volunteers on that day. It appears that Commandant de Valera, who was one of the referees, noticed that we marched from the hips while the other squads marched from the knees. Mallin said he thought it might be due to work we had to do as we had never been taught to march that way, but did it

naturally. I know we got highest marks for marching. We got 1st prize at Fairview Park on another occasion. We were kept at it all the time and it was never monotonous as we had great lectures and concerts to keep us going.

In conversation with Michael Mallin one night he said we were going to be very busy and he asked me to get anything in the way of small scrap for some experiment in bombs they were about to make. I brought samples to Emmet Hall and he showed me what he wanted so I started to get a move on this stuff. As I worked in the Foundry and had many republican sympathisers, I could get a lot of jobs done, also as I had friends of Citizen Army in stores so it became easy enough as I told him, as long as it was not necessary to bring it out in big quantities. He told one night in Liberty Hall that Jim Connolly asked him if it was possible to get bars to force doors. Asking for a description of what it would be like I brought two samples next night to him which he submitted to James Connolly. Both were bar steel. One had a chisel point and the other which James Connolly adopted as the ideal had a chisel point with a bend at each end. When the furnace was going about a half hour I used to retire up on stage with the steel bars cut to about 18 inches and put them in and with a big hammer I would put rough points on them, also bends. After that I got a friend at the benches to temper and put a final edge on them. I was making them for a good while and had got a new mate and had to slow up as I had to be very careful. I used to chat him from time to time on the situation and he appeared friendly and said he would like to join our lot. I told him he would be expected to work anywhere for them and at anything, so he said he was willing. After asking about him I thought I could chance it so I gave him an idea what I was doing as it was more than a one-man job. He promised me he would not speak or let anyone know what was going on so we worked together for a couple of weeks, until one day I was asked to cut some piece of copper to a measurement. I was to take it wherever I would find it. I brought

him down with a sledge and set and we tackled the job. Just as we were completing the job the works manager walked past at a distance and my mate lost his nerve and ran and hid in an old hut. Immediately the manager came over and asked me what I was doing. I told him. He asked me why my mate ran. Then he looked closer and saw it was copper and told me to explain. I could not, of course, so he instantly dismissed me and the other man. I spoke for the other man as I had brought him along. He laughed at me and told me if it was not for his cowardice in running away I would not be caught. He told me there was a lot of stuff missing from the Works for some time and he said I must be the man. I stated that if he thought he had an ordinary pilferer, he was making a big mistake as I had no need to do it for profit. I was paid off there and then. On St. Stephen's morning 1915, a G-man arrested me in my home and brought me to Kilmainham where I was charged with the robbery of all the copper that was pinched for that year, notwithstanding the fact that it was the first piece I ever cut in my eight years' service there, but that was not the worst. I soon found that my friend I was to sponsor in to I.C.A. was to give King's evidence and he spoke of my conversations with him which put the G-men wise that there was more than appeared on the surface. I got my first acquaintance with the third degree. I was questioned about everything but the copper. Was I not a member of Citizen Army? What was their intention? Where did they get the rifles? As I was a friend of M. Mallin's, was he true to us or was he a British spy? What about Connolly? etc. for an hour at a time and then a spell in the cells. Then another man would come along for a soft chat. I played that I did not know them well, but oftener I did not speak at all. I was put back twice and was sent for trial to Green Street. James Connolly send word that he heard all about us. I forgot to mention that A. Conroy

afterwards wounded in O'Connell Street, was arrested with me on the information of my so-called mate. As he was storekeeper he would get it in the neck. He was questioned too but was made of the right stuff and never gave an inch. James Connolly sent us a lawyer and my people had one also. At this stage of the trouble I had plenty of time to think things out and I believed that justice would be done as they could not prove that ^I stole the copper. It was on the works premises and had not been shifted so that they could not prove illegal possession for the same reason. I could not see anything wrong as I had not brought it out but I was to get a damn good lesson and I got it. I found that the lady called Justice was at that particular time merely a prostitute and that the Law was her bully and I was right. No matter what A. Conroy said that I knew nothing about it mattered, as I was the companion of dangerous men - Michael Mallin, Bill Partridge and James Connolly. I had been seen in their company walking with them, talking with them and that was enough.

The day of the trial came off. We were brought to Green Street and put in a large cell below the dock. It was like a pen for animals. We all discussed our chances as, once in that pen, we were all alike, all criminals and all guilty as far as the officials were concerned. It was only a matter of tagging a sentence on to us. I was called down to a room for a consultation with the lawyers. I put my case before them, pointing out that I was not guilty as I did not move or had the intention of moving the copper. I thought it was so plain that a kid could see it. Not so the legal gentlemen. They told me that I was to plead guilty and they would fight to get me out under first offender's act. I refused and they told me they would not defend me if I did not do as I was told, so I had to give in. They then brought in A. Conroy and asked him to state that I knew next to nothing about it. He said he would, so we went back to the pen under the dock and waited our turn. After a while we

were called and we were put up together. There was a bit of a stunt to try us separately but it did not work, so the joke goes ahead and we are the mugs. exhibits No. 1 and 2 and it was not long until the judge pointed me out to the jury and stated that there was more than ordinary significance in the case as some time in the near future these men might attempt to disrupt his Majesty's Realm. The two lawyers got on their feet and made a bit of a spiff and A. Conroy was asked some questions. He also stated that I did not know anything about it. He got three months and I got six weeks. If I did not make a show, with the two solicitors and lawyers, I would have got twelve months. That is the way it works out in law. I was not allowed to wear my clothes during my waiting for trial. Neither was I allowed to shave so I looked the real thing when I got into the dock. I had a hell of a time in the Joy for that five weeks. Through the influence of James Connolly I was put as an attendant in A. Wing. I was always being questioned about the Citizen Army, Mallin and James Connolly. One of the warders put me wise not to answer any questions only in an evasive way as they were looking for information. I met Desmond Fitzgerald who was doing time, as he had been confined to an area by military and refused to keep bounds. With him and a close friend, was a German naval officer who escaped from an internment camp. Desmond Fitzgerald told me going round the ring that he knew all about me. He also told ^{me} the German officer and he were friends. The German officer was as fine a type of man as I had ever seen inside the jail. He was finely built, very muscular body, light hair cropped tight, fine arms bulging out of his coat. He was afterwards shot attempting to escape from a camp in England. I was sleeping on the boards and I found it very hard until I was put wise. At the time, from lock up to 8 o'clock we were making shell sacks. We used to do about 30 or 40 a night. I was told to hand out 30 and keep 10 and make a bed of them, which I did and slept like a top afterwards. There were some decent men as warders but any humanity they had was checked by the spy

system that existed against them. I saw an old man brought into Mountjoy during that time. He was over 70 and because he was not quick enough to obey orders of a bully he got a punch in the face and was knocked unconscious. This guy tried it on the German officer but it did not work, as the German stood and looked him straight in the eye and he nearly coiled up. There was an under chief who was always busy telling me that I ought to join the army when I was released. I was brought before the doctor one evening. It was a surprise stunt. I was at furnace work and in consequence was very muscular. I was stripped off and he looked all over me and told me I was a naval deserter. I said I was not, and told him if I ever wanted to go to sea and he could oblige me by getting me into the German navy, I might think it over. He told me he would give me bread and water punishment. I told some of the prisoners afterwards and they never heard of such a thing and especially in the night. I brought a message for Desmond Fitzgerald to his wife. One Sunday I heard the I.C.A. Pipers' Band playing as they passed by and it cheered me up. I was constantly being asked questions about James Connolly and Michael Mallin. The chief offender was the under chief and a British soldier who was doing two years for glass breaking. He had the run of the jail and was trusted.

When I was released I went up to Mallin and I told him the lot. James Connolly sent for me and he asked me about the questioning and all about the doctor. He told me he had some friends in there and he would get in touch and find out.

Mallin told me a hell of an incident happened while I was away. He told me of James Connolly's disappearance for three days. He told he he was distracted as there was little proof but with what little there was he got a move on it and told Headquarters staff of Volunteers who had kidnapped him if he was not home at a given time he would attack Dublin Castle. As far as I remember the Army was not sent out but the Volunteers sent Connolly home. He was a prisoner until he gave a promise not to act without them. Mallin

told me he got the best of the bargain as he held them to certain dates. They were always afraid that James Connolly would start a row on his own, as he held that all revolutions in Ireland were lost because they were always late and in this particular instance he was right. I was told by Mallin that I was to join the I.R.B. as soon as he got instruction from James Connolly. After about eight weeks he told me it was off and that everything was O.K. I noticed that there was a friendlier feeling after this between the Volunteers and the Citizen Army. Mallin gave them instruction in house fighting. James Connolly was giving lectures constantly on this method and this was the reason I had to make steel chisel bars at Inchicore Works. At the time this was not apparent to anyone. James Connolly's lectures were great and he stressed the point always that cover was the most essential point. I remember he pointed out in his abrupt way that if you shot a soldier you were not to get up and cheer but keep pegging away and always make sure that officers and N.C.Os got special attention from riflemen. He pointed out that a man properly covered and sniping would upset a battalion or company advancing against us in the street.

Bill Partridge was very worried at this time. He was constantly in touch with James Connolly and Michael Mallin and I knew there was something brewing. I used to walk home with him every night. He always walked home from Liberty Hall to Patriotic Terrace, Kilmainham, as he never travelled in the trams since 1913. He had the mathematical mind even in his walk home. He would point out to me that the straight line was shorter than the curve in his walk home. He would take one particular way always, certain crossings and certain paths. At this particular period he changed his ways of travel as we found we were being followed. I think it was on the advice of James Connolly he did it. At this time I was not long out of jail and was idle. My ex-mate was getting a hell of a time at the Foundry. He had to be allowed off early. On two occasions he was nearly roasted to death by the accidental turning over of ladles of molten metal. He was caught in Christchurch one

Saturday night and got a hiding from a couple of my mates of the Volunteers who worked in the brass foundry. In consequence of this he was confined to his home in Chepelizod. He afterwards lost his mind and is in the asylum for the past ten years.

