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ROINN COSANTA.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 849

Witness

James Brendan Connolly,
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Boston 18,
Mass.,
U.S.A.

Identity.

Commissioner for the American Committee for the Relief in Ireland, 1921.

Subject.

Events in Ireland, 1921.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil

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ORIGINAL

April 9, 1953

Dear Mr. McDunphy:

With this I include a Memo of several actions intelligently planned and daringly executed by the IRA during the Black and Tan War, and of which I had first hand knowledge from the leaders of such actions soon after they took place. I felt an urge to include their doings in my Hearst press accounts of my experiences in Ireland during that War, but the War being still on, my doing so would bring harm to people still active in the War.

Enough of my Hearst press records to make three chapters of my Tan experiences in my long-after-the-War volume SEA-BORNE. In the Hearst press stuff I said I could write a book, and so on, of daring IRA doings but it would hurt and that went into Sea-Borne, as written. You quote that, and proper for you to do so, and ask me to do the stories of high IRA action now; but the great deeds I had early knowledge of, surely must be known to native Irish writers by now. And so I am content to be recalled, if my slight record is worth being recalled, as a minor reporter of my own experiences during the Tan War.

Two things I did do during that War that may be worth recalling, they serving to show the malignancy of English propaganda. Soon after the American Committee for the relief in Ireland was organized , and our American press began to give a big play to English despatches that much of the American Relief money was being used to buy arms and ammunition for the Irish Rebel Army. There was bad business for our Relief. It wasn't fooling the Irish among us, but it was being believed by many of the friendly non-Irish among us. I had myself appointed American Relief Commissioner to go to Ireland and look into the truth or falsity of that charge.

The charge originated with Macready's Chief of Staff, General Brind. I confronted Brind in Dublin Castle. I opened up bluntly: "What of the story that our Relief money being used to purchase arms and ammunition for the Irish Republican Army. "

He said he had correspondence of Irish Rebel Army commendantes to prove the truth of it? I challenged him to produce the correspondence He could not produce, and we heard no more of the Arms and Ammunition invention. Later I got word had gone out that no American Relief aid was being allowed to go to the families of members of the Irish Rebel Army or to families of men on the run or in jail or interned. Real distress was the result of that order. I confronted General Strickland in Cork and General Macready in Dublin Castle and asked them if they were standing for that inhuman order. They both said they were standing for it. --Result, I put them on record in the New York World via its London correspondent, and next day Dublin Castle called off the no American Relief for IRA families or men on the run or in jail or interned.

I sketched briefly my meeting with Brind, Strickland and Macready in my SEA-BORNE. If you think a more nearly complete record of those meetings will be of use to you, I will forward the record.

About That O'Connor article in HOLIDAY, and the O'Phelan article in LIFE:/ — The Irish Informer, no longer has a market, but anti-Irish doings can still be made to pay. O'Phelan had an article in COMMONWEAL that smelled of dislike for Ireland. (Watch that COMMONWEAL . It was taken over not long ago by a crew that are supposed to speak for the Catholic laity in the U.S. But they are away off the beam. As for O'Phelan. I read his LIFE thing and his COMMONWEAL thing, and I thought: 'How comes it that Ireland can produce the splendid men and women of the Black and Tan War if O'Phelan be a truthful recorder. LIFE pays well for something she wants.)

Get the records of the IRA in the field, the records that Emmet Dalton spoke of as truly amazing -- and he himself an amazing doer in that war -- put them into print in your war Book and you will have something to offset the O'Connors and O'Phelans.

With Good Wishes to you and whoever else is for Eire--

Nothing new to you folks in Ireland, but so a multitude of the Irish blood over here are taking. I have a name for interpreting Irish feeling over here, & if ever I can kick writing that maybe - probably - unnecessary advice. J B. C

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JAMES B. CONNOLLY
20 EAST BROOKLINE STREET
BOSTON 18, MASS.

April 29 1953

Dear Mr. McDunphy:

Surely by this time you are out of all patience with me. But listen:

An enclosed letter to you is dated April 9th, as it should be, but soemthing had to go with it and the soemthing was n't ready. And why was that soemthing ready? I was still in the hands of Army Veteeran Medicos? I had been all winter, but thnaks be spring is here and they are gone - most of them, Lask week I got clear of an eye expert, and this week of an ear wizard and tomorrow I shall be clear - I hope - od the specialist in heart conditioning. Do not set me down as a doddering old invalid. I aint that - not yet awhile. I am left with only a wise old practitioner - 53 years in active practice and who has it all over the specialists for my real benefit and with him I come and go when I think I should and not at the behest of an Adminsitration front office clerk. Those specialists they be most busy men. And now to get onwith Black and Tan matters.

Somewhere inthe enclosures I tell why the writing of those amazing deeds of the IRA men must before this have been taken care of by your own native writers; what is left me, if what is left is worth while, is the record my squashing of English press propaganda - malignant propaganda - in the matter of the reported purchase of arms and ammunition for the IRA with American Relief money. After that there was my putting an end to that inhuman order that no relief ~~xxxxxx~~ - no AmericanRelief, should be - albowed and was NUt being allowed to families of memebers of the IRA or of men on the run, in jail or interned. The record of the meetings that brought that about are sketches in paper herewith. If that is of use tou you use it as you please - edit it and use it or reject it altogetjer. I might have made a btter job of it, but I idid the best I could in my handicapped way. If it is of no use to you do not fear to spare my feelings - tell me so. And now Good Wishes to you - -

James Brendan Connolly

(James Brendan Connolly)

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MEMO ----- J.B. CONNOLLY BLACK AND TAN WAR

1-May 1921.

On my second day in Dublin I met Emmet Dalton. A few days later in my room in the Gresham he narrated the story of his Mountjoy expedition (that time he came so near to rescuing Griffith and McKeon.) He was the first of the highly intelligent and supremely daring IRA leaders I came to know.

Later I met the commandante of the Dublin Brigade who led the expedition to destroy the Custom House. The leader of that expedition phoned Dublin that the Custom House was to be destroyed that very day, and troops should be sent there to protect it. He got the re-action he expected. The Castle guffawed: "Destroy the Custom House. And ambush us on the way? No you don't." The Dublin leader came away from that action with a bullet through his right heel, a bullet through his right knee and an explosive bullet through his right kidney. Emmet Dalton told me; "He can't live." But he was living and getting well when I met him in a Sinn Fein hospital three days later.

In that same hospital, in a little room under the roof, was the leader of the three men posted behind a low stone wall - three men of Sean McKeon's unit --In Ballinalea, placed there to scatter and to report to McKeon's flying column in the nearby barracks to move in on the village. The barracks moved in - ten lorry loads of them dismounting and roaring down to destroy the village. The three IRA riflemen did not scatter; they stayed right there and drove them "back to their lorries and their barracks" said the Ballinalea man rising up in his cot to tell it, and he with one leg gone and half a dozen other wounds - he dying at the time and knowing it.

The Mountjoy adventure, the Custom House expedition and the Ballinalea fight told as they exactly happened by the leaders concerned would be tabbed as incredible stories by non-Irish listeners who knew nothing of the fighting Irish in their exalted moments.

"You say I took on an amazing job," said Dalton. "Get hold of the reports of the doings of our Army in the field and there you will find more amazing action than anything we here in Dublin have done. Erskine Childers, Editor of the IRA bulletin has the records. See him. He is on the run but I'll tell you where you can find him." He told me and I found Childers, but he did not let me have any records.

But somebody must have fallen into those IRA field reports after Childers passed on, and what a thrilling record they should make. There is nothing in all history to match the fight put up by those few thousand IRA men against the ten times their numbers and they armed only with hand rifles and home-made grenades and no barracks--brick and stone for safety in case a fight went wrong. And the ten times their numbers equipped with hand rifles, machine guns, bombs and airplanes, armored cars and lorries and stone and brick to return to.

Terrorism, Frightfulness, was the order of the day from the Castle to the barracks in that War; Terrorism, Frightfulness for the unarmed people, for women in their homes; but the women of Eire measure up to their men in that War. I met such women during my moving around in the South, women who had their homes destroyed and their sons shot down before firing squads in the So deep South and hanged in Dublin. It was Madge Daly of Limerick (neice of Tom Clark) who said to me, when I ~~may have probably further~~ engaged her ~~by asking her~~ to serve as my guide around Limerick. To that she said: "They have

done everything now but shoot me. Let them!"

There was Mrs. O'meara of Nenagh, - I said: "And how will it all end?" To which she said: "They'll clear out or they'll wipe us out!" There was the old grandmother weeding the little plot in front of her little shack. Her grandson had been captured, badly wounded, and executed in a Cork barracks yard. Said the old lady: "Faith, I don't know should we curse them or lave them to Gos."

Even the young boys. There was the McDonald boy, 15 years. His father and mother had been driven from home, their splendid home destroyed, their motorcar and jaunting car with it. They boy's two sisters, cultured young women keeping house in the dirt floored garage. The Tan leader pretended to find a cartridge in the boy's pocket, The leader said to him: "That means death. I will give you three minutes to pray." The boy said to that: "I don't want three minutes to pray. I'm ready now."

A complete record of the Irish doings in that war would make standard reading for the world at large in days to come. The foregoing is only a minor part of what I saw and learned in my brief time in Eire during the war. Even while the War was on, insurgents in India were taking example in their fight for Independence. "WE must fight like Irishmen." shouted the leader.

And am I trying to tell you in Ireland there of this? Well, I had to get the foregoing off my chest.

After coming away from the McDonalds I felt like putting in for enlistment in the I.R.A. Only for a waiting family back home I might have. J.B.C.

to me now

to her

it all going to end."

"What do you think, Sam?" (J.B.C.)

A few miles from Limerick on the bank of the Shannon a beautiful villa. Planted elliott. Black and Tans

MEMO James Brendan Connolly BLACK AND TAN WAR

(Page One of enclosure in letter dated 6 April 1923

The Black and Tan War wasn't long on when the news from there was making painful reading for the friends of Ireland in America. Our concern wasn't for the men under arms. Fellows in the know in Dublin and elsewhere in the South were reporting no fear for the men of Irish Republican Army. They were outnumbered ten to one but holding their own and a bit more. No men like them in all the world was the reports of the men of the I.R.A.

But for the people at large, the unarmed defenceless ones, it was a different story. The well-practiced procedures of the military power of the British Empire in its wars against Ireland was on again. Terrorism was was the order of the day from Dublin Castle. "Shoot them down. The more you kill the better you will please me" shouted one barracks Colonel to his Command at roll call, ~~and forthwith went his brave warriors and performed to please him.~~

Terrorism was the word, terrorism in various forms; new forms, ~~as when the heads of families, the breadwinners, were driven from their homes or licked up and tossed into jail, or in concentration camps. Let them starve the rebels they were. Only a hint of all this was getting through to the American press.~~ The pro-English press, always a powerful influence in the United States weren't even giving a hint of what was going on in that War; but enough was seeping through to let us know that thousands of families in the South of Ireland were in great distress. To relieve that distress, at least in part, the Committee for the American Relief in Ireland was organized. Appeal was made for funds. Money came pouring in, quite a bit of it from non-Irish folk who were for any people battling for political freedom, and that money was forwarded promptly to the Relief Headquarters in Dublin.

Letters of appreciation for the Relief aid were arriving from Ireland, but not for long when the American newspapers were running English despatches to the effect that American Relief money was being used to purchase arms and ammunition for the Irish Rebel Army. To those of us who knew British Empire procedure in wartime - or peace - the intent of the arms and ammunition story was obvious, but to those who would not know, and multitudes of friendly non-Irish people would not know, that meant a lessening of funds for the Relief, which meant that we should be doing something to offset the effect of that arms and ammunition story.

Now thousands of Americans were chafing to get a close-up report of conditions in Ireland during that Black and Tan War . I was one of the

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thousands, but only an American of known pro-English bias would be allowed into Ireland while the War was on.

For myself, I had served as a correspondent, in peace and war, for Collier's and Scribner's and Harper's magazines. I could see where I might serve Ireland, if only in a small way, if I could get into Ireland. But how to get in?

The Arms and Ammunition propoganda pointed the way. I called on the Relief Authorities with the offer to serve them in Ireland. "Yes, but how ~~will you~~ would I get into Ireland?"

"Why appoint me Commission for the American Relief, to check up on how the Relief money is being spent over there."

I was appointed Commission, and I set out for Ireland. I took a roundabout route to Ireland, thinking to lose English Secret Service men who might be trailing me, and thinking I had done so when I landed in Ireland without once being challenged. (Later I learned that I had been trailed from the day I sailed from New York to the day I left Ireland for home.)

Arriving in Dublin I registered at the Gresham Hotel, having been told that it was a headquarters for men in the know of the inner operations of Republic; also it served the best food in the British Isles; also it was spoken of as the Shooting Gallery because of happenings within it.

Before I went to bed that night I made the acquaintance of six men very much in the know. One was the Secretary for Home Affairs in President De Valera's Cabinet, Joseph MacDonagh. He was on the run, and an open target for any Black and Tan who might sight him, but he gave no sign that being on the run worried him.

