ORIGINAL

Statement by Patrick J. Kelly,
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now of

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I was born on the 23rd February, 1891, at 44A Chamber Street, Dublin. My father, James Kelly, came from Gleann-na-Smole, Bohernabreena, Co. Dublin. He was the descendant of the "Rebel Kellys" of Knockraheen, Roundwood, Co. Wicklow, who are reputed to have fought with Michael Dwyer and General Holt.

When I was a small boy my father told me many stories of his father and grandfather, and used to boast that none of his family ever served the British Crown in any capacity.

I was educated at the National Schools in Dublin and was never taught Irish history. When I was about eight years old I began to take a keen interest in books and stories of Ireland's fight for freedom, and particularly the treatment of the people by the British garrison. I began to hate everything English, but what really made a rebel of me was a book called "Croppies - Lie down" which dealt with the Yoemen, North Corks and the Pitch Caps. After reading this book I vowed that if ever there was an Irish Army I would join it and help beat the British out of Ireland. At fourteen I was taking a keen interest in shooting and military training. I spent many hours watching soldiers at drill in some of the city barracks and listening to the words of command. I did my shooting

practice with a 'Daisy air gun' and considered myself a good shot. My first trouble with the D.M.P. was about 1910 when one of the first Sinn Féin meetings was held in town. The Police were out in force and were breaking up groups of youths whenever they formed. I was in Westmoreland Street with two of my friends when a D.M.P. man ordered us to move along. We did as ordered, but not fast enough to suit our friend, so he kicked me on the ankle and backs of my legs. I mentally chalked one up to the D.M.P.

In 1913 I was a member of the Transport Workers' Union. I was employed by the Grand Canal Co. as goods checker. I refused to handle goods delivered under police protection. I was brought before the manager and dismissed, whereupon all workers decided to strike and the James's St. harbour was closed down. After this incident I was black listed and had no hope of getting another job in town. During the riots in town I was in several skirmishes with the police but always managed to escape injury. I was on Eden Quay the night two men named Nolan and Byrne were battoned to death. I tried to aid one of them but was chased down the North Quays by three police. They overtook a lad who ran with me and smashed his arm which he put up to protect his head. The same night I saw an old grey-haired man standing at Butt Bridge in a daze. Two policemen (D.M.P. and R.I.C.) walked up to the old man. One of them removed the man's hat with a stroke of his baton and the other struck him on the skull. I made another mental chalk mark. When the strike ended and the workers had to return to work beaten, I was told there was no use applying for my job. I

wrote to the manager of the Company asking for a reference. I got it - stating that I had been discharged from the service for participating in the strike. I attended the meeting in the Rotunda Rink at which the Volunteers were formed and signed the form of enrolment, but as far as I know I was never called to a meeting.

I had relations in London who wrote and told me I was welcome to come over and try my luck there so I decided to accept. I left Dublin on my birthday 23rd February 1914. I procured a job in London as tobacconist's assistant and was doing well when the Great War started. I hated London and everything in it and longed to return to Dublin. I only remained there because I wanted to save a few pounds to take home. I was accosted on numerous occasions to join up but always had an excuse ready. I had a few little adventures. On one occasion a friend gave me a ticket for a performance of the Lily of Killarney in the Richmond Hippodrome, Surrey. My seat was in the front row of the stalls behind the orchestra. As the performance was about to start the orchestra struck up "God save the King". The entire audience except me stood up. I felt small but determined. On another occasion I was passing through the street in Richmond, Surrey, where the Town Hall is situated. A military band followed by a large crowd approached. I stood outside the Town Hall to allow the procession to pass. As they came abreast of me the band halted and the crowd surged round the Town Hall steps. I now found myself in front of the crowd. A Colonel Ward, M.P., mounted the steps and delivered a recruiting speech which was loudly applauded, and then the band played

"God Save the King". The crowd stood to attention and removed their hats. I remained as I was with my hat on. Someone in the crowd shouted "Hats off" . I took no notice and the order was repeated by several men behind me. Next my hat was tilted over my eyes and somebody said, "maybe he's a German". I faced the crowd and told them, "I'm not a German. I'm Irish" and I continued, "if I were an Englishman I would be ashamed to limit my patriotism to raising my hat. I would join the army and fight". The crowd made no comment but Colonel Ward smiled and nodded to me. About August 1915 a number of rifle clubs opened their ranges to men who were about to join the army. There was one such club near my place of employment. I presented myself one day, and on paying 1/6 for ammunition I was given fifty rounds of .22 and a Lee Enfield fitted with a Morris tube. I got on the target and fired ten rounds at 25 yards. I next fired twenty at fifty yards and then twenty at 100 yards. The instructor said my shooting was very good and asked what regiment I was joining. I told him I was joining the Irish Guards. I was surprised when I turned to leave and found Colonel Ward behind me. He asked me if I could shoot with a revolver. I said I never had a chance of trying. He said "follow me" . He took me to another part of the range, got me a Webley 45 and six rounds which he paid for. He instructed me how to hold the revolver and had a card set for me. I placed the six shots on the card. He told me there was a big chance for me in the army. In November 1915 conscription in England was alsmst a certainty. I had a friend in the L.M.S. Railway. He informed me one day that his company had received Government instructions to hold themselves in readiness to refuse tickets to

all men of military age who were attempting to leave the country. I took his tip and resigned my job and got a ticket to Dublin. As I approached Euston Station that evening I was stopped by two recruiting officers. They asked me where I was bound for and why I was not in khaki. I said I had just resigned my job and was on my way home to Dublin for a short holiday before joining the Irish Guards. They wished me good luck. I was just seated in the train when two soldiers entered my carriage. One was a "Springboc" South African, the other a "Leinster". The latter offered me a cigarette, which I accepted. He asked me where I was bound for. I said Dublin. He said that was also his destination but his friend was going to Sligo to visit his parents. He next asked why I was going home. I told him the same story as I told the recruiting officers. They both advised me not to make a fool of myself by joining up when there were thousands of Englishmen who were slacking. We did not part company till we reached the North Wall, and I thanked God that I was once more at home in Ireland.

Conscription was passed for England shortly afterwards, and I learned later that a military escort called where I stayed and asked for me. Nobody knew where I had gone. I next tackled the problem of finding a job at home. Before going to London I was a member of the St. James's Band. I now rejoined it. The Secretary of the band recommended me to the I.A.W.S. in Thomas St. and I was given a job as storeman. I did very well here and was promoted three times in four months. In April 1916 my boss sent for me and informed me I was again promoted. I was to take charge of a cross-channel store at North Wall on Easter Tuesday.

The week I returned from London I met a friend who was a Volunteer. I told him it was my wish to join and he introduced me to G Company, 1st Battalion Dublin Brigade. I attended parades weekly and paid a sum weekly to the arms fund. The Company met at 5 Blackhall Street where we had regular drills and rifle practice. Three Companies - A., D., and G. met here on different nights. At target practice I was considered a good shot. Commandant McDonagh was very often present to witness shooting tests and told us he would later award snipers badges.

I was informed by Lieutenant Laffan that I was appointed Company's scout and was instructed to attend scouts' class which was held each week in No. 2 Dawson St. I was very pleased with my appointment as I had a particular liking for the type of work it involved. At the first meeting of the class I attended I met Seán Heuston and Dick Balfe. Seán was in charge and was assisted by Dick. I was very impressed by their methods of teaching us scout craft. We were shown maps and taught to read them. They explained all the conventional signs and gave instruction on mapping out sections of the country, also the method of collecting information re enemy troops and movements. Later we had outdoor exercises around Santry and Finglas. Two or three of us would be told to start from a given point and head for Santry. The remainder would be told to take position at Santry and prevent us from arriving. On one such exercise I was to get from Finglas to Santry, and by crossing fields and making use of hedges and ditches I reached my destination after about two hours. Heuston and Balfe struck me as being very earnest and efficient officers and I felt it an honour to be

associated with them.

The first weapon I purchased from the Company was a 38 nickle plated revolver, and later Lieut. Laffan told me he had a Lee Enfield Rifle but that the man who took it would be running a grave risk if it were found in his possession. (In other words it was hot). I told Lieut. Laffan I was willing to take the risk and I went home that night its proud owner. When given the rifle I was instructed not to bring it out except I was told to do so. My father helped me to fix up a hiding place for it at home.

Events of Easter Week:

On Saturday 22nd April I was ordered to report to Lieut. N. Laffan at D.D. Healy's, Ushers Quay, from where a dump of munitions was to be distributed. Also in the party was P. McGuirk Quartermaster, L. McEvatt, Phil Walsh Section Commander and Liam Perry, all members of G Company 1st Battalion. From about 7 o'clock p.m. cars of all sorts began to arrive and leave with sacks and parcels of munitions and equipment. The dump was cleared about 2 o'clock a.m. and Quartermaster McGuirk and I left for home. On Sunday 23rd when on my way to Mass I saw a large poster by the 'Irish Independent'. It stated that the Volunteer parade for that day had been called off. Not wishing to take the 'Independent' as authentic, I decided to call at Company headquarters for information. I asked if any of the Volunteer officers were present and was told Commandant E. Daly was upstairs. I found him seated in a room alone. I explained my errand and was advised that the parade was off for the present. He instructed me to go home and remain there.

till called. I had reached home and finished my dinner when L. McEvatt called on me to demobilise members of the Company and instruct them to remain at home and await further orders. No further orders came till Monday 24th. I was in bed at 11.15 a.m. when L. McEvatt came into my room and kept pulling my big toe till I woke up. (He has pulled my leg many times about it since). He instructed me to parade with rifle and equipment at 5 Blackhall St. at 11.30 a.m. I dressed hurriedly while my father and mother got out my rifle and some sandwiches. I will always remember my father as I saw him that morning. He worked the bolt of the rifle, sighted it and fired imaginary shots. As he handed me the rifle he remarked, "if I was a few years younger I would go with you". Mother and father wished God's blessing on me as I hurried away.

I reached Blackhall St. about 11.45 a.m., and as I was about to enter the hall Captain Alright, O/C G Company, rushed out. I saluted him but got the impression that he did not see me. On entering the hall I found it full and the men were being addressed by Commandant Daly. I heard him ask for Captain Alright. I said I had met him leaving as I entered. I learned afterwards that Alright had lost his nerve and ran away when he discovered what was to take place. Commandant Daly promoted Lieut. N. Laffan to Captain in charge of G Company. We were now ordered to 'fall in' and the Column got under way. We marched through Queen St., Nth. King St., Red Cow Lane to North Brunswick St. At the corner of Nth. Brunswick and

and Church St. a halt was called. I was ordered to take up a position at Church St. corner and not permit anyone to pass into Nth. Brunswick St. The remainder of the Column were taking possession of the houses in the vicinity.

I was approached by a British soldier who was apparently on leave from France. He asked me what we were about. I told him it would be better if he left the neighbourhood and asked no questions. He attempted to pass into Nth. Brunswick St. and I stopped him. He became very abusive and used some bad language, saying it was a nice state of affairs that a man who had fought for the country could not walk the streets. At this stage we were approached by a number of women of the dealer type (wearing shawls). They urged the soldier to take the rifle from me. It was my intention if he tried to take my rifle, to shoot him with my revolver. I loosed the flap of the holster to facilitate a quick draw. The latter action seemed to decide him against taking the chance. My attention was taken from him by a commotion on my right, and looking down Church St. I saw a Lancer and a riderless horse coming towards me. The Lancer was leaning forward and had his lance at the charge. I swung round and presented my rifle to fire when Phil Walshe (afterwards killed) opened fire with his rifle. I was about to press my trigger when I was commanded to stand steady. I became immovable and Comdt. E. Daly placed a .45 revolver on my shoulder, took steady aim and fired. The Lancer fell from the horse mortally wounded. Phil and I caught the two horses. We turned them round and sent them galloping back in the

direction they came from. My idea in doing so was to throw any others who might be close behind into confusion. No others followed and the work of barricading the houses and streets was proceeded with. Men were detailed to positions on street barricades and in the windows of occupied houses. When our men entered Moore's, coach-builders, house, one of G Company men, Thomas Hammil, found a National Volunteer's uniform. He donned the uniform and this action possibly saved his life some hours later. With the uniform was a belt of soft leather. As Tom passed a window a bullet struck him in the waist. It penetrated the belt, tunic, trousers and underwear and left a red mark on his stomach. He cried out that he was hit and we rushed to his assistance. On examination we found that the bullet had become entangled in the soft raggy leather of the belt and he was none the worse for his experience. I was detailed to take up duty on the barricade at Upper Church St., facing Constitution Hill and the main approach from the Broadstone Station. After some time there I saw a policeman in uniform coming from the direction of the station. I took steady aim at him and was about to press the trigger when Captain Laffan knocked up my rifle and asked what I was doing. I pointed to the policeman and said I was going to shoot him. He said, "you can't do a thing like that, the man is unarmed". I remarked that I was unarmed in 1913 (the 1913 events were before me). I afterwards felt that Captain Laffan was due my thanks for staying my hand. We had about fifteen D.M.P. men as prisoners afterwards and they were well treated by us.