Bill Partridge told me he wanted me early next morning at Liberty Hall so I got there at 9.30. He did not turn up until 10 o'clock. He brought me down to Ross and Walpole's to see the Works Manager, who took me on helping fitters. He told me that the Manager knew all. I worked here until Good Friday. It was funny being in this job it was so easy compared to the Foundry and the funniest part of it was I was put on special Government work repairing armed trawlers. Most of the men, officers and sailors, who had been conscripted for this work of mine laying, were fed up. The fitters, boilermakers and labourers were not worried as long as there was plenty of overtime. I found this the case on all Government work, plenty of money in overtime and no push. It was a big change from the bull rushing that I was used to for eight years. While I was working at this job I was able to make my dinner before dinner time. And during dinner time I would go to Liberty Hall on the off chance of seeing Mallin or Bill Partridge. It was on one of these days that a startling thing happened. I had gone to the Hall and was very black with dirt and grime as I had been working on a trawler condenser. When I got inside the Hall James Connolly passed the top of the stairs. He saw me and said, "Come up at once to No. 7". I took the stairs in threes and was close at his heels when he entered No. 7. He had a loaded .45 on his table. Madame Markievicz and Nora Connolly were there and they were writing in a hurry. Madame also had a loaded gun beside her. I stood to attention and waited for instructions. They were not long in coming. James Connolly said, "O'Shea, will you be able to leave the hall as it is surrounded by G-men"? I had noticed that across the street there were some G-men and some outside the hall. I said I would have a good try. He said,

"Make the best try you ever did. You must get through as I am giving you the emergency mobilisation papers". To digress in describing these papers. It was an order that if any man of I.C.A. at any time got a mobilisation paper signed by James Connolly he immediately left work, bed, home, anywhere and got to the point mentioned on the paper and at once, as I have mentioned. The three were working hell for leather signing the papers and I was working out my own problem of how to get clear. In the couple of minutes the papers were ready and Madame suggested that they be put down the back of my neck inside my shirt. James Connolly agreed. They were then fixed and put inside my shirt. I was ordered by James Connolly to get at once to Tom Kain who lived at Arran Quay. He was mobilisation officer. I was to lose no time in getting to him. As I was leaving the room James Connolly, Madame and Nora wished me luck. I went out, closed the door. As it was just closed I noticed James Connolly going to the window to look out into the lane. I went down the passage towards the head of the stairs where there was an office for receiving subs. I tiptoed all the way. I looked towards the office and made up my mind what to do. I would pretend to pay my sub in full view of G-men outside the hall. So I pulled myself together and walked dead slow towards the office. I pulled out my card, presented it, got it back and turned towards the door looking out on the street. It was my first time from getting the mobilisation papers to paying my card that I had a full view of what I had to face. What I saw did not make me in any way happy for I saw, a little out from the door, three G-men looking up straight the stairs and I was in full view as there was not one but myself there at this time. They were watching me intently now and I thought they knew me as I was not long out of the Joy. But, thank God, I was as black as a nigger and my hopes were rising. I was pretending to tot up the subs and stopped about three steps from the bottom of the stairs apparently puzzled by something. I turned back, went up a little, still totting my card and I turned,

apparently satisfied and went out of Hall. When I got out I saw an eyefull on the opposite side under the railway bridge. There were groups of G-men here and there, all pretending to be nothing, but it was next to an impossibility to try and deceive any member of the Irish Citizen Army on this score, as we knew most of them by sight and any we did not know we could smell. It is very hard to describe my feelings at this moment. I was mad to get going and I had to act dead slow until I was clear. When I passed the G-men I stopped and lit a cigarette. I crossed over to the quayside. I walked down towards Marlboro' Street. As soon as I got to there I took to my heels and ran from there to Capel Street Bridge. I walked a little and then ran the rest of the way. When I got to Kain's shop I almost collapsed. I was brought in and asked for Tom and I was told he was expected in any time. I told them that it would not do as I must see him at once. Tom Kain's brother, whom I did not know, spoke to me. I took him one side and told him a little and there is no mistake he got going. He waited for nothing, flew out and brought back Tom. I told him as much as I knew and told him about the mobilisation papers. He took them from me but I had to strip as they had fallen down my back due to the running. He gave me instructions and more papers which I brought to Oman's in High Street. I went from there to Emmet Hall to Michael Mallin. I gave him all I knew. He asked me was Jim Connolly safe. I told him as far as I knew he was but if he was not there would be some dead G-men to be buried, according to what I had seen in Room 7. Michael Mallin sent me up to the Works. I told him on account of what I had done there I would not be let through, but I would get the papers through. I left the Hall and got them into the Works by a bit of luck. One of my mates was out sick and I pulled him out of bed and got him going. I then went back to Emmet Hall where two or three were getting ready. Michael Mallin told me to get the rifles and ammunition and bandoliers ready. After a short time

the lads from the Works came in and got their stuff and left for Liberty Hall. Michael Mallin got a revolver and loaded it. I got my rifle, loaded it and with two more left for Liberty Hall. It was a great success. It was described in a poem by ^{Maev} Kavanagh but as I saw it, it was passed anything I ever thought could happen. Two hours before, a mobilisation paper; all jobs stopped, men running out of Foundries, fitting shops, forges and building jobs. Carters left horses in the street and ran for their rifles and equipment which consisted of bandoliers of ball ammunition. I accompanied Michael Mallin all the way from Emmet Hall, Inchicore, to Liberty Hall and I got a great kick out of it. As we were coming up towards O'Connell Bridge the police were goggle-eyed watching what was going on. At O'Connell Bridge there was an air of excitement and tenseness. People stood in groups talking. When we approached the bridge the policeman on point duty left his position and no wonder. He saw one cool and collected and two black sooty men fully armed with neck-shirts open and in a frightful hurry. If ever there was murder contemplated it was for anyone who would try to stop any of the Irish Citizen Army from getting to Liberty Hall. When we got to the Hall it was a glorious sight to see men in all conditions of clothes, some with whips hanging to their belts, others in smocks all full of grease, mud, coal or cement, showing the various jobs they were on. I think the only one respectably dressed was Sean Connolly who came from City Hall. No matter what they wore as working clothes, they all wore bandoliers and bayonets and had their guns. We had great laugh listening to stories of what their different bosses thought of the mobilisation. One story I heard was from a man named O'Keefe who was a carter. He got the mobilisation order from his wife as he was about to start with a load. He looked at the paper and saw Jim Connolly's name on it and got down, put the chain on the wheel and went for his gun and made for Liberty Hall. I think he lost his job but as James Connolly used to say at that time, let nothing

interfere with you. If the boss is in the way, sack the boss. When we were all in we went to the big room where James Connolly addressed us. He told us merely that the police attempted to raid the Hall and that there would be from that day a guard posted day and night. Each man would do two whole nights a week and Saturday and Sunday. The idle men would do day duty from that on. It was just what the lads were aching for - action. There was a tense air about this particular time, suppressed excitement and work in all directions. No one asked anyone else what they were doing, whether bomb filling, machine gun making, adapting bayonets to fit shotguns, making special cartridges for shotguns. Double guards were placed on machine room where the papers were printed. To get back to what happened to cause this mobilisation right in the midst of British law and order, not to mention British frightfulness in the shape of armoured cars, etc. passing through the quay. Bills posted everywhere to tell us our King and Country needed us. Michael Mallin told me the story as James Connolly told him. It appears there was a hell of a British defeat and one of the republican papers got it and brought out a special edition. It was partly sold out when the guy who called himself the competent authority woke up and ordered all papers to be confiscated by police. All G-men were mobilised for the job and had done it fairly well until they came to the co-operative shop on Eden Quay. Four of them walked in and with the usual, "Get down on your knees we are the police" style, they started to talk of the papers and sedition when who should come from an inner room only Jim Connolly himself. He asked what was the trouble and they told him that they were going to take all copies of the paper away. There were four or five copies on the counter and the senior G-man started to do his duty for his King when Jim said in that sharp northern voice, "Drop them", and they looked around in amazement to see who had the nerve to challenge their right of confiscation. But to see the order backed by a wicked .45 was terrible and unthought of. The G-man

dropped the papers like hot coals and the other three stared without a word for fully a minute. During this time Jim Connolly told them never to come into the shop again for any papers no matter who sent them. If they did they would be carried out. The G-men apologised and told them they had to do as ordered and left in a hell of a hurry.

Now as I have already stated there was a squad of Irish Citizen Army men in the hall from that on. As far as I remember it was the 18th or 19th of March 1916. I have never met such a crowd of men from that on. Comradeship would be too empty a word to describe it. We were like a lot of brothers. As is usual at a peculiar event like this we all settled into small groups, and sleeping and food worked out first class.

A little after the mobilisation I had to go to see Michael Mallin at Emmet Hall late one Saturday night. It was to do with a couple of rifles he was working for out of the Richmond barracks. At this point it is necessary to give an idea of the yard at the back of Emmet Hall. After entering the hall and going about thirty feet there was a small room used for the Committees. Immediately to the right was the entrance to a yard and opposite this door at the far side of the yard was the entrance to the kitchen ^{of} at Mallin's family. When you turned out of the door to the right you took a left turn and faced the yard and at the end of what was one time a garden was the wall of the barracks. There was the remains of a path and a great lot of stones about the grass patches on the right and left of an old path. It was a derelict garden in all senses of the word.