Next morning I looked up Clement France, Head of the American Relief in Dublin. He assured me that no Relief money was being spent for arms and ammunition for the Irish Republican Army. I went from France to the office of our Consul. The clerk in his outer office reported the Consul as being very, ~~very~~ too busy, ~~altogether~~, to see anybody that day. To that I said, "I'm a busy man myself. You go back and tell your boss that I'm waiting right here till he has time for me."

The clerk disappeared and re-appeared saying the Consul would see me.

The Consul showed no sign of gladness as I entered, which wasn't unexpected by me. I had been told in the Gresham that three of the four American Consuls in Ireland were pro-British, and the Dublin one the most

pro-British of the three. Before I could get started on my story he opened up with a spiel on the spread of the Foot and Mouth disease among Irish cattle. I stopped him early with: "There's no foot and mouth disease among Irish cattle. British propaganda that -- anything to cripple Ireland's resources in this war. How about you arranging for me to see General Macready?"

"General Macready is not in Dublin now."

"No?" - "Who takes his place when he's away?"

"Mmm. That would be the General's Chief of Staff, General Brind."

"I'll see General Brind then."

He went to the phone, talked awhile, turned to me: "General Brind will see you anytime before twelve o'clock."

"In Dublin Castle."

"In the Castle of course." He informed where in within the Castle grounds I would find Brind - in a barracks nearest the Phoenix Park entrance.

At the nearest entrance to Phoenix Park I was held up by three olive drab soldiery with bayonets fixed to their rifles. They acted as if they were expecting me. One of them pointed out the building where I would find General Brind.

BLACK AND TAN WAR

by

J. B. Connolly

I headed for the building indicated. A Black and Tan orderly led me to the top floor of the building, threw open a door to a small dingy room. A meagre little man, not in uniform, was sitting at a wide, flat topped desk He was alone in the room.

I laid my passport and Relief credentials before him. He waved them away, by which I guessed that he knew all about me from our Consul over the phone.

I replaced my credentials papers in my coat pocket and opened a conversation which proceeded, as I recall it after thirty-one years, as I give it below:

sConnolly: - "As Commissioner for the American Relief I have come to Ireland to report on how our R lief money is being spent. Press despatches in our American press, dated London but evidently emanating from Dublin, have it that Relief money is being used to purchase arms and ammunition for the Irish Republican Army. Mr. Clement France, in charge of our Relief Headquarters, here in Dublin, has assured me that not a dollar of Relief money has been used to purchase arms and ammunition or any other supplies for the Irish Republican Army."

Brind: - "He has? Well, I can assure you differently. In Dublin Castle here we have correspondence taken off captured rebel commandentes which prove that the Irish rebel army has been purchasing arms and ammunition with American Relief money."

Connolly: -" So? May I seel the captured correspondence?"

Brind: - "Mmmm, certainly. " (He pressed a desk button. A young officer entered.) "In my letter files you will find correspondence taken from captured rebel commandantes."

The young officer waited as if for further orders.

Brind: - "Get those letters and bring them here." (The young officer saluted and left.) Brind pressed another button and another officer entered, an older officer.

Brind : - "This is Major Stewart."

Connolly: - "How do y'do?"

The Major, a sour puss, nodded towards me, produced a pad and pencil, marched to the left hand corner of the room and began looking me over.

BLACK AND TAN WAR

He made pencil marks on the pad. He moved to the right hand corner of the room and resumed his surveying. He moved to a side position, and from there he moved to take a stand behind me. I could almost feel him breathing on the back of my neck. Secret Service was my thought, and when he is done with me he will have a recognizable sketch of me - with notes for theCastle spies who would be set on my trail. (I met up with plenty of them while in Ireland.)

While the Major was manouvering around the room, Brind was speaking of matters that held nothing of interest to me until he brought in the name of De Valera.

Brind: - "You of course have met this DeValera?"

Connolly: - "No."

Brind: - "No?"

Connolly: - "NO."

Brind: - "He was hung in effigy to two lamp posts in

Connolly: - "So I read in this morning's Times."

Brind: "He is on the run you know."

Connolly: "So I've been told."

Brind: - "We will pick him up before long. But will you tell me why the Irish are content to accept for a leader a man who is not Irish, who is a Spaniard and a Jew.

Connolly: -"President DeValera is not a Spaniard." He is an American citizen, born in America, of Spanish descent on one side, Irish on his mother's side. And he is not a Jew. He is a Catholic, Catholic born and Catholic living. DeValera a Jew? No, no. DeValera, as you have said, is a man on the run, standing a good chance of being spotted and shot down every time he leaves his hideout. What Jew, or any other man not Irish, would take over DeValera's job as ~~Patriot~~ President of the Irish Republic with the danger of that go with it? And no pay. No, No. And now, what about that captured Irish Army letters/?" (I was doubting from the first his story of the capture of Irish Army letters. By now I wasn't fearing a showdown.)

Brind: - "O yes! The letters." (He pressed a button, reluctantly I thought. The young officer entered.)

Young officer: - (without waiting for Brind to speak) "We have searched everywhere, Sir, but we haven't been able to find any Irish Army letters of any kind.

BLACK AND TAN WAR

I gave Brind time to say something. He said nothing, then:

Connolly: - "No letters, General? (With that I stood up and left him. A meagre little man, ~~chagrined man~~ at his wide flat topped desk.)

While knocking around Dublin during the "six weeks of intensive warfare" I met quite a few notable leaders - two meetings with de Valera, - wanted men, men on the run, men high up in the I.R.A. councils, visited Joseph Mac Donagh four times in his hideaway with the musical stand with him by the hour (once while a Castle spy was ~~on the~~ watching from a window across the street); Mac Donagh made two engagements for me with Michael Collins, but each time Collins stayed away from Dublin - Intelligence warning him that he must not come to Dublin on either both days. On my first visit to Oliver St. John Gogarty's home I met George Russell, James Stephens and a thousand times dressed as a priest. I visited Sinn Fein hospitals with doctors in the middle of the day. Fearless men those doctors. And intelligent. I was held up once by one of the patrols after a lorry was bombed on a Foster Street corner - ~~hostages~~ held up and searched; held up on the road to Baldoyle - where a lorry of a plain-by an English convoy officer. a convoy officer; Broken out of a sleep in the Gresham one night during a raid by an English officer: "Want to say your prayers, Mr. Brennan or I alone? I am. "Would you care to step in and look around?" All sorts of people were coming in and sitting with me at the Gresham - breakfast, lunch + dinner - Bishop McRory was one, he breakfasted at the Gresham when he was in Dublin. Gen. Hogan visited me at the same place for visits varying from a few minutes to an hour or more. Charlotte Despard came to see me at the invitation of the Countess Markievicz - she had to go to Germany by way of Ireland + England as the Irish Rebel Army failed to [illegible] Sinn Fein and the English Newspapermen (Manchester Guardian, Daily Herald, Times, and Reuters) were always in the Gresham lounge. Do you remember [illegible] Gen. Hogan visited me at the Gresham. He looked [illegible] Mr. Brennan or I alone? I am. "Would you care to step in and look around?" All sorts of people were coming in and sitting with me at the Gresham - breakfast, lunch + dinner - Bishop McRory was one, he breakfasted at the Gresham when he was in Dublin. Gen. Hogan visited me at the same place for visits varying from a few minutes to an hour or more. Charlotte Despard came to see me at the invitation of the Countess Markievicz - she had to go to Germany by way of Ireland + England as the Irish Rebel Army failed to [illegible] Sinn Fein and the English Newspapermen (Manchester Guardian, Daily Herald, Times, and Reuters) were always in the Gresham lounge. Do you remember [illegible]

Memo...Page 2...J B. Connolly.....BLACK AND TAN WAR

While in Cork I called on General Strickland then in command of the British forces in that area. I learned where I might find him, and there I found him in a back room on the top floor of a large barracks building. An officer, his aide-de-campe, was standing beside the General's desk. I gave the aide-de-campe my name adding: "I am Commissioner for the American Committee for the Relief in Ireland and I come over here to report on the charge that Relief money is being spent for the purchase of arms and ammunition for the Irish Republican Army."

"The Irish Rebel Army," shouted Strickland from behind his desk.

Connolly: - "The Arms and Ammunition story has gone out of circulation And now what of the report that you are not allowing any American Relief to go to the distressed families of men in the Irish Republican Army?

Strickland, standing up to answer: - "I shall not allow any of that money to go to the families of that Irish rebel army or the families of men on the run, in jail, or interned." (Interned meant in concentration camps.)

Connolly: - "General Strickland, I am going to put my question - and the same question, to you again."

I put the question and got the same answer, this time with the addition: - "Murderous rebels is what they are. Murdering my poor boys."

Strickland's aide-de-campe, a well-nourished person of about forty years, a major, entered into the conversation with: "Sir, " meaning Strickland , "d'y' know, I think the Irish in America have altogether too much to say how we shall govern Ireland."

Connolly: - "So? And how long do you think the people of Irish blood should be living in the United States before you would think of them as American citizens?"

Aide-de-campe -" Mmmm. Two-or three generations I d say."

Connolly: - "You'd say. You better take another say. My father was born right up here in Galway Bay - in the Aran Islands. He left there as a young man for America, and the instant he set foot on that ship wharf in Boston he was fit for American citizenship. And do you know why? He did not have to unlearn a lot of hooey about the Beneficence of the British Empire. And if it wasn't for the Irish who fought in our War for Independence, what are now the United States of America could very well be British Colonies. The Irish in America have too much to say? One half to two-thirds of Washington's Army, according to official English reporting, were Irish born or of Irish descent. There were 240 of my name on the muster rolls

of Washington's Army -- 11 of them commissioned officers - and there were more Kellys and Murphys and Doughertys and O'Briens than Connollys, and so on down the roll call of ancient Irish names. And if you care to check up on what I say, I can tell you where you will find the muster roll records of those names."

The plump Aide did not ask to know where he would find the records. Then:

Connolly: - "What about a pass to drive over the road to Limerick?" (A pass was necessary to drive more than 20 miles over the road.) In place of the necessary pass he gave me a spiel about the dangers of road travel in that area. "I would meet with impassable ditches and felled trees across the road-obstacles placed there by murderous rebels, and arriving in Limerick, if I arrived there safely, I would be met at the Limerick barracks gate by three armed men with bayonets fixed to their rifles and one of them would stick a bayonet point against my belly and demand to know my business," (I had said I had in mind to call on General Cameron in command in Limerick.) - and so on and so on, but no travel pass.

So I went by train to Limerick and I called at the barracks, and I was held up at the barracks gate by three armed men with bayonets fixed to their rifles and one of them put a bayonet point to my stomach and demanded to know my business. I told him - to see somebody in authority and get a permit to drive over the road to my next place of call, which would be Nenagh. (I gave a brief account of my Limerick experiences in my volume SEA -BORNE , so no more of that except to say that Limerick WAS a hell for the citizenry. Cork was worse than Dublin and Limerick was worse than Cork.)

I found Nenagh a city of gloom. All Business stopped - all shops shut down for the day. In Dublin, Cork and Limerick no people walked the streets by night, but they did by day. In Nenagh nobody was walking the streets that day. Four of the Royal Irish Constabulary had been shot down - shot dead by the I. R. A. riflemen. All Nenagh had to share in the R. I. C. mourning. All business had to stop, all shops shut down for the day. Whether it was a barracks order or no, I did not inquire but except for the military all I saw on the streets that day was one woman on her hotel sidewalk.

The smaller the place the more dangerous. Nenagh had me thinking of Dungarven, the little port on the Irish Sea. Not a single man (except myself) walked Dungarven by day or night. Four men well on in years sat on a bench in front of the little hotel until curfew. Then, ~~under cover they went then~~. Dungarven then was like a city of the dead. The little hotel there (my hotel) faced the back of the barracks, and in that barrack lay the body of a young Irishman. He had been walking the road, an unarmed lad, when a lorry load of Strickland's "poor boys" had overtaken him and bayonetted him to death. Why? Did they have to giave a reason? Not they.

I was back in Dublin after my swing around the South and calling on Clement France, the Relief's directing head in Ireland.

"Our Consul," said France, "phoned that General Macready would like to see you at the Castle."

I called on our consul, very pro-British, to learn what General Macready wished to see me about, The Consul could only tell me that General Macready had word from General Strickland that he should have a talk with the American Connolly.

Our Consul, always in touch with Dublin Castle, went to the phone. He came away to say that General Macready would be waiting for me in his quarters at four o'clock that afternoon.

I put in a good part of the next few hours in speculating on why the Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in Ireland would want to see me? Strickland had said he should see me? So. Then, I hope he had quoted me in full. It might convince Macready, as I think it did Strickland, that the Irish in America were strong as ever for a free Ireland.

An Army sergeant met me at the main Castle gate. I did not have to tell him of my engagement with the General. he Knew. The Guards at the gate when I went to see Brind - they knew. And so for the guards at the Castle barracks in Cork. English communication in Ireland? Efficient. The Sergeant beckoned to an olive drab lad in a sentry box. "You will escort this gentleman to the General's quarters."

"Shall I take my rifle," asked olive drab.

Sergeant: - "Why of course you shall take your rifle." He swung open the wide gate.

"Shall I take my rifle?" Olive drab was a flabby, faced undernourished nineteen year old who shouldered his rifle as if it was a log of wood, while crossing the spacious Court yard of the Castle. I wondered what he thought his rifle was for. An I. R. A. boy, any boy in my place, would have whipped that rifle from him, if needs be before olive drab would guess what he was up to. It would be like taking candy from a baby. He was the usual English soldier. I had been with a half-dozen civilians in a railway coach load of his kind, placed with us to avoid being blown up.