The British troops were in possession of the Broadstone Railway Station, and sniping into and from the station went on all day. On being relieved from my post on the barricade I made my way to the top of a four storey building - Clark's provision shop. The top windows commanded a view of the front of the station, and from this position most of the sniping at the station was carried out. As the windows presented too big a target to the enemy, we conceived the idea of loopholing the walls. A number of holes were punched through and firing went on till darkness fell. I returned to Company headquarters at Moore's, coach-works, where some of our men were posted as sentries at the windows. The remainder of us lay down on the floor to get what sleep we could. We awoke several times by the challenge of the sentries or the sound of rifle fire and by dawn on Tuesday we were putting the finishing touches to our defences. I was again posted to a position on a barricade, this time opposite the Linenhall Barracks. I had a comrade from another Company with me. A shot rang out from one of the barrack windows. We heard the bullet pass between us. My comrade was armed with a shot-gun. We took cover and watched the windows. I noticed a movement at one of the upper windows and took a snap shot at it. Although we watched carefully no further shooting took place. Lieut. D. O'Callaghan, Paddy Holohan, Peadar Breslin and others now made an attempt to breach the barrack wall with explosives. The attempt failed and after a further trial was abandoned. During the afternoon a woman came to the barricade. She was heavily laden. The load she carried was covered by a shawl. I challenged her and asked what she had.

She replied bread for the children. I insisted that she should show me what she had. She threw open her shawl and exposed a vast array of silverware, trays, teapots, coffee sets etc. I was at a loss what to do so I allowed her to enter a tenement house in Lisburn St.

Later the same day we were again approached by a woman. She was tall, stout and muscular looking. We challenged her and told her she could not pass. She took no heed of us but walked right up to the barricade and removed portion of it, even though I had covered her with my rifle. She came from the Broadstone direction and passed on toward Nth. King St. Being, as we thought, a woman we would not fire on her. We were relieved shortly afterwards and returned to Moore's. We were then told to be on the watch for a big British soldier disguised as a woman. We were disgusted that we had not got word earlier.

The staff of Monk's bakery in our area worked continuously baking bread, and we formed queues of people from the neighbourhood and rationed the bread as it was baked. We also carried a supply to the convent at Nth. Brunswick St. In return the nuns gave us hot soup, which was very welcome as we had not got a decent meal so far. As darkness approached I was on the lookout from one of the windows. A big man (in civies) approached from Nth. King St. I called on him to halt. He stopped and raised his hands above his head and started to back towards the corner of a side street. I called on him to stay where he was. He backed up to the corner and turned to run. I fired and

wounded him in the leg but he managed to get around the corner and away. Tuesday night was similar to Monday night. We lay down on the floor to snatch a few hours sleep. I was given a turn of duty at one of the windows about 2 a.m. I was not long at my post when I observed someone signalling. They were sending morse code signals with a very strong lamp. I had often seen the British Signal Corps use the same method. I called Captain Laffan's attention and asked him if I would chance a shot at the lamp. He thought it would be useless as I could not see my sights. I tore a small strip from my handkerchief and tied it to the top of my rifle to act as the foresight. I reckoned this would give me the proper elevation. The signalling was still going on and I aimed and fired. The light went out immediately and did not show up again. We took it for granted that my shot had proved effective.
About 11 o'clock a.m. on Wednesday word was brought to us that a priest from Church St. was in the convent and would hear Confessions. Phil Walsh and I were together at the time. We compared notes and found we were both a considerable time away from Confession. We decided there and then to make the attempt. We had to climb over the roof and make our way down a ladder into the convent grounds. We arrived safely. We found Rev. Fr. Albert seated in a room. Phil went in first. I followed when he came out. After hearing my Confession Fr. Albert addressed me as follows:
"Go forth now my child and if necessary die for Ireland as Christ died for mankind". I felt exalted and could have faced the entire British Army single-handed.

About midday an attack on the Broadstone was ordered. It was led by Lieut. D. O'Callaghan and was composed of about fifteen men. Some of them belonged to the Fianna. The party met with heavy fire from the British and were forced to retire. Eamon Martin was shot through the chest and was assisted back to our lines by Garry Holohan. At this point one man (not much more than a boy) deserves special mention. He was George Butler of G Company. I had introduced him into the Company only two months previously. George was armed with a Howth rifle, and as the party retreated he halted in the centre of the road and fired back at the enemy. He retreated another few yards whilst he reloaded, again halted and fired. He repeated this performance until he reached our lines and I shouted to him to come in. He proved himself very brave and efficient during the week. He afterwards became active with the Limerick Brigade during the Tan War.

The British made only one attempt to attack us from the Broadstone. A party of G.Rs. (Home Service Corps) advanced down Constitution Hill. We allowed them to come well into range and I and two others opened fire. We wounded three of them. Two were helped away by their comrades and the third managed to crawl away, leaving his rifle behind. One of our men later recovered it. Our next attack was made on Linanhall barracks. We forced an entry through the main gate. We found about ten of the British Pay Corps there and made them prisoners. I was one of the party detailed to take them to Father Mathew Hall. It was a risky trip down Church St.

but we got there safely. In the meantime the remainder of the party set fire to the barracks. I returned from the Father Mathew Hall about an hour later and by that time the barracks was a roaring furnace. To the front of the barracks was a block of tenement houses. They were in danger of becoming alight and that, had it occurred, would have rendered our positions untenable. We procured hose and a standpipe from the North Dublin Union. We played water on the front of the houses and prevented the fire spreading in our direction. During the night the fire had spread in an easterly direction and involved Hugh Moore & Alexander's (wholesale druggists) premises, where large stores of oils and inflamable goods became ignited. Barrels of oil and spirits burst occasionally and sent flames, with a loud explosion, hundreds of feet into the air. The entire neighbourhood was as bright as day.

About 11 o'clock p.m., with Volunteers McEvatt and McCormack, I was ordered to take up a position in the avenue leading to the North Dublin Union. We were to guard against a flank attack. We were to cover a tunnel which connected the Union grounds with the grounds of Richmond Asylum, which was occupied by British troops and who, if they were aware this tunnel existed, could have carried out a flank attack on our positions. About half way to our allotted post we had to cross a patch of the avenue which was illuminated by the fire at Linenhall. At this point there was a heavy burst of rifle and machine gun fire.

We threw ourselves on the ground and crawled to cover. Heavy fire broke out now between both sides and we were in the centre of a cross fire without a chance of joining in. We remained guarding the tunnel until 6 o'clock a.m. on Thursday morning - when we retired to Moore's.

We could hear the sound of cannon, machine gun and rifle fire from all parts of the city. We got reports of the stand being made at the G.P.O. and other points. The military had advanced from Bolton Street into Nth. King Street. They would rush an armoured car to a point in the street. A party would jump off and batter their way into the nearest houses. Their advance was slow and costly, as our men contested every inch of the street. A British officer came down Prebend St. from the Broadstone Station. He was shot by one of our snipers from the rere of Moore's. It was dangerous now to expose yourself at windows or doors. One of the men who had worked all the week in Monk's bakery opened the shop door to see if it was safe to leave for home. He was shot dead. We kept a sharp look-out and fired whenever a target offered.

As Friday drew to a close the enemy had almost reached our positions. The glare from the fire had died down and the streets were in semi-darkness. I was watching from a window and noticed a shadow moving near a tenement house about thirty yards from me. I challenged and a man answered, "friend". I told him to advance but he would not do so. While I was calling to him Lieut. O'Callaghan shouted from another

position to me to shoot him. On hearing this the man shouted back in a cockney accent, "fire away, you will want them all to-morrow". I fired and he fell with a loud groan and was pulled into the tenement.

On Saturday morning, the 29th, our forces had retired along Nth. King St. to the corner of Church St. A sudden rush by the enemy across King St. was met by fierce fire from us. About seven men made the dash up the street; only two minus rifles returned and they were shot as they tried to get across our barricade. They both fell into a large float which formed part of the barricade. Their comrades tried to remove the float (the wheels were still on it) from the barricade. They succeeded after three of them had been wounded. The fire from our men at Reilly's fort, corner of Church St., had ceased and we wondered why. Capt. Laffan detailed three Volunteers, commanded by Section Commander Phil Walshe, to scout towards this point. In doing so the party crossed to a yard at the rere of a chemist's shop. Section Commander Walshe was shot dead and his comrades retired. The British had gained a position about forty yards from us, and as our comrades retired they came under heavy fire. On seeing their difficult position, Capt. Laffan leaned from a window to give them some instruction. He was struck in the head by a bullet and fell wounded. Lieut. P. Breslin took our Captain's place. We were now fighting at point blank range and without a pause. At some points there was only the width of the street between us. All other posts near us had been evacuated, the men retiring to the Four Courts and

Father Mathew Hall. We now found ourselves completely cut off and fighting as a separate unit.

A determined attack was now launched against our position. The attack was opened by a Canadian soldier on leave from France. He carried a satchel of Mills bombs. He jumped the barricade, but before he could draw the pin from the bomb in his hand he fell dead. A party of troops who followed him to the remains of our barricade found the position too hot for them. They retired in haste, several of them wounded. There was a slight lull now and the British were trying to work closer to our position without exposing themselves. A member of A Company, Larry Lawlor, was wounded by a sniper. I observed where the sniper fired from and later paid back the debt with interest. Another frontal attack by the enemy proved a costly failure and the fighting developed from window to window at twenty yards range. At one time we held Monk's bakery and the British held Monk's shop. I was now firing from the corner window of Moore's coach works and had a good field of fire. I had a bale of curled hair propped against the window for cover. One of my comrades shouted to me about something. I turned round to ask what he wanted. The action saved my life, for when I turned back to my original position I found that a bullet had passed through on a level with my chest, leaving a string of curled hair protruding from the bale. It was about 3 o'clock in the evening and firing had again eased off. We had been fighting from early morning without food or drink. I asked Peadar Manning to get some tea ready.

He boiled water in a large enamel jug on a forge fire and was assisted by Volunteer Paddy Farrell. When the tea was made Manning shouted, "tea ready". I left my post to another Volunteer and went to the end of the room to have a cup. Manning said, "go back to your post and I will send it up to you". I returned to my place at the window and Paddy Farrell came to me with a mug of tea and some bread. He then returned to Manning at the back of the room. I placed my rifle against the wall and was about to partake of my refreshment when a hail of bullets entered the window over my head and Manning and Farrell fell mortally wounded. Soon afterwards a priest, doctor and stretcher bearers arrived. A large Red Cross flag was pushed through the window over my head. It was riddled with bullets in a few seconds. Shots were coming through my window at frequent intervals. The shooting was very accurate, but for a long time I could not locate the point from which they came. Eventually I spotted his position. He was in a house at the corner of Church St. (Blanchardstown Mills), and instead of firing from the lower part of the window he had lowered the top frame about four inches and standing on some tall piece of furniture was firing from the top lefthand corner. I waited till he began to take aim again, when I sighted very carefully and fired. I saw his form drop past the window on the inside. After we had surrendered some of the soldiers told us he was the winner of the Bisley Competition and was a special friend of the Colonel, who was very upset. I think this information was correct because the Colonel said later on that we had shot his best

friend. It was forbidden by our men to speak about who fired the shot.

Lieut. P. Breslin entered the room and asked for three Volunteers for a special task. I with two others stepped forward. He took us downstairs to the hall door. He explained that he wanted us to reinforce our comrades on the opposite side of the street who were being hard pressed. He instructed us how to proceed. As the furniture in the houses had been thrown down the stairs to barricade the doors our only means of entry was by a ladder which had been lowered from the upstairs window. On entering the house we were to go down to the back yard where we would see another ladder in similar position against the houses we were to occupy. I went first. I rushed across the street, scaled the ladder and on reaching the top I threw myself through the window and flat on the floor. After a short pause I crept across the room, went downstairs to the back yard and I paused here to get my bearings. Another rush took me to the second ladder, up which I rushed acting as I had done on the first ladder. I had only gone through the window when a number of bullets followed me. On rising from the floor I was greeted by two of the Fianna - Garry Holohan and Mick O'Neill. There was only four Volunteers in this post, and about forty feet from us were the British. I don't know what happened to the two men who were to come with me from Moore's and I was kept too busy for the next few hours to inquire. Garry handed me a large axe and told me to break through the walls into the houses on

both sides of us. We scooped all the broken bricks and plaster into pillow covers and placed them in the windows. Garry was trying to locate a sniper who was causing us a lot of trouble. I joined him at the window and watched all likely points. We eventually discovered his position behind portion of a wrecked barricade. We both covered the point and on the next puff of smoke we both fired together and silenced him. As we both picked out targets and fired, Garry sang in a loud voice, "hurrah brave boys, we vow to stand together for our Fatherland". As I fired I noticed a curtain on the window over Monk's bakery being pushed forward. As I watched a rifle barrel took shape behind it, followed by the head and shoulders of a soldier. I waited till he was well exposed, then fired. The rifle and the soldier's cap fell from the open window to the street. From the next window another soldier leaned forward to see what happened. He fell forward across the window sill. A soldier rushing across the junction of Church St. and King St. fell badly wounded. He cried loudly for help but none of his comrades ventured near him. Paddy Holohan who had taken command of our forces, blew his whistle and ordered "cease fire" which was immediately obeyed by us. He then shouted to the British to take the man in off the street. He was answered by a curse from a British officer who ordered his men to fire on us. This officer rushed out and took cover behind an electric light standard and shouted orders to his men. On leaning forward to take a shot at us he exposed his head and chest and fell forward on his face badly

wounded. Again Holohan blew his whistle for a cease fire. This time both sides obeyed and the soldiers rushed out and carried in their comrade and the officer. When they were clear Holohan gave the order to carry on.