I arrived at about 9 o'clock. It was dark and there was a fire in the small room. I was there about ten minutes when Seamus Mallin, a lad of about eight or nine, came in. He was talking to me for a minute or so and I asked him where his Daddy was. He said that I was to wait as he had gone up the garden. I did not say

anything but was delighted as I knew we were in luck when he had gone up to the wall in the dark. I had waited about half an hour and was getting very uneasy wondering what was on that kept him so long. I might mention that when Michael Mallin left an order on a job like this it was to be obeyed to the letter, so I could not move until I was called. I was becoming more impatient every second. Suddenly I heard a slight noise and a groan. I looked round the room and could see nothing handy so I grabbed Mallin's sword out of the scabbard and rushed out in the dark. I saw two dark objects flying for the wall and I rushed up the path, knocking stones and tin cans in all directions. I was about half way when I and my sword went up and down with a crash. I had fallen over something bigger than a tin can. It was poor Mallin! I lifted him up and carried him in. He was in a bad way. He was smashed over the head with a bar and was unconscious. It appears from the little he told me that it was a machine-gun he was after and it worked out that he got it in the head in the shape of an official attack worked from high command in barracks. This may seem strange, but as far as I see and believe it was intended as a way of putting him out for good. About five weeks before this he was called for and asked to accompany a man in private clothes. He was not a "G" man but was a Government official and he brought Mallin along to see a Judge. He was told that the Government was annoyed with him, he who had a military training and was so long in the British Army and a lot of bunk like this. They had read his military articles in "Worker" and were delighted at his military intelligence and tactics. The conversation finished up by Mallin asking what the hell he was after and he was told His Majesty would be delighted if he would accept a Commission in the Army as men of his ability were few and far between. It is hardly necessary to repeat what Mallin said. He told the Judge that he was surprised that a man of his position should be asked to act as a Recruiter for the Army. Now this was not all; a week or two elapsed and he was agreeably surprised when into his home came an

old friend from the Scotch Fusiliers - a chum whom he had not seen for years and as he remarked to me, he never expected to meet again. They shook hands and sat down. Mallin asked about old friends and all about his visitor. He astounded Mallin when he told him he was on an official visit from Scotland by orders of the War Office to get at him to give up his rebel activities and join his Regiment. He told him he had to do what he was told but was quite honest about his purpose. He told him that personally he hoped he would not give up and join. He was not long getting his answer. I am telling this as it may have a bearing on the attack in the yard at the back of Emmet Hall. I believe they intended to finish him that night.

Mallin had another activity which he was working secretly. It was the old Fenian idea of members in the Army. I went with him on two occasions to Portobello Barracks late at night. He met men in mufti on these occasions and spoke for a considerable time. I was not on the job but I was to hover around while conversation lasted. I did not ask for information but he told me he was going ahead. He had two squads working for him. His only difficulty was how quickly the regiments were getting shifted out of Dublin. I may say this was done with Jim Connolly's authority and help. When not on duty in the Hall I used to go home with William Partridge. He was anxious about the sentimental side. He told me he had a lot of arguments with James Connolly about a project he had in his mind. It was the 'hoisting of a flag'. James Connolly could not see that it was of any use. Bill Partridge pleaded that Connolly had no patriotic sentiment and that if it was done it would let the country know that there was something meant and was being done. James Connolly told Bill he was a sentimental ass. It went on for a short time and Michael Mallin was in on the arguments, and after some persuasion James Connolly agreed and Michael Mallin was told to make military arrangements for this ceremony. In the meantime we had an exciting item. Before this came off it was placarded in the Hall on a blackboard. It read:-

"The Citizen Army will surround Dublin Castle to-night". And we did. We carried out manoeuvres all round the city, George's Street, Stephen's Street, Ship Street, O'Connell Street, out as far as Binn's Bridge in Drumcondra. The silence was great as we advanced down Stephen's Street and Ship Street. The barracks was in darkness and soldiers were 'standing to' behind sand bags not knowing what was going to happen. It was surprising how few were about that night. After manoeuvring all round the back of the Castle, Bride Street, Patrick Street, Wood Street, George's Street for about an hour I found myself waiting to attack reinforcements supposed to be coming towards the Canal Bridge at Drumcondra. I was with a party of six and we were divided up in two groups, one on each side of the bridge. We were not long there when two men attached themselves to our group. It was not long until we discovered they were "G" men and they were asking questions. We gave them an earful and they went away satisfied. Our position was examined later by Commandant Mallin and he was satisfied. We were then dismissed. We were home about 4 a.m. after a great night. All this work had a bearing on what was very near and we believed it was a try out for the fight to come. Bob de Coester was constantly with Mallin during the daytime. Mallin told me that he was allotted the task of holding Jacob's and Bob brought him up and down every place of interest. He told me how he examined the top of Jacob's. Bob brought him up to friends who lived on the top floor in tenements at Peter Street. He told them he was an insurance man and was having a look round. Mallin told me he was surprised at what he saw. He told me Jacob's controlled Dublin Castle, Kevin Street Police Depot and a long range of places for our riflemen. He also pointed out the possibilities of food and height that was contained in this huge building. At this time he got to be a great reader of the Daily Mail. I mentioned it to him that I was glad he was being converted. He said he was but in a different way. He said he was watching for a movement or battle to come off. He did not say what it was so I did not press.

He asked me one evening to take a walk with him. We were all around St. Stephen's Green. He looked all about him, taking notice of the high buildings - Shelbourne Hotel etc. - water in pond, entrance to Green from different angles. I asked him was there a change and he said he was not sure but he had to report to Jim Connolly. In a conversation I had with him afterwards he told me his reason and Connolly's for Stephen's Green. This was his plan. It was intended that at least 500 men would take over this area. It would be barricaded at different entrances, such as Merrion Street and the street at Shelbourne Hotel and all streets leading to Green. It was to be a base as it had all the necessaries for a base. It had plenty of water; as he remarked water could be cut off if there was a long fight. It had hotels with plenty of food and beds. It also had a hospital - St. Vincent's. It was intended also for prisoners. Now this is a rough plan of the "scrap". When the fight was on for a day or two it was assumed that most of the barracks would fall as they would be attacked from two sides. The men in the city would move out and the men in Wicklow and Kildare move in. Of course this was fixed on the assumption that there would be about 5,000 men in Dublin. It was the published number in Volunteer papers at the time and the rough plans were made on that number. Now you can see how well Connolly and Mallin planned Stephen's Green base; Jacob's controlling the Castle, Boland's an outpost for the sea roads, Jacob's having outposts along Camden Street, Kevin Street, New Street and the Coombe to stop reinforcements for the Castle; Marrowbone Distillery in touch with South Dublin Union and it holding the roads from Richmond barracks. The Mendicity Institute controlling Royal barracks and Four Courts holding roads from Arbour Hill, Marlboro' barracks. Also a post at Phibsboro' - its job was to hold roads leading to city. It was a plan whereby all posts were in touch with each other through outposts. Now after two days the men would move out as it would give the men in the country time to move in. If there was anything in the shape of a

33.
force left it was to be caught between the two forces. I may be a bit out in my positions as I did not think it out well at the time, but it is a rough sketch as given to me by Mallin. I need not say I was delighted. As far as I could see we could beat anything if it was done quickly. I was warned not to speak to friend or foe regarding this plan. I gave my word and he told me of outside influence which would help when we got going. At the time I did not know what he meant but afterwards I understood it was the Germans and Casement Brigade.

It was now advertised in the 'Worker' and articles written by Jim Connolly about the hoisting of flag. There was some great reading for the people and Bill Partridge was delighted that his plan was adopted. The Army just carried on, not seeming to mind anyone, but behind all this quietness there were feverish preparations. A squad was picked out for a Guard of Honour for the flag. I was lucky to be one of the squad. We were put through our paces for a week or so beforehand. Mollie O'Reilly was picked out to carry the flag and to hoist it into position. She had to go through her paces as well. Bill and George Oman had bugles. It kept us busy as Mallin was a stickler for carrying out everything well and to the letter.

The great day arrived and we paraded outside Liberty Hall. I had been wondering for some time would the people respond or understand the idea underlying the whole thing. It was to give definite warning of a fight for freedom. At the time Dublin was a different place to what it is now. There was the "extreme", the "not too extreme", those whose sympathy we had, people who thought we were lunatics and others who thought our place was in France. There were also two other elements - the Loyalists made up of the Castle, the soldiers, the police and their touts, and last, but in no way least, the soldiers' wives who thought we should be all shot as we were only playing soldiers and annoying the nice English soldiers and gentlemen. The Guard of Honour came out on the street last and I was surprised at the great concourse of people waiting

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for the ceremony. The drums were piled and the flag was handed to Mollie O'Reilly. She unfurled the flag. The Guard presented arms, bugles sounded and she marched guarded by a squad of men with fixed bayonets. She walked through the Guard of Honour and up straight to the flag staff on Liberty Hall. We again presented arms and I had a chance of studying the crowd. The ceremony was extremely impressive and I then noticed the terrible silence. I was amazed. Then Mollie appeared on the roof and the flag waved in the wind. There was a burst of cheering kept on for a time and it occurred again and again. I noticed that some men, old and middle-aged, and a lot of women were crying. I knew then that it was not in vain as they all knew what was meant by the hoisting of the flag. We then formed a square and Jim Connolly spoke. He spoke of what the flag symbolised and what the Irish Citizen Army stood for, and he pointed to Liberty Hall and said:- "This is your barracks and you will not leave it until you are called to defend the flag hoisted to-day". He got a great ovation from the crowd and he asked any man who was willing to join to come along afterwards. We then marched along towards Brooks Thomas and back on the railway side of Beresford Place and faced the Hall. Just as we dismissed a shot rang out and we found that Tom Daly, known as "Blackguard Daly", in his enthusiasm let fly. He was immediately put under arrest and brought before Jim Connolly. It was the first courtmartial that had ever been held on an Irish Citizen Army man and he got a hell of a time from the grim Jim Connolly. We had a great lecture that night from Jim on house-fighting. We were learning our job and we were enthusiastic about it. He said several memorable things on that night. He said: "You are going into a fight with everything against you. It is a thousand to one. If you lose you will be the worst characters that ever a country gave birth to. If you win you will be the greatest that the country ever produced."