The soldier escorted me to the entrance to Macready's quarters. A three time rap on the door knocker brought a valet, and he summoned a tall Army officer so imposingly uniformed that I threw him a salute thinking him Macready.

"I'm not the Commander-in-Chief," he said and led the way upstairs where a man not in uniform was seated in a swivel chair before a roller top desk in a room with a coal fire in a nearby grate.

"Won't you be seated," he said pleasantly enough, and motioned to a nearby chair before the fire. It was June, but there was a fire. He turned to pick up a letter from his desk, held it up before him to read.

Macready: - "Mr. Connolly, do you happen by any chance to be related to that James Connolly who was executed after the Easter week Rebellion?"

Connolly: - "I am sorry to have to say, General Macready, that so far as I know we are not related, because from what I have learned about him, he was a man of great mind, a great heart, a great soul. A great man altogether. I am sorry I can't claim relationship."

He said nothing to that, laid the letter back on his desk, I drew out a cigar.

Connolly: - "Do you mind if I smoke, General?"

Macready: - "Wait, wait, I have cigars here." (He reached to a drawer in his desk, brought out a box of cigars.) "These are good cigars. Four shilling cigars, A gift. I can't afford four shillings cigars myself. Try one."

Connolly: - " I have a cigar here, General, and a good cigar too. A two for a shilling cigar, made by a friend of mine, Henry Fitzgerald, in my hometown of Boston."

Macready,(pushing a four shilling fellow at me) : - " O have one of mine, and smoke it later."

I took it and thanked him, but I did not smoke it later. I passed it on to an acquaintance in the Gresham Hotel lobby next morning saying:

"Have a smoke on Dublin Castle, a four shillin' smoke."

He lit it saying, "Four shillin's ! I never thought I'd live to smoke a four shillin' cigar."

Macready waved his hand to take in the room, a large room.s

Macready: - "These were the Duke of Connaught's quarters when he was stationed in Dublin."

My thought to this was: - Here's a guy, thinking to impress a visiting stranger that he was occupying quarters that were once occupied by a Royal Duke. Imagine DeValera or Michael Collins making mention of a Royal Duke to impress a visitor. No, no, not they.

Connolly: - "MMMMMM! Nice." And now, General Macready, I have a question for you. What about our Relief money not being allowed to go to distressed people in Ireland? Distress brought on by this War."

Macready: - "Mr. Connolly, I shall not allow any of your Relief to go to the families of men in the Irish rebel army or in jail, on the run or interned."

Connolly: - "So? Do you realize, General Macready, that you are more repressive, far more, than the Germans were in Belgium. Under the direction of Herbert Hoover our government expended millions of dollars in Belgian relief with never an objection from the German military; I am going to put my question to you again, and I'm telling you now that I shall quote your answer to the press."

I put the question again, and got the answer, - "No relief money to the families of men in the Irish rebel army, men in jail on the run, or interned." Then:

Connolly: - "General Strickland in Cork gave me the same exact answer."

He said nothing to that. I said a few words on the British conduct of the war, without bearing down heartily on his rejection.

Macready: - "Do y'know Mr. Connolly, that Michael Collins is without doubt a rather decent sort personally, but do y'know his name in England is anathema."

I took that as his way of putting me in better humor, and setting himself as a tolerant sort of English man. And so:

Connolly: - "Do you know, Sir Neville, I have met some men here who regard you as not a bad sort - you having to carry out your orders from the higher ups, with the Irish people at large your name is also anathema."

He curled up a bit at that, and from there I said a few more words on the conduct of the War, this time bearing more heavily on the British. He took it for a while, and then, explosively:

Macready: - "Mr. Connolly, England cannot afford to have a republic on her flank."

I do not think he meant to let that get out of him. I had goaded him into saying it I think now.

Connolly: - Sir Neville, to carry that statement of yours to its logical or absurd conclusion, Germany should hot be allowing Holland to exist as a free government on her flank, especially so as both countries are affiliated racially and religiously, nor should France be allowing a free Belgium on her flank, the racial and religious affiliation being there also, and so making a union a natural action; whereas in the case of Ireland, Nature has placed an ineradicable barrier the Irish Sea, and also there is no affiliation of race and religion and there is the further difference of inherent culture and philosophies of living."

Macready, (explosively) :- "Let us not talk politics, Mr. Connolly."

Connolly: (also explosively) :- "You started it, Sir Neville." Since he had named Michael Collins without his rank of General I had spoken of Macready as Sir Neville, not General Macready.

That ended the fireworks. He said something about tea, and led the way below to a large room where a table was laid for tea. All polite palaver there until

between two cups of tea:

Macready: - "How much longer do you expect to remain in Ireland, Mr. Connolly?"

Connolly: - "Do y'know, General, there is so much happening here in Dublin that I hate to leave." I so spoke, but to me that question meant that the Castle spies had turned in reports of my non-Relief activities. I was learning too much at first hand of Black and Tan doings. Macready 's question was the tip-off that I would do well to be on my way out of Ireland, and I went on my way, though not immediately. From Dublin Castle and Macready I went to look up Erskine Childers, Editor of I.R.A. Bulletin , taking care to lose my spies who might be trailing me from the Castle.

During one of his calls on me at the Gresham , Emmet Dalton had told me I should get hold of Erskine Childers. "He is the editor of the I.R A. bulletins To him come reports of I.R.A. commandantes in the field. They have been doing amazing things -- incredible things if you didn't know the sort of men they are. Childers may let you have some of their reports."

Dalton told me where I would find Childers who was on the run. He was bent over a little table writing away when I walked in on him.

A few days later I slipped out of Dublin - unnoticed I hoped - by way of a train to Belfast. I stopped for dinner at a hotel managed by a trusty person. Mrs Owens. But the Castle spies were at the job- while at dinner three RIC constables took position opposite the front door of the hotel. I remained there till I stepped in a taxi- a private taxi. A steamer to Liverpool, a train to London, a call at the N.Y. World London Correspondent (Bonham). He put at the Castle Macready's statement that no Relief money was would be allowed to go to the families of the patriots - and so on. That came out in the afternoon edition of the N.Y. World and in London. Next morning the London Irish Castle government protests that - nothing was there was never any such intent as to on. Macready called off the starvation

Reliefs money, as to the Macready interview, as to Mrs Owens was wrong. From London I learned that I was starved my 3rd week. My Relief amounts in Ireland

April 9, 1953.

Dear Mr. McDunphy:

With this I include a Memo of several actions intelligently planned and daringly executed by the I.R.A. during the Black and Tan War, and of which I had first hand knowledge from the leaders of such actions soon after they took place. I felt an urge to include their doings in my Hearst press accounts of my experiences in Ireland during that War, but the War being still on, my doing so would bring harm to people still active in the War.

Enough of my Hearst press records to make three chapters of my Tan experiences in my long-after-the-War volume SEA-BORNE. In the Hearst press stuff I said I could write a book, and so on, of daring I.R.A. doings, but it would hurt and that went into Sea-Borne, as written. You quote that, and proper for you to do so, and ask me to do the stories of high I.R.A. action now; but the great deeds I had early knowledge of, surely must be known to native Irish writers by now. And so I am content to be recalled, if my slight record is worth being recalled, as a minor reporter of my own experiences during the Tan War.

A scant record of my meetings with Chief of Staff, Genl. Brind, Genl. Strickland and Genl. Macready is enclosed.

Two things I did do during that War that may be worth recalling, they serving to show the malignancy of English propaganda. Soon after the American Committee for the relief in Ireland was organized, and our American press began to give a big play to English despatches that

much of the American Relief money was being used to buy arms and ammunition for the Irish Rebel Army. There was bad business for our Relief. It wasn't fooling the Irish among us, but it was being believed by many of the friendly non-Irish among us. I had myself appointed American Relief Commissioner to go to Ireland and look into the truth or falsity of that charge, to serve without pay or expense to the Relief. Sounds generous but not so generous! I knew that if I cared to write of my Relief experiences later, I would have no difficulty in finding a paying press. But it turned out so - even before I sailed, a syndicate editor came around to sign me up.

The charge originated with Macready's Chief of Staff, General Brind. I confronted Brind in Dublin Castle. I opened up bluntly: "What of the story that our Relief money being used to purchase arms and ammunition for the Irish Republican Army."

He said he had correspondence of Irish Rebel Army commendantes to prove the truth of it? I challenged him to produce the correspondence. He could not produce, and we heard no more of the Arms and Ammunition invention. Later I got word had gone out that no American Relief aid was being allowed to go to the families of members of the Irish Rebel Army or to families of men on the run or in jail or interned. Real distress was the result of that order. I confronted General Strickland in Cork and General Macready in Dublin Castle and asked them if they were standing for that inhuman order. They both said they were standing for it. -- Result, I put them on record in the New York World via its London correspondent, and next day Dublin Castle called off the no American Relief for I.R.A. families or men on the run or in jail or interned.

I sketched briefly my meeting with Brind, Strickland and Macready in my SEA-BORNE. If you think a more nearly complete record of those meetings will be of use to you, I will forward the record.

About that O'Connor article in HOLIDAY, and the O'Phelan article in LIFE:- The Irish Informer, no longer has a market, but anti-Irish doings can still be made to pay. O'Phelan had an article in COMMONWEAL that smelled of dislike for Ireland. (Watch that COMMONWEAL. It was taken over not long ago by a crew that are supposed to speak for the Catholic laity in the U.S. But they are away off the beam. As for O'Phelan. I read his LIFE thing and his COMMONWEAL thing, and I thought: 'How comes it that Ireland can produce the splendid men and women of the Black and Tan War if O'Phelan be a truthful recorder. LIFE pays well for something she wants.)

Get the records of the I.R.A. in the field, the records that Emmet Dalton spoke of as truly amazing -- and he himself an amazing doer in that war -- put them into print in your war Book and you will have something to offset the O'Connors and O'Phelans. (Nothing new to you folks in Ireland, but to a multitude of the Irish blood over here are thinking. I have a name for interpreting Irish feeling over here, and I could not help writing that maybe - probably - unnecessary advice.)

With good wishes to you and whoever else is for Eire --

J.B.C.

JAMES B. CONNOLLY
20 East Brookline Street
Boston 18, Mass.

April 29 1953

Dear Mr. McDunphy:

Surely by this time you are out of all patience with me. But listen:

An enclosed letter to you is dated April 9th, as it should be, but something had to gowithit and the something wasn't ready. And why was that something ready? I was still in the hands of Army Veteran Medicos? I had been all winter, but thanks be spring is here and they are gone - most of them. Last week I got clear of an eye expert, and this week of an ear wizard and tomorrow I shall be clear - I hope - of the specialist in heart conditioning. Do not set me down as a doddering old invalid. I aint that - not yet awhile. I am left with only a wise old practitioner - 53 years in active practice and who has it all over the specialists for my real benefit and with him I come and go when I think I should and not at the behest of an Administration front office clerk. Those specialists they be most busy men. And now to get on with Black and Tan matters.

Somewhere in the enclosures I tell why the writing of those amazing deeds of the I.R.A. men must before this have been taken care of by your own native writers; what is left me, if what is left is worth while, is the record my squashing of English press propaganda - malignant propaganda - in the matter of the reported purchase of arms and ammunition for the I.R.A. with American Relief money. After that there was my putting an end to that inhuman order that no

relief - no American Relief - should be allowed and was not being allowed to families of the I.R.A. or of men on the run, in jail or interned. The record of the meetings that brought that about are sketches in paper herewith. If that is of use to you use it as you please - edit it and use it or reject it altogether. I might have made a better job of it, but I did the best I could in my handicapped way. If it is of no use to you do not fear to spare my feelings - tell me so. And now good wishes to you.

(SIGNED) JAMES BRENDAN CONNOLLY

Remember me to your President. My friend Connie Neenan brought back good reports of him from his last trip to Ireland - but give him my good wishes now, please.

J.B.C.

STATEMENT BY JAMES BRENDAN CONNOLLY,
20 East Brookline Street, Boston 18, Mass., U.S.A.

On my second day in Dublin - May, 1921 - I met Emmet Dalton. A few days later in my room in the Gresham he narrated the story of his Mountjoy expedition (that time he came so near to rescuing Griffith and McKeon). He was the first of the highly intelligent and supremely daring I.R.A. leaders I came to know.

Later I met the commandante of the Dublin Brigade who led the expedition to destroy the Custom House. The leader of that expedition phoned Dublin that the Custom House was to be destroyed that very day, and troops should be sent there to protect it. He got the re-action he expected. The Castle guffawed: "Destroy the Custom House. And ambush us on the way? No you don't". The Dublin leader came away from that action with a bullet through his right heel, a bullet through his right knee and an explosive bullet through his right kidney. Emmet Dalton told me: "He can't live." But he was living and getting well when I met him in a Sinn Fein hospital three days later.

