

W.S. 1,004
ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21
BURO STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21
No. W.S. 1004

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BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS.

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 1,004

Witness

Daniel Kelly,
213 C. Botanic Avenue,
Drumcondra,
Dublin.

Identity.

Centre of I.R.B. Circle, Scotland, 1909 - ;
Irish Volunteer Organiser, Co. Donegal,
1912 - .

Subject.

- (a) I.R.B. Scotland, 1908-1912;
- (b) National activities, Co's. Donegal
and Derry, 1912-1922.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil

File No. S.2203

Form B.S.M. 2

ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21
BURO STAIRS MILITAIRES 1913-21
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Statement of Mr. Daniel Kelly,

213c Botanic Avenue, Drumcondra, Dublin.

I was born in Killygordon, Co. Donegal, and was reared in Derry City. When I was between seventeen and eighteen years of age, I was initiated into the Irish Republican Brotherhood by Richard Bonar of Donegal town, who was teaching in the Glen School, Maghera, Co. Derry. At that time I met Bulmer Hobson who was in Maghera organising a campaign in opposition to the recruiting campaign for the British Army. The Inniskilling Fusiliers, who had lately returned from the Boer War, were carrying out route marches through Antrim to and Tyrone Co. Derry in an effort to obtain recruits for the British Army. Their headquarters were at Omagh and they also had a Battalion in Derry. An uncle of mine, Bernard Devlin, was associated with the anti-recruiting campaign. Bonner and Devlin got posters displayed which called on all persons who called themselves Irish men or Irish women not to visit the field where the British troops were camped. About a year after that, Master Bonar was dismissed from his school. This would be about 1901 or 1902.

When I joined the Irish Republican Brotherhood, one of the organisation's activities was the opposition to the British efforts to obtain recruits. We were also endeavouring to obtain arms by any means we could, by purchasing, seizing or otherwise collecting them. What I looked upon as one of our most important I.R.B. activities was the spread of Irish

games and pastimes. I remember taking a supply of hurley sticks from Derry City to Maghera. The hurling clubs were being organised at this time by Richard Bonar.

I met Louis Smyth when I joined the I.R.B. He was one of the principal figures, with Bonar, in the local I.R.B. organisation. Later on when Sinn Féin was being organised, he was the first local Chairman and closely associated with Arthur Griffith, and he was on the Executive of the Sinn Féin organisation.

During the early days when on my visits to Derry City, I attended Circle meetings at which I met I.R.B. leaders, such as, Pat Hegarty, Johnnie Fox, Paddy Lafferty and an old man named Cullen. At this period Paddy Shiels was not a member of the I.R.B., to my knowledge. I met him, however, later on in the organisation.

In 1908 I was at a meeting in Glasgow at which Pat McCormack was presiding officer. At this period McCormack was, to my knowledge, a travelling delegate for the I.R.B. organisation in Scotland. Part of his I.R.B. work took him occasionally into the north of England to places such as Newcastle-on-Tyne. At this meeting in Glasgow a discussion was held as to ways and means of obtaining arms. The question of getting control of quantities of explosives from the coal-mines was also discussed.

In 1909 I went to work in Scotland and was linked up with the I.R.B. organisation from the start there. I was appointed Centre of the Greenock and Port Glasgow Circle. Pat McCormack and Dan Branniff visited us. McCormack was a superintendent on the railway. The rules of the I.R.B.

forbade any member to make inquiries as to who was the officer over him, except during the course of a meeting. I cannot at the moment say what position Dan Branniff occupied for this reason, but I know he was a prominent higher officer. He was one of the chief organisers and a fairly good speaker too.

In 1912 a concert was organised by the I.R.B. in the Co-operative Hall in Port Glasgow at which Seán MacDermott and Major John McBride attended. There was one lady there, Mrs. James Grogan, who played the piano and accompanied the singers. Her husband was a very prominent member of the organisation in Greenock and Port Glasgow. At the conclusion of the concert, the members of the I.R.B. held a meeting at which Seán MacDermott and Major McBride were present. Both of these leaders addressed the meeting. They stressed the importance of making preparations for striking a blow for Irish freedom and dealt with the various ways in which work could be done in preparation for a rising, such as, organising, drilling and training.