He also warned us that if in our fight we picked out our man from a good position we were not to get up and cheer as it would be the last cheer we would ever give. He went on in this strain. He lectured us on house-fighting saying he was going to fight his way and not the way the British wanted. He also stated that it would be a new way and that the ordinary soldier was not trained for this particular style of scrap. His words were prophetic as a great lot of his writing has proved.

Liberty Hall at this period was peculiar. As a member of the Irish Citizen Army you felt ^{strange when} out of it and each man of the Army lived most of the time with his rifle and bayonet. In fact, they seemed to become as much a part of him as his trousers. You saw men polishing and oiling rifles as if their lives depended on it. No man had to be urged to do anything. It was a matter of trying to outdo one another for guards, dangerous jobs etc., goings and comings. Strange faces of Volunteer officers passed you on the stairs asking for James Connolly and admiring our guard system. They did not know, but each person passing was scrutinised on the steps by men casually standing around. When you mounted the stairs you were facing two men in full equipment with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets. Behind to the left was a guardroom and plenty of men within call so it would be a very foolish man who would try anything there, with men very quick to use the guns on guard. We can record that there was never an attempt to rush the Hall from the time we took over guard. There was great activity. In the press room papers were printed and sold like hot cakes. I'm sure the people in the Castle were having very sleepless nights. With all their power of police and soldiers, tanks and guns, they could not stop the flow of rebel propaganda from Liberty Hall. This room was double guarded day and night but was never molested.

I was in great position of hearing the news from both Mike Mallin and Bill Partridge. Mallin told me off to let him know all about the 'Green' and to familiarise myself with it.

All the time from mobilisation I had a great chum with me named Charlie D'Arcy. He was aged about 18 and a great lad, very intelligent, honest and straightforward. We used to share sleeping and cooking and all duties. He would cook for me and he shared my blankets when I was on guard duty and vice versa. He was great although only a lad. His father and mother came to Liberty Hall one night and his father asked him after long persuasion to choose Liberty Hall or home. He immediately, and without hesitation, chose the Hall. I was present and I admired him with all my heart. I said to him while chatting that night: "God knows what you have chosen". He was killed on Henry & James' roof, a bullet between the eyes. I had brought him to Confession on Saturday evening to Father Augustine in Church Street and we then went along and bought some equipment in Fallon's of Mary Street. We then went along to Liberty Hall. This was on Easter Saturday. On Holy Thursday night, I was called by Mallin and he told me to check my job as it was possible we would be fighting within the next twenty-four hours. I told him I was to turn in to Dry Dock for an all night job and he told me he would let me know. He came to me later and gave me a revolver and ten rounds, saying I was to beware and fight if it was necessary. It was Connolly's orders. I was all right and I went to work putting a propeller on the Clare Castle, one of Guinness's boats. I don't know what happened it, but one of the wings of the propeller was cut clean off. While I was in this job in Ross & Walpoles I had worked on a lot of "His Majesty's Mine Sweepers and Armed Trawlers". I need not say I did little work that night. I had a friend or two and they kept watch for me while I worked. While they worked I got out of the Dry Dock. Next morning, Good Friday, I went to Liberty Hall, had a wash and Charlie D'Arcy had a good feed for me. I went home about 8 a.m. being told by Mallin that I was not to go to work again until I was told. He told me it would break any time. I had a couple of

hours sleep and went back in the evening from the Hall to get my wages. I went home and I was not friends at home. I got my sister to press my uniform and I spent an hour or two fixing up things at home. I burned all my papers, letters, etc. I left very little for anyone to pick up. I spent what I believed was my last time at home in a strange manner. My people thought we were mad to try anything and were not as sympathetic as I would wish. Therefore, I was very distant in anything I did for my last time. I was in the Hall that night. I did a two hour's guard outside the press room. It was trebly guarded now. I did not know that Proclamations were being printed at the time but I knew that something out of the ordinary was on. Men went about their business with a grim air of determination. Something marvellous and extraordinary was about to break. You felt it in the air everywhere. Not so much with the careless, gaping crowd, as James Connolly termed them on one occasion, in the street. Everyone that read papers knew that the Volunteers were going on manoeuvres. To a lot it meant something and to many it meant playing soldiers. But to the Irish Citizen Army its meaning was as clear as water for months. It meant fight. About 1 o'clock I was called by Mallin and he told me Seamus McGowan wanted all rifle men to report to him. I reported. He asked me how many rounds I had and I told him. He gave me 80 rounds of ball ammunition and made all rifle men up to 100 rounds. I brought it home, fixed it in my bandolier and had a chat with my brother who was astounded at what I told him. I showed him my ammunition and told him we would be fighting by Sunday night. He did not understand all the time and he wanted to join right away. I told him it was no go as he did not know anything about a gun.

Now it was impossible to see Mallin and Bill Partridge. They had disappeared on some job. In the Hall everything was calm. We did not know how it was going to break and we discussed

the Volunteer manoeuvres. We kept closer to the Hall and I was off duty and was allowed to go home and to be at Liberty Hall at 8 o'clock next morning. I got up early, went to Communion, had my breakfast and put on my uniform. I had a row before I went and instead of saying the usual good-byes told them to go to hell. I went off and on the quays at O'Connell Bridge I met Mrs. Mallin with Seamus, Joseph and, I think, Una. I had a short chat with her and she appeared as if the weight of the world was on her - and so it was. She was pale and very shaken but I admired her courage. She was going to see Mallin, probably for the last time. She knew all. I was sorry for the kids, so young and not knowing what was on. I told her I would get Mallin for her. I found him. He was with Jim Connolly and I brought her in through the guards. I left them alone and went to see Charlie D'Arcy as I had a good haversack of grub for him. He was delighted and I got a cup of tea from him. When I left home that morning the "Independent" had big glaring placards announcing McNeill's calling off of the Volunteer manoeuvres. It was discussed in the Hall but not over much. I saw Commandant Mallin some time after his wife had left and he told me McNeill had finished it but that there was some kind of a conference arranged anyway. We were going out for a march and we would pass round the Castle. If there was the slightest interference from the police or soldiers we would attack the Castle and start the fight. He said we might not last long but at least we would do something to bring the country to realise what we stood for. He told me that McNeill had done the worst day's work that had ever been done in the history of the unfortunate country. He was very distressed and seemed to think that nothing could stop a scrap that afternoon. We started out from Liberty Hall fully equipped for a fight. The bands were playing and every man was ready for the least sign. We crossed over Butt Bridge, down College Green and down York Street. Here there was a disturbance. A member of the Irish Constabulary was walking with us and Vincent Poole was also walking near him. Outside the ranks he passed some remark and the policeman resented it. He was inclined to

give Vincent Poole a handling only for the Irish Citizen Army marching. We in the ranks did not interfere as we had other purposes and were not to be stopped by any brawl. This is the only incident that disturbed the march. We marched down George's Street, Dame Street, up Cork Hill, up to the Castle. At this point we were all tensed up for anything but we might be a squad of Royal Guards so little did they mind us. Of course, I could not say what was happening inside the Castle. We marched back to Liberty Hall and had tea. We were then confined to barracks from then on. There was great activity as far as Connolly and Mallin were concerned. Guards were posted inside the building. I did guard on stairs with Charlie D'Arcy and we prepared a good feed for the night. The Hall was very full of men, more than ever before on account of the order that no men were to leave. The Commissions were issued to our officers and we got an inkling as to whom they were and were satisfied. Kit Poole, Captain, Dick McCormack, Captain, John O'Neill, Captain, Seán Connolly, Captain, Madam Markievicz, Lieutenant Commandant Mick Mallin, Commandant, James Connolly, Commandant General. This gave us special satisfaction as we knew his ideas and method. The Lieutenants were Mick Kelly, Martin Kelly and Peter Jackson. We had, as far as I remember, a sing-song that night at about 11 o'clock. It was 'lights out' and we were warned that if a whistle was blown we were immediately to get to windows with rifles in the shortest possible time. Charlie D'Arcy and myself got into a nice corner to sleep, and for what we believed was our last night on earth it was funny. As I have said we were in a nice dark corner and we had a great time watching other comrades in the dark with the only light coming from the moon through a window high up. It started when Barney Craven, a Dublin cabby, was trying to make his bed on top of other men in the dark. He was bald and the moon shining through the small window right on to his bald head caused a laugh. Someone remarked that it was a good omen for the fight to see two moons shining together, when, all of a sudden, there was a loud smack as a lump of bread caught Barney's bald head as he stood up straight.

He started to remonstrate but it only caused greater fun.