In that same hospital, in a little room under the roof, was the leader of the three men posted behind a low stone wall - three men of Sean McKeon's unit - in Ballinalea, placed there to scatter and to report to McKeon's flying column in case the nearby barracks moved in on the village. The barracks moved in - ten lorry loads of them dismounting and roaring down to destroy the village. The three I.R.A. riflemen did not scatter; they stayed right there "and drove them back to their lorries and their barracks" - said

the Ballinalea man, rising up in his cot to tell it, and he with one leg gone and half a dozen other wounds - he dying at the time and knowing it.

The Mountjoy adventure, the Custom House expedition and the Ballinalea fight told as they exactly happened by the leaders concerned would be tabbed as incredible stories by non-Irish listeners who knew nothing of the fighting Irish in their exalted moments.

"You say I took on an amazing job", said Dalton. "Get hold of the reports of the doings of our Army in the field and there you will find more amazing action than anything we here in Dublin have done. Erskine Childers, Editor of the I.R.A. bulletin has the records. See him. He is on the run but I'll tell you where you can find him". He told me and I found Childers, but he did not let me have any records.

But somebody must have fallen into those I.R.A. field reports after Childers passed on, and what a thrilling record they should make! There is nothing in all history to match the fight put up by those few thousand I.R.A. men against the ten times their numbers and they armed only with hand rifles and home-made grenades and no barracks - brick and stone - for safety in case a fight went wrong. And the ten times their numbers equipped with hand rifles, machine guns, bombs and airplanes, armored cars and lorries and stone and brick to return to.

Terrorism, Frightfulness, was the order of the day from the Castle to the barracks in that War; Terrorism, Frightfulness for the unarmed people, for women in their homes; but the women of Eire measure up to their men in that War. I met such women during my moving around in

the South, women who had their homes destroyed and their sons shot down before firing squads in the So deep South and hanged in Dublin. It was Madge Daly of Limerick (niece of Tom Clark) who said to me, she had. I engaged her to serve as my guide around Limerick, /and I had said: "I put you in danger to-day when I asked you to be my guide here in Limerick"./ To that she said: "They have done everything to me now but shoot me. Let them!"

There was Mrs. O'Meara of Nenagh - to her I said: "And how is it all going to end?". To which she said: "They'll clear out or they'll wipe us out!" There was the old grandmother weeding the little plot in front of her little shack. Her grandson had been captured (badly wounded) and executed in a Cork barracks yard. /What do you think of them?"(J.B.C.)/ Said the old lady: "Faith, I don't know should we curse them or lave them to God".

Even the young boys. There was the McDonald boy, 15 years. /A few miles from Limerick on the bank of the Shannon, a beautiful blue - purple almost - Shannon there./ His father and mother had been driven from home, their splendid home destroyed, their motorcar and jaunting car with it. The boy's two sisters, cultured young women keeping house in the dirt floored garage. The Tan leader pretended to find a cartridge in the boy's pocket. The leader said to him: "That means death. I will give you three minutes to pray". The boy said to that: "I don't want three minutes to pray. I'm ready now". /After coming away from the McDonald's, I felt like putting in for enlistment in the I.R.A. Only for a waiting family back home I might have. J.B.C./

A complete record of the Irish doing in that war

would make standard reading for the world at large in days to come. The foregoing is only a minor part of what I saw and learned in my brief time in Eire during the war. Even while the War was on, insurgents in India were taking example in their fight for Independence. "We must fight like Irishmen", shouted leaders.

And am I trying to tell you in Ireland there of this? Well, I had to get the foregoing off my chest.

The Black and Tan War wasn't long on when the news from there was making painful reading for the friends of Ireland in America. Our concern wasn't for the men under arms. Fellows in the know in Dublin and elsewhere in the South were reporting no fear for the men of Irish Republican Army. They were outnumbered ten to one but holding their own and a bit more. No men like them in all the world was the reports of the men of the I.R.A.

But for the people at large, the unarmed defenceless ones, it was a different story. The well-practiced procedures of the military power of the British Empire in its wars against Ireland was on again. Terrorism was the order of the day from Dublin Castle. "Shoot them down. The more you kill the better you will please me" shouted one barracks Colonel to his Command at rollcall, /Note: That tidbit was quoted in the American press. - J.B.C. - Colonel Smith of the Cork barracks was the officer./ ~~and-forthwith went-his-brave-warriers-and-performed-to-please-him.~~ /Note: I learned in Cork that some of them (R.I.C. men) resigned rather than remain under Smith's orders./(J.B.C.)

Terrorism was the word, terrorism in various forms; ~~new-forms,-as-when-the-heads-of-families,-the-breadwinners, were-driven-from-their-homes-or-licked-up-and-tossed-into jail,-or-in-concentration-camps.---Let-them-starve-the rebels-they-were.---Only-a-hint-of-all-this-was-getting through-to-the-American-press.~~ /Note: It was after I landed in Ireland that I learned this./ /Note: I'll touch on that later. - J.B.C./ The pro-English press, always a powerful influence in the United States weren't even giving a hint of what was going on in that War; but enough was seeping through to let us know that thousands of families in the South of Ireland were in great distress. To relieve that distress, at least in part, the Committee for the American Relief in Ireland was organized. Appeal was made for funds. Money came pouring in, quite a bit of it from non Irish folk who were for any people battling for political freedom, and that money was forwarded promptly to the Relief Headquarters in Dublin.

Letters of appreciation for the Relief aid were arriving from Ireland but not for long when the American newspapers were running English despatches to the effect that American Relief money was being used to purchase arms and ammunition for the Irish Rebel Army. To those of us who knew British Empire procedure in wartime - or peace - the intent of the arms and ammunition story was obvious, but to those who would not know, and multitudes of friendly non-Irish people would not know, that meant a lessening of funds for the Relief, which meant that we should be doing something to offset the effect of that arms and ammunition story.

Now thousands of Americans were chafing to get a close-up report of conditions in Ireland during that Black

and Tan War. I was one of the thousands, but only an American of known pro-English bias would be allowed into Ireland while the War was on.

For myself, I had served as a correspondent, in peace and war, for Collier's and Scribner's and Harper's magazines. I could see where I might serve Ireland, if only in a small way, if I could get into Ireland. But how to get in?

The Arms and Ammunition propaganda pointed the way. I called on the Relief Authorities with the offer to serve them in Ireland. [They agreed to my offer.] "Yes, but how would I get into Ireland?"

"Appoint me Commission for the American Relief, to check up on how the Relief money is being spent over there."

I was appointed Commission, and I set out for Ireland. I took a roundabout route to Ireland, thinking to lose English Secret Service men who might be trailing me, and thinking I had done so when I landed in Ireland without once being challenged. (Later I learned that I had been trailed from the day I sailed from New York to the day I left Ireland for home.)

Arriving in Dublin I registered at the Gresham Hotel, having been told that it was a headquarters for men in the know of the inner operations of Republic; also it served the best food in the British Isles; also it was spoken of as the Shooting Gallery because of happenings within it.

Before I went to bed that night I made the acquaintance of six men very much in the know. One was the Secretary for Home Affairs in President De Valera's Cabinet, Joseph MacDonagh. He was on the run, and an open target for any Black and Tan who might sight him, but he

gave no sign that being on the run worried him.

Next morning I looked up Clement France, Head of the American Relief in Dublin. He assured me that no Relief money was being spent for arms and ammunition for the Irish Republican Army. I went from France to the office of our Consul. The clerk in his outer office reported the Consul as being too busy to see anybody that day. To that I said, "I'm a busy man myself. You go back and tell your boss that I'm waiting right here till he has time for me."

The clerk disappeared and re-appeared saying the Consul would see me.

The Consul showed no sign of gladness as I entered, which wasn't unexpected by me. I had been told in the Gresham that three of the four American Consuls in Ireland were pro-British, and the Dublin one the most pro-British of the three. Before I could get started on my story he opened up with a spiel on the spread of the Foot and Mouth disease among Irisih cattle. I stopped him early with: "There's no foot and mouth disease among Irish cattle. British propaganda that -- anything to cripple Ireland's resources in this war. How about you arranging for me to see General Macready?"

"General Macready is not in Dublin now."

"No?" - "Who takes his place when he's away?"

"Mmm. That would be the General's Chief of Staff, General Brind."

"I'll see General Brind then."

He went to the phone, talked awhile, turned to me: "General Brind will see you anytime before twelve o'clock."

"In Dublin Castle."

"In the Castle of course". He informed where in within the Castle grounds I would find Brind - in a barracks nearest the Phoenix Park entrance.

At the nearest entrance to Phoenix Park I was held up by three olive drab soldiery with bayonets fixed to their rifles. They acted as if they were expecting me. One of them pointed out the building where I would find General Brind.

I headed for the building indicated. A Black and Tan orderly led me to the top floor of the building, threw open a door to a small dingy room. A meagre little man, not in uniform, was sitting at a wide, flat topped desk. He was alone in the room.

I laid my passport and Relief credentials before him. He waved them away, by which I guessed that he knew all about me from our Consul over the phone.

I replaced my credentials papers in my coat pocket and opened a conversation which proceeded, as I recall it after thirty-one years, as I give it below:

Connolly: - "As Commissioner for the American Relief I have come to Ireland to report on how our Relief money is being spent. Press despatches in our American press, dated London but evidently emanating from Dublin, have it that Relief money is being used to purchase arms and ammunition for the Irish Republican Army. Mr. Clement France, in charge of our Relief Headquarters, here in Dublin, has assured me that not a dollar of Relief money has been used to purchase arms and ammunition or any other supplies for the Irish Republican Army."

Brind: - "He has? Well, I can assure you differently. In Dublin Castle here we have correspondence taken off captured rebel commandentes which prove that the

Irish rebel army has been purchasing arms and ammunition with American Relief money."

Connolly: - "So? May I see the captured correspondence?"

Brind: - "Mmmm, certainly." (He pressed a desk button. A young officer entered.) "In my letter files you will find correspondence taken from captured rebel commandantes."

The young officer waited as if for further orders.

Brind: - "Get those letters and bring them here." (The young officer saluted and left.) Brind pressed another button and another officer entered, an older officer.

Brind: - "This is Major Stewart."

Connolly: - "How d'y'do?"

The Major, a sour puss, nodded towards me, produced a pad and pencil, marched to the left hand corner of the room and began looking me over. He made pencil marks on the pad. He moved to the right hand corner of the room and resumed his surveying. He moved to a side position, and from there he moved to take a stand behind me. I could almost feel him breathing on the back of my neck. Secret Service was my thought, and when he is done with me he will have a recognizable sketch of me - with notes for the Castle spies who would be set on my trail. (I met up with plenty of them while in Ireland.)

While the Major was manouvering around the room, Brind was speaking of matters that held nothing of interest to me until he brought in the name of De Valera.

Brind: - "You of course have met this De Valera?"

Connolly: - "No."

Brind: - "No?"

Connolly: - "NO."

Brind: - "He was hung in effigy to two lamp posts in

Connolly: - "So I read in this morning's Times."

Brind: "He is on the run you know."

Connolly: "So I've been told."

Brind: - "We will pick him up before long. But will you tell me why the Irish are content to accept for a leader a man who is not Irish, who is a Spaniard and a Jew.

Connolly: - "President De Valera is not a Spaniard. He is an American citizen, born in America, of Spanish descent on one side, Irish on his mother's side. And he is not a Jew. He is a Catholic, Catholic born and Catholic living. De Valera a Jew? No, no. De Valera, as you have said, is a man on the run, standing a good chance of being spotted and shot down every time he leaves his hideout. What Jew, or any other man not Irish, would take over De Valera's job as President of the Irish Republic with the danger that goes with it? And no pay. No, No. And now, what about those captured Irish Army letters?" (I was doubting from the first his story of the capture of Irish Army letters. By now I wasn't fearing a showdown.)

Brind: - "O yes! The letters." (He pressed a button, reluctantly I thought. The young officer entered.)

Young officer: - (without waiting for Brind to speak) "We have searched everywhere, Sir, but we haven't been able to find any Irish Army letters of any kind".

I gave Brind time to say something. He said nothing, then:

Connolly: - "No letters, General?" (With that I stood

up and left him. A meagre little man, chagrined-man at his wide flat topped desk.)

While knocking around Dublin during the "six weeks of intensive warfare", I met quite a few notable leaders - two meetings with De Valera - wanted men, men on the run, men high up in I.R.A. counsels, visited Joseph MacDonagh four times in his hideaway of the moment, stayed with him by the hour (once while a Castle spy was watching from a window across the street); MacDonagh made two engagements for me with Michael Collins, but each time Collins stayed away from Dublin - Intelligence warning him that he musn't come to Dublin on both days. On my first visit to Oliver St. John Gogarty's home, I met George Russell, James Stephens and a wanted man dressed as a priest. I visited Sinn Fein hospitals with doctors in the midst of the day. Fearless men those doctors, and intelligent. I was held up once by one of the patrols after a lorry was bombed on a Foster Street corner - held up and searched; held up on the road to Balbriggan - what a horror of a place - by an English Army officer, a courteous officer; woken out of a sleep in the Gresham one night during a raid by an English officer: "Was I on my own?", meaning am I alone? "I am. Would you care to step in and look around?"