About 7.30 o"clock p.m. our position was approached by two Franciscan priests. They informed us that Pearse had surrendered and had all outposts to do likewise. P. Holohan told them we did not doubt their word but that we would only surrender on a direct order from P.H. Pearse. The priest said this was impossible as Pearse was a prisoner. During this episode firing on both sides had ceased. Holohan informed the priests that we had decided to fight to the finish. The priests retired and when they were out of danger firing was renewed. About an hour later the priests again made their appearance, carrying a white flag. They asked Holohan if he would agree to a truce till 10 o'clock a.m. on Sunday in order to avoid further bloodshed and in the meantime they would endeavour to get a written order from General Pearse. The terms of the truce were discussed and agreed upon by our officers and the British officers. The last shot had been fired. Two British officers came out on the street and commenced to promenade from King St. to our position at Brunswick St., and I was detailed by Garry Holohan to go down on the street and perform the same duty, so I patrolled from our position to theirs. I was armed with my revolver only. We were patrolling about one hour when the two officers overstepped the

limit set for them. They were at once covered by our men and ordered back. They seemed reluctant to obey, but eventually they did so. It was now getting very dark and they left the street. I was recalled soon after by Garry Holohan, and after I had a cup of tea and some bread Garry told me to have some rest. I lay down on a bed in the room and slept for a few hours.

The remainder of Saturday night passed without incident and on Sunday 30th about 10 o'clock a.m. the priests again appeared. This time they had a letter from General Pearse ordering us to surrender. After the signature had been verified by Fianna men, who were familiar with Pearse's writing, it was decided to obey the order. Paddy Holohan and the Colonel of the North Stafford met on the street and agreed on the procedure to be adopted. We were ordered to 'fall in' in Upper Church St. with arms and equipment. Paddy Holohan addressed us briefly while the Colonel and some of his officers stood close by. He said: "Fellow soldiers of the Irish Republican Army - I have just received a communication from General Pearse calling on us to surrender, and you will agree with me that this is the hardest task we have been called upon to perform during this eventful week, but we came into the fight for Irish Independence in obedience to the commands of our higher officers and now in obedience to their wishes we must surrender. I know, like myself, you would prefer to be with our comrades who have fallen in the fight. We, too, should rather die in this glorious struggle than submit to the enemy. The treatment you

may expect in the future you may judge from the past." At this point the Colonel approached Holohan and ordered him to turn out the remainder of his men (our party numbered about 58 men and boys). Holohan told him they were all on parade. The Colonel swore and asked if this bunch of men and boys had held his battalion for three days. Holohan replied that if he (the Colonel) thought there was any more men he would have to find them himself. (Our post, I believe, was the only one in the city which enjoyed the unique distinction of having a regular truce which lasted about fifteen hours). We were next ordered to march into Nth. King St., where we halted before a strong force of troops. We were told to dump our arms and equipment on the roadway. After parting with my rifle I felt sad as if I had lost a very dear comrade. We again fell into line and two files of troops marched up and took positions on each side of us so that each of us was covered by a soldier. An officer gave the order "prisoners and escort, quick march". We moved off along King St. to Bolton St. and into Capel St., Parliament St., Dame St. to the lower Castle yard. We halted near Ship St. barracks. A number of soldiers came to take a look at us and one in particular became very abusive. I'm sure if he had his way he would have shot us all on the spot. We remained about an hour in the Castle yard and again we got the order, "quick march". We moved out through the gate into Ship St., turned up Werburgh St. into Christchurch Place, High St., Thomas St., down Steevens Lane, turned left into John's

Road and on to Kilmainham Cross, where we turned right to reach Richmond barracks. We halted in the centre of the square, where we remained standing for a couple of hours. The sun was strong and beamed down on us. We were both hungry and thirsty, and to make our lot worse a number of soldiers came to curse and jeer at us. They demanded our watches and anything of value we had. I had a watch which was a present from my father. A soldier armed with rifle and fixed bayonet ordered me to hand it over. I refused to comply and he threatened me with the rifle. An officer passed near me and I called him and asked if we were to give our watches etc. to the soldiers. He ordered the soldier away and told us to retain our watches and jewellery. We next had a visit from a soldier who wore the badge of the Royal Irish Fusiliers. He was very friendly and said he was an Irishman and proud of it and that he admired the way we fought. (He was somewhat under the influence of drink). He asked if he could do anything for us. We asked if he could get us water to drink. He hurried across the square and soon reappeared carrying two new buckets filled with water and some tin mugs. One of our lads suggested that we pool any small change we had and give it to him for his kindness. On being offered the money he flatly refused to take it. When we insisted that he take it he seemed to have a brain wave. He took the money and again made off across the square. When he returned he carried a large quantity of biscuits and cigarettes which he distributed amongst us.

Our next move was into the gymnasium. As we entered we were viewed by C.I.D. men, the most prominent being John Barton. He was with a party of officers and was pointing out all our leaders. Seated along the floor by the wall I noticed Comdt. McDonagh and Comdt. E. Daly. They looked tired and sad. As I looked at Comdt. Daly he gave me a sad smile and that was the last I ever saw of him. After the police had looked us over we were moved toward the door where we passed through a barrier. Each one of us had to leave our finger-prints as we moved out. Next we were ushered into a barrack room and a sentry placed outside. We sat on the floor with our backs to the wall and tried to guess what would happen next. The sentry tried to cheer us up by opening the door and telling us we would shortly be taken away and anyone left behind would be shot. Mick O'Neill suggested that we say the Rosary. Immediately we started to do so the sentry opened the door. He apologised and withdrew at once. Late in the evening a party of officers entered the room. They passed around and had a look at each of us and picked two of the youngest, one of them being George Butler who, as I stated earlier, had distinguished himself in the Broadstone attack. They took the two lads away with them. Half an hour later we were again lined up on the barrack square. Each man was given two square biscuits (army rations). Again a file of soldiers lined up on each side of us. When all was ready we marched out through the main gate and down Inchicore Road. A crowd of spectators lined along the street sneered at us. Some of them went as far as spitting at us.

We turned left at Kilmainham Cross, passed down John's Road, across Kingsbridge to the North Quays. On reaching Church St. we crossed to the South Quays. When we reached O'Connell Bridge we halted a while. We moved again to Butt Bridge and crossed to the north side, going down the North Wall till we reached the London North Western Railway depot. Here we were placed in the holds of a cattle boat. There were a number of prisoners already aboard and as I reached the bottom of the ladder I stumbled across one of them. He asked me if I could not look where I was going. I glanced at him and was surprised to see he was an old workmate of mine, Tom Rath. We had worked together for over two years and neither of us knew that the other was a Volunteer. I lay down on the floor beside him and was soon fast asleep. I was roused by Tom and we were taken ashore. I glanced round and discovered I was in Hollyhead. We were placed in a train. I made myself as comfortable as possible and went to sleep again. When next I awoke I was in Stafford station. We were taken outside and lined up on the roadway with troops on each side of us. We soon had a crowd of civilians around us. They were very unfriendly. The young officer in charge ordered some men away who were becoming very abusive. I think they took us for Germans. We were soon on the move again and as we marched up the main street a tall woman walked along the footpath close to me. She kept screaming "don't guard 'em, shoot 'em". I shouted to her not to show her culture (an expression used in reference to Germans).

The effect was wonderful. She almost had a fit. She dropped back in the crowd still screaming. The guards near me laughed. This had the effect of making her worse. After about twenty minutes we reached Stafford Detention barracks. This prison was used for army defaulters and was staffed by soldiers. There were no civilian warders. We halted in a square and were taken two and three at a time to the cells. Tom Rath and I went in together and were placed in cells on the ground floor. My cell number was 53D, Tom 52D. Each prisoner was afterwards known by his cell number. The cell was about fourteen feet long and six feet wide, was furnished with a small triangular shelf fitted in one corner, a small table fixed to the wall, a small stool, a bed board of three boards joined together with batons top and bottom, a mattress, bolster, two sheets, two blankets. On the shelf were - tin plate, enamel mug, bone spoon and water can and pewter basin. High up on the wall a window containing twenty panes of glass 6" X 3" gave light to the cell. The door had a spy hole covered by a flap which the warders could raise to look in at the prisoners. Beside the door was a small window about 18" X 12". Behind it was a gas jet which was turned on and off from the outside. I hardly remember what happened after I entered the cell. I think I slept for at least a week, only waking when called to take my food in from the doorstep. The food was ordinary prison fare; breakfast - porridge, greasy tea or cocoa, 4 ozs. bread (prison baked), about a teaspoonful of margarine; dinner - a pint of watery soup on which there floated a small piece of meat? (we called it

rubber bull), two small potatoes, one always bad, 4 ozs bread; tea at about 4 o"clock p.m. was a pint of what was called tea, again 4 ozs. bread and scrap of margarine. The meals were served by soldier prisoners and the procedure was as follows: two prisoners carried the food from cell to cell accompanied by two warders, one of whom carried a baton, the other the keys. The cell door was unlocked and pushed inwards. The guards stood back, prepared to defend themselves and the prisoners placed the food on the doorstep. As soon as we picked up the food and turned to place it on the table, the warder stepped forward, slammed the door shut and double locked it. I did not see the outside of my cell for a long time. I had lost all track of time and did not know what day of the week it was. One day a warder opened my cell and asked me if I would like to do some work making sandbags. I asked him how much I would be paid. He said I would not be paid but it would be better than sitting in a locked cell all day. I said I preferred that to working for the British government. I was not approached again. One warder who used to remain each day when the others had gone to dinner would come to my door, raise the flap and tell me who had been shot that day, and would always finish his story by telling me I was to be shot next. I don't know what pleasure he derived from it because I always jeered back at him. One day I told him I would stick it better than a coward like him.

One day they gave us a real treat. They took us out to the bath house where we had a warm bath and a change of underwear. It was the first decent

wash I had since Easter Monday. We were next brought to the wash-house where we washed our shirts and underwear. I had slept so much that I now reached the point that I could no longer sleep during the day and only fitfully at night. I had nothing to read and my chief recreation was pacing up and down my cell - seven paces from wall to wall - then sit down and count the panes of glass in the window and the number of bolts in the door. I reckoned it was from four to five weeks before we were allowed out to exercise. We had to march around a concrete ring in the exercise yard three paces apart and no talking. If you broke the rule you were sent back to your cell. One day at exercise a man in front of me told me he was going back to Dublin that day. I told him he was lucky. He told me then that he was to be tried for shooting two policemen. He was Seán MacEntee. His cell was directly above mine (53E). Later that day I heard the warders take him away. Anyone who attempted to whistle or sing was at once ordered by the guards to stop. We soon tired of this treatment and when at exercise we spoke to each other and a number of us were returned to our cells. The result was that everyone disregarded orders and exercise was discontinued.

One Sunday in May one of our chaps began to sing through his window. The guard on duty inside rushed to his cell and ordered him away from the window and to stop singing. He ignored the order. This was the signal for all prisoners to take up positions at their cell windows, and in a matter of minutes we were all shouting to each other through the small vacant space in the centre of the windows.

Someone called to someone else to sing a song and he obliged. The guard became alarmed and 'phoned for the Governor. He arrived with a guard and several of our men were taken to punishment cells. However, he could not put us all there and had to give up. He retired after leaving extra guards on duty. Next day some of the men were brought before him and were sentenced to "bread and water". We protested to the Governor and told him we were not criminals and demanded free speech. He compromised by allowing us to converse during our hours exercise each day. We next demanded that our cell doors be left open and he agreed to leave them open till 8 o'clock p.m. Our next move was to put the cell doors out of action. This we did by placing a book or other object between the door and the door-jamb and springing the hinges. When the guard came to lock us up some of the doors would not even close. From then on our doors were left open. We were now visited by a priest - Rev. Fr. Moore, St. Austins, Stafford. He said Mass in the prison chapel on Sundays and paid occasional visits during the week days. He arranged with the Governor to permit a local trader to call each day that we might purchase extra food, cigarettes, etc. and we were permitted to write home, but only to inform our people where we were and that we were well. My mother told me later that my letter was the first indication they had of my whereabouts for five weeks.

Things began to run smoother now. We took over the cleaning of the wing and all orderly duties.

Our guards became very friendly and mixed freely with us, except for the Sergeant Major (a typical bull dog) and Sergeant Moran, a Dublin man. We were all friends. We now had permission to remain out in the barrack square for several hours a day and we had inter-county football matches and concerts. One day during a concert in the open one of our men was giving a recitation, "She our Mother", when the Sergeant Major came on the scene. He was shocked and enraged by the rebel language and immediately rushed away and came back with the Governor. He, too, listened for a time and turning to the Sergeant Major said, "those songs are the only ones they know and anyway you could not expect them to sing English songs". The Governor was a very far-seeing man. He knew we could be led but not driven and had with us men who could put up sound arguments for our side, namely Mick Collins, Dr. Jim Ryan, Brian O'Higgins, Fergus O'Connor and others. A couple of months passed pleasantly except that we were longing for home and freedom and a good meal. I don't think I was ever free from the pangs of hunger while in prison.