Barney gave us a sermon on death which caused more sport up to 12 o'clock when someone came in and put us to silence. After this it was like a tomb. About 1.30 a.m. there was a shrill blast on a whistle and immediately we jumped to it and flew up a couple of steps into the big room. We all made for windows with our rifles. I could not find my belt so I got to the window in my bare feet holding my trousers but I had my rifle and in the excitement of fighting to get to the window my trousers were forgotten and I had only a drawers. This caused a great laugh. I wish to point out that during this terrible time there was always time for a laugh. Every mother's son of us now thought the Hall was surrounded and we were about to fight. After a time we were formed up and counted by Commandant Mallin and Captain Seán Connolly. Then Commandant Mallin produced a list and read out names. Those whom he named fell out as they were called and they were told that they were for the Castle under Seán Connolly. I was called out amongst them but Commandant Mallin called me out and told me I was to remain with him throughout the scrap. He handed me over his haversack and told me I was to act as his batman. Then there was a squad for Stephen's Green and also one for Harcourt Street and the General Post Office. At this time each man knew his station and squad. I took notice of Sean Connolly that time. He was great looking in full uniform. He was as brave looking as if he was Robert Emmet, and I believe looking back as if he was imbued with the dead spirit of the dead patriot. He seemed to stand out in posture and speech as such. Commandant Mallin was dead cool. His speech was to the point with no word wasted. He was the practical soldier all the time. By this time it was daylight, I would say about 5 a.m., and sleep was out of the question. We got moving cleaning rifles, oiling, giving a last look up to equipment as it was only a matter of hours now. Charlie D'Arcy got breakfast ready that morning. I did not think it was the last meal we were

to have together - poor lad. After this I played cards as a lot of the lads were doing, and did guard. I saw the women working like blacks with a bread cutting machine. It was the first time I saw one. They were cutting bread and meat as rations. Also there was another squad working on bandages and iodine. Each man had issued to him two days' rations and a first aid outfit. There was a crowd of men with Seamus McGowan at bombs, filling and packing them. There was the last minute rush going on. At about 10 o'clock I was told to get ready for a special guard by Lieutenant M. Kelly. There were about five or six who fell in. Charlie D'Arcy gave me a hand to get fixed and we marched off. I was last on the line and I went up the passage leading to No. 7, Connolly's special room. I was told not to let anyone pass while I was on guard. I was told I was mounting guard over a special meeting and if the stairs was rushed I was to fire. I was doing guard over the last meeting of the Republican Government before the fight, as in that room were James Connolly, Tom Clarke, Seán McDermott and several other of the signatories of the Proclamation. I fell in my duty by being too soft-hearted. After I was on about three quarters of an hour, a young well-dressed lady was let up to the entrance of the passage. I stopped her and asked what her business was and she said she wanted to see James Connolly. I told her she could not get him as he was engaged. She tried to cajole me but it failed. This went on for half an hour and she burst into tears and told me she would have to see someone as she was desperate and I must say she looked it. I felt for her but I could do nothing. She then confessed that she was the fiancé of Bulmer Hobson and that he had disappeared or was arrested by our army and was going to be put to death. She said that one second was enough as she knew all the leaders and that they knew her. After a while longer I made up my mind to pass a message to No. 7, and I knocked. I had told her to wait at the end of the passage. She promised she would and she gave me all the blessings she could think of. As soon as I knocked Jim Connolly

came to the door and he raged as he told me I was not to let anyone disturb them. Immediately I turned round I found my friend beside me asking questions. As soon as she spoke she was heard inside the room and Seán McDermott came out and engaged her in talk. She cried and prayed for her lover to him. I was sorry that I was a witness to this scene. My time was up and it was getting near zero hour - 12 o'clock - I was glad as I wanted to see and speak to some of my comrades probably for the last time. I had nothing to worry about as I put it all behind me some time before. I was sorry I parted with my people as I did but I considered I had done my best and I felt a savage exultation thinking of what we were about to do. Commandant Mallin came down from No. 7 and spoke to me on top of the stairs. I sprang to attention and saluted him. He told me to 'stand at ease'. He said, "Jim/^{we} will be fighting in a short time and we may have to fight alone as McNeill has finished the Volunteers by calling it off this morning. It will be short and sharp". These are the exact words he used - "We will be all dead in a short time". I asked him if none of the Volunteers would fight. He said there was no knowing. He asked me how the lads were taking it and I told him that the Irish Citizen Army would give a good account of themselves before they went down. He seemed delighted at this and he asked me how I felt and I told him I was willing to go down as long as I could bring a good crowd with me. He told me to take over his kit as I was to be with him during the fight. His kit consisted of the usual personal items, brushes, razors and cleaning equipment. I was also to look after his personal comfort, whatever that meant, in a scrap. There were groups of lads fixing up rifles, ammunition, haversacks, all busy. You would imagine it was a gala day or a procession but with this difference, every man knew his job and there was not a manjack of the Citizen Army who would not give an account of himself in a short time.

Time was getting very short. It was moving to 11.30 a.m. and we each had our own thoughts and little things that never mattered before came up in our minds. Home, people, friends and the chances

of the fight, what it would be like being killed, what of the next world. Those remote things that never gave you a thought before seemed important at the moment. It did not fill you with sorrow or foreboding, only a kind of abstract removal from realities.

Twenty minutes to twelve. The 'fall in' is sounded and we go down the stairs. No talk, no good-byes; just as if we were going for a march. We 'fall in'. One section under Seán Connolly nearest the Butt Bridge; women of Citizen Army with their comrades. Suddenly we heard Sean's sharp commands and we saw the Castle section on their way to God knows what! I was standing at ease in the rank next to the path and an old man, tall and stout, black soft hat and flowing beard, looked at me and spoke. I immediately summed him up as a Fenian. He wished us luck and God's help in our terrible task. He gripped my hand and I noticed his palm was terribly calloused and dry. It's feel was peculiar when he gripped my hand and tears fell down his face as he walked away. I often thought of the old man whoever he was. He knew all that was to be known as I suppose he had been through it before I was born. Suddenly we were called to attention and I was told to 'fall out' with the others and get a trek car from the lane. We ran around and grabbed it. When we pulled it out it was full of ammunition and bombs, some bayonets, trench tools etc. I had a hold of the rope and it was pulled too quickly. Consequently I got a bad smack of the car in the middle of the back. For a second I thought it was all up with me but I pulled myself together and got out into Beresford Place as we marched off. We went across Butt Bridge, down Tara Street and to the right to College Green. As we marched I could not help thinking of the thousands making for trains for the Races, seaside and country. I smiled to think that at 12 noon, a matter of minutes, we would be fighting for our lives and for our country. I wondered how they would take it. Just at College Green I met my brother Jerry and he wanted right or wrong to come with me. I told him to go home. I had 8/- and I sent it to my mother, shook hands and he left me. I was sorry for him as he did not believe all along that we were in earnest.

When we came to the head of Grafton Street, a policeman passed a remark about playing soldiers. He got an awful shock when he saw us marching straight into St. Stephen's Green Park. He had thought we were manoeuvring until we fanned out and ordered people out of the Green. The poor gardener on duty thought the end of the world had come when we demanded the keys. I got busy getting the people out of the gardens. My first person was an old priest - a Canon - who was sitting on a seat. I told him what I wanted and he asked me the reason. When I told him the fight for the Republic had started, he shook. I was terribly sorry for him as I escorted him to the gate. By this time there were about a hundred persons outside wanting to know what was up. Just then a young Volunteer asked could he get to the priest. The priest was at this time on his way through the crowd outside the gate. I ran to the gate and called him. I did not expect him to answer me, but he came back immediately and I told him through the gate that a lad wanted confession. He ordered that the gate be opened and came into the park. He asked the young lad to kneel and gave him conditional absolution. He also asked me to kneel and gave me absolution. I thought it was a very brave action for an old man in such a nervous state, especially as our men were already in action in Harcourt Street railway station and at Darcy's public-house at Portobello Bridge.

We had orders not to fire until we heard firing from Harcourt Street, so when the firing was on for a minute or two, I went to the gate to fire at the policeman who had passed the remarks earlier. He was at Noblett's corner at the time, so I had a shot at him.

Before this I had told a young lady who was sitting on a seat that it would be necessary for her to get out. She gave me a nasty look and told me she would not get out and that, if I didn't go away, she would get the police. Just after this when things were busy, Madame Markievicz, who was on the path near Shelbourne Hotel, sent for me and told me that Dawson Street must be covered and that I was to dig in opposite there. Just then I got a call from the gate that a young lady was hysterical and wanted to get out. I found it was my friend and that she was glad to be allowed out.

I went back to my position in front of Dawson Street. May Gahan, in a Cumann na mBan uniform, stayed with me. She was very efficient. Whilst watching, she saw a motor car coming along Stephen's Green towards the Shelbourne Hotel. It contained two British staff officers. The car was moving slowly. I fired at it and knocked the cap off one of the officers. The car immediately accelerated and was out of sight before I could get another shot in. May Gahan left and Jim Fox, a Volunteer, came along and we marked out a trench or gun pit in front of the railings and looking towards Dawson Street. We dug for a couple of hours and made a nice job of it, putting some bushes around it as camouflage. We made a shelf for bombs and the shotguns of two lads who came to the trench, by cutting into the earth!