During this visit of Seán MacDermott and Major McBride to Port Glasgow, the Sinn Féin organisation was launched. All the Irish people in the locality were invited to join. We made great efforts to push the Sinn Féin organisation. We held meetings at street corners and tried to get as many as possible to join. We found, however, that our efforts produced very few members. The Ancient Order of Hibernians was widely and strongly organised in Scotland. This organisation took strenuous steps to prevent the spread of Sinn Féin. We made arrangements with Seán MacDermott, who was editor of 'Irish Freedom' at the time, to send us on a few dozen copies each week. We decided that any copies the

public did not buy, we would take them up ourselves. When the A.O.H. got to know about this effort of ours to spread the Sinn Féin propaganda, they sent a wire to the publishers to cease sending on the papers as the Sinn Féin organisation wanted no more of the papers.

Our efforts to organise Sinn Féin openly in Scotland met with strenuous attempts to intimidate and suppress us, sometimes leading to fisticuffs. On one occasion Andrew Devlin was walking along the street reading a Sinn Féin paper, when a navvy who was working in the vicinity passed some sarcastic remarks. Words passed between them and finally they came to blows. The navvy knocked Devlin to the ground with a blow on the head. Devlin got up and there was a severe struggle between them which resulted in the navvy being put to flight. Devlin was informed afterwards that he had beaten a man named Docherty, light heavy-weight champion of West Scotland.

The coronation of King Edward VII caused some friction between the Republicans in Scotland and other Irishmen of various political views, such as, Orangemen and Hibernians. Andrew Devlin and an Orangeman had a fight because Devlin had burned some royal favours which Protestant children had induced his children to wear. Devlin gave his opponent a bad beating and then, going into his opponent's house, smashed up all coronation favours he could see in the place, including the Union Jack. The Orangeman went to the authorities and reported what had happened. The police went after Devlin and he was eventually arrested by six of them. He was taken before the Bailie, or magistrate. It was expected by all that Devlin would get a sentence of a few months' imprisonment,

but apparently the Bailie took a rather generous view of Devlin's activities, especially when he saw that the prisoner's wrists had been badly injured by the special type of swivel handcuffs which the police had used on him.

On several occasions during my stay in Scotland a man named Coyle, who was older in years than I was, and Andrew Devlin, to whom I have already referred, attended I.R.B. meetings in Glasgow as representatives of other parts of Scotland, from Port Glasgow down to Greenock.

During this period we had experience of I.R.B. men who got conscientious scruples about their connection with the organisation. At one meeting I remember an Irish engineer got up and informed us that he had informed the priest in confession that he was a member of the I.R.B. I had to propose this man's expulsion from the organisation.

As a matter of interest, I might mention that any person, whom we hoped to be eligible for admission to the I.R.B. organisation, was first asked to join the Wolfe Tone Memorial Club which had been earlier organised by the I.R.B. and, after being under observation there, if he proved himself to be the right type, he was then asked to join the I.R.B.

One of the important men who came to Scotland in the period 1911-1912 was Mr. Joe McGarrity, who was a prominent figure in Irish national circles in the United States. During this visit he attended a meeting of our Circle and addressed the members. He told us some of his experiences in America. There was a mission or retreat on in Philadelphia one time and he wanted to go to confession to one of the three priests giving the mission. He went into the confessional and the

first thing the missionary asked him was, "Are you a member of any organisation?". He said, "I am a member of St. Vincent's". "Oh!", he said, "I don't mean that. Are you a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood or this Clan na Gael"? He told him, "I am". "Well", he said, "I won't hear your confession". So McGarrity went to the other two missionaries and they said the same. Then he went to his own confessor who was a member of the Circle, told him that he had been to the three missionaries and refused confession, and asked him what was the idea. His confessor said that some members of the I.R.B. whose consciences were pricking them, went to confession to the missionaries and confessed they were members.

In 1912 I left Glasgow and came to Derry. I made contact with Pat Hegarty and the other I.R.B. men already mentioned by me. Pat Hegarty used to buy ammunition from British soldiers at Dunree Fort. They would steal anything for a drink. He also got some from Leenan Fort. I was working on the Railway as a time-keeper in the Manager's Office in Derry.

About October, 1912, I was transferred to Dungloe Railway Station. There was no national organisation in Dungloe and I tried to get things started. I had been asked to contact one young man, named Healy, who was a brother of Cahir Healy, M.P. When I approached him, he said, "I wouldn't touch that crowd. I'm an Hibernian!". There were a few men interested, but they were not over-enthusiastic. Two young boys from Burtonport area were students in St. Enda's, Dublin, and were connected with the Republican movement, but I only knew them as boys home on their annual holidays.