About July 1916 we were again on the move. Batches of our men were sent at intervals to Frongoch in Wales. I was one of the last to go and the few of us left in the "Crescent Wing" numbered about forty. Across the square another wing called the "New Hall" housed a batch of prisoners, mostly men from Irish country areas who had been arrested after the fight. They had been picked up by the local R.I.C. as known

Volunteers. We were ordered to pack our gear and transfer to the New Hall as they were about to renovate the Crescent. Our first evening in the New Hall brought trouble. Sergeant Moran (the Dublin man) was in charge. He lined us up and informed us he would have discipline in his wing, and if Sergeant Shaw could not tame us he would. There was a large window at the gable end of the wing overlooking the wall and main thoroughfare. Some of our men went to this window and called to people passing by. A crowd gathered on the roadway. One of us entertained the crowd with a song and was loudly applauded. Moran arrived. He swore in many languages what he would do and ordered us all to our cells at once. Nobody paid any heed to him. One of our men, a German named Stienmeyer, gave a very good rendering of a machine gun in action by rattling a small stool on the floor. Another imitated rifle fire by running a piece of board along the rails. A third gave a fair imitation of cannons and bombs by bringing a large plank down flat on an outsize table which was used by prisoners cutting out canvas for sack making. Moran, on hearing this mock battle in progress, ran from the wing, locking the gate behind him. When he returned he was accompanied by the Governor and a company of soldiers with fixed bayonets. The Governor addressed us and told us if we did not leave the window he would have to order the troops to fire. Having earned our respect on former occasions we did as he asked. He said he was surprised at our present attitude and asked the reason. We told him of Moran's threats and bullying attitude. The Governor asked for our word that

there would be no more trouble. We gave him that assurance and he retired with his troops and told Moran to come also.

One day Moran addressed us as follows: - "There will be a parade after dinner for all men in need of boots, clothes and that." He always finished his sentences with "and that". About thirty of us paraded, and he passed along the line asking what each of us wanted. When he came to me I told him I needed a trousers. He told me he did not care a d... whether I got it or not. I told him I was of the same mind myself. He was speaking in a loud voice and said if he was like us he would not accept anything from the Government. I replied that the British Government had us there against our will and could either feed and clothe us or release us. I got my trousers and a pair of boots also.

After about three weeks in the New Hall we were told to pack. We were going to Frongoch. We welcomed the change from the New Hall. As we left the prison and marched down the main street to the station some of the spectators greeted us friendly. A big change from the day of our arrival! The train was a slow one and took the best part of a day to reach Wales. We marched about a mile from the station to the camp. On reaching the main gate we halted and were addressed by "Buckshot", the Camp Commandant, who told us of the danger of attempted escape. 'His mens' guns were loaded with "buckshot" and they never missed" . He then retired and "Jack-knives", the

Sergeant Major, told us his story about jack-knives etc. We marched into camp and were given our berths in the huts. I was now known as Prisoner 1652, North Camp, Hut 15. The huts were clean and airy and conditions good generally. The camp was run on military lines by our own staff. Each hut elected its own officer, and they in turn elected the Camp Commandant, Quartermaster and Adjutant. Each morning men were detailed for the camp chores, such as cookhouse orderlies and cleaning parties for each hut etc. The remainder repaired to the compound for football and games. Each day the Military Governor paid us a visit. We would line up in Companies under our own Commandant. The Governor would enter with his staff and call us to attention. We did not obey his orders but immediately we would be called up by our Commandant, Capt. Morkam. Salutes would be given and returned and the Governor and his staff would retire. Each Company would now carry out a period of foot drill, and it was here that I drilled my first squad of men. Frongoch was really the training ground of the Irish Volunteers. The drill period ended, we marched into camp and took up our places for dinner. After dinner we were free to do as we pleased. We usually spent the time roaming through the huts chatting with friends or reading. The camp was equipped with dry canteen, post office and barber's shop, also a large hut used as chapel and concert hall. On a few occasions we were taken out for a route march through the country. Of course we first had to give our parole that we would not attempt to escape. We would set off with a guard front and rere. The guards were

old Home Service men and their pace was slow. On one occasion I was with the party. We passed out the advance guard and went ahead. We covered a few miles and turned about, meeting the remainder on our way back. The guards took it in good part and we all had a good laugh.

About six weeks after my arrival in Frongoch I was given a form which stated that the Government had set up an appeal board and that I could appeal for my release. I was asked to sign that I accepted this form. I refused to do so. However, their next move was to select a batch of prisoners whether they signed or not, and take them up to London before the Advisory Board, presided over by Lord Justice Sankey. One day my number was called by a British Sergeant and I was paraded with forty-nine of my comrades. We marched under a strong escort of the "Scottish Artists Rifles" to the station and entrained for London. We travelled all day and our escorts were very friendly. They sat in the carriages and discussed our attitude to the war and our aims as regards a free Ireland. They spoke Scotch Gaelic and several of our men who spoke Irish fluently (Ffrench Mullen was one of them) compared the merits of both tongues. In the evening some of us said we would like a cup of tea. We asked permission to purchase some at the next stop. The officer in charge said he had no objection. On reaching our next stop we hailed a young man pushing a tea barrow along the platform and asked him for so many cups of tea and cakes. He refused to supply us and called us Irish swine. On hearing this one of our guards

left his rifle in the carriage and jumped to the platform. He abused the porter and asked why he was not in khaki, and told him that at least we were not afraid to fight. Our guard next raced across to the station telephone and ordered the tea to be waiting at our next stop. When we reached the next station he leaned from the window and called to a young lady with a tea barrow. The tea was for us. He paid for the tea and cakes and refused to take any money from us. Every man of that Company of soldiers was a gentleman. We arrived at a London station, I think it was Paddington, in the evening, and were met by a small fleet of buses and taken to Wormwood Scrubbs Prison. On entering the prison the warders told us to hand up our pipes, tobacco, cigarettes and matches. I handed in a cigarette packet containing one cigarette and a match box with a few matches. I retained my pipe and tobacco and a box of matches and was not searched. The cells we were put in were painted black half way up and the floor the same colour. The bed and blankets were damp. I did not undress while I was there. Next day we were taken one at a time and brought before the Advisory Board. On entering the room I was greeted by a number of gentlemen seated around a large table. There was one vacant seat. Justice Sankey, who presided, asked me to be seated please. He asked me my name and address. He next asked if I was a member of the Irish Volunteers. I replied I was.

Q. Did I take part in the rebellion in Dublin?

A. Yes.

Q. Who was your leader?

A. I refuse to answer that.

Q. Had you a rifle.

A. I had.

Q. Did you fire any shots?

A. I did.

Q. Had the shots you fired any effect, I mean did you hit anyone?

A. I suppose I did as that was my intention when I fired.

Q. Who gave you your orders to fire?

At this point I told them I refused to answer any more questions and that they were only wasting their time. He said, "Very well, you can go now. Good morning". I was taken back to my cell. Two days later we were again on the move on our way back to Frongoch and under the same escort. I was pleased to see the last of Wormwood Scrubbs. Our trip back to Frongoch was an uneventful one. Back in camp I settled down and made the best of my lot.

Early in September 1916 a British officer came into the compound and read a list of numbers for release. I was surprised to hear my number read out. Several batches of about fifty men had been released during the previous weeks. In the camp at the time there were six prisoners who were held to be liable for conscription. They were the brothers Seán and Ernie Noonan, Paddy and George King, Seán O'Connor (Blimey)

and myself. O'Connor and I were not well known but the Noonans and Kings were. When my number was called for release I offered to let one of the others go in my place. They would not hear of it as I was myself liable. (The Noonans were afterwards conscripted and refused to serve). There were about thirty men in the batch released with me and we all travelled on one voucher, arriving in Dublin about 7 o'clock a.m. We were all Dublin men, and after saying goodbye to my friends I struck out for home.

After a few days at home I decided to try for my job in the I.A.W.S. Thomas St. I presented myself and asked for an interview with the manager, Mr. Smyth. I was informed by a Mr. Hicks that the manager refused to see me. My job was gone. There was a society in existence to aid the returned prisoners and on the Committee was a Mr. Fred Allen. Mr. Allen was also a member of the I.A.W.S. (Irish Agricultural Wholesale Society). I had my case brought to his notice, but as far as I know nothing was done. Through the good offices of a couple of friends I got a start at work in the Cleansing Department Dublin Corporation five weeks later. I was employed there from December 1916 to March 1917. I remained unemployed till 3rd December 1917, when I was again employed by the Cleansing Department. Some weeks after my return from Frongoch camp I had a call from my Company Quartermaster, who informed me that they were about to round up all old members and make a fresh start. We fixed a meeting night and got in touch with all men who were members of the Company and had been released. The meeting was a success and P.McGuirk,

who had been Quartermaster, was elected O/C. Robert Oman was 1st Lieutenant and Seán Harper 2nd Lieutenant. I was appointed a Section Commander and Tom O'Reilly was also given the same rank. We arranged for a weekly meeting at Columcille Hall in Blackhall St. and we were instructed to bring in any men of reliable character as recruits. The Company grew in strength each week and we soon had four full sections on parade and training in full swing. Many of the men whom we recruited proved their worth during the Tan War, namely Seán Brunswick, Jim Kelly, Joseph Dodd, Tom Burke, Seán Burke, Bill Judge and many others. Most of them regretted not joining before 1916. One day (about April 1917) P. McGuirk O/C, called at my home. He told me he had a revolver and fifteen rounds of "45" for sale. The price was ten shillings. I gave him the money and was glad of the chance of again possessing a weapon. The revolver was an old type "bulldog", used mostly by the R.I.C. It was in good order and condition. It became known in the Company afterwards as "Kelly's Cannon".

I should have mentioned earlier that on my return from Frongoch I rejoined St. James's Band, and at their annual general meeting in December they did me the honour of electing me their President. I held that office till December 1919, during which time I was able to influence the band in favour of many undertakings for the National Cause. The Honorary Secretary, Mr. Joseph Connolly, approached me one Sunday night and asked if I knew the Soldiers' Song. I assured him I did. He said it would, in his opinion,

make an excellent band march. I agreed with him. I got my instrument and played the notes while he put them on manuscript paper. Next practice night we handed the result of our labour to our conductor, Mr. P.B. Carver, and asked him to write the various band parts. The conductor asked me if I had any other air which he could use as a "trio" for the march. I suggested Wrap the Green Flag round me boys" and played it for him. It was just what he wanted. A few weeks later we had the Soldiers' Song march on the stand for band practice. The march was first played in public at Thomas Ashe's funeral, and created a sensation. We were requested by bands all over Ireland, and some in England and Scotland, for information about the march and where it could be obtained. The Secretary suggested that I should purchase manuscript cards and copy the band's parts and sell them to the various bands at 6d. per part as I was unemployed. At the time I undertook the task and supplied about twenty with copies. The last copy I wrote was for the 69th Regimental Band New York, who wrote to me through one of their members who was an ex-member of St. James's (W. Farrell). I sat up late one night to finish the parts and as I wrote I heard voices outside the window. A British patrol attracted by the light were listening outside. I remained very quiet. About ten minutes passed and I heard one of the men remark that the light might have been left on for somebody who was ill. The party then moved off. I finished the march before

extinguishing the light an hour later. The Soldiers' Song march came back from New York some months later on gramaphone records, and years after when the song was adopted as the National Anthem it was played by Radio Éireann from this same record. In September 1917, on learning of the death of Tom Ashe, I went to the Mater Hospital to view the remains. There was a large crowd present and as I left the hospital I was recognised by Jack and George Plunkett. They asked me to assist in regulating the crowd about to enter the hospital. I remained at this work a couple of hours. I was then picked as one of the Volunteers who were to take possession of the City Hall for the Lying in State. At the time I was carrying my "45" (cannon). Lynch was in charge of the party. Seán McMahon (afterwards Chief of Staff Free State Army) was next in command. There were eight Volunteers, all strangers to me except one, Louie McEvatt, who belonged to my own Company. At this time the City Hall was occupied by British soldiers, and the plan as detailed to us by Lynch and McMahon was as follows: we were to enter the main hall by the side entrance at Castle Street in small parties without attracting attention, and once in we were going to remain there. McEvatt and I walked up to the door and strolled in casually. Others followed until the whole party were inside. Outside the main door, overlooking Cork Hill, a British sentry paced to and fro. He glanced through the glass door each time he passed and, no doubt, wondered who we were. Lynch told me to take my place inside this door and permit nobody to pass.

In the meantime Lynch went away to contact the British Officer in charge, with a view to coming to an agreement. He was away a considerable time. McMahon remained in the Hall in charge. About half an hour later a large car drove up to the main entrance and from it stepped a British General and his Staff Officers. I believe it was General French. He walked up the steps and the sentry presented arms. The General was about to push open the door when I prevented him. I held the door closed from the inside. He turned to the sentry and gave an order. The sentry brought his rifle to the ready position and I pulled my 45 from my pocket. Meanwhile McMahon had rushed away to find Lynch, who now appeared on the scene. He passed through the door to the General outside. They had a lengthy conversation and the whole party descended the steps to the street, accompanied by Lynch, who returned to us twenty minutes later and informed us that the troops would be withdrawn to the basement and would leave us in possession of the Main Hall. We agreed not to enter any other part of the building. We remained in charge until the arrival of the remains.