All sorts of people were coming in and sitting with me at the Gresham - breakfast, lunch and dinner. Bishop McRory was one, he fresh in from the North and "never sleeping in the same place two nights running", he said. Another table mate was an Englishman who - according to my Gresham friends - was the inventor of the news item that had the Germans frying corpses for the grease in them. He looked equal to it. Without preamble he said: "Do you know that the Irish Rebel Army takes no prisoners?" "I

don't know. Do you?" One night an English newspaper man (Manchester Guardian I think) fresh back from a visit to Cork told me of conditions there; of the great fire; of the foot patrols at night, shooting down anybody and everybody, bombing an Examiner crew coming from their building at three o'clock in the morning, blowing the legs off four of them, &c.

Next morning I left for Cork, travelling on trains. We had soldiers travelling in passenger coaches, so the coaches would not be blown up by the Irish rebels. A rough spot, Cork. The barracks soldiers - and what a mob of them in full - almost full - control. In my hotel (Imperial) I discovered two Castle spies on my trail - a woman spy (a stupid one) and a man spy - a retired Royal Navy Captain.

While in Cork I called on General Strickland then in command of the British forces in that area. I learned where I might find him, and there I found him - in a back room on the top floor of a large barracks building. An officer, his aide-de-campe, was standing beside the General's desk. I gave the aide-de-campe my name adding: "I am Commissioner for the American Committee for the Relief in Ireland and I come over here to report on the charge that Relief money is being spent for the purchase of arms and ammunition for the Irish Republican Army."

"The Irish Rebel Army," shouted Strickland from behind his desk.

Connolly: - "The Arms and Ammunition story has gone out of circulation. And now what of the report that you are not allowing any American Relief to go to the distressed families of men in the Irish Republican Army?

Strickland, standing up to answer: - "I shall not allow any of that money to go to the families of that Irish rebel army or the families of men on the run, in jail, or interned." (Interned meant in concentration camps.)

Connolly: - "General Strickland, I am going to put my question - and the same question, to you again."

I put the question and got the same answer, this time with the addition: - "Murderous rebels is what they are. Murdering my poor boys."

Strickland's aide-de-campe, a well-nourished person of about forty years, a major, entered into the conversation with: "Sir," meaning Strickland, "d'y'know, I think the Irish in America have altogether too much to say how we shall govern Ireland."

Connolly: - "So? And how long do you think the people of Irish blood should be living in the United States before you would think of them as American citizens?"

Aide-de-campe - "Mmmm. Two or three generations I'd say."

Connolly: - "You'd say. You better take another say. My father was born right up here in Galway Bay - in the Aran Islands. He left there as a young man for America, and the instant he set foot on that ship in Boston he was fit for American citizenship. And do you know why? He did not have to unlearn a lot of hooey about the Beneficence of the British Empire. And if it wasn't for the Irish who fought in our War for Independence, what are now the United States of America could very well be British Colonies. The Irish in America have too much to say? One half to two-thirds of Washington's Army, according to official English reporting, were Irish born or of Irish descent. There were 240 of my

name on the muster rolls of Washington's Army - 11 of them commissioned officers - and there were more Kellys and Murphys and Doughertys and O'Briens than Connollys, and so on down the roll call of ancient Irish names. And if you care to check up on what I say, I can tell you where you will find the muster roll records of those names."

The plump Aide did not ask to know where he would find the records. Then:

Connolly: - "What about a pass to drive over the road to Limerick?" (A pass was necessary to drive more than 20 miles over the road.) In place of the necessary pass he gave me a spiel about the dangers of road travel in that area. I would meet with impassable ditches and felled trees across the road - obstacles placed there by murderous rebels, and arriving in Limerick, if I arrived there safely, I would be met at the Limerick barracks gate by three armed men with bayonets fixed to their rifles and one of them would stick a bayonet point against my belly and demand to know my business (I had said I had in mind to call on General Cameron in command in Limerick.) - and so on and so on, but no travel pass.

So I went by train to Limerick and I called at the barracks, and I was held up at the barracks gate by three armed men with bayonets fixed to their rifles and one of them put a bayonet point to my stomach and demanded to know my business. I told him - to see somebody in authority and get a permit to drive over the road to my next place of call, which would be Nenagh. (I gave a brief account of my Limerick experiences in my volume SEA-BORNE, so no more of that except to say that Limerick WAS a hell for the citizenry. Cork was worse than Dublin and Limerick was worse than Cork.)

I found Nenagh a city of gloom. All Business stopped - all shops shut down for the day. In Dublin, Cork and Limerick no people walked the streets by night, but they did by day. In Nenagh nobody was walking the streets that day. Four of the Royal Irish Constabulary had been shot down - shot dead by the I.R.A. riflemen. All Nenagh had to share in the R.I.C. mourning. All business had to stop, all shops shut down for the day. Whether it was a barracks order or no, I did not inquire but except for the military all I saw on the streets that day was one woman on her hotel sidewalk.

The smaller the place the more dangerous. Nenagh had me thinking of Dungarven, the little port on the Irish Sea. Not a single man (except myself) walked Dungarvan by day or night. Four men well on in years sat on a bench in front of the little hotel until curfew. Then, ~~under cover they went then~~ /they scurried to cover./ Dungarvan then was like a city of the dead. The little hotel there (my hotel) faced the back of the barracks, and in that barrack lay the body of a young Irishman. He had been walking the road, an unarmed lad, when a lorry load of Strickland's "poor boys" had overtaken him and bayonetted him to death. Why? Did they have to give a reason? Not they.

I was back in Dublin after my swing around the South and calling on Clement France, the Relief's directing head in Ireland.

"Our Consul," said France, "phoned that General Macready would like to see you at the Castle."

I called on our consul, very pro-British, to learn what General Macready wished to see me about. The Consul

could only tell me that General Macready had word from General Strickland that he should have a talk with the American Connolly.

Our Consul, always in touch with Dublin Castle, went to the phone. He came away to say that General Macready would be waiting for me in his quarters at four o'clock that afternoon.

I put in a good part of the next few hours in speculating on why the Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in Ireland would want to see me? Strickland had said he should see me? So. Then, I hope he had quoted me in full. It might convince Macready, as I think it did Strickland, that the Irish in America were strong as ever for a free Ireland.

An Army sergeant met me at the main Castle gate. I did not have to tell him of my engagement with the General. He knew. The Guards at the gate when I went to see Brind - they knew. And so for the guards at the Castle barracks in Cork. English communication in Ireland? Efficient. The Sergeant beckoned to an olive drab lad in a sentry box. "You will escort this gentleman to the General's quarters."

"Shall I take my rifle?" asked olive drab.

Sergeant: - "Why of course you shall take your rifle." He swung open the wide gate.

"Shall I take my rifle?" Olive drab was a flabby faced undernourished nineteen year old who shouldered his rifle as if it was a log of wood, while crossing the spacious Court yard of the Castle. I wondered what he thought his rifle was for. An I.R.A. boy, any boy in my place, would have whipped that rifle from him, if needs be before olive drab would guess what he was up to. It would

be like taking candy from a baby. He was the usual English soldier. I had been with a half-dozen civilians in a railway coach load of his kind, placed with us to avoid being blown up.

The soldier escorted me to the entrance to Macready's quarters. A three time rap on the door knocker brought a valet, and he summoned a tall Army officer so imposingly uniformed that I threw him a salute thinking him Macready.

"I'm not the Commander-in-Chief," he said and led the way upstairs where a man not in uniform was seated in a swivel chair before a roller top desk in a room with a coal fire in a nearby grate.

"Won't you be seated?" he said pleasantly enough, and motioned to a nearby chair before the fire. It was June, but there was a fire. He turned to pick up a letter from his desk, held it up before him to read.

Macready: - "Mr. Connolly, do you happen by any chance to be related to that James Connolly who was executed after the Easter week Rebellion?"

Connolly: - "I am sorry to have to say, General Macready, that so far as I know we are not related, because from what I have learned about him, he was a man of great mind, a great heart, a great soul. A great man altogether. I am sorry I can't claim relationship."

He said nothing to that, laid the letter back on his desk.

Connolly: - "Do you mind if I smoke, General?" I drew out a cigar.

Macready: - "Wait, wait, I have cigars here." (He reached to a drawer in his desk, brought out a box of cigars.) "These are good cigars. Four shilling cigars,

a gift. I can't afford four shillings cigars myself. Try one."

Connolly: - "I have a cigar here, General, and a good cigar too. A two for a shilling cigar, made by a friend of mine, Henry Fitzgerald, in my hometown of Boston."

Macready (pushing a four shilling fellow at me): - "O have one of mine, and smoke it later."

I took it and thanked him, but I did not smoke it later. I passed it on to an acquaintance in the Gresham Hotel lobby next morning saying:

"Have a smoke on Dublin Castle, a four shillin' smoke."

He lit it saying, "Four shillin's! I never thought I'd live to smoke a four shillin' cigar."

Macready waved his hand to take in the room, a large room.

Macready: - "These were the Duke of Connaught's quarters when he was stationed in Dublin."

My thought to this was: - Here's a guy, thinking to impress a visiting stranger that he was occupying quarters that were once occupied by a Royal Duke. Imagine De Valera or Michael Collins making mention of a Royal Duke to impress a visitor. No, no, not they.

Connolly: - "MMMMMM! Nice." "And now, General Macready, I have a question for you. What about our Relief money not being allowed to go to distressed people in Ireland? Distress brought on by this War."

Macready: - "Mr. Connolly, I shall not allow any of your Relief to go to the families of men in the Irish rebel army or in jail, on the run or interned."

Connolly: - "So? Do you realize, General Macready,

that you are more repressive, far more, than the Germans were in Belgium. Under the direction of Herbert Hoover our government expended millions of dollars in Belgian relief with never an objection from the German military: I am going to put my question to you again, and I'm telling you now that I shall quote your answer to the press."

I put the question again, and got the answer, - "No relief money to the families of men in the Irish rebel army, men in jail on the run, or interned." Then:

Connolly: - "General Strickland in Cork gave me the same exact answer."

He said nothing to that. I said a few words on the British conduct of the war, without bearing down heartily on his rejection.

Macready: - "Do y'know Mr. Connolly, that Michael Collins is without doubt a rather decent sort personally, but do y'know his name in England is anathema."

I took that as his way of putting me in better humor, and setting himself as a tolerant sort of English man. And so:

Connolly: - "Do you know, Sir Neville, I have met some men here who regard you as not a bad sort - you having to carry out your orders from the higher ups, with the Irish people at large your name is also anathema."

He curled up a bit at that, and from there I said a few more words on the conduct of the War, this time bearing more heavily on the British. He took it for a while, and then, explosively:

Macready:- "Mr. Connolly, England cannot afford to have a republic on her flank."

I do not think he meant to let that get out of him. I had goaded him into saying it I think now.

Connolly: - Sir Neville, to carry that statement of yours to its logical or absurd conclusion, Germany should not be allowing Holland to exist as a free government on her flank, especially so as both countries are affiliated racially and religiously, nor should France be allowing a free Belgium on her flank, the racial and religious affiliation being there also, and so making a union a natural action; whereas in the case of Ireland, Nature has placed an ineradicable barrier the Irish Sea, and also there is no affiliation of race and religion and there is the further difference of inherent culture and philosophies of living."

Macready (explosively): - "Let us not talk politics, Mr. Connolly."

Connolly (also explosively): - "You started it, Sir Neville." Since he had named Michael Collins without his rank of General I had spoken of Macready as Sir Neville, not General Macready.

That ended the fireworks. He said something about tea, and led the way below to a large room where a table was laid for tea. All polite palaver there until between two cups of tea:

Macready: - "How much longer do you expect to remain in Ireland, Mr. Connolly?"

Connolly: - "Do y'know, General, there is so much happening here in Dublin that I hate to leave." I so spoke, but to me that question meant that the Castle spies had turned in reports of my non-Relief activities. I was learning too much at first hand of Black and Tan doings. Macready's question was the tip-off that I would do well

to be on my way out of Ireland, and I went on my way, though not immediately. From Dublin Castle and Macready I went to look up Erskine Childers, Editor of I.R.A. Bulletin, taking care to lose my spies who might be trailing me from the Castle:

During one of his calls on me at the Gresham, Emmet Dalton had told me I should get hold of Erskine Childers. "He is the editor of the I.R.A. bulletins. To him come reports of I.R.A. commandantes in the field. They have been doing amazing things - incredible things if you didn't know the sort of men they are. Childers may let you have some of their reports."

Dalton told me where I would find Childers who was on the run. (~~I went from Macready to look for Childers.~~) He was bent over a little table writing away when I walked in on him.

A few days later, I slipped out of Dublin - unnoticed I hoped - by way of a train to Belfast. I stopped for dinner at a hotel managed by a trusty person, Mrs. Owens. But the Castle spies were on the job. While at dinner three B Constables took positions opposite the front door of the hotel and remained there till I left in a taxi - a private taxi. A steamer to Liverpool, a train to London, a call on the N.Y. World's London correspondent (Toomey). He put on the cable Macready's statement that no Relief money would be allowed to go to I.R.A. members of the families - and so on. That came out in the afternoon edition of the N.Y. World and its chain. Next morning the London press held government protests that there was never any such intent and so on. Macready called off the starvation Relief money order; and so that malignant propaganda measure was spiked. From

London I returned home and started my report of my Relief experiences in the Hearst press.

Extracts from Published Book entitled "SEA-BORNE"

by JAMES B. CONNOLLY.

Printed by DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, NEW YORK, 1944.