We were visited very often by Captain "Kit" Poole who had instructions for us from Commandant Mallin regarding password for night, etc. I was constantly using my rifle, firing down Dawson Street at any movement of cars, as there were many attempts at movement from a garage opposite the Mansion House. At

about six or seven o'clock a young lad, about seventeen years of age, crossed the railings and wanted to fight with us. I took him on and instructed him in the use of the shotgun and grenades. At about 8.30 an incident occurred which nearly caused a lot of trouble. A British soldier in khaki came along the path and stopped inside the railings at our gun pit. He pretended to be drunk but, as I have already stated, we had the gun pit camouflaged and if he was drunk he would not have noticed it. He stopped directly in front of us and started to curse and swear about tin soldiers and told us if we were any good we would go and fight for our king and country. I said nothing for a few minutes. Then I thought suddenly that he was a spy. I then challenged him and told him to go away. He demurred. I then realised he was not drunk and was convinced he was spying. I got up on top of the trench and told the lad to keep him covered. I went to the railings and spoke to him. There was no smell of drink off him. He called me a b----- and a lot of other names. He was using very filthy language. At that moment Miss Gifford and an old lady were at the trench with milk and bread. I asked him to stop cursing. He passed a remark about prostitutes fighting with us. I told him I would give him a chance if he went away. He became worse, so I picked up a shotgun and shot him at close quarters. A couple of minutes later I saw two gentlemen in tall hats and frock coats run out of the Shelbourne Hotel. I immediately took up my rifle and fired in front of them. I told them to come over to me. They came over with their hands up. I told them to remove the soldier to hospital. One of the gentlemen got nasty and told me what he would do. I put the rifle to my to my shoulder and told him he was

going to obey me and quickly too. He got frightened and started to "Sir" me. He asked what I wanted. I told both of them to remove the soldier as he had been spying. They then shifted him.

Things got very quiet for about an hour. It was then dark and the electric lamps were lighting, one nearly in front of our trench. Suddenly there came creeping right in front of us a squad of men with full equipment and guns. I got a bomb and was about to light the fuse when I looked again and found they were Volunteers. One man in the group had a soft hat and that saved them. Under the glare of the lamps, it was hard to tell the difference in the uniforms.

There was a sequel to the shooting of the spy. At about 1.30 a.m. I heard a slight movement some distance behind our trench. I got my rifle and, when I found where the movement was coming from, I challenged and got the password. It was Commandant Mallin with Madame Markievicz. He told me I was accused of being callous by a lady who witnessed the shooting of a soldier. I told him and Madame why I had done it and I stated that the morning would tell if I was right about spying.

A little after daybreak a machine gun opened up from the Shelbourne Hotel and United Services Club and raked the Green up and down. All the bushes and grass along the railings got it. I had to lie still for nearly half an hour. I was alone as I had sent the lad, who was with me before daybreak, away to the centre of the Green. When the machine gun fire stopped, snipers opened on any known trenches and I got hell for about an hour or more. About this time I heard a scream

and I knew that someone had got it. I found out afterwards that a man in a trench at the gate, under Tom Donohue, had been killed.

A little after that and from time to time, I heard Commandant Mallin's whistle going, so I prepared to vacate the trench. I had a hard time moving from tree to tree, as every time I moved the tree got a couple of bullets, so I knew that the men on the other side understood their business. My worst time was crossing the bridge in the Park. When I got to the centre of the bridge a bullet struck the parapet and broke a big piece of stone which nearly got me. I ran on towards the summerhouse and was then directed to the flower border. I threw myself down and took cover. Madame Markievicz, who with a number of others was taking cover at this spot, told me we were to evacuate "the Green" and go to the College of Surgeons. I had to wait nearly an hour, as men were moving in groups to the College and everything was being done in very orderly fashion.

A little later I was sent for by Commandant Mallin who asked me if all the men at my end had been accounted for. I told him I wasn't sure. Just at that moment Joe Connolly came along and he said he would make sure. By then, there were only three or four to go to the College. Mallin would not move until he was sure of everyone. When he was satisfied, he told me to get ready and that it would be a terrible job to get to the College, as all fire was now concentrated on it. We went out of the gate opposite the Hotel near Cuffe Street and went down by the railings towards York Street. Commandant Mallin, Mick Kelly and myself were the last to leave the Green. When we broke cover opposite York

Street, hell was let loose. The door of the College was closed at this point. When we were near the path, one of the soldiers' women, who had been screaming most of the morning, rushed at Mallin with the intention of tearing at him. I had my bayonet fixed and nearly got her, but Mallin knocked it up and we ran to the side door and hammered with the butts of our rifles. When we got in after a few seconds, Frank Robbins barricaded the door. Commandant Mallin ordered all men on to the roof. We were shown the way to get to the roof. I went through a skylight and slid down to the balustrade in front of the College. I found a large flat gutter and a round ornamental stone balustrade which gave plenty of head and body cover and allowed the use of the rifles between the stone ornaments. Behind there were two small roofs not seen from the street. I want this to be noted as I have a story concerning them.

When we settled down, we were getting it hot and heavy. You could not stand up under any circumstances. Bullets and chips of the stonework were flying in all directions. I remember thinking that there were good marksmen fighting us. On my left was a man with a rifle. I asked him to get going on some target, as I was concentrating my fire on the windows of the Shelbourne Hotel. I was just putting a new clip of ammunition in the magazine when he touched me and asked me, for God's sake, to do something with the man behind me. I turned around and saw Mick Doherty sitting on the small roof eating a sandwich as if he was at a picnic. I shouted at him and, before I had the words out, he got a burst of machine gun bullets all over him. I actually saw the bullets strike him. The side of his face seemed to

be gone. When word was passed to the College about Doherty, Joe Connolly got him down through the skylight. It was an awful tricky job, as Joe was exposed to enemy fire all the time. A short time afterwards we were ordered off the roof. The reason for going on the roof was a report that the enemy was going to attack the College. We had plenty of bombs and shotguns in case it did come off.

When we came down from the roof, we went into the lecture hall and were given tea or cocoa. We were then told to rest and we fell down exhausted where we were. When I awoke from a sleep it was Tuesday night and all my mates were being wakened. I heard a terrific amount of machine gun and rifle fire. We were told that some of us were picked for a dangerous job and were to be ready in half an hour.

I heard what the lads had been doing while we were asleep. They had erected a kind of stage which was reached by means of a ladder, where a view could be had of the snipers. I was told that Captain Dick McCormack, Captain J. O'Neill and Joe Connolly cleaned up the sniping in a couple of hours. I found Bill Partridge badly wounded and his head completely bandaged. There were a few more casualties. One happened while I was resting: a Howth gun went off and the bullet hit the floor and caught one of the men in the eye. I think he was removed to hospital where he died.

It was now dark and the sound of firing was very heavy. A number of men were called and told to fall in. I was one of them. Mick Kelly, M. Donnelly, M. Tuite, Captain McCormack, Captain O'Neill and some others whose names I forget were also in the party. We were

instructed by Commandant Mallin in what we were to do. He stated it was a tough job and many of us might not come back. The plan was to get down past the Baths (now a Picture House) as far as we could towards Grafton Street, rush over to Sibley's bookshop, break in and attempt to wipe out machine gun nest in United Services Club, then set fire to houses at corner of Grafton Street. It was a tall order but we believed we could do it. It did not work out as planned, not through any fault of Mallin but through a man in charge of the post which was to provide the covering fire. He started firing too soon and, before we got into position, their ammunition was exhausted. There were about a dozen men on the job of firing and it lasted about half an hour. Before all this we were to get into position and it was a hazard. We had to go in single file to part of the top of the College and get across a plank to the roof of Hammond Baths. It was about thirty feet up and it was dark. Each man had a rifle, two bombs and eighty rounds of ammunition. I had to strap my rifle to me, as I carried a 7-lb hammer as well. It was my job to smash in Sibley's door. As I stated, when we got into position for going into the street, there was no gun fire.

An order came to stop and break through from house to house. We started to work with a will and some time between 12 and 1 a.m. we stopped for rest and sleep. We had then got as far as May's music shop. There were two windows and we stood between them in the dark. There was a continuous fire striking the outer wall and coming through the windows. There were some other men in the back room. Mick Donnelly and Mick Kelly, who were with me in the front room, decided that the firing was not coming from an angle but straight from the front. Kelly

started to watch for any flash right in front. There was a slight lull and away in the distance, three or four houses to the left of Iveagh House, a match flashed as someone lit a cigarette. Donnelly and Kelly fired and after that we had some peace except for machine gun bursts now and again. We took turn about on guard and got a good sleep.

We got an order from the College that our squad was to provide its own rations as they could not help us. We did this right royally. We had chicken, roast beef, etc., and were able to send such things as chocolate and coffee, etc., to the College. When we broke into a house, we sent back any food we did not want to the College. A Commander of the Volunteers then took over and garrisoned the house. This was Wednesday.

We were hearing a lot of rumours about the Germans coming to help and mutiny of Dublin Fusiliers. We did not pay much attention to them. Our object was to work to Grafton Street. We started to barricade May's by throwing a piano down the stairs and by blocking the doors and windows.

During the day I was guarding the back of May's. From a lavatory window, using high power glasses (all our squad had field glasses), I could see Hovenden & Orr's mineral water factory in Mercer Street and Mercer's Hospital. I noticed the machine gun playing on the house changing from time to time. I also noticed that the the roof over my head was getting a lot of fire. I watched for some time and was amazed to see signals from window of Mercer's Hospital. I watched for a while longer and saw it was a person with a small flag working

away. I fired and immediately the window was closed and a red cross flag was put up. There was an inquiry about it afterwards from Mallin. I was told not to do it again as it was under the Red Cross.

Later that day an incident occurred in front in which a sniper masquerading as a lady was shot by Mick Kelly. There was a lot of sniping through the windows from an acute angle. For an hour we could not locate the firer but, with the aid of glasses, Kells discovered the sniper at the shop next to Sibley's. There two women at the window at times but when it was vacant, we got hell. When the ladies appeared again, all was quiet. This had been going on all morning and it was only by chance that Mick Kelly kept his glasses trained on the window. At last he discovered that one of the "ladies" was a gentleman wearing a blouse. He discovered it as the "lady" was going back from the window for sniping. The next time the window opened there was only one "lady". I watched as Mick fired and shot him. The window came down with a smack and there was no more trouble from that quarter.