About the end of 1912 I was transferred to Cashelnagore Railway Station. There was very little I could do for the national movement until after the Volunteers were formed in November, 1913. One Sunday (early in 1914) I went to Gortahork and Newman (Herbert Pym) addressed a crowd of men after last Mass, telling them about the Volunteer organisation. It was a purely Hibernian district and the Secretary of the Hibernians said, "We wouldn't touch anything like that. John Redmond will see us all right".

After some time, however, I succeeded in getting a Company started in Cloghaneely College amongst the locals there. James Gallagher, the Chairman of the Hibernians, was appointed head of the Volunteers. The Hibernians idea of military equipment for the Volunteers was caps and water bottles. There was no enthusiasm amongst them for the purchase of arms. The Company carried on in that manner for some time. An ex-R.I.C. man, named John McDonald, drilled them. At a meeting of the Volunteers I asked them, "Why are you not concentrating on getting a few rifles?". The Chairman, James Gallagher, said, "That is all so much talk, so much nonsense. You could not get a rifle, let alone a few". I said, "All right! I will have one down here next Sunday". I got a rifle in Letterkenny, a single-bore Lee Enfield. It was called a Martini Enfield and was good for sniping. I had the butt screwed off and brought it to Cloghaneely. When I arrived at the College, to my amazement I saw R.I.C. men in the hall. McDonald, our instructor, was there although he was an ex-R.I.C. man. I asked James Gallagher, the Chairman, what were these R.I.C. men doing there, and he said he did not know. I said to Gallagher, showing him the

rifle, "You said I could not get a rifle. These are only £3 each, and I can supply you with six hundred", which I could at that time. The answer I got was that they did not want any.

I got to know about the rifles through a man named Kearns. He was a Superintendent on the Railway and he lived in Letterkenny. Neither he nor any member of his family was a member of the Republican movement. Kearns told me that the Redmondite crowd had ordered six hundred rifles through his son and that, when he had obtained the rifles, they had left them on his hands. It was from Kearns' son that I got the rifle, already referred to.

Soon after this, Herbert Pym came down to address the Volunteers. He brought a miniature rifle with him, a .22. I told Pym about these rifles, and he told me to tell this man, Kearns, to hold on to them. Pym got in touch with The O'Rahilly and, having corresponded through a girl in Belfast who acted as a go-between, The O'Rahilly said to buy them.

I got the Creeslough Company to buy 25 of these rifles. Seamus McNulty was O/C. Every man of the Company paid £3.

In the beginning of 1914 Dr. MacCartan and Dinny McCullough arrived in Letterkenny and called on this man, James Kearns. They had all the rifles removed to Tyrone and Belfast. Out of that lot, I got six rifles for a crowd in Derry, and a brother of mine, Joe Kelly, brought them to Derry City, where he handed them over to Paddy Lafferty.

Of course, I was never paid for them. Headquarters in Derry were to pay them, and they were to send me the money, but they never did.

Perhaps I should explain how James Kearns was able to purchase such a large quantity of arms. He was a violinist in a Freemason Band. He was able to buy revolvers, ammunition, etc., in Derry, Belfast and across the water where I would not be able to get anything. This Band was employed for Unionist functions, Orange Lodge dances, etc., and he availed of the opportunity to purchase arms in the different areas through which he travelled.

In October, 1914, I discovered that the majority of Cloghaneely Company had registered on the quiet with Redmond's crowd, as the receipts for their registration came to me by mistake. I had only eight men left in the Company. Ernest Blythe, I.R.B. Organiser, had been at Creeslough seeing McNulty and, when he called on me, I told him the situation in Cloghaneely. Blythe wanted to go along and speak to them. When we passed by the place, they were at a meeting. I told him not to trouble, that I would finish their Company. Next day Blythe went over to Dungloe to see a man named Healy whom he had heard about. I told Blythe that he was only wasting his time, as Healy was a Chairman of the Hibernians in Dungloe. When Blythe came back, he said I was right in my estimation.

In February, 1915, Jim paid me another visit. He wanted to address the Volunteers. We went to the Parish Priest, Fr. Boyle, to ask permission for the use of the College. I had asked Fr. Boyle previously for the use of the hall, but he had refused, and he and I had an argument over it. I told him he did not refuse money that one of our Committee men gave him to build the College. That was Roger Casement and he had given two or three hundred pounds to the building fund.