In 1920 the Black-and-Tan War was on in Ireland, and the reports from there made rough reading. A committee of 150 American citizens of all races and creeds examined witnesses as to conditions in Ireland. The committee included five state governors, eleven United States senators, thirteen congressmen, Cardinal Gibbons, sixteen Roman Catholic, Episcopal, and Methodist bishops, plus educators, editors, businessmen, and labor leaders. The committee "..... sought the evidence of these atrocities, from both sides, in the hope that we could make clear, to the English on the one hand and to the Irish on the other, our desire to do them the service which our common civilisation required as a right, our common humanity as a duty."

Meantime the American Committee for Relief in Ireland was raising money for the distressed people over there and sending it over as fast as raised. Soon came the press stuff from England that American Relief money was being spent for the purchase of arms and ammunition for the Irish Republican Army. All this while, I had been wondering how I could get to Ireland. I knew that the British authorities would not be for allowing a writing man bearing the Irish name of Connolly entry into

Ireland while a war was on there-that is, if he showed up as a writing man.

Now how to get to Ireland? The London press stuff about Relief money being spent for I.R.A. arms gave me an idea. I went to the Relief Committee and said why not send a man to Ireland to look into the arms-and-ammunition charge? They thought it a good plan and appointed me commissioner for the Committee for Relief in Ireland, to act in co-ordination with their Mr. France in Dublin and report back. I was to serve without pay or travel expenses, my own proposition.

I took a French steamer to Havre, the first at hand. I was making my twenty-first crossing of the Atlantic; and there was no longer any novelty-not by steamer. Sea hotels, big steamers, were now all comfort, heavy eating, and no exercise. The never-monotonous was there, however. It was still worth while sitting by the hour in a long-based deck chair and watching the play of wind and sun on the surface of the great waters.

. . . .

It was my first morning in Dublin, a May morning, with a clear sky and a light breeze from off the Wicklow hills. A lovely morning, but not a calm one in Dublin.

I left my hotel, the Gresham Hotel on O'Connell Street, and headed south. I soon took notice of an armored lorry drawn up against the curbstone. The lorry

had a protective roof, and there was just space enough above the lorry's side and the roof for a man to lay his head on his ear and squint along the barrel of a rifle.

Three soldiers in iron helmets were squinting along their rifle barrels now. Red-painted iron boxes were affixed to the side of the building the lorry was abreast of. A man in a red coat was collecting mail from the boxes. The three riflemen were guarding the red-coated mail collector.

Arriving abreast of the lorry, I saw that my head was directly in line with the pointed rifles and a mailbox. The soldiers holding the rifles were boys of eighteen or nineteen years, with soft, immature faces. They were obviously nervous. Looking backward from half a dozen steps farther on, I saw that the three rifles were pointing at the head of the next pedestrian behind me. Through the partly lowered rear end of the lorry I counted ten other steel-helmeted soldiers with bayoneted rifles held at a ready.

The next man behind me was an alert-looking young fellow with the black hair and dark blue eyes so common in the South of Ireland. To him I said: "Does Dublin Castle turn out an armed guard every time a postman collects mail in Dublin?".

He gave me a sharp looking over. "You'll be an American?".

"I'm an American".

"So? A short time ago four or five of the boyos came in from the hills and raided the Central Post Office here, and they took what special bags of mail they were after

They found some useful Castle correspondence in the bags. Since then an armed lorry or armored car has been turnin' out with every collection or delivery of the post where there might be official mail."

"And where were the English soldiers while they were raiding the post office?"

"The divvle knows. Safe in Castle barracks doubtless. And where would you be goin' now?".

"I'm headed for the Sherbourne Hotel - at Shepherd's Green, is it?".

"Shepherd's Green it is, and a fine rat's nest for English spies that hotel is."

"My business is with the American Committee for Relief in Ireland. Our office is there."

"Oh, that's it. A grand work they are doin', sir. A grand work."

Armored lorries and an occasional armored car were passing constantly, and at good speed. Passing also was a vehicle enclosed in wire netting instead of steel plates. The mesh of the net was fine enough to prevent a bomb from entering. Peering through the netting were soldiers in khaki with bayoneted rifles and steel hats.

One of those old orange women at the Nelson Pillar on O'Connell Street had taken a peek at an early caged-in vehicle and said-everybody in Dublin was quoting her to every newcomer: "The Boors put ye in khakky, an' the Germans put ye in tin hats, but it took the Irish lads to put ye in bird cages.'".

Armored cars and lorries were tearing through O'Connell Street at twenty-five to forty miles an hour: all other vehicles were expected to get out of their way; and they got out.

I crossed the O'Connell Bridge, and so on through Grafton Street. The fine shops were here, and the plate-glass windows of some were marked by numerous bullet holes.

I moved on.

A group of English Black-and-Tans with fixed bayonets were grouped at the corner of a side street. Barbed wire was stretched across the end of the side street, and immediately inside the barbed wire were more Black-and-Tans. Yet further in were four armored lorries and an armored car. A dozen or so Auxiliaries with drawn pistols were standing near the lorries.

The Auxiliaries wore tam-o'-shanters and the dark blue uniforms of the old Irish Constabulary. The tam-o'-shanters were their own selection to mark them as not of the ordinary run of Black-and-Tans. They were said to be all ex-officers from the World War; and they looked a different lot from the soldiery. They looked like fighting men.

A policeman was standing across the street from where the soldiers outside the barbed wire were stationed. I stepped up to him. "What are they after?".

"How would I be knowin'!" he cried testily. Then in a low voice, and after a sharp glance at me: "They will be after the Bulletin printin' plant, or maybe-hsst-Mick Collins. Or-or-some other wanted man."

A young woman had halted on the other side of the policeman, a young creature with a pink-and-white skin and blond hair. A man in white spats, gray trousers, frock coat, and silk hat stood beside her.

Said the young woman: "Oh, I do love to see those

brave soldiers at work!" She addressed her words to the policeman. He glanced side-wise at her, remained silent.

"I'd love to see them shoot some of them, wouldn't you, officer?".

The policeman looked up the raided street, up Grafton Street, up at the sky; he looked everywhere except at the young woman.

"And you'd love to, too, wouldn't you, Father?".

The man in the frock coat cast a furtive glance at the policeman, then hurried to say: "She's a rampant loyalist, officer, I have hard work to restrain her at times."

The daughter and father moved on.

"A noble-minded young woman!" said the policeman. "She would love to see them shoot some of them! And himself an eminently respectable gentleman. Of the Kildare Club without doubt."

It should be said here that the police of Dublin were the only police in Ireland not in the pay of the British Empire.

Before calling in at the Sherbourne, I looked in on Oliver St. John Gogarty, the famous surgeon, playwright, poet, and wit of Dublin. I had met him the night before. He was about to leave for the Irish Book Shop. "It's only a short distance," said Gogarty. "We'll walk it." The manager of the book shop was just back from a tour of campaigning for a candidate for the Northern Parliament.

"They used you roughly, I hear?", said Gogarty.

"Oh, somewhat. About twenty of them beat me up in a Belfast hotel. And while I was away-see!" He reached into the wastebasket and pulled out a battered metal box.

"They came raiding-military and Black-and-Tans. One of them found this money box which I had hid. He forced open the lock, took all the bills and silver-ten pounds and more. The missis was here. She protested, of course. 'Look out, you, that we don't take you to the barracks!' was all she got out of them. They're a hopeless lot. The likes of them are nowhere else on earth".

"A bit of rough thieving only," said Gogarty to me. "Wait till you're here awhile".

From the book shop we crossed the Liffey River and walked westerly along the North Wall. Gogarty had a patient in a hospital on Jervis Street. Turning in from the river at Jervis Street, we saw globs of blood as big as our palms on the stone flagging. Blood splashes marked all the way from the river wall to the hospital-a hundred yards or more! We inquired of an old woman who stepped out of a doorway to tell us what she knew of the blood.

"They shot him - the patrols - last night."

"Did he die?".

"He did not, but he will!"

"What brought on the shooting?", I asked.

"What brings on any shootin'? Whenever they take a notion to shoot an Irishman, who's to stop them?

He was a young lad, hardly more than a boy. He was standing in the door of the shop where he worked. The foot patrols came along. 'Get along!' said one of the patrols.

"'Can't I stand in the doorway of my own shop?", says the lad.

"You 'eard me. Get the 'ell along, I said, an' be quick about it!" the patrol shouted.

"The boy stepped down onto the footwalk and moved along. He'd not taken six steps when the patrol shot him through the neck from behind."

"The Castle report of that incident," said Gogarty, "will say that he was killed trying to escape, or that he refused to halt when ordered."

I left Gogarty at the hospital and proceeded to the Sherbourne. The uniformed front doorman was English. He greeted me pleasantly, and I shook hands with him, which surprised him until he found a half-crown in his hand. An English underling beats the world for quick reaction to a piece of change.

"Something I can do for you, sir?"

"Perhaps. There may be a Mr. Houghton registering here. A big red-faced man, above six feet and weighing-oh, 240 pounds - seventeen stone. A massive man. An American. When he comes would you mind phoning me at the Gresham? My name is Connolly."

"A Mr. 'ooton. And Mr. Connolly at the Gresham, I 'ave it."

"Don't forget now."

"Trust me, sir, I'll make a note". I left him making the note.

There was no Houghton. I believed I was being trailed and would continue to be trailed while in Ireland. The doorman, I knew, would pass the word of a Mr. 'ooton to Dublin Castle, and that would give the Castle spies something more to think about. Every time thereafter I never entered the Sherbourne without giving the doorman's hand a warm grip, leaving a half-crown in his palm, and asking for word of Mr. Houghton. His report was always that no Mr. 'ooton 'ad yet registered. After the third time he showed signs of worriment. "Would your friend, Mr. 'ooton, be mikin' a mistike in the 'otel, do you think, sir?" I got a bit of relaxation out of his anxiety; and in troublous times any little bit of relaxation now and then is a good thing for the morale.

The head of the Relief fund in Ireland was Mr. France, brother to U.S. Senator France of Delaware. I presented my credentials to him. He was agreeable, capable, and conscientious. He offered good evidence that no Relief money was going to the I.R.A. Later, while travelling through the South of Ireland, I checked up for myself and found things were as he said.

I was on my way back to the Gresham, and having in mind to get myself a travelling bag. I was glancing into the windows for sight of a bag to my liking. And preferably an English leather bag, they being the best in the world then. They may be yet for all I know.

I had almost decided on a capcious handsome one in a Grafton Street window when I heard a Boom! No long Boo-o-m this. A short Boom! - meaning not far away. I hurried to the corner nearest where the boom came from. A policeman was peeking around the corner. I peeked around

around the policeman. A sixteen-year-old boy on a bicycle came flying around our corner. Up the street was a lorry. It was standing still, and eight or ten steel helmets and pointed rifles were showing above the armored sides of the lorry.

The drivers of two sidecars near our corner were hurriedly heading their horses down street - away from the lorry.

Another lorry rolled up to the first one; and from it leaped six or seven Black-and-Tans, with their rifles held close and their heads jerking from side to side. Not a soul, except their own people, was near them. One of them looked into the first lorry, then shouted something excitedly.

My policeman turned and walked away from the street of the lorry. I stepped into his place, meaning to move up towards the lorries for a better view of what was going on; but just then, the drivers of the sidecars ran past me and ducked into the nearest doorway around the corner.

People on the sidewalk were leaping for other doorways. I stepped back to my corner, not reasoning things out; but with the feeling that it was good for me to stop poking my head around that street corner. From the direction of the lorries came a rain of bullets. Pip-pip-p-p they went. Machine guns in action! Past my corner and across Grafton Street flew a rainstorm of bullets.

I ducked back around my corner and headed towards the Gresham. I hadn't gone twenty-five yards when I saw people near by were making speed. Girls were hop-scotching into doorways; young fellows were leaping like rabbits into

hallways. I glanced around me. For a hundred yards up and down there wasn't a human being on either sidewalk of that shopping block but myself.

I could not see just where the immediate danger lay.

Machine-gun bullets certainly could not curve around a corner, but I figured that there must be a good reason for all this hurry - Irish young men being no timid souls generally. I took a running hop, step, and jump to the nearest doorway.

In a few seconds I saw the reason for the hurry. An armor-plated lorry with a load of Auxiliaries came roaring down the shopping street at all of fifty miles an hour. A dozen rifle barrels were projecting above the sides of it. From the lorry came a whi-i-ing! Again a whi-i-ing! And a whing! as it roared on its way. No little pip-pip-p-p bullets those! No, sir. Heavy bullets from high-powered rifles in the rear end of the lorry.

I moved out of my doorway with the others, and I continued my way towards the Gresham. At a corner nearest the O'Connell Bridge, I pulled up. I pulled up because people ahead of me were pulling up. On the other side of the bridge was the same lorry load of Auxiliaries who had come firing down Grafton Street. They were peering out with rifles pointed out from the sides and rear end of the lorry. The bridge and the street at both ends of the bridge were deserted, which should not be at the noon hour. It should have been crowded with noon-hour people coming and going from offices and shops.