My next job was the collection of rifles and delivery of them to Harding's shop in Christchurch Place. Jos. Dodd, Tom Burke and Tom O'Reilly accompanied me. The rifles were for the firing party. I was ordered by Dick McKee to take charge of James's Band on the Sunday the funeral took place. We were to head the procession and we took up position in Dame St. After playing dead marches till we reached Thomas St., we were ordered to "quick march" and we struck up the Soldiers' Song. It was the first time Dublin heard it as a band march.

St. James's Buglers sounded the last post after the volleys were fired in Glasnevin, and while this was being done the rifles were passed back through the crowd and taken away.

About two weeks after the funeral I was detailed to take a party of four men, Joe Dodd, Tom O'Reilly, Tom Burke and Peter Byrne and proceed to a house in Lr. Baggot St. to recover our rifles. We were to enter the house from the rere. On arrival I noticed a large force of D.M.P. opposite the house. We turned down a lane to the rere gate and were met by some members of the 3rd Battalion. They admitted us and explained that the police had been watching the house for some time. We held a short consultation and a plan occurred to me and was agreed to by my comrades. We placed the six rifles in two sacks and tied them securely. Two men, Burke and Byrne, agreed to walk out, each carrying a sack. I instructed them to be ready at the front door. There were glass panels each side and they could see the police clearly. When they were in position Dodd, O'Reilly and I would walk boldly from the lane into the main street, thereby attracting the attention of the police. The plan worked to perfection. As we came into view all eyes were turned towards us and Burke and Byrne calmly walked down the few steps from the hall door. They were hardly noticed. As they passed down the street we gave them about twenty yards start and followed between them and the police. A couple of uniformed police and two detectives followed us, but did not attempt to interfere. We passed through Stephens Green and Sth. King St., on through a net work of side

streets till we reached Nicholas St. and Christchurch Place. By this time we had lost our uniformed escort but still had the detectives. The men with the rifles crossed over to Michael's Lane. They were going to Charles St., and were near their destination and quite safe. My two companions and I stopped at the corner of Michael's Lane. The police detectives stopped at Nicholas St. corner. We watched each other for about twenty minutes. I knew that by this time the rifles were safely dumped. We moved down Michael's Lane and separated. Our job was done.

It was about this time that our Company O/C, P. McGuirk, was appointed Battalion Q/M and we decided to ask the Battalion Council to appoint Peadar Clancy our Company O/C. To our delight Peadar was appointed and took up his duties with us at our next parade. He was extremely popular with the Company from the start and soon had us all hard at work on a training programme. He instructed the men to keep their eyes open in their various walks of life and to report any places where arms were likely to be found. One of the men reported that the British Officers' Training Corps had a section in the College of Surgeons, Stephens Green, and they carried out drills in the College. Peadar decided our first raid for arms would be on the College. We found a man who had business in the College twice weekly. He reported that the key to the side door in York St. was usually left in the lock, so on his next visit he took with him a bar of soap. He watched his opportunity and took an impression of the key in the soap. From this impress we had a key made and we fixed the raid for an evening after

dusk. There were six of us in the party. Our key worked perfectly and the party entered. We made a thorough search of the premises but the only stuff we discovered was a lot of dummy rifles used for drill purposes.

One day in 1918 a man I knew to be an ex-British soldier stopped me in the street. He told me he had a new German pistol and thirty-two rounds for sale. We went into the hall of a tenement house and examined the gun. It was a long parabellum and a beauty. He wanted seven pounds for it. I told him he wanted too much but would see what I could do and arranged to meet him later in the day. I got in touch with Peadar Clancy and explained the offer. He told me if I could get it for four or five pounds to buy it. He gave me the five pounds. I met the man as arranged and told him all I could get was four pounds. He was hard pressed for money and accepted. I got the gun with holster, four magazines, ammunition pouch, and thirty-two rounds. I took the lot along to Peadar, who expressed admiration. I was about to leave it with him but he informed me it was for me he had bought it. He said, "keep it and hand in your "cannon" to the Company". I was overwhelmed with gratitude to him.

During 1918 we carried out training with dummy rifles at Columcille Hall. We took the men out for route marches and mock battles, ambushes, night marches etc. One Sunday morning we paraded at Finglas for outdoor training. We were unarmed. An aeroplane flew overhead. The pilot kept up a series of low dives

and tried to keep us bunched in the centre of the field. Lieut. Oman gave the order "disband and scatter". It was every man for himself. Most of us kept to the fields. Others took to the roads. The plane few off and we knew the road home would be watched. Between Whitehall and Drumcondra some of our lads were held up and searched and placed under arrest. They were detained for ten days and released.

We sometimes had Battalion exercises when all Companies participated, one half of the Battalion attacking and the other defending. There were many amusing incidents such as men turning up in their Sunday clothes and getting an order to lie down and take cover in a ploughed field or ditch. Once my Company took a number of prisoners. They tried to hamper us by refusing to walk, and said if we tried to force them they would lie down and we would have to carry them. They were unlucky for instead we just removed their boots, tied their hands behind their backs, hung their boots around their necks and told them to walk back to town in their bare feet.

In October 1918 the Volunteer Convention was held in 5 Blackhall St. My Company was ordered to patrol the entire neighbourhood to give warning of the approach of enemy troops. We posted armed men in the streets around the hall and sent men unarmed on bicycles to patrol the streets further out and give timely warning. Joe Dodd, Tom Burke and myself were told to watch Marlboro Barracks on the North Circular Road. We took up a position where we could see any movement

of troops inside. We remained about three hours. While we were there our late O/C, Nick Laffan, rode up on a bicycle and passed into the barracks. He remained inside about twenty minutes. When he came out he told us to dismiss, that everything was quiet inside. I asked him how he managed to go in and out so easy, and he reminded me he was a Gas Company official and was investigating a leak. During the Conscription scare in 1918 we had a rather busy time. The ranks of the Volunteers were open for recruits. My Company got over fifty and we got several £1 notes from them for the arms fund. We set to work training them in the use of arms, giving them lectures on rifles, bombs and revolvers. Our drill hall was taxed to capacity. Headquarters issued emergency rations to each man, and we were instructed that in the event of hostilities we were to join the nearest unit in our area if unable to link up with our Companies. All available arms and ammunition were distributed to trusted men. We expected to wake up any morning to the sound of gunfire. Labour staged a one day strike which was very effective, and the British decided it would be too costly to conscript Irishmen. With the passing of the Conscription scare most of our recruits decided they had enough training and absented themselves. We did get a few men who remained with us and proved their worth.

The next move of the British was the arrest and deportation of prominent men, followed by the arrival of the Auxiliary Police and Black and Tans. These men were mostly ex-officers of the Army and Navy who had seen service in France. Assisted by the D.M.P. and R.I.C. they began raiding the homes of every known Volunteer. They would also rush from Dublin Castle

and the various barracks in tenders to pre-selected streets in the city and cordon off a street at both ends. Everyone caught inside the cordon was searched, and in some cases they assaulted and arrested people who made protests. Most of the raids on houses took place late at night or the early hours of the morning. Raids became so common that Volunteer Headquarters decided to take action. Peadar Clancy obtained permission to select a squad to attack the raiders. About ten men of my Company were assembled and, armed with revolvers and bombs, we waited in a room in Parnell Square whilst others scouted the streets on bikes to bring us news of any raiding party. We waited the whole night but no news of a raid reached us and we dismissed.

Some time later the A.S.U. (Active Service Unit) was formed, and some members of my Company took up wholetime duty. Two of them, Simon McInerny and Tom Lillis, both Clare men, were the first to volunteer. They did great work - attacking military and police parties and wiping out enemy agents and spies when they were discovered. The men of the Companies carried out similar jobs after working hours.

On the 4th March 1919 my Company paraded at the Mansion House for steward duty during the Emmet Commemoration Concert. Twenty of us were told to carry revolvers. We were under the command of Dick McKee and Peadar Clancy. Clancy told me we were there to protect Seán McGarry, who was making his first appearance after his escape from an English prison. When McGarry made his appearance we were instructed to

prevent anyone entering or leaving or using the 'phone. The Lord Mayor, Mr. L. O'Neill, was the first to move towards the exit. He was held up. He jokingly remarked that he could not move in his own house. McGarry delivered a short speech, afterwards joining McKee, Clancy and myself at the exit door leading into Schoolhouse Lane. We accompanied him to Molesworth St. where a car was waiting for him. There was a large force of police and detectives in Molesworth St., but they did not interfere. McKee, Clancy and I then returned to the Mansion House and enjoyed the concert.

Escape of R. Barton from Mountjoy:

On the 16th March 1919 the following members of G Company and I were mobilised for a special job to take place that night: P. Kelly, Joe Dodd, R. Oman, W. Oman, Mick Saunders, Tom Fitzpatrick, P. O'Toole, P. Gilsenan, Seán Brunswick, J. Flanagan, J. McAllister, R. Cox, M. Downs, T. O'Reilly and E. O'Toole. Peadar Clancy and Rory O'Connor were in charge. They gave us complete outline of the plans on a blackboard, explaining where each of us would be placed and his duties. Each man knew what was expected of him and the risk of a slip up on the part of anyone.

Bob Barton, as he was commonly called, was considered a very important man in the movement. He had been under arrest for some time and imprisoned in Mountjoy Prison. I cannot say what arrangements were made on the inside of the prison except that communication with him was established and a definite

time and place fixed for the attempt. Our part in the plan was to take up positions on the Canal Bank near the north west corner of the prison wall and await the chiming of a public clock in the neighbourhood, on the last stroke of which we would go into action. At this time the prison was patrolled on the inside by Auxiliary police, civilian warders and British troops, and on the outside by D.M.P. whose duties and habits had been carefully noted for some time. Our party were all well armed. Some were placed on guard on the canal lock nearby and others up and down the canal bank to hold up any unexpected police patrols which might come along. Six of our strongest and tallest men, Dodd, Cox, Flanagan, McAllister, Saunders and Gilsenan were armed with stout batons. Their job was to put the D.M.P. men to sleep should they change their usual routine and arrive sooner than expected. They took up positions in the shadows beneath the wall. We had with us a rope ladder and stout rope attached to it, and two strong blankets. In a nearby street we had a car, open tourer type. I was detailed to take charge at this point. The car was driven by a member of the 3rd Battalion (he was unknown to me), the only man outside my Company taking part. When the clock chimed its last stroke the rope ladder was thrown over the wall. This meant a throw of approximately twenty feet and the task was given to Mick Downs, a Clare man, used to handling ropes and very strong. Others were to spread the blankets and catch Barton when he jumped from the wall. Downs's first throw was a failure, the ladder only reaching the top but not going inside. His

second cast sent the ladder well over the wall and Downs hung on to the rope attached to take the weight as Barton climbed. No strain came on the rope and we thought the plan on the inside had miscarried. We were wondering what to do next when a small stone was thrown over from the inside to let us know he was there and that something was amiss. Downs shook the rope and eased the ladder in further. Barton was now able to grasp it and climb to the top of the wall, from which he jumped into the blanket. His weight was too much for the men holding it and he had a bad bump on the ground but escaped injury, and was soon on his way to the waiting car with Rory and Peadar. Rory O'Connor and R. Barton took their seats in the back of the car and I stepped in beside the driver. The lights on the car were out of order and the driver was afraid of a hold-up by police. We kept our guns drawn and prepared for any emergencies. We drove at a fairly brisk pace across town and reached our destination, (the corner of Herbert Park) in Donnybrook safely. Rory and Barton left the car and thanking us walked away. The driver turned the car and headed back to town. We had the ropesladder and blankets in the car. The driver told me he was returning to Camden St. and that the car belonged to Mr. Corrigan the undertaker. We drove to the back entrance of Corrigan's and knocked. The gate was opened by Mr. Corrigan (senior). He asked if we were finished with it. I thanked him and asked permission to leave the ladder and blankets till morning when I would have them collected. He agreed and pointed to a coffin into which I placed them.

Next morning I arranged for a delivery van from Messrs. Henshaw, Christchurch Place, to collect them and bring them to a house near Mountjoy Prison for further use.

It was very interesting to read the papers next day with their accounts of the escape and their theories as to the way it was managed, also to meet friends who had information from the inside and on good authority. I agreed with them all. One man told me he, Barton, was a spy and was released by order of the British.

General Escape from Mountjoy, March 29th 1919:

After our success in the rescue of Robert Barton it was decided to attempt a large scale rescue of political prisoners. On Saturday 29th March at 3 o'clock p.m. we were again outside Mountjoy. Plans were made on the inside and again the clock chimes was the signal. On the outside our plans were similar to those adopted for Barton's rescue except that extra Volunteers were mobilised to act as rere-guard and cover the escaping prisoners. My Company had the same squad in the same position. This time we had no car but each man possessing a bicycle was told to bring it along and leave it outside Cotter's Cycle Shop, Dromcundra Road. It was a case of every man for himself after he escaped.