Fr. Boyle said I was not in a position to discuss that, and I said I was. I said to him, "Although I am not a native of your parish, I belong to Ireland and am in a position to discuss anything within the four shores of Ireland". When Pym and I called on him, the Parish Priest told Pym that none of the native people were asking for the hall. I told him that he was quibbling then. I could have got three or four men who were natives to ask, but he was just quibbling. Fr. Boyle then told Pym that he could not give us the hall, that he was heart and soul with the Allies. That was his excuse.

Pym was staying in McFadden's Hotel. I asked McFadden, who was a J.P., would he act as Chairman. He said, "No. When the Parish Priest would not give the use of the hall, I would not address any public meeting on account of my J.P-ship". McFadden, who had been a schoolteacher in Glencolumcille, posed as a terrific Irishman. Pym afterwards wrote a pamphlet - "What Robert Emmet Means in 1915"! - in which he referred to the J.P. ship.

After the last Mass on Sunday, Pym and I took possession of the parochial grounds which made a natural platform, as at that time there was no hedge. I had to be Chairman for this two-men meeting. When the crowds were coming out from the Church, we stopped them and attracted their attention. There were about a dozen peelers among them, taking notes. I introduced Pym as "Mr. Redmond" and he addressed the crowd. He said, "I see there are some of the Castle hacks here taking notes!". At the end of the meeting I asked of the crowd - there were some of our own men present - did any man present wish to join the Irish Volunteers; if so, he could hand in his name to me now or later on. None of them came forward.

That night - Sunday - the Parish Priest sent Pym a letter to state that he should not have used his grounds in face of his refusal to lend the hall. Pym wrote a letter back to him stating, "when I was introduced to you on Saturday night, I took it for granted that I was introduced to a gentleman, but, although clothed in the garb of a gentleman; you have not the breeding or instincts of a gentleman".

Immediately after that letter, the J.P's of the district, the Parish Priest and an Excise Officer held a meeting, as a result of which they all sent letters to the Chairman and Manager of the Railway Company requesting that I should be removed immediately from the Railway Station as I was a menace to the peace of the district. The Traffic Manager sent me a letter telling me about these other letters, some anonymous and others signed, and that even the Chairman, Sir John McFarlane, had received one. In his letter, the Traffic Manager asked me to give up whatever organisation I was connected with. In reply, I wrote to him stating that I had disturbed nobody's peace so far, that I was up in the mountains teaching a few fellows how to shoot straight and that I certainly would not give up the organisation.

I heard no more until some time later the landlord of the estate, a Mr. Kennedy, who was living in London with his mother, wrote to the Manager of the

Railway Company stating that I had insulted his mother and General Dobell's sister who had been on a visit to Donegal. They visited it every summer. When I was informed of the complaint, I replied to the letter by stating that, if these ladies were insulted, "it was your circular of such a date was the cause of the insult". This circular stated that a special train would be passing through the Station, and that no one was to be allowed into the Station, only to have two permanent way gang present. What it was for, I never found out since. On this particular day, I had told several persons that they would have to leave the station premises. This was previous to these two ladies" appearing on the platform, so that they were parading up and down the platform after I had cleared the others off the premises. When I got the telegraph message from Falcarragh that the train was about to enter our Station, I informed the two ladies that they would have to leave the platform. They asked me why. I told them it was "orders" and I could not say why. The Traffic Manager asked me for Mr. Kennedy's traffic over the railway. I informed the Manager that he, Kennedy, got one waggon of coal in four years and very little groceries from Derry. If the Railway Company had to depend on his traffic, it was time the Company closed down.

After the failure to have me removed from the Railway Station, the rumour went around, apparently from the J.P., that I must have been a member of the Freemasons when even Mr. Kennedy's influence would not shift me.

In the year 1915 the Headquarters of Redmond's corps of the Volunteers sent around forms to all the Companies for each man to fill in. When these papers came to several local Volunteer Companies, I advised the boys who received them not to fill them in, as there would be a big effort made to obtain recruits for the British Army and the filling in of these forms was possibly the introduction of a scheme to obtain recruits. The forms were supposed to be returned to the Headquarters from which they came, but none from Cloughaneely Company were sent back.