I would have to cross the bridge to get to the Gresham. I knew that the Auxiliaries and the Black-and-Tans had done more cruel things than shooting unarmed men

going about their business, but I had a luncheon engagement at my hotel, so when a couple of young fellows darted for the bridge, I darted after them. I was no hero in doing so. The lorry crew, being Auxiliaries, mostly first-class fighting men from the World War, were not likely, as were the ordinary run of Black-and-Tans and the soldiery, to go jittery. Their shooting from their lorry was coldly planned terrorism, not because of the jitters.

When I made my crossing safely, I looked back. Two girls on bicycles were wheeling steadily across the bridge, straight towards the armored lorry. They sat up, held their heads high passing the lorry, and unless my eyes were going bad, they were staring scornfully at the creatures in the lorry as they passed them.

The bombing of the lorries and armored cars in Dublin took place almost entirely in the noon hour, when the lads from the offices and shops were going to and coming from lunch. After office or shop hours in the late afternoon was a good time too. Young lads attended to the bombing. They were daring lads, and smart. The lad on the bicycle that passed me on that corner bombed that lorry. Four Black-and-Tans were killed by the explosion.

That night a house not far from the Gresham was raided. I was in my room when I heard the crashing of what must have been a heavy maul on wood. A street door that would be. There was rifle firing. A dog barked. It was no friendly bark. He continued his barking until suddenly- like that- he stopped barking.

My room window looked out on O'Connell Street. I raised the sash to look out. A guest on the floor below had his head out. A searchlight was sweeping the street.

Soon came two young fellows with their hands handcuffed behind them. A group of Black-and-Tans were prodding them on with the tips of their bayonets.

One Black-and-Tan looked upward. Then: "Pull your 'ead in up there. Pull it in, I sie, or I'll bloody well soon bash it in for you." He may have meant that for the man on the floor below; but I pulled my head in too.

So for my first day in Ireland during the Black-and-Tan War.

Next day I called on the American consul in Dublin, saying that I thought I should be reporting to somebody in authority at Dublin Castle. The consul, who was pro-British, agreed with me, and phoned the Castle.

General Macready was away, but his chief of staff, General Brind, would see me.

I found General Brind all alone at a wide desk in a good-sized room in the Castle. He examined my credentials, motioned me to a chair facing a strong window light, and looked me over. I looked him over. He was a meager kind physically and a sour-puss.

I began by saying I was in Ireland to report on how the money of the American Relief Committee was being spent. He let me get that far.

"I can tell you how it is being spent. It is being used to purchase arms and munitions for the Irish rebel army"

I said: "How do you know that?"

"From captured correspondence of rebel unit commanders."

"You have the correspondence?"

"I have". He pressed a button, a young officer entered. Brind said: "In the files you will find letters taken off captured rebel unit leaders. Bring them here".

The young officer left. Brind pressed a button. Another officer entered and was introduced as Major Stewart. He was another sour-puss, and why he was brought in I could not understand, until he took a position to my left and inspected me, then to my right and inspected me. He wound up by standing behind me, and doubtless he inspected me from there. I thought: You'll surely be able to tell your Castle spies what I look like when you send them out to trail me.

Brind opened up a discussion of De Valera, then President of the Irish Republic. He had only harsh words for De Valera; I of course had only good words.

"You of course have met him?" he said.

"No."

"No?" He looked his doubts, but it was so. I hadn't met De Valera, but I did have an engagement to meet him that very afternoon with France.

There was further talk of - oh, fifteen minutes - then a pause. I seized on the pause to say: "What about those incriminating letters, General?".

"Oh yes!" He pressed the button. The same young officer entered. "Those letters? I'm sorry, sir, but we cannot find them in our files."

After lunch that day, a man I never saw before led our Relief chief, Mr. France, and myself to a car around the corner from the Gresham. After a five-minute ride we were transferred to another car, given another ride with various turnings, and dropped off at the rendezvous.

De Valera arrived on a bicycle and alone. He apologised for being ten minutes late, and explained that he had been pedaling against a head wind for miles. We discussed Relief affairs, American current affairs, and went on to American history. He knew American history from beginning to date, and he held a special admiration for Abraham Lincoln.

I wasn't long in Dublin when I became aware that the Castle spies at the Gresham hotel were paying special attention to me. On my first Sunday after meeting De Valera I was to meet Joseph MacDonagh at his then place of hiding. MacDonagh was Secretary for Home Affairs in the Irish Republic cabinet, and he was on the run. I left my room at the Gresham Hotel to make the noon Mass at the pro-cathedral around the corner from the Gresham. Two Black-and-Tans in mufti were below in the lobby, one on each side of the wide staircase. There was a high mirror at the head of the stairs. I turned my back to the lobby and bent over as if to lace one of my shoes, but actually to watch my Black-and-Tan spies in the mirror. One glanced to his pal, then toward me. The pal nodded back.

I was wearing my soft hat and my reversible raincoat, tan-colored one side, a plaid pattern the other side. In the pocket of my raincoat I had a golf cap. One Black-and-Tan followed me from the hotel. I went on to the cathedral, which was crowded as usual. After Mass, and while moving toward the door with the crowd, I reversed my raincoat from the plaid side to the tan side, stuck my soft hat in my coat pocket. Outside of the door I put on my golf cap. I passed within ten feet of my man, took a jaunting car at the street curb, said: "Drive anywhere you please, I want to look at Dublin".

At the next corner I told the driver to turn the next three corners as he came to them. After the third corner I paid him off, took refuge in a doorway, hailed the next passing cab, got off within four blocks of where MacDonagh was tucked away at the time.

My MacDonagh was the brother of the poet MacDonagh, executed with Patrick Pearse and James Connolly for his part in the Easter Rising. My first meeting with him for a good talk had been at the home of Dr. Gogarty. Present then also were George Russell (Æ) and the Irish novelist, James Stephens. Gogarty's home was a refuge for hard-pressed leaders on the run. Michael Collins had a key to Gogarty's front door.

On this Sunday MacDonagh was tucked away in a brick and slate-roof house in a block in the heart of Dublin. I found him opening his mail, which was being brought to him daily by a seventeen-year-old lad on a bicycle. A curious item was that he was doing business regularly by mail with the heads of big English commercial concerns.

I sat at the window watching the armored lorries roaring through the street. After a time I took notice of a man peeking between the half curtains of a window on the other side of the street. I mentioned it to MacDonagh. He said: "Three doors down the street, is it? He's a Castle spy. He's been watching this house for three days now. By the time he's sure there's a wanted man here I'll be gone". He went on calmly opening his mail.

There were two of my early experiences with much-wanted Irish leaders on the run.

Interesting things were happening every day in Dublin; but the charge that money of the American Relief in Ireland was being used to buy arms for the Irish Republican Army called for my leaving Dublin and looking into how the money was being spent in the towns and villages of the South of Ireland.

My first call was in Dungarvan, a little port on the southeast coast. I arrived there in the late afternoon and went straight to the Devonshire Arms, which was on the English-inn style, through managed by an Irishwoman. I was the only guest, which surprised me. Later I became accustomed to hotels without guests in the South of Ireland. The rear wall of the Black-and-Tan barracks was across the road from the Arms; and right then in the barracks was the body of a young Irishman who had been bayoneted to death on the day before by Black-and-Tans for no other reason than that he was Irish and they were in the mood for a killing.

The door to the bar in the Arms was locked and barred. I asked why. The answer was that the gentlemen from the barracks had been coming there, helping themselves and never paying for what they took. An occasional one would smash a bottle of liquor that he wasn't equal to emptying at the moment. My pint of stout for my dinner was brought up from the cellar, which was also locked.

After dinner I stepped to the Arms entrance. Four elderly men were sitting on a bench against the Arms front wall. No young men were in sight. I asked where I could find the parish priest. In villages and small towns the parish priests usually disbursed our Relief money.

One of the four elderly men went with me to the corner of the Arms and gave me directions for finding, not the parish priest, who was an old man and not a well man, but his active young curate who would be at so-and-so's house. A meeting was being held there that night for a ways-and-means talk for the welfare of the families of the men who were then in jail, or interned (in concentration camps), or on the run. Or dead, it might be. Dead meant killed in the fighting, or murdered.

Directions called for my turning the corners of three roads and to the last house on the left-hand side of the fourth road. I said: "I may go astray. You'd better come with me".

"I daren't. Curfew will be on a few minutes now, d' y' see - at seven o'clock. And if I was caught out by the patrols they would shoot me."

I had seen the Black-and-Tan patrols passing the Arms while at dinner. They were marching afoot, three abreast and with bayonets fixed to their rifles.

My elderly guide scurried back to the Arms, and I went on alone. It was a May night, lightsome of course at that hour, but not a soul did I meet on my way to the designated meeting house.

I found the house. A dozen women and the young curate were gathered there. The curate looked like one who could have borne himself well in the ranks of fighting men. Most of the young Irish priests of that day were of that sort.

What I heard in that house that night was all of murders, of looted or destroyed property - houses and

contents - and Dungarvan men and women beaten up.

It was close to midnight when the young priest and I left the meeting with a shower of: "Have a care now, Father, and you too, sir", following us through the door.

"I go this way. And God speed you", said the curate.

I went my way. It was a darkened village, not a sign of a light showing from behind drawn curtains and closed doors. It was perhaps half a mile to the Arms; and I wondered what I would do if I met with patrols. To run, in case they saw me, was out. It was a darkened village, but not a dark night overhead; and it was Black-and-Tan custom to shoot running figures at sight when on patrol.

I heard the tramp of patrols not far away, but I met with none.

The Arms was dark, the front door locked when I arrived there. I leaned a shoulder against the door and rapped the knocker softly. The door was opened so soon and so suddenly that I all but fell in.

"Thanks be to God," said the man inside, the night porter. "You're safe back."

Dungarvan was just another little place of a thousand little places in the South of Ireland.

I went on to Cork. One mayor of Cork had been murdered in his home by Black-and-Tans; and the mayor at this time was on the run. The history of another mayor of Cork, Terence MacSwiney, is known to the world.

I had known Cork in my destroyer days in Queenstown. A restful city then, but nothing like that now. A good part of the business section had been burned down by the Black-and-Tans; 10,000 armed Black-and-Tans and soldiery were garrisoned on a total population of 70,000 men, women, and children. Here the patrols were in armored lorries and on foot, the foot patrols also marching three abreast and with bayonets fixed to their rifles.

General Strickland commanded the garrison in Cork. He was the successor to that Colonel Smith who had said to his Black-and-Tans: "The more you kill the better I'll like you." After a thoughtful pause, Smith had added: "A ship loaded with Sinn Feiners will be leaving here soon to give testimony against us to that American committee. That ship will never reach port." After a series of horrible outrages by Smith's men, an I.R.A. board of officers considered his case; soon thereafter an I,R.A. gunman caught him out of garrison and shot him dead.

I was told to look for General Strickland in a rear room of the top floor of a stone building atop of the barracks hill. I walked in on him without a previous warning. He was a tall, emaciated figure of a man with whitish blue eyes. My name, I saw, did not please him; and soon he was frisking me himself for concealed weapons. A helpful name, mine, in the Irish countryside, but not in a Black-and-Tan barracks.

I asked Strickland how he stood in the matter of America's Relief money. His answer: "I will not allow a single dollar of any American money to go to the families of these murdering rebels who are in their so-called army, or on the run, or in jail, or interned. Murderers shooting down my boys!"

His "boys" included Black-and-Tans. At Strickland's elbow was his aide-de-camp, a plump figure of forty years, a major. Said the plump major: "Do you know, General, these Irish in America have altogether too much to say of how we shall govern Ireland."

"These Irish in America? How long in your judgment must a family of Irish blood be living in the United States before you would rate them as American?". That was from me.

"Oh - two or three generations, I'd say."

"You'd say. You'd better take another say. My father was born in Ireland, yet the moment he set foot on American soil from the deck of an immigrant ship he was a good American, because he never had to unlearn a lot of hooey about the beneficence of the British Empire."

The fattish major blinked. I ran on: "And who in the United States should have more right to say that little Ireland should be free of England than the men of that same Irish blood which was spilled so plenteously to free the American colonies from the tyranny of England? High English officials of that day have recorded that at least fifty per cent of Washington's army were of Irish blood. There were 245 men of my father's name, eleven of them officers, on the muster rolls of the Continental Army, and there were more O'Briens and Kellys and Murphys and Doughertys than Connollys on those same rolls. And so on down the roll of the ancient tribal names."

The major was so obviously doubting the accuracy of my figures that I added: "Check up on what I've just said," and paid no more attention to him.

My relief duties in Cork brought me in touch with men who for their safety lived behind barred and chained doors; also I came in contact with other men, who should have been in hiding, so a visiting stranger would think, and yet were not. One afternoon, I entered a little pub where seven young men were sitting around smoking a cigarette, or nursing a pipeful of tobacco, or sipping at a pint of stout. They looked to have nothing in the world to worry them, yet they were all I.R.A. gunmen, and the little pub overlooked the big square in Cork, and thousands of people in Cork knew that I.R.A. gunmen were to be found in that little pub any afternoon. No Black-and-Tans ever moved in on them. No Black-and-Tans ever bothered gunmen who were known to be such. And why?