We had all taken our places without attracting any attention. Everything was in readiness. The clock chimed and again our rope ladder went over the prison wall. This time Downs made a perfect throw

and the ladder went in at the first attempt. Inside the prison the prisoners were at exercise under the supervision of warders. As the clock sent out its chimes some of the prisoners held up the warders with imaginary guns, while others jumped on them and overpowered them. Amongst the prisoners were some prominent men who had priority on the escape list - Piaras Beaslaoi and J.J. Walsh being two of the first over the wall. One prisoner paused on top of the wall to quote "Stone walls do not a prison make etc.", after which he jumped to freedom. Excitement was at its highest pitch for about twenty minutes while prisoner after prisoner reached the top of the wall and jumped. When we were sure that no more were coming over we abandoned our ladder and blankets that had served us so well. I was with the party detailed to cover the prisoners retreat and with me were several of my old 1916 comrades, Paddy and Garry Holohan, Joe O'Reilly (known as Bantry Joe), Seán O'Connor (Blimey), and several others. As the last of the escaping men passed us we retired slowly expecting a clash with the police and soldiers whom we were convinced would dash out to intercept the prisoners. However, nothing happened and we reached Cotter's shop to find all bicycles gone. We now pocketed our guns and dispersed. I had to get to the south side of the city. I jumped on a tram to O'Connell St. Several lorries of troops and Tans passed me and I had no doubt they were going to cordon off the Mountjoy neighbourhood. My bicycle was missing for five weeks. One day I was told to go to Fleming's Hotel, Gardiner's Row, where some bicycles were awaiting owners and, sure enough, mine was among them.

About August 1919 we made contact with a man of very doubtful character who had joined and deserted from the British Army at least ten times. He said he could supply us with some rifles at £2 0 0 each. At first we thought he was laying a trap for us and we had him watched. We learned that he was getting in touch with soldiers who were deserting and was paying them £1 for their rifles. If they refused to sell to him he gave information to the police and had them arrested. He was paid by the police (Barton and McCarthy) for his information. This man was known as "Mouse". It should have been "Rat". He was about five feet tall and very insignificant looking. He was constantly in touch with Detectives Barton and McCarthy. The last time I was in touch with "Mouse" was in Aungier St. Joe Dodd and I met him and a friend who had two rifles for sale. We were arranging the deal when "Mouse" told us to move off and come back later. We went up the street and watched them, and after a few moments Barton and McCarthy approached "Mouse". After a short talk Barton passed some money to "Mouse" and walked in our direction. When they had passed we went back to "Mouse" and asked what his game was. He said he only got money Barton owed him. I warned him about playing false with us. He said, "I'm no fool to play tricks like that on you fellows". He gave us an address in Digges Street, a tenement house. We were to enter by the rere from Cheaters Lane and go down the stairs to the basement and we would find the two rifles behind the door. We did as directed and found the rifles. We hid them beneath our overcoats and were leaving by the front door when we discovered Barton and

McCarthy standing outside. They turned around and stared at us. We gripped our guns in our pockets and passed between them. They made no attempt to stop us, which was lucky for Mr. "Mouse". We never heard of "Mouse" afterwards. Some of his victims may have found him out. We procured about eight rifles through him.

Some time after "Mouse" faded out we made the acquaintance of two soldiers in Wellington Barracks, South Circular Road. They were in the Quartermaster's Stores. We made a deal with them for rifles and 303. The stuff was placed outside the railings on the canal near "Gordon's turf bank" where certain sentries were on duty at that post. We would collect the stuff and pay the soldiers afterwards. Twice we carried out deals in this manner and it was arranged for two Lewis guns to be left out one night. About two hours before we were to collect the guns our contact man came to warn us not to make the attempt as someone had given the show away and the Quartermaster's men were under arrest, the guns were placed in position and an ambush laid for us. Our informant was in the deal but was not suspected. He told us afterwards that three of the soldiers were tried and sentenced to three years imprisonment.

One night about November 1919 my Company was on parade in Blackhall St. Peadar Clancy called me oneside and asked if I had my gun. I replied I had and he said we would dismiss early as he and I were going on a job. There was 12 o'clock curfew at the time. After we dismissed at 10.15 o'clock p.m. Peadar explained that he had got information about a

rifle, bayonet and fifty rounds .303 in the house of a District Officer of the R.I.C. in the Inchicore area. This officer was supposed to be selling the stuff but Peadar, like myself, distrusted policemen and we agreed to keep our guns handy in case of a trap. The house was a two storey dwelling on the back road Inchicore. We travelled by tram to the terminus and walked the remaining distance. We approached the house after a careful look around and knocked. The man himself opened it and we stated our business. He invited us inside and we stepped into a wide hall. On our left the parlour door was partly open. I stepped forward and glanced inside. The room was empty. Beyond this door was another which was closed. Three steps led down to the kitchen. The D.I. went to the kitchen door and ordered his wife and two daughters to go upstairs at once, which they did. Peadar whispered to me "this looks like a trap". We were invited to enter the kitchen and did. The D.I. told us he did not let the women know his business. He got a screwdriver and unscrewed a board from the wall in the corner and handed us the stuff. We paid him £2 10 0. We made a parcel of the bayonet and bandolier of .303 which Peadar carried. I unscrewed the butt off the rifle and concealed it in my overcoat. When we reached the tram stop we discovered the last tram had left and the time was 11.45 p.m. We walked from Inchicore and arrived at Tom O'Reilly's home, Michael's Hill, about three minutes to twelve. We left the stuff with Tom who kept a dump nearby and made our way home.

Tom O'Reilly was employed in Henshaw's, Christchurch Place, to which there was a side entrance. He had a key made for the door and we could use the premises after business hours. This was only known to a few members of G Company and Brigade Q/M. On two dates in 1919 about July and August we carried out raids on mail vans in Dominick St. As the vans (horse drawn) carrying the mails to the Broadstone Railway Station turned from Parnell St. into Dominick St. we stepped forward and directed the drivers to pull into Dominick Lane. Having done so we unloaded the sacks of letters into a waiting van driven by one of our men, P. Hyland. Hyland worked in Monk's bakery as a roundsman and did good work for us on various occasions. There was nothing very unusual occurred during those two raids, but one in 1920 which I will relate later had serious repercussions.

Raid on the Irish Independent printing works Abbey St.1919:

After the death of Martin Savage in the attack on Lord French at Ashtown the 'Independent' published an article condemning Martin Savage and the men who took part in the ambush. Dick McKee and Peadar Clancy deemed it about time to teach the 'Independent' a lesson. We assembled in the Keating Branch of the Gaelic League, Parnell Square. Dick and Peadar went over the details of the operation very carefully so that each man understood what was expected of him. There were about fifteen men of G Company and a dozen from other Companies of the 1st Battalion. About sixteen of us under Dick and Peadar entered the building. The remainder were posted outside to guard against surprise. Some of the wrecking party carried

short handled sledge-hammers and crow-bars and heavy wrenches. We entered, two and three at a time, and as we passed in through the main entrance two D.M.P. men who were on guard outside bade us goodnight, no doubt mistaking us for workmen. The first two men when they entered took over the main hall. As the other men entered they passed on to their allotted positions. One man, Bill Judge, went to the Editor's office, pushed open the door and ordered the Editor to put up his hands. The Editor hesitated and then slowly raising his hands from his desk asked was it a hold-up for robbery. Judge told him he would learn all about it later, and provided he kept quiet he was quite safe. The Editor next asked Judge why he did not trouble to wear a mask. Judge replied, "when I leave here I will forget your face, and if you are wise you will forget mine". The Editor said "I understand".
I went to the works with Dick, Peadar, Garry Holohan and several others. My job was to keep the staff under cover while the wrecking was in progress. I lined the staff (about ten men) with their faces to the wall and told them on no account to look behind them. One of them turned his head to have a look and I warned him. Ignoring me he again tried to look and this time he looked down the barrel of my gun, after which he decided to obey. In less than half an hour the machine room was a shambles and we began to retire. I warned the staff that any man attempting to follow or raise the alarm would be shot without mercy. We left the premises as we entered, two or three at a time. The two D.M.P. men were still on duty outside and had a gracious good-night for us as we left. Peadar Clancy remarked to me later "we should have shot the Editor".

A week after this event Bill Judge, who held up the Editor, was sent by his firm to interview the Editor as a business matter. Bill knocked on the office door and was told "come in". As he entered the Editor looked up from his desk and seeing Bill, automatically raised his hands. Bill said"this is a business call", and went on to explain his errand. There was no reference made to his previous visit.

One Saturday evening in 1920 P.J. Corless, 1st Battalion Q/M, was informed that a dump in a stable in Phibsborough area under his control had been raided by the Auxiliaries. He wished to know if the stuff stored there had been found. I was at Battalion H/Q with my brother, Lieut. J. Kelly, when Paddy Rooney, Assistant Battalion Q/M requested us to accompany him to the dump. On the way there the three of us were held up and searched by a military patrol in Manor Street. None of us carried guns, but in my hip pocket I carried a large brass mouthpiece belonging to my band instrument. The soldier who searched me was sure it was a revolver. He raised the alarm and I was covered by about ten rifles while the officer removed the offending mouthpiece from my pocket. After questioning I was allowed to proceed. When we reached the dump we scouted around the area, finally entering the lane where the stable was located. Everything seemed in order. We had no key for the gate to the stable yard and were debating the best course to adopt when a woman opened a back garden door leading to the lane. She called me and told me that the Tans had been there and had crossed the gate into the stable yard. She did not see them remove any

stuff but she heard them remark that they would come back and make a good search later. She also suspected there was somebody giving them information, and advised us not to stay too long. I climbed over the gate and made an inspection. The dump was a pit under the stable floor and cunningly concealed by channel bricks set in an iron frame. There was no sign of it having been disturbed. After we reported back to Q/M Corless he ordered us to get a car and remove the dump to Cabra. We returned some hours later with a car and removed two Lewis guns, six drums of .303, six revolvers and a quantity of ammunition to Mooney's farmyard in Cabra. We buried it well protected in a manure heap. We were only a short time left Mooney's when the Auxiliaries arrived and searched Mooney's. Next day we removed the stuff from Mooney's to Joe Grace's in Lower Dominick St.

In 1920 we carried out boycott raids in our Company area, destroying English journals and books and seizing goods of British manufacture. I was sent on an inspection of a shop in Nth. King St. one night while the Company were on parade in the Columcille Hall. I took my friend Bill Judge with me. We returned to the Hall to report and Judge remained outside waiting for me. When I joined him he pointed to a man standing some distance away and said he was sure he had followed us. We decided to approach and question him. As we moved towards him he began to walk away. We quickened our pace and he did likewise. He turned into Paul St., and when we reached the corner he was running fast in King St. direction. We let him

go. Judge and I crossed Queen St. bridge into Bridgefoot St. where St. James's Band had their rooms. We entered the band hall and were there about fifteen minutes when I got a feeling that all was not well. I told Judge and we decided to go home. Our routes lay in different directions, and after chatting a while at the door we separated. About 12 o'clock p.m. that night a party of Tans raided Judge's home and after a search arrested him and took him to the Castle. He was afterwards interned in Ballykinlar Camp for the duration. After his release he told me of his experiences after arrest. He was questioned about G Company, and was told he was seen in the company of Kelly, one of Clancy's gunmen. He denied all knowledge of Clancy or G Company. They threatened to shoot him if he did not tell where I was to be found, and told him that they knew Clancy had a batch of trained gunmen in the Company and the remainder of the men were waiting for the Big Day. Judge still denied everything. After two days in the Castle he was sent to Ballykinlar.

About March 1920 we carried out our final raid on the mail van passing through Dominick St. We adopted the same tactics and there was no hitch until an ex-British soldier who lived in Dominick St. and witnessed the hold-up returned to his home and related the story to his wife. She in turn went to the corner of Parnell St. and Dominick St. to relate it to her friends. While doing so she was heard by a British agent in the crowd, stating that the man out of the Republican Outfitters in Talbot St. was one of the raiders. Her husband was arrested and questioned and

said he knew Clancy. Clancy was arrested and charged with robbery. On learning this, Seán Brunswick, Bob Oman, Joe Dodd and I paid the informer a visit. We told him of his fate, and also that of his wife, if he gave evidence against Peadar or recognised him. He protested that he meant no harm and that it was his wife who did the damage. He collapsed from fright and was later taken to Grangegorman Asylum. When Peadar was taken to court there was no evidence against him and he was discharged. However, the damage was done. Peadar was nowwell known to the police and was continually watched and his shop kept under observation.

In 1920 a section of my Company on patrol in Nth. King St. called on the driver of a military service van to halt. He showed no sign of doing so and we fired a shot through his windscreen, after which he stopped. We searched the van for arms, but all we found was a full tin of petrol. We told the soldier to walk back to barracks, poured the petrol over the van and set it alight.

About September 1920 Peadar Clancy planned a raid on Amiens St. Post Office. A number of us assembled in a lane opposite the Post Office. Peadar explained to us he was waiting for a signal from someone inside. After half an hour's wait a man came from the main entrance, flashed a lamp and returned. Peadar said the job was off and we retired.