We were still working at the arms business during 1915. All the Volunteers that we could raise around Cloughaneely were six. We had twenty-six men in Creeslough and a dozen in Glen, about five or six miles from Creeslough. A man named McFadden, subsequently a T.D., was in charge of Glen Company. There was not much stirring in the line of arms traffic in 1915 between Kearns and myself.

In January, 1916, Mr. Blythe, who was still organising the I.R.B., called to Creeslough, stayed there from Saturday to Monday and left Creeslough by the first train on Monday for Cashelnagore. While he was on the train, I received a railway telegraph message ^{stating} that the police at Creeslough were making enquiries about this man. However, he arrived safe enough. I informed him that he would have to get back to Letterkenny on the next train, that is, in three-quarters of an hour's time, as the police were making enquiries about him. In reply to this, Blythe jocularly remarked that he must have blessed

himself with the wrong hand when he went to Mass in Creeslough. He was, of course, a Presbyterian and his father had been a clergyman. I gave Blythe an address in Letterkenny - Connel Carbery - where he could stop, and he arrived there safely enough. At nine o'clock that same night, six R.I.C. men arrived at the Station and one of the Sergeants asked me if I had seen a stranger getting off the evening train at half-three. I said that the only stranger I saw was a man who had a bundle on his shoulder. That was quite true, as Blythe was no stranger to me.

Some time afterwards, Blythe, who was in the "Hue And Cry", visited Kerry and was arrested there; He was deported along with Liam Mellows to a prison in the south of England. Shortly before Easter Week Mellows escaped and returned to Ireland, disguised as a clergyman. Blythe, being a large, cumbersome man, was not able to get away and had to remain on after Mellows' escape. He was then arrested and kept a prisoner. When the 1916 Rising occurred, he was still a prisoner. After the Rising he saw a reference to my arrest in a newspaper and he immediately wrote a letter to Mrs. Desmond-Fitzgerald, asking her to make enquiries as to how my wife and family were situated. When I heard of this very thoughtful move of his, I appreciated it very much.

About the middle of February, 1916, I wrote to Padraig Pearse, inviting him down to address a meeting at Doe Castle, Creeslough. This meeting was being organised by myself and the McNulty family in an effort to improve the morale of that district, which was then at a very low ebb from the national point of view.. Pearse sent a reply to my letter in which he expressed pleasure at the prospect of renewing his acquaintanceship of the McNulty family. Some time previous to this, one of the McNulty's was summoned for having his

name in Irish on his cart, and Padraig Pearse defended him. This was Pearse's one and only case in the Courts. As soon as he read my letter, he remembered his defence of ^{John McBride's uncle,} McNulty, and made special mention of the family in his reply. The bills announcing the meeting were in the printer's hands, bands had been engaged to come from different districts, and all arrangements were very much advanced, when the Rising in Dublin took place, so that cancelled everything.

About a month before the Rising Padraig Pearse visited Derry City. The main purpose of this visit was to hold a review of the Volunteers in Derry City. In addition, there was the question of the traffic of arms, of which Derry was a centre. On this occasion, Herbert Moore Pym accompanied Pearse. Pym had written to Kearns previously to bring a number of rifles into Derry City before the meeting. I was doing Intelligence work at this time and I got to know of Pym's instructions to Kearns. As I knew that a large draft of police were to arrive in Derry about this time, I took it upon myself to cancel Pym's orders to Kearns. I considered that the holding of the review and the bringing in of the arms to Derry at the same time might endanger not only the rifles but some of the leaders at the review. Kearns did not take the rifles in to Derry. This incident caused Pym annoyance, and later in a letter he reprimanded me for my interfering activities, but at the bottom of the letter he admitted that my cancellation of his order was wise and right under the circumstances.

Just previous to the Rising Kearns was engaged in the purchase of three French machine guns from munition agents in London. These weapons, which were mounted on wheels and were of .75 calibre, were large and cumbersome. When G.H.Q.

were informed of Mr. Kearns' efforts, they issued instructions to him to purchase the guns minus the wheels. He found, however, that the agents would not sell them except in their complete state. In preparation for the importation of these weapons to Ireland, Kearns had three life-size statues made, in which he planned to conceal the guns. The statues were to be despatched to a Parish Priest in County Donegal. As a result of further negotiating with Headquarters, it was decided that Kearns should buy the machine guns complete with wheels. When he returned to London and contacted the agents, he was told that the arms had been handed over to the French Government, and thus the opportunity to purchase had passed.