I came to know I.R.A. gunmen and to understand why the Black-and-Tans avoided trouble with them. I was in the drawing room of the Gresham Hotel after curfew one night with two known-to-be I.R.A. gunmen and two known-to-be Black-and-Tans in civilian clothes. The gunmen were swapping stories coldly calculated to hold Black-and-Tan doings up to ridicule. I moved early to a corner of the room where I would be out of range if any shooting should open up. (A nickname for the Gresham was Shooting Gallery). By and by the gunmen, having exhausted their store of ridiculing tales, strolled leisurely out of the room and onto the street. The Black-and-Tans made no move until after the street door closed behind their tormentors.

I.R.A. gunmen were the executioners for the I.R.A. trial boards. Dublin Castle had its hangmen and firing squads behind jails and barracks walls; the I.R.A. had its gunmen, and they were never mere killers. They killed only

men condemned after trial; and they never failed to get their men. Most of them could shoot a man's eye across the street. All Dublin knew of their almost daily pistol practice on a race track outside the city. They stood ready at all times to shoot it out with any Castle men, to check in and call it a lifetime if it came to that.

It was a terrible time for the South of Ireland in that year of 1921. During the preceding year, 1920, more than 48,000 homes had been raided; thousands of them looted or destroyed, frequently both; this on the published authority of the American commission.

Martial law was on. A pistol or rifle, or even a single cartridge, found on a man's premises meant a death sentence in the South of Ireland. Any group of five or more on the street could be shot down at sight. Any man approaching a Black-and-Tan with his hands in his pockets could be shot down. To harbor a member of the I.R.A. was death to the occupants of the house harboring him; aye, even though the harbored man was the son or brother of the head of that household. Women and children were shot down, women with babies at breast. Priests were shot dead for refusing to shout: "To hell with the Pope!" Or for no reason at all.

Black-and-Tans drew the all-time record pay for soldiery - seven pounds a week; and what loot they picked up they were allowed to retain; and they were guaranteed exemption from any excesses, even to the murder of unarmed non-combatants.

The Black-and-Tans fought from brick and stone barracks, and from armored lorries with pistols, rifles, and machine guns; the I.R.A. men with pistols and rifles from

the cover of ditches and hedges and stone walls along the road. The British forces outnumbered the I.R.A. by - oh, certainly five, probably ten, to one. One I.R.A. man against ten Castle men was the usual Irish estimate of an equal battle. One day in Dublin I repeated that estimate to my Irish jarvey. He boiled over with indignation, he whirled in his seat: "What ten to one! A hundred to one! There are no men like them in all the worr-r-ld."

I left my jarvey and entered the Gresham Hotel. A group of drovers having sold their cattle were having a drink at the Gresham bar. One was telling of a battle that took place on his land in Kerry. When he had done listening, one said: "What men! It was another Thermopylae, that fight!"

"What Thermopylae?" shouted the first drover. "Thermopylae wasn't a tuppence to it!"

It was guerilla warfare; and the I.R.A. developed that style of warfare to a degree no troops before them had ever attained. Long long before the Black-and-Tan War, Irishmen were known all the world over as a fighting race. In that Black-and-Tan War they were the fighting Irish at their best. The supreme inspiration was theirs then. After centuries of protest and bloodshedding, the freedom of their little country was in sight!

The I.R.A. of '20 and '21 went to war as to a crusade. No drinking man, no immoral man was allowed in I.R.A. ranks. They went to Confession and Communion regularly, and always on the eve of an especially dangerous mission.

The women of Ireland were a match for their fighting men. I was in Limerick, where 6,000 Black-and-Tans and soldiery were stationed to hold down a total

population of 40,000. Miss Madge Daley, manager of a wholesale bakery in Limerick, acted as my guide in a tour of Limerick and the country around. Her fine home had been destroyed, her sister had had her wrists slashed by Black-and-Tans. At the end of the day I said: "Miss Daley, I fear I did you no favor when I asked you to act as my guide today".

Her instant, passionate response was: "They've done me all the harm they can already, except shoot me. Let them!".

From Limerick I went to the neighboring town of Nenagh. Mrs. O'Meara, widow of a member of Parliament and manager of O'Meara's Hotel in Nenagh, stood in the door of her hotel and pointed out to me the destroyed homes within sight. She named the innocent people murdered in the town. I said: "How is it all going to end, Mrs. O'Meara?".

She was a grand picture of a woman - black hair, flashing black eyes, six feet tall - Juno herself. Her answer: "They'll clear out, or they'll wipe us out!"

An old lady of seventy-five was weeding her little garden plot just outside of Limerick. Not long before this her grandson had been executed by a firing squad. To her I said: "What do you make of it all?" She answered after a thoughtful moment: "Faith, I don't know should we curse them, or lave them to God."

The soul of Ireland was speaking from the tongues of those women. It spoke too from the tongue of the fifteen-year-old MacDonald boy who was stood up outside his parents' destroyed home in the outskirts of Nenagh. Said the Black-and-Tan officer: "We'll give you three minutes to pray

before we shoot you!" The lad answered: "I don't need three minutes, I'm ready to die now!"

Limerick and Nenagh are twenty miles apart. I quote the foregoing from what came to me in a casual way in that small area. All over Ireland it was the same.

I moved around, knelt and prayed with Irish men and women outside barracks walls while within the walls Irish patriots were being stood against that wall and executed by firing squads. On two occasions I entered towns as details of Black-and-Tans were returning home from burying their dead after battles with I.R.A. men. Being greeted by a member of one burial party as "another goddamned Yank," his pistol ready to his hand, reminded me of what a friend well posted in Irish affairs had said to me before leaving home on my Relief mission: "Going into Ireland with your name among those Black-and-Tans - it's fifty-fifty whether you come out alive or dead!"

My answer to that was: "I'll come out. There's more than a shooting war on in Ireland. It is also a war for American public opinion. If I'm shot it won't be by Dublin Castle orders. Shooting the commissioner for the American Relief in Ireland would be bad propaganda. London well knows that when English propaganda with the American public fails, the British Empire will be on the way out.".

I wasn't long in Ireland when I became aware of being trailed night and day. Later I learned that I had been trailed by Scotland Yard since the day I sailed from New York. Myself and three men that I spotted early for Scotland Yarders were the only guests in the thirty-room hotel, the Royal George of Limerick; yet with twenty-nine

empty rooms at his disposal, the hotel head porter had placed the Scotland Yarders in a room next to mine on the top floor. That night the Scotland Yard men staged what sounded like a battle royal. There was much profanity and threats of shooting. If it was a real quarrel pistol shots should soon be coming through the walls. But I had been tipped off that day that the hotel porter was a spy for Dublin Castle, and so I went to bed.

Two women spies were also on my trail, both stupid. In the Imperial Hotel in Cork a woman tipped the headwaiter John heavily to place her at the next table to where I sat with a friend. John did that, and then over the woman's shoulder tipped me off to what she was while pushing her chair into the table.

There was a woman I took notice of as I stepped off the train in Waterford, and again at the hotel, and yet again at a restaurant. She was a little mouselike creature, shabbily dressed in a cheap black skirt and waist, a cheap hat, cheap cloth-top shoes, and white cotton stockings. So far she was properly dressed for spying; and then she had to spoil the ensemble when she followed me into the smoking compartment of an outgoing train with a brand-new English pigskin bag that cost whoever paid for it not a penny less than ten guineas in London.

I was stuck up several times by English officers and soldiers. Once on the street, after a near-by bombing. One midnight in the Gresham Hotel an English army captain stuck me up in my room. But the English officers and the sergeant who stuck me up were courteous about it, leaving the impression with me that they were not relishing their duty in Ireland.

All along the way I had been meeting with fighting men of note. I met the dying captain of the famous Ballinalea fight in a Sinn Fein hospital. In a bed in the same room was the supposed-to-be mortally wounded leader of the incredible Custom House exploit. He recovered. Coming several times to my room in the Gresham Hotel was Captain Emmett Dalton, leader of the amazing Mountjoy Prison exploit. Michael Collins died later, rifle in hand, in Dalton's arms. Once more while in Dublin I held audience with President De Valera.

One day in Dublin I got word through our Mr. France that General Macready wished to see me. It seems that General Strickland in Cork had written Macready that he should have a talk with this man James Connolly.

A soldier on guard at the main gate of Dublin Castle led me to the door of Macready's quarters. I was let inside that door by Macready's valet, led to Macready upstairs by Macready's aide-de-camp. A more intelligent-looking and courteous aide-de-camp, this one, than Strickland's.

Macready greeted me pleasantly, passed me a good cigar, picked a letter off his desk and, reading from it, said: "Are you by any chance related to that James Connolly who was executed after that Easter rebellion of 1916?".

My answer to that was: "I'm sorry, General Macready, that I can't claim relationship with that General James Connolly who was executed after the Easter Week Rising of 1916. From what I've been told of him by men who knew him well, he was a man of great mind, a great heart, and a great soul. I'm sorry I can't claim a relationship."

I spent two hours with Macready, had high tea with him, and we talked, generally pleasantly, of one thing and another. I did sound off belligerently a few times, and he stuck his neck out a few times, but no really harsh note was struck. Once he said: "Mr. Connolly, I haven't any doubt that this Michael Collins is a decent sort personally, but d' y' know, his name in England is anathema."

To myself I said: "There's the English again, never seeing themselves as others see them." Aloud I said, petulantly perhaps: "D' y' know, Sir Neville, I.R.A. men generally regard you as a decent sort personally, which is why you are sitting safe here now, but with the Irish at large your name is anathema."

By and by I put the question to Macready that I had put to Strickland in Cork: "What is your attitude towards the American Relief money?" His answer was like an echo of Strickland's in Cork, the same to a word, except that he did not speak of I.R.A. men as murdering rebels. No, he would not allow any of our money to go to the families of Irishmen in the I.R.A., in jail, interned, or on the run. I put the question again, with the warning that I would quote him publicly.

His answer was the same. I then said: "D' y' know, you're going further than the Germans ever went in Belgium. They did not forbid our Mr. Hoover to give food to the starving Belgians."

There was much of political interest - at least to me - in my talk with Macready. Once he let slip: "England cannot afford to have a republic on her flank."

My answer to that was, "By the same logical or absurd deduction" - I went into a detailed analysis - "Germany should do away with Holland's independence, and France with Belgium's".

His reaction to that was, "Mr. Connolly, let us not talk politics."

I retorted with, "You started it".

My interpretation of Macready's summoning me to the Castle was to draw me out, and from my talk estimate the reaction of the people of Irish descent to the war in Ireland. If such was his idea, only one conclusion could he draw from my talk, i.e.: The war in Ireland was a horror to the world at large, and to the United States in particular.

Macready must have known on his own account that the war was a horror to tens of thousands of people in his own England. Also there was his still lively recollection of the upsetting action of Brigadier General Grozier, the original commander of the Black-and-Tans in Ireland. General Grozier had commanded an English brigade in France during the World War. While there he shot down with his own hand officers and men running away from the firing line. In a book of his, titled, The Men I Killed, he told of these shootings by his own hand. Now there was a hard-boiled soldier, no sentimentalist, a realist, and yet he had resigned his command of the Black-and-Tans in Ireland. And why? His printed explanation, in part, was: "I resigned because we were murdering and shooting up innocent people, burning their homes and making new and deadly enemies every day. What was worse, we were swearing to the world that the Irish were murdering each other because they were divided among themselves -

or, perhaps, for fun. The Crown regime in Ireland was nothing more nor less than a Fascist dictation clothed in righteousness."

Between two cups of tea at the Castle, Macready said: "How much longer do you expect to remain in Ireland, Mr. Connolly?".

His voice was suave, but expect was the word he used - expect, not intend. At this time, four weeks of Macready's planned "six weeks of intensive warfare in Ireland" were up.

Expect? That word, of course, meant that I had been getting around overmuch, learning too much at first hand of conditions in the South of Ireland to suit the Castle.

My answer to his question was: "D' y' know, Sir Neville, there's so much interesting going on here that I don't like to leave it." But there were my orders to get out of Ireland. Three days later I was on my way.

The morning after seeing Macready I called on MacDonagh and told him that the war in Ireland was as good as over.

"Did Macready tell you that?"

"No. But he was so thinking when I left him."

Later that day, I said to Oliver Gogarty, "Ireland will be offered a dominion form of government within six months."

"Did Macready say that?"

"No. But there it is."

Six months to a day almost after my sit-in with Macready came the London conference that led to the setting up of the Irish Free State. How did I know it? To that I can only say that there are times when things come to a fellow.

Arriving in London, I quoted Macready in the matter of American Relief money to Twomey, the New York World's London correspondent. He immediately cabled it to his paper, and promptly came the denial from London that the British Government ever intended to enforce any such policy. No, no, never!

As to Relief money going to the purchase of arms and munitions for the Irish Republican Army, I was able to report that it was pure propaganda. Our capable and conscientious Mr. France had been seeing to it that no American Relief money was being diverted to I.R.A. war uses.

A well worth while voyage, that one to Ireland in 1921. Filling a 300-page volume of my own experiences and what I learned at first hand of the doings of Irish leaders and the men of the Irish Republican Army would have been an easy job. What I have written here is by way of no more than striking the note of the final stages of the most heroic resistance in all history of a small nation to an immense military machine. Whoever is for the liberty of men's bodies and souls, especially of their souls, must applaud that resistance; and the complete freedom which Ireland took over eventually must be serving as a most heartening example to all the little nations living in political and economic slavery to an alien government.