We next broke through to the Alexandra Ladies' Club. It was a tough job getting through the wall as it was of brick and concrete. When we got through, we discovered the floor of the club was four or five feet lower than the room we were working from. When it was ready, Captain McCormack jumped through, followed by Mick Kelly, Frank Robbins, Mick Donnelly and myself. The ladies were nice and tried all they knew to be left in the Club but Captain McCormack would not allow it and gave them a short time to get out. He was, I thought, very rough and I asked him why. He told me I would find

out in a short time and I did. When the ladies got out, we started to barricade the bottom of the house. McCormack was watching out of the window and said, if he was right, we would be hearing from the enemy as soon as the ladies could get in touch with them. At that moment the telephone rang and someone went to answer it. McCormack dragged it out of his hand and smashed it. Immediately there was a burst of machine gun fire and the windows and walls were smashed. We all had to lie flat for nearly an hour. McCormack said to me, "You know now. Did you not notice that there was not a window broken when we came into the room, while every house and shop from South King Street to Cuffe Street are damaged by machine gun fire". We got a tip that soldiers were working up South King Street. One came round the corner and took cover at an electric lamp-post. A young Volunteer fired and killed him.

There was very little of importance after this that I can remember until Saturday when we were recalled. The officers had been with Commandant Mallin for a conference. I did not know what was happening, as we were only told to get clothes and dump our uniforms. I believed that Mallin was going to the hills. I got an old suit and went into the College. I met Mallin and had my last talk with him. I did my best to get him to take to the hills. We argued for a long time. There was a burst of machine gun fire and I pushed him out of the way. He said, "Let it be now rather than later, as I and many of our friends will not live long". He rejected my plea and said, "As soldiers we came into this fight obeying orders. We will now obey this order by James Connolly to surrender".

When the firing died down, we were told to assemble in the lecture hall where the surrender took place. When we were called to attention and Mallin explained the situation, poor Joe Connolly nearly went mad. He said he would not surrender. Commandant Mallin, Madame Markeivicz and Bill Partridge spoke to him and a lot of the others who were against the surrender.

Major Wheeler came in accompanied by another officer. We were standing at ease. Commandant Mallin called us smartly to attention, gave us "arms down, three paces backward, march", turned about, drew his sword and presented it, haft first, to Major Wheeler.

Major Wheeler asked Mallin were all his men here. When Mallin replied that they were all here, Major Wheeler was surprised as he thought there would be about two hundred. He then addressed us and told us to get blankets as we might need them. We were then formed in two's and marched out of the College. We were all right until we got to Grafton Street when the guards got tough. Smoking or talking was forbidden. We were marched to the Castle and got a good idea of what we would have to go through from the Dublin Fusiliers, who cursed and jeered us in Dame Street. We were marched into the Castle Yard and into a yard on the left, where we saw a big pit. We were told that in an hour's time we would be in it. They made a jeer and joke of Madame Markievicz. This, I am sorry to say, was done by the Dublin Fusiliers. After a time we were marched down to Kingsbridge, through Thomas Street, where there was a great display of soldiers' women shouting, "Bayonet them", etc., and then on to Richmond Barracks.

One evening after curfew, Mick Kelly, and myself were sitting down in Commandant Jim O'Neill's kitchen and Jim was telling us that he had been with Mick Collins during the day and told us several stories of things done and some to come off. One story dealt with a spy, a supposed soldier, whom the I.R.A. Intelligence had been working on for a long time. He, according to Jim's report from the 'Big Fellow', was most elusive and had been traced to different places in the city after curfew. His speciality was to be in Dublin Castle up to 2 or 3 a.m. identifying I.R.A. men rounded up. Jim told us that they, the I.R.A., had got information that he was getting out of armoured car in the vicinity of High Street and might possibly go down Nicholas Street to his home somewhere in the vicinity. After talking it over for some time Mick Kelly put it to Commandant O'Neill that we take over the job and get a free hand. He said he would see and let us know. Next evening we got permission but no extra information so we had nothing to go on but a meagre description - height, clothes, etc. We were to make sure he came out of an armoured car. If he did it was to be lights out with him so Mick Kelly decided on a special night as Mick Kelly had been working on his own and had heard he was surely seen for two nights running, getting out of a car at Nicholas Street. Mick said to me early in the evening that the job was on that night. So I got my gun, oiled it and got ready. I called for Mick at 9.30 p.m. 10 o'clock was curfew at the time and it was strict. A man found out late was arrested and usually got a bashing. If he had a gun he was put out of it altogether. When I met Mick Kelly I went in to his home in Back Lane, had tea, and he outlined his plan. It was as follows: - at the corner of Back Lane

down part of Nicholas Street facing Iveagh Buildings was a hoarding about 25 feet in height. It was stayed and braced up behind with strong scantlings, and with a bit of luck we might be able to climb to the top of it. If we could, we had a view of Patrick Street and top of Nicholas Street but it would have to be a very silent job. Mick's plan was to wait for our friend and if he got out of an armoured car to watch where he went and follow him and give him his exit and get clear over to Whitefriars Street to Mick Donnelly's. How this was to be done I could not see, but it did not matter so much as the job. We waited until it got a bit dark, and went out of Mick's house, got over a wall, waited and lay down to listen in case we were heard or seen. After a few moments we moved over old bricks, bent down and creeping as silent as we could. This was absolutely necessary as we were two against anything. After a couple of minutes we got to the back of the hoarding and I must say that when I looked up at the top of it, so far away, I did not envy a steeple jack his job. I looked round for Mick and he was half way up the hoarding. I straight away tackled my climb and after about five minutes swinging in mid-air in the dark I got to the top and had a look at the view. It was grand - only it was so serious. I found that a piece of wood binding the top of the hoarding would make a great shelf so I put my gun on it and made myself comfortable. A little later Mick moved over and we spoke only once or twice as several times we saw Black and Tans fully armed walk beneath us and heard some of their conversation. We also saw policemen moving around. Several cars with Tans passed up New Street. We watched until 4 a.m. until it was coming near dawn but no spy turned up so the second part of our job - that of getting away was on.

We got down and over the wall. Nicholas and Patrick Streets were dead clear but we had to be sure of the halls and street corners. We hugged the shadow down the street and ran over to an entrance of Iveagh Buildings, got in, stopped and watched to see if anything moved. We then took a rest and went into a long yard with a gate looking on to Ball Road. We watched for a short time and got over the gate, ran in short spurts along the street and stopped at the top leading to Bride Street. Suddenly a person spoke. We did not know for a minute where the voice came from and we turned round, guns in hands, and found it was an unfortunate woman. She asked us where we were going. We did not answer. She told us that there were Tans down Ship Street and Werburgh Street and to be careful. We thanked her and we moved quickly into Wood Street. Now, half-way up Wood Street there is a lane leading to Chancery Lane Police station. I was afraid of this as I had seen police here very often waiting for time up, to report to station and I thought of what the girl had told us in Bride Street. Mick pulled his gun. So did I and we skipped along the wall silently until we got to the lane. Thank God it was clear! Now another 50 yards and we were safe but there was a big dog, "Captain" by name. If he barked it was all up. Now, I was friendly with "Captain" but was nervous on account of us having to get through a window. He was a powerful dog as big as an Alsatian and it might mean knocking him out, which I did not like to think about. We were not more than 70 yards from Ship Street Barracks and it had patrols all over the place. We kept our guns at the ready and got to the top of the street. We looked right and left and then dived down the lane. Mick got on my hands, then on my shoulders and got on to a galvanised shed. He took my

gun and then the tug-of-war started. I was fairly heavy and he had to pull me up, which he did after about 3 or 4 minutes. We created a din on the tin shed, moved down and dropped into the yard. I got to window and opened it slightly, making sure if the dog was going to do anything we would be quick on him. The first thing I felt was his muzzle licking my hand and a whimper of welcome and I think to this day he knew. A minute or two later there was a terrible volley of shots in Aungier Street and Ship Street. It lasted for a short time but we went asleep both sides of Mick Donnelly.

As far as I can remember the first deal in rifles I had anything to do with was with Michael Mallin and Madame Markievicz at the Black Church off Doonset Street at Mary's Place. It was late in 1914. I was asked by Michael Mallin to meet him as he had an important job on. We walked to the Black Church. It was dark. He told me to be ready to put up a fight in case anything went wrong as he was sure it wasn't a "plant". He told me he was after rifles. After a time a woman appeared. I did not know her at first but soon found it was Madame Markievicz in disguise. Michael Mallin went over to her as it appeared she was having some difficulty with two soldiers. It was soon settled and I had the pleasure of handling two rifles which we brought to a house in Wellington Street. I cannot tell how much was paid for them or how the deal was worked but I know that Madame was the principal in the transaction.

In 1917 in company with about eight others I was sent to Portobello Barracks about 9 o'clock at night. We went along the passage leading from Leinster

Road to the Barracks. We were handed out through the railings about twelve rifles, by soldiers who had to creep between the sentries guarding the part of the barracks where the playing fields were. We got the rifles away in a pony cart belonging to Dick Corbally. The pony stopped dead in front of two policemen in Rathmines but Dick did not let it stop long. The rifles were safely dumped in a stable in Gardiner Street.