About three weeks before the Rising, Kearns had a large case packed in a hardware firm in Derry. He had bought some revolvers in Belfast, Derry and Strabane, and about three weeks before the Rising these weapons were to be sent to Letterkenny. It was a Protestant firm that packed them. He had purchased some of the stuff from this firm and two or three other Protestant firms in Derry. I instructed the Derry Battalion to have this large case taken to Letterkenny by road. When Paddy Lafferty appeared with a horse and lorry to transport the stuff, the man in charge of it at this hardware firm told him that the horse would not be able to draw it to Letterkenny, as there was over half a ton at least in it. Before the arms were taken to Letterkenny, some of the local Derry Volunteer leaders took three or four revolvers out of the case, which they had no right to do. One of them, I think, was Kavanagh. He is dead now. He was supposed to be a Commandant. He was arrested on the Friday of Easter Week going to his work, and he had a German Mauser in his hip pocket, so that finished him.

On Easter Sunday, 1916, I had a few Volunteers - six men and myself - mobilised at Cashelnagore. We cycled to Creeslough where we met McNulty. He had twenty-six men, including himself. We marched with twenty-six rifles and six revolvers. The R.I.C. came out to chase us. We had no orders to do anything. We ordered the R.I.C. back into their barracks and told them to remain there. We had already cut the wires by this time. Our position was rather delicate, as we had no definite orders to do anything. We were awaiting orders from Dr. McCartan which never came. Later on Sunday Seamus McNulty and I inspected a number of railway bridges and road bridges for the purpose of planning the demolition of them. McNulty, who was a bricklayer by trade, was an expert on bridges, arches, keystones, etc. McNulty had come from America late in 1915 with despatches for Tom Clarke from the Clan Na Gael and I.R.B.

On Easter Monday there was still no word. Through my position as Station Master on the Railway, I was advised to send no goods to Dublin as there had been some trouble there. I had a pass on the railway, and on Monday evening my brother, Joe, and I started off for Dublin by train. We arrived in Portadown at about 7.15 p.m. and were informed that no trains would pass Dundalk and that maybe none would go even that far, with the result that we decided to return home again. When we found that there was no possibility of getting by train any further than Dundalk, there was nothing left for us to do but to return from Portadown to Derry by the next train.

On Tuesday morning of Easter Week I arrived in Cashelnagore from Derry. McNulty and myself kept in contact all the time. The R.I.C. did not interfere with anyone during the week. They just came up to the railway station,

but never said anything.

On the Saturday of Easter Week, 1916, I was arrested. There was a baby born in the house three days before, and my wife's mother was there. She was up when the police came at about five o'clock in the morning, and she called to me in the next room where I was sleeping with the boys. She said, "I see a lot of police knocking around". I did not want to upset my wife and I had warned her beforehand not to be alarmed if the police came for me, because I had got the tip from the guards on the railway that there were a few arrests in Derry on the Friday, including Joe O'Doherty and the rest. After my wife's mother had warned me about the police, there was a terrific knock at the front door. I remember it was a terribly wet morning. I went to the landing and called down, "You are too early for the train. I'll go down and open the waiting room for you". The D.I. shouted for me to go down at once and I replied, "Wait till I put on my pants". I was in my pyjamas. I had the door locked and they started to throw big boulders at the door. They were not able to open it, but they had all the panels smashed. I took the lock off and opened the door. The D.I. had a revolver drawn and he said, "I arrest you in connection with this Volunteer movement". There were seventeen of them in it. My wife had got out of bed by this time and was coming downstairs, calling on me to go with them, as she thought I was going to resist the police.

During all the earlier commotion my wife was aware that there was a bayonet and a .22 rifle hidden in a wooden chest at the foot of the bed, and she took the bayonet and put it down her nightdress. I told her not to touch the .22, as they knew I had it and had seen me out shooting with

it, and it might stop them from wrecking the house. I was held downstairs. When the Sergeant from Falcarragh went into my wife's room, he got the .22 rifle. There was another wooden chest in the room where my wife kept the baby's clothes, and he asked her was there anything in it. She said to him, "You can search". He just saw baby clothes. When he was half-way down, his face was getting flushed up, and he stopped. At the bottom of the chest were 500 rounds of revolver ammunition, which belonged to McNulty of Creeslough. My wife did not know about this. Underneath the bed where I had slept were a .45 revolver, 300 rounds of ammunition for the revolver, and 350 rounds of .303 ammunition. All this time the police were actually leaning up against a partition behind which I had placed the Lee Enfield.