<u>Reception of American Delegates at the Mansion House and Fitzwilliam Square 1920:</u>

Joe Dodd, Seán Brunswick, S. Burke, Tom Reilly and I were instructed to attend at Fitzwilliam Square

to intercept a camera man who had taken photographs of Mick Collins. We were all on bicycles and patrolled the neighbourhood but did not locate the photographer. After contacting Peadar Clancy we were told the photographer had left for the mail boat at Dun Laoghaire. Peadar instructed me to take the squad to the mail boat and try to capture the camera. We rode from Fitzwilliam Square to Dun Laoghaire in thirty minutes. On arrival there we met Peadar Breslin, A Company, who told us the boat was about to sail and that the photographer had not arrived. Peadar Clancy sent for Joe Dodd and I next day. He told us that the photographer had got to the Castle with his camera, that he would be leaving there about 4 o'clock p.m. that day with the camera and photographs for British General Headquarters. He was to be on foot and we were to intercept him on Cork Hill. We failed here also. We waited more than an hour and he did not appear. We reported back to Peadar at Harding's shop in Christchurch Place. Some time later we carried out a raid on a photographer who had taken pictures of a review by Lord French. Joe Dodd, Brunswick, P. McEnroe and I waylaid him on his way to the Castle at the junction of Cork Hill and Dame St. He struggled to retain his camera but finally relinquished it. We passed it to O'Reilly who was on a bicycle in Parliament St. He rode away with it and dumped it in the Liffey.

About October 1920 1st Battalion H/Q guard planned a raid on the N.A.C.B. (Navy and Army Canteen Board) premises in Bow Lane and Glover's Alley, off Mercers St. O'Reilly, Conroy, Dalton, Brunswick,

McGaely and I took part. The men of H/Q guard were Lieut. J. Kelly, Farrington, O'Rourke, Butler and Campbell. The stores were unoccupied. We forced the main doors and made a search. We found no arms, but a considerable amount of military equipment was taken, along with two Crosley tenders. The tenders were driven back to the rere of 44 Parnell Square and were afterwards used in the Civil War.

The raid on Monks's bakery in 1920 was planned by G Company. We had a man employed there, P. Hyland, who gave us all the details in connection with the daily routine of a party of British soldiers who called each day to collect bread rations. The main party entered the bakery and placed their rifles against the wall and then proceeded to carry out and load trays of bread on to the lorry. One man with the driver was left on guard outside with the lorry. Our plan was to enter the bakery disguised as workers. When the soldiers placed the rifle against the wall we would hold them up. We would then remove their tunics and caps and, donning them, we would carry out the trays of bread and overpower the guard and driver. We would then drive away with the lorry, arms and equipment after tying up the soldiers. Our O/C, R. Oman, applied to 1st Battalion Council for permission to carry out the job as planned. At this time all Company O/Cs were instructed to inform Battalion O/C and obtain permission for all jobs planned. Tom Byrne, who was Battalion O/C, agreed that our plans were good but refused to sanction the job until he thought it over. Our O/C, R. Oman, was next informed by Battalion O/C

that the job had been given over to H Company and would be carried out next day under Captain Seamus Kavanagh. Oman protested vigorously, claiming that the job was planned by us and was in our Company area. He was overruled. The raid took place next day and was a disastrous failure and resulted in the capture and death of Kevin Barry.

In October 1920, after Dan Breen's and Seán Treacy's heroic fight in Glasnevin, Seán Brunswick called on me and told me Breen was in the Mater Hospital and was to be moved to safer quarters. I agreed to meet Seán at the hospital and give any help I could. When I arrived there Seán informed me that Breen had been removed. I arranged to meet Seán that evening at Peadar Clancy's shop in Talbot St. On my way there as I walked down North Earl St., a lorry load of troops passed me going towards Talbot St. Shortly afterwards there was a burst of firing. Seán who was a little ahead of me, told me later how he was near Seán Treacy when he was shot. He went to his assistance, and as he lay on the ground Brunswick took his notebook and fountain pen from his (Treacy's) pocket. He had placed them in his own pocket when he was covered by a British officer who asked what he was doing. Brunswick acted innocent and said he was only trying to find out who the poor man was, so as to inform his people. The officer asked if he knew what happened to people caught robbing the dead. Brunswick answered "No Sir". The officer said "they are usually shot". Brunswick feigned alarm and said he did not think he did any harm. The officer told him to clear out quickly before he changed his mind. Seán made off towards Marlboro St.

where I met him. He passed the notebook and pen to me. I later passed them on to the Battalion O/C.

Raid on British officer's house, 15 North Cir. Rd. 1920:

R. Oman (Company O/C) was employed by the Gas Company as a fitter. His job was dealing with repairs and leakage reports. In attending to a leakage in 15 North Circular Road he was shown the gas meter in a recess beneath the stairs. As he examined the meter he noticed two canvas parcels standing near the meter. Awaiting an opportunity he felt the two parcels and discovered they contained rifles. When obtaining particulars for his report he learned that the house was occupied by a British officer and his man servant. The rere of the house was separated from the wall of Marlboro Barracks by a narrow lane, the entrance to which was situated at the end of a terrace of houses. We decided to have a try at raiding the house. Bob Oman had an ex-British soldier friend whom he could trust, so he made arrangements that this friend would meet the officer's servant and learn something of the officer's habits. Bob's friend became very friendly with the servant and they had several drinking bouts on his evenings off. He learned that the officer was attached to the barracks and the house could be used as an outpost in case of trouble. He also learned that there was always one of them on the premises. During one of those nights out the servant informed our friend that his boss was going to London on business and would be away for a few days at the week-end. He was to remain in the

house while his boss was away. Our friend persuaded him to have at least one good night out before the officer's return from London. He agreed and a date was made, but he would not leave the house early for fear someone from the barracks would call. We fixed the time of our raid at 11.30 p.m. Our next move was to get a look at the back of the house. Joe Dodd and I undertook this task. The lane was L shaped, and in the angle of the L there was a two storeyed house built against the barrack wall. As we approached this house a man emerged and challenged us. He told us the lane was private and had no exit. I made an excuse and we left. Others tried with the same result, but we gained enough knowledge of the type of windows in the terrace and the height of the back garden wall by the layout of the ones near us. On the night of the raid we took ten men with us. We also had a taxi-cab which backed up the lane in readiness to receive the stuff, and our guns, when the raid was over. Mick Downs, Joe Dodd and I preceded the taxi as it backed up the lane. Our friend challenged, rushed out and asked what we wanted. I pulled my gun and told him to keep his mouth shut. I ordered Downs to take him inside and watch him until we retired. I also ordered two men to watch the windows and make sure there would be no signal given to the barracks. The The remainder of the party, under R. Oman, had gone on to the rere of No. 15. One of the party was a glazier who worked in Dockrells, South Great Georges St., - Bill Kearns. He was used to cuttingglass and soon had a piece out of the window, which enabled the catch

to be operated. He made an entry and opened the back door. Six of us entered, and passed out two bundles of rifles, five in each, one elephant gun (large bore), one .38 bore rifle, one sword, two boxes mills bombs, one box of assorted ammunition, and one pair of field glasses to the men outside who placed them in the taxi. We left the house and placed all our guns in the taxi and dispersed. The time was now 11.55 p.m. and curfew was at 12 p.m. As our taxi left the lane and turned along the North Circular Road for home an armoured car came from the Phoenix Park. Our taxi slowed down and allowed him to pass. Our man then speeded up his taxi and followed the armoured car into town. Seán Burke and I started for home. Seán was from Clare and did not know the city too well. He was in digs on the South Circular Road. I lived in Ardee St., not too far from his destination. We went down Aughrim St. into Manor St., and dodged a patrol leaving Arbour Hill barracks. We crossed Blackhall St. into Queen St. As we neared the corner of Queen St. and Ellis Quay we heard a lorry approaching. I pulled Seán into the doorway of a shop. As the lorry passed along the Quay a powerful searchlight beamed up Queen St. We escaped its rays. After a pause we approached and crossed the bridge leading to Bridgefoot St. Reaching the top of Bridgefoot St. we again heard lorries approaching. We took cover in Marshalsea Lane and waited till they passed down Thomas St. towards town. I guided Seán through Thomas Court, Pimlico, Ardee St. and Fairbrothers Fields to South Circular Road. All the personnel engaged on the raid reached home safely.

They were R. Oman, P. Kelly, J. Dodd, J. Conroy, Seán Burke, Seán Brunswick, S. McInerny, Tom Lillis, Tom O'Reilly, P. McEnroe, J. McGaley, W. Kearns, Mick Oman and A. Kennedy.

General street ambush 1920:

G Company mobilised for this operation. We divided our men. I took half the Company to Bolton St. Captain Oman took the other half to Capel St. I had my men in position and had just sighted a British patrol in Dorset St. and we were about to attack when a cycle scout from G.H.Q. rode up and said I was to dismiss the men as the job had been called off.
On my way home one night, about May 1921, I met four men of the 4th Battalion in Pimlico. We were standing near Gray St. talking. It was after the curfew hour, 10 p.m., and the streets were deserted. They said they had been on a job and were armed. The four of them lived closeby. Two of them were old schoolmates of mine, J. O'Hagan and C. Dempsey; the other two were D. McCarthy and J. Cullen. O'Hagan noticed someone moving along the wall at the top of Pimlico. We watched as the figure drew nearer. It was a British soldier wearing rubber shoes. We were debating what to do with him. Cullen suggested we wait and see what way he would act. They had their guns ready to deal with him. The soldier approached on the opposite side of the street. He was armed with a rifle, which was slung over his shoulder. As he came opposite us he halted. He then crossed over to us and said "Good night lads. Don't hang around too long, there are several Companies patrolling

this area to-night and there is a devil in charge. So long lads" and walked away. He acted so pally they decided to let him go on his way. I had some distance to go to my home and O'Hagan advised me to get along. The time now was about 10.30 p.m. I could hear the rumble of several lorries. As I reached the corner of Pimlico and the Coombe I halted to take a look round the corner before crossing the street. I was in luck, for twenty-five yards from me was a lorry of troops. Some of them had dismounted and were walking towards me. I doubled back a few yards and stood with my back to a door. The soldier walked into Pimlico, had a look around and went back to the corner of the Coombe without seeing me. I went back to Pimlico and turned into Gray St. I knocked at O'Hagan's door and he advised me to stay with him for a while. About 12 o'clock I decided to chance home. O'Hagan said he would keep his door open in case I had to come back. I had almost reached my former position when I noticed that the lorry had moved into Ardee St, not far from my home. Again the sentry moved out into Pimlico, looked up in my direction without seeing me and returned to his former position. I returned to O'Hagan's. I again scouted the position at 1 a.m. They were still in Ardee St. so I slept with O'Hagan for the night. I made my way home at 5.30 a.m. expecting to find my mother and sisters distressed over my absence. Mother was quite cool. She said she took it for granted I was safe as otherwise the soldiers would not have waited so long for me. She

told me an officer and some soldiers rushed in and searched the house. She was in bed with my two sisters when the officer entered. He told her she had nothing to fear and asked where I was. She said I was probably with friends and afraid to venture home late. They had a look at my young brother (14 years) and then sat down to wait. They left about 4 a.m.

Five days later, about 7 p.m., O'Hagan had just walked away from his home when a lorry load of troops turned into the street. The troops dismounted. Some of them rushed for his house. Others held him up. They asked where he was going. He replied "home". They next asked where he was coming from and where his home was. He answered he was coming from Guinness's Brewery where he worked and he lived in Francis St. He was told to go ahead after being searched. Meantime they had entered his home and began a search. The only occupants were his mother and three sisters. One of the girls (Julia) was a member of Cumann na mBan. A D.M.P. man named Smart accompanied the raiding party. He with the officer were studying a list of names. Julia moved close to them and overheard the policeman mention my name and address. She managed to leave the house before the raiders and warned me five minutes before they arrived. I left immediately and watched the raid from the corner of Cork St. From then until the truce I slept at my married sister's home in James's Walk, Grand Canal Harbour.