About 1917 I got in touch with a friendly soldier named Edward Handley. I knew this man from a lad; he had to join from economic circumstances but as good an Irishman as you could meet. He had been badly wounded and was consequently on home service. He held the rank of Sergeant and was attached to different barracks in Dublin and Depot at Kingstown. We got friendly and he asked how we were off for arms. I told him we were out to rob, murder or buy guns. He said he would try. He did and well too, to the extent of 50 to 70 rifles and numerous small arms. When I got 4 or 5 rifles I specialised in this work trying to hide and shift them to a safe place. I must now give thanks to Mrs. Pidgeon of the Coombe and her family for her help. If I was the gun-runner she was most certainly the Q.M. She had an old chimney that had not been used for years and the way she camouflaged it stood two or three raids with some of my stuff inside it. So you can see how safe it was. I remember once when shifting 10 rifles across the city we nearly had a show-down. Poor Barney Craven with his cab - our transport - was on the job. He was as safe as a house. We had to put parcels with labels on top of cab and rifles in sacks also on top. We left the Coombe at about 9 o'clock and got into a hold-up at College Green. I thought it was 'lights out'. I had Mick Kelly with me. We were armed with No. 9 bombs

and automatics. It was a near thing when we got the bombs out on the seat but Barney never turned a hair. He was partly stopped but went on as he told the soldier he had only a minute to get a train and got clear. Another night we were stopped outside Dublin with a big cargo of stuff, by a policeman. He wanted to know if we had seen the Sergeant down the road. That policeman will never know how near death he was that night. While we were talking two guns were within 6 inches of him in the dark of the cab.

It appears that no matter how careful you are of your dealings in guns it gets around. This happened on a Saturday evening at 4 o'clock. There was a sharp knock at our door and my sister answered it. She called me and I went to the door. There was an Englishman in khaki with his cane, full regimentals etc. I brought him in. I asked him what he wanted and he asked me for my name. I told him and he hesitated. I immediately covered him with a gun and he laughed. He said "You're him". I asked him what was the game. He told me that I bought guns. I asked him where he got his information. He would not tell me. I said I would not deal with him. He said I would when I saw what he had and I did. He opened his coat and hanging under his arm by a lanyard was a beautiful automatic. He handed it to me and I examined it. It was new to me. He told me it was for night sniping. It had telescopic sights that showed up in the dark. He wanted £3 and I got it for £2. I warned him not to speak or make any statement about it. He must never have spoken as there was never a raid. I must state that poor Barney Craven after fighting in Easter Week and working his horse and cab any time, day or night, for Ireland died of starvation.

I wish to state the reason we were able to get rifles from Kingstown was the Government had made an order that soldiers coming on leave from the front must leave their rifles at a Depot set up at Kingstown. Previous to this soldiers had been held up and their rifles taken from them or they had been selling them.

While stationed there Sergeant Handley put a plan to me of getting away with a railway wagon load of rifles and ammunition. I reported the plan to the Citizen Army Councils and was ordered to go to Kingstown to investigate. I went as an ex-soldier with a wound badge. I got in touch with the guard but could not get through the barrier, though I waited for some time. I could not, therefore, give much information to the Council.

Handley's plan was to hold up the guard, run the railway wagon down the line and clear it at some point. It never worked out.

Mick Kelly about 1919 or thereabouts worked in the Tram Company as a road man. Curfew was at its height at the time and a lot of our men from time to time had been caught and rendered out of hand in trying to escape from the Tans. When they caught you they put you in the wagon and drove off. They then slowed down and invited you to run for it. If you did you became a cock shot for the curs in the car. If you did not you got a bashing and jail. Something similar to above had happened and Commandant O'Neill was talking of it. He said the 'Big Fellow' (Michael Collins) would like to do something out of the way to worry them for this kind of stunt. At this conversation an idea was born. As I stated at the beginning Mick Kelly worked in the Tram Company. In consequence, when

on night work he had a military pass. He took it out of his pocket and we examined it. Jim O'Neill was very interested and said he would like a loan of it for a day or so. He said he might be able to do something with it. Next night round the fire he told us he was on the move and had got a good bit on the job. He said he also had a conversation with the "Big Fellow" and he was enthusiastic as he might be able to put one over with the passes. In another day or two Jim O'Neill put a printed military pass complete before us. Then it was tried to fake the C.O. Officer's name which was in ink at the bottom of the pass. Jim tried and I tried to forge the handwriting but we both failed as far as penmanship was concerned. Then Jim discovered another difficulty. The ink was of a special kind and it looked like a wash out as we gazed at that damn signature through a magnifying glass. Jim had a brain wave after about an hour or so. He said that there must be experts somewhere if they could be got at. He said he would have a good try on the morrow but Mick Kelly and I were doubtful if it could be done. We were both curious to hear what had been done and got to our "hide out" in Donnycarney as early as possible. We were surprised to see before our eyes three or four passes exactly the same with signature perfect, including ink. Jim O'Neill produced a pad and special ink for any amount of the passes. Jim said he had been asked to try them as soon as possible during curfew. They were to be tried in a military hold up during curfew and the result reported to Michael Collins. We volunteered to have a go and decided that two nights hence would be zero hour for the passes. It was a night that no tram work was on. Mick Kelly got his with signature of O.C. Dublin British Forces ~~signature~~ ①

~~signature~~ ② and I also got mine made out to "James Byrne" *Mick Collins had got a rubber stamp of the British Commanding Officer's signature made* ③

We made our own plans and decided to go the whole hog. I met Mick and put on a pair of dungarees. We both had lunch of bread and butter for our night work on the streets. We started after curfew and went down the Coombe, down Kevin Street, Bishop Street, Aungier Street, George's Street. It was here we nearly got it. A load of Tans who were drunk and going on a raid started to shout at us. We saluted them and they passed on. Now we were getting into it and I felt it. The Castle Lane and Dame Street had to be passed. Mick said to me: "act as if you were always out. That is the only way". When we got to the Lane two Tans were there. We passed them and I felt as if their eyes were boring into our backs. As we turned into Dame Street we saw two more at a lane beside Hely's. They were trying to think who the hell we were and they watched our every move. I need not say I sweated because I knew that a pass would not stop a Tan from having a shot if he cared. In any case we passed on. Now we made for College Green and here we saw two Tan officers having a chat. They merely looked us over and said nothing. We were absolutely alone all the way; not a civilian since we started out did we meet. As we came near the Ballast Office we heard shots and screaming. Mick said, "we're for it now". Over we went and as soon as we got to the middle of O'Connell Bridge we saw what was up. Soldiers with rifles and bayonets were all over the place, officers with revolvers drawn and two wagon loads of civilians shouting and screaming, possibly from the beating some of them had got. Along we went and I prayed that the pass would be good enough to get us through. I think it was the stiffest test it would ever get. We had just got level when we got a sharp command to halt. Several soldiers ran over preceded by an officer with gun drawn. He shouted

to put our hands up. We put them up and were searched. We were asked what was in the parcels and we said our lunch. We were then asked what had us out and we said going to work. He asked what work and where etc. He then asked had we passes and we said of course, we had. We produced them and he scrutinised them, told us to put our hands down and apologised, as he said he had a terrible time and did not know we had passes. He bid us goodnight and we got through. When we got away we laughed at the apology and said if he only knew. We went up Frederick Street and down Dorset St. It was at Bolton Street we got our next encounter. A Dublin policeman jumped out of a hall and made a clout at us but when we told him we had passes he treated us differently. We went along and straight for Green Street, past the police station and down by the Market, up Winetavern Street, Nicholas Street, Patrick Street and home. We were out from 10.40 to 1.30 and had succeeded.

About 1918 the Irish Transport Union decided to commemorate Jim Connolly's death and sent a deputation to the Army Council. Putting it's plans before the Council they asked for the Army's co-operation and got it. It was proposed to hold a concert at the Mansion House. It was advertised and tickets were sold for it. At this time the officer commanding Dublin, from Dublin Castle was the tin God of all he surveyed. On the morning of the concert an order under D.O.R.A. appeared on all the papers prohibiting the concert. Commandant J. O'Neill saw Bill O'Brien and he told him that he would go ahead with the concert. Jim told him the Citizen Army would be there. There was a mobilisation for Liberty Hall with arms. We fell in and got our orders. I happened, as usual, to go with Mick Kelly who had a squad. We were told to

hang about the top of Dawson Street. Commandant J. O'Neill and another squad got in at the back of the Mansion House. Mick Kelly, Mick Donnelly and several others, including myself, went over to Dawson Street. In the course of conversation, I told Mick Kelly that I had a feeling that something would break and he said we were to hang together and not lose one another. We went through Duke Street and what a sight met our gaze. Hundreds of policemen were in the street, a big number of whom were round the Mansion House and the rest patrolling the paths each side. Civilian were not allowed on the paths, in any case there was no room for them. I think they packed every policeman that night into Dawson Street. As we were going up Dawson Street a policeman turned to me and said, "you will know me again if you should see me". I said, "I will", and before long we proceeded up Dawson Street and went over to the monument and horse trough. There was nothing to see in Dawson Street but policemen; no civilians at all. At each corner there was about 20 policemen armed with revolvers. We had seen Jim O'Neill and had been in touch with him through couriers and knew he had not succeeded in getting into the Mansion House. It might have been about threequarters of an hour afterwards when a man came over and told me that Mick Kelly and Donnelly were going to be arrested. Mick was standing at the edge of the footpath and I noticed a police sergeant near him. I loosened my automatic in a new holster which Mick had made for me and going over stood beside Mick. The squad were scattered in ones and twos over the road. The policemen did not know what they were up against as nothing was shown.

Signed:

James O'Shea
(James O'Shea)

Witness

J. Kearns
(J Kearns), Comd't.

Date:

26th Sept 1952