When Fr. Murray, the Curate, heard about this raid, he called to the house. My wife's mother told him about this box under the bed where I had slept, and he told her to have it opened on the quiet and the revolver and ammunition made up into three or four parcels. She carried out his instructions and the railway porter took charge of the parcels. When the priest came back again in his car some time afterwards, the R.I.C. were still there, so he asked the porter were there any parcels for the Parochial House, and the porter said, "Yes". Father Murray took the parcels away - right under their nose. My wife knew where the rifle was, but was not able to shift it. She sent for a few lads to come and shift the rifle, but they would not look near it. When she felt stronger again, she took the rifle herself and threw it in the river. (Before throwing the barrell in the river, she burnt the butt in the range fire.)

When I was being arrested, I objected to the policemen

handcuffing me as I did not want my children to see me in handcuffs, so they took me away without them. I was taken to Derry by train, in company with two Sergeants and three or four policemen. One of them said to me on the journey, "You are a queer hawk! You got two men to leave the R.I.C.". It was fact. I got two young men to leave the R.I.C. and go to America. He said then, "You told the Sergeant a lie on the occasion a few weeks back when they were enquiring about a strange man that left the train". This referred to Blythe's visit. I asked the Sergeant did they think they were God Almighty, that I should tell them everything I saw.

When the train got to Letterkenny, we were met by Head Constable O'Connor (afterwards Commissioner in Belfast some years back) and a few other policemen. O'Connor said nothing, but one of the Sergeants said, "I see you have got one of them". It seems that I was the only one that was arrested in Donegal. When we got to Newtowncunningham, I wanted to go to the toilet and the whole escort had to come along with me. We went back to the train again and the Sergeant asked me, for God's sake, to put on the handcuffs as he would get into trouble when we got to Derry, so I let him put the handcuffs on me. When we got to Derry, the first person I met was my mother and she nearly collapsed when she saw me. She was very hysterical as she suffered from nerves. Every Saturday she came to the railway station at Derry to send a parcel to us - groceries and little things for the children.

The escort and I left Derry station and went over to a car rank. They called over a jarvey - the first man in the rank, a man called English - and when he saw me, he said, "No, I'll never drive that man with you as an escort". They called another jarvey, Bradley, and he and a cousin of

his, also a jarvey, volunteered to drive us. They took us to Victoria Police Barracks. When we arrived there, they did not know what to do with me. They rang up the military barracks at Waterside and were informed that they knew nothing about me. After about an hour's waiting, I was lodged in Derry Jail.

After a preliminary examination, taking my money from me, getting my cap, etc., they found two bullets in my waistcoat pocket. One of them said, "Ha! Ha! You were going to do a bit of shooting!". I said to the warder that they were harmless unless I had a weapon to fire them from. After a few more preliminaries, I was brought up to a cell by a warder. On the way up, he said to me, "I will have to take your cap off". I was wearing my cap. After being locked in the cell, I heard a voice shouting out that so-and-so was a prisoner now. Then another voice called out. I recognised the voice that called as being Joe O'Doherty's brother's voice, Vincent. I said something then and he knew my voice as soon as I spoke. "Christ! It's Dan Kelly", he said. Two warders came to my cell and said they were bringing me to the Governor for talking to the man in the next cell. I said to myself, "I'm early in trouble". When Vincent O'Doherty heard the commotion, he called out, "He was not speaking. It was me that was speaking". So that finished the matter.

Then I was locked in all night. That was Saturday. We went to Mass on Sunday morning in the prison church. After Mass we were walking around the ring with other prisoners and I saw all the lads I knew. There were Louis Smith, an old man of seventy-five, Joe O'Doherty, Vincent O'Doherty, Paddy Hegarty, Paddy Shiels and Charlie Breslin, all from Derry. Also there were Hugh Gribben from Castledawson

side, McGurk from Gullaghduff, and Jimmie Grieves from Glenmornan. Louis Smith complained to me that they were very cruel in the prison. I asked him why. He said, "The bed they gave me has a runner across the middle and when I put my mattress on it, this runner hurts my back". He had fixed it upside down. I told him he would have to reverse it and put the flat side facing up. Louis was a bit more comfortable that night and when I met him next morning he had no complaint.