<u>St. James's Brass and Reed Band, Bridgefoot St., arrested by British troops:</u>

On Whit Sunday morning 15th May 1921, the band

was at practice on the second floor. There was a sudden rush of footsteps downstairs and a shout of "hands up". This was followed by a rush of troops up the stairs. I glanced through the back window which overlooked some derelict sites. There were two soldiers with rifles at the ready. The place was surrounded. I was playing the "Double B Bass", a large brass instrument. I placed it on the floor as the soldiers reached the top of the stairs and raised my hands shoulder high. A soldier with fixed bayonet stood in front of me. After a lapse of about five minutes, during which time the bandsmen were being searched and ordered to get downstairs, I lowered my hands. The soldier raised no objection. I put my hand in my pocket and withdrew my pipe. The soldier made ready to lunge at me. I told him I wished to have a smoke and not to be alarmed as I was going to take out my tobacco pouch. He made no reply. In a corner of the room there was a large chest containing books and other items belonging to the "Foresters Friendly Society". A Lieutenant and three soldiers were about to break it open. I crossed the room and explained that I was Assistant Secretary of the band and that the box was not our property but we were responsible for its safety. He asked if I had the keys. I replied that they were not on the premises. They broke open the box and examined the contents. There were record books, a Forester's sash and some petty cash in it. I had to explain that the sash, which had a harp, wolfhound, roundtower and sunburst on it, was worn by the Chairman at their

meetings. It was not political. I requested a receipt for the damage done during the raid. The officer in charge asked me if I would make out a receipt and he would sign it. I explained that it would be necessary for me to go downstairs to my desk. He ordered a soldier to take me downstairs. As I reached the bottom of the stairs with the soldier behind me, a soldier with fixed bayonet ordered me out on the street. I told him to stand one side and my escort told him to let me pass into the room downstairs. There were about twenty soldiers in the room. I crossed to my desk, opened it and wrote the receipt. As I finished my escort told me if I had anything on me now was the time to get rid of it. I told him I had nothing as I thought he was trying to trap me. We went upstairs again. The last of the bandsmen was being searched. The officer asked my escort if I had been searched. He replied "Yes Sir". I searched him myself". The officer in charge signed the receipt for the damage and ordered everyone downstairs. When I reached the bottom of the stairs the man who first ordered me out on the street stood aside for me to enter the room where my desk was. I think he got the impression I was one of the raiding party. I was chatting with a number of soldiers, who told me they were bandsmen, when the D.M.P. man who was their guide came to me. He told me he was picked up at Kilmainham to guide them on the raid, and that they had got information there was a big dump on the premises. The O/C put his head inside the door and ordered "all hands outside". The soldiers picked up their rifles and walked out. I remained where I was. When the

guard at the rere was withdrawn I got through a window to the derelict site and through a builders yard into Thomas St. from Catherine's Church. I watched the departure of the lorries with all except five members, four old men and myself. I borrowed a bicycle and followed at a distance and saw the lorries enter Richmond Barracks. An identification parade was held there and later the men were placed in Arbour Hill prison. After an identification parade in Arbour hill on Whit Monday they were released.

After the Truce the 1st Battalion arranged for a Mass to be said in St. Peter's Church, Phibsboro. We marched from Parnell Square. On the way to the church on the North Circular Road we met a Battalion of British troops coming from the opposite direction. As they passed us their officer gave the command "eyes right". Our Commanding Officer returned the salute.

Some weeks after the Truce was signed the British Headquarters complained that sniping was taking place each night. Shots were being fired into Marlboro and Arbour Hill barracks. All Companies were ordered to watch for the offender. I was detailed by Comdt. P. Holohan to have a party of men ready and contact a British officer and party in Parnell Square (Findlaters Church) at 8 o"clock p.m. one night.

We were to carry out a joint patrol in the North Circular Road area. The sniping usually occurred between 8 and 10 p.m. When I reported at Battalion Headquarters with my men I was told by the Commandant the patrol was off. A few days later one of my men, T. Curran, brought me information of the sniper's location. The sniper lived in a high tenement house in Blessington Lane, off Blessington St. That night about 9 p.m. we raided the house and found him with a Lee Enfield rifle with a fair supply of .303. We arrested him and next day he was released and given twenty-four hours to get out of the country or be shot. My next truce job was suppressing riots in my Company area. The riots began when some soldiers on leave from barracks were attacked on Ormond Quay. Later the attacks took place in the Church St. and Smithfield area. I arrived with a dozen men and found a party of soldiers lined up in Smithfield (Haymarket) with bayonets fixed about to charge a mob of youths who were throwing bottles, stones and pieces of iron. I approached the officer in charge and explained who I was. I asked him to withdraw his men to barracks and I would deal with the mob. I sent my men by different routes to come up behind the youths and herd them all into New Church St. When this

was done we had about fifty youths of all ages from 15 to 30 years. I had each of them searched, and from their pockets came nuts, bolts, stones and small bottles. None of them carried arms, nor were any of them ever in the I.R.A. I warned them to leave the area at once and warned that if further rioting took place we would shoot without warning. That night ended the riots.

During the period when Belfast refugees were pouring into Dublin the Dublin Brigade H/Q quartered the homeless in the Fowler Hall, Parnell Square, and supplied them with food. Some of them objected to eating porridge for breakfast. A party of them occupied the Y.M.C.A. in O'Connell St. and barricaded the door. They raided local shops and seized food supplies. The shopkeepers complained to the 1st Battalion Council. Commandant Holohan sent two officers, P. Garland and J. Kelly, to tell the refugees to clear out and go to Fowler Hall. They refused to open the door and the order was given through the letterbox. On hearing this Comdt. Holohan instructed five of us to force the door and eject them. Garland took a Thompson gun along. We demanded admittance and were refused. Garland shouted through the letterbox for all hands to clear from the front door as he was going to blow

the lock off. Those inside shouted back, "Don't fire, we will open up". They did so and were ejected. We handed over to the caretaker and left.

The McNally Gang:

During the truce period a well known Dublin builder named McNally was on his way to Killester with wages for his workmen. He was held up and after firing a shot through the windscreen of his car they took £2,000 from him and decamped. The case was reported to the Republican Police. Our H/Q circulated the numbers of the £5 notes and asked all I.R.A. men to seek information and report. The I/O of G Company, Thomas Curran, was unemployed at the time, and as was habitual with him he went into a public house at Doyle's Corner where he was known to the foreman of the bar. The barman asked what he was having. Curran said "a bottle of stout as usual; it's all I can afford". The foreman remarked it was strange how some men could have money and not work. "This morning", he said, "a man who has not worked for months came in and changed a fiver". Curran got curious and asked him if he still had the note. The barman had and Curran checked the number. It was one of the notes stolen from McNally. He got the name and address of the man who changed the note and reported to our O/C, R. Oman, who, in turn, reported the full details to H/Q. We were ordered to assist the Republican Police in making the arrest. On reaching the house we knocked and asked for

Mr. Collins. When called Collins came to the door. We covered him with our guns and searched him. He had a 38 revolver in his hip pocket. We took him along to the Columcille Hall and questioned him. He was badly scared when he learned he was in the hands of the I.R.A. He admitted that he took part in the robbery and that it was he who fired the shot at McNally. He was a deserter from the Royal Air Force and had teamed up with others who had also deserted. He gave us the names of five of them but did not know where they were to be found since they split after they shared the £2,000. Just before the truce I had witnessed the ambush of General Boyd of the Air Force on the South Circular Road. I had a good look at the driver of the car. Somehow this man, Collins's face seemed familiar and while I was questioning him I was struck by his resemblance to General Boyd's driver. I told him I knew him as I had come up against him in the South Circular Road ambush. He admitted I was right. I next accused him of taking part in the burning of the Halfway House, Crumlin, as a reprisal for the ambush. He told me he drove a party of officers from Baldonnel Aerodrome that night but took no part in the burning. He was badly scared at being so well known, and to save himself he gave us some more information. He told us the gang would assemble in Dublin for another big hold-up shortly. No date had yet been fixed but it was intended to raid Cook's Tourist Agency, Grafton St., Tedcastle McCormack's payroll at North Wall, then on to the National Bank, Cork, and cross to England. Their contact would be Denis Marry from Balbriggan. He described Marry and said he would arrive in town

some day by Great Northern Railway. The station was watched continuously. Five days later an I/O of 1st Battalion, Vincent Gogan, reported that a man answering Marry's description had arrived by train and booked in at the Globe Hotel in Talbot St. Comdt. Holohan ordered me to take a squad and make the arrest. At 11 p.m. I entered the hotel with Mick Downes, Joe Dodd, J. Kelly and V. Gogan. I asked the manager where I would find Marry. He said he did not know who I meant. Gogan and I searched the rooms. We had been warned that Marry was armed and would not hesitate to shoot. Marry was not in the hotel. Gogan pointed out the table where Marry had sat. I called the manager and asked where the man who sat at this table and paid for bed and breakfast was. The manager said he could not remember the man. At this point a girl waitress called me oneside and told me they had another house in Marlboro St. near the church. She told me the man was there but that the woman in charge would not admit anyone except accompanied by one of the employees. She agreed to come along with us. On reaching the Marlboro St. house I approached the door with the waitress, leaving the others to hang around till I had the door open. In answer to our knock the top window was opened and a woman demanded to know what we wanted. The waitress assured her everything was alright. She came down and opened the door and found five of us waiting to enter. I told her we were looking for a man named Marry and asked where he was. She told us the back room

on the 3rd floor. We entered the room and switched on the lights. It was a large room containing two beds. In the bed nearest the door two men were sleeping. The other bed had one occupant. I gave the order "hands up". The two men nearest sat up in bed with their hands raised and asked was it a stick-up. We ignored them and covered the third man who did not obey. Instead he put his hand beneath the pillow. I again ordered him to put his hands up but he ignored me. My brother, J. Kelly, planted a shot in the wall above his head. I crossed the room and put my hand under the pillow and took out a Colt 45 automatic. We took him to Columcille Hall also. On seeing Collins he realised the game was up and he volunteered to give us all the help he could. He told us the gang were to meet two days later. Two of them would arrive via Dun Laoghaire and one by Great Northern Railway. He gave us their descriptions. The two who were coming from Dun Laoghaire would travel by one of the trains to Harcourt St. station. They were Charles Rennee, a C.I.D. man from Scotland Yard; the other was Claude Gunner, an ex-Air Force Officer. The man coming in at the G.N. R. was named Spears and was a jockey. We were to know Spears by his approach to a lady friend of Collins. We knew this lady as she was with Collins when we arrested him. Dinny Marry said he would meet Rennee and Gunner if we agreed and permitted him to travel to Dun Laoghaire. He would travel with them to Harcourt St. and we could be waiting when they arrived. We agreed to this plan. We went first to Amiens St., located the girl friend and waited. A lightly built man walked up and down

the street past the girl. About five minutes passed when he finally went to her and they shook hands. Mick Downs and I crossed the street from different directions. I approached from the front, Mick from the rere. I asked, "Are you Spears"? He was startled and put his hand in his pocket and I could see he had a gun. Downs drew his gun and jabbed the barrel into his ear, ordering him to put up his hands or he would blow his brains out. He raised his hands and I took a 38 revolver from his pocket. He also was taken to Columcille Hall.

Mick and I were told that R. Oman, Kelly, Dodd and Callaghan had left for Harcourt St. to collect Rennee and Gunner. We made a dash to get there. We travelled by tram to Harcourt Road and rushed to the station. The train was in and all passengers had left the station. I questioned the porter and he said three men answering the description had gone down Harcourt St. We hurried down the street to overtake them. Meanwhile Oman, Kelly, Dodd and Callaghan, finding they were late had hired an outside car and were driving up Harcourt St. when they noticed Marry, Rennee and Gunner with Downs and I closing up behind them. Jumping from the car they rushed towards the trio with guns drawn. Rennee and Gunner grabbed for their own guns and looked like fighting when Downs and I grabbed their hands from behind. Seeing they had no chance they gave up. When we looked for Marry he had disappeared down Montague St. He and his brother Ned got clear.

We visited their home in Balbriggan and learned that they had gone to Belfast. Rennee offered us a substantial bribe for their release and asked us to collect their luggage from the Soldiers' Home in College St. They gave us the name of the man who had charge of it and also the name of the man who supplied cars for their hold-ups. His name was Kenny and was well known in Dublin. We had him under arrest inside an hour. He gave us a cheque for £50 which he said was his share of the McNally robbery. We went to the Soldiers' Home and collected the luggage and the man in charge of it also. On examining the luggage we found the filthiest collection of photographs and French postcards imaginable. Rennee told me it was lucky we were not at the station when they arrived because Marry had given our description and promised to point us out to them. They had intended to make a surprise attack on us and shoot it out.

As Charles Rennee was in the employment of the British government the British Authorities were informed of his arrest and the full facts of the activities of the gang placed before them. The prisoners were brought before the Republican Courts for trial. Kenny was asked what he did with his share. He told the Court he gave it to the I.R.A. officer, Captain Oman produced the £50 cheque. Kenny was put back for sentence. The British government requested that Rennee, Gunner, Collins and Spears be handed over to them as deserters.

Gunner and Collins to stand trial for robbing and threatening the life of General Boyd. The Court decided to hand them over. Gunner and Collins were sentenced to three years imprisonment in Stafford Detention Barracks, England. Rennee was sent to London for trial. We never learned the result of his trial. Spears was tried as a deserter but we did not learn the result. Kenny got a stiff fine to pay and went out of business in Dublin shortly afterwards. The luggage caretaker was released and warned. The proceeds of the several robberies was never discovered. Gunner said they spent it touring the Continent, and judging by their luggage I believed him.

Shortly before the outbreak of the Civil War a Dublin daily paper, The Freeman's Journal, published articles offensive to the Republican Forces. Headquarters ordered that a raid similar to that carried out on the "Independent" in 1919 should be carried out on the "Freeman". The raid was carried out by the 1st Battalion and my Company was ordered to patrol the area around Townsend St., College St. and D'Olier St. to prevent intervention by Free State forces. The raid took place without interference. This was about the last operation we carried out before the start of the Civil War.

Signed: Patrick Kelly
(Patrick Kelly)

Date: 8/1/53
8/1/53.

Witness: M. F Ryan Comdt
(M.F. Ryan) Comd't.