On Monday morning we were paraded at five o'clock and handcuffed in pairs. I was handcuffed to Louis Smith. Three companies of soldiers came into Derry Jail at 6.30 a.m. and at about 6.40 a.m. we were marched out of the jail and down to the Great Northern Railway Station. There were four of us put into each compartment, accompanied by four soldiers. Before the train left the station, an officer came to the compartment and told the soldiers that, if there was any attempt to escape, or attempted rescue, the orders were to shoot to kill. When the train reached Portadown, all the soldiers got refreshments but we got nothing. After an uneventful journey, we arrived at Amiens Street Station and, coming down the platform, I saw one of the Sergeants that arrested me carrying the evidence in my case with him, the .22 rifle.

We were marched to Trinity College. I remember the buildings were all smouldering after the week's conflict. We were kept in Trinity College for about an hour and then the soldiers got orders to bring us to Richmond Barracks.

When we arrived at Richmond Barracks we were put into the gym room. We were kept there for a couple of hours and still nothing to eat. We had the same escort with us, the Inniskilling Fusiliers. A British soldier of the Sherwood

Foresters came over to one of the Inniskilling Fusiliers, a lad named Doherty, who was a Protestant, and said to him: "All these characters should be shot"! Doherty said to him: "If you touch a hair on one of their heads, you will be sorry for it. These men have a country to fight for. You men have never been to a war. Our battalion is only after coming from France, and now we are stuck on to this dirty job".

We were kept in the gymnasium until about three o'clock when twenty-six of us were taken out of that party and put into a small room which would normally hold six. We had no place to sit, and we had to lie down on the floor, or stand. At 5 p.m. two buckets of tea were brought into our room and hard biscuits - two iron rations each. Having nothing to drink the tea from, we had to stand the buckets on the window-sill while each man took a sup out of it to soften the biscuits. At night, when it came for time to lie down, we had to lie down on the bare boards. We used our boots as pillows and we had no covering of any sort. The same conditions prevailed all the time we were there, from that Saturday until the following Friday. From this barracks we could hear the shooting of the leaders. On Tuesday a door opposite ours opened. We were surprised to see Dinny McCullough and the Belfast boys in a room.

On that Friday a big contingent of us were sent off from Richmond Barracks and we were marched down to the Holyhead boat. My group were put down on the cattle decks while another group were above us. Our escort was a Battalion of Sherwood Foresters. We arrived in Holyhead in the early hours of the morning where there were refreshments for the British soldiers but none for us. Our group were brought to Wakefield prison and the contingent that had been

above us on the boat were sent to Stafford Prison.

We arrived in Wakefield after some hours' travelling and we were kept waiting in a big assembly hall. Eventually we were brought in, one by one, and searched. Our money and watches, if we had them, were taken from us. We were placed in cells at about five or six o'clock in the evening. We had not eaten any food from mid-day on the Friday until about 6.30 p.m. on Saturday in Wakefield. Before the food was brought around to me in the cell, I had fallen into a half-sleep. When the cell door opened, the warder had a soldier with him who was an army prisoner, and he said something which I could not understand. "Gor blimey!", he said, "they are all deaf". I told the warder that we never had been in jail before and we did not know the lingo. He said, "You just put out your pint and plate outside the door". We got tea and some bread and margarine. On Sunday we were assembled for Mass after breakfast. The prisoners all sang the hymns of the Mass and "Hail, Glorious Saint Patrick", etc. The warders sat facing us at the Mass. We were there about three weeks, and we only got ten minutes' exercise in the day.

One day a warder came around and asked would I like to work in the prison workshops. He said I could pick half a dozen or so of my pals. I got young Christy Carbery from Dublin and we had a grand time making mats. The old warder would let us have a smoke on the quiet. He sat between Christy and me when we were making the mats. He told us he had been stationed in Dublin for so many years with the British Artillery and that, when he heard us singing at Mass, he was delighted. He was the only one of them that was any good.

At the end of three weeks, a Staff Sergeant of the Military came to my cell. "Your name Kelly?" I said,

"Yes". He said, "I want you to give me the right address and all. There are so many Kellys, we want to segregate them". I asked him what the idea was. He said, "You may be getting home". A few days later we were all assembled in the main hall and we were informed that every man whose name was called out was to go to Section D. There were a hundred names called out, including mine. We were congratulating one another on getting home, when Hughie Gribben said to me, "Dan, we are not getting home. They wouldn't be leaving Anthony McGuirk behind and letting us go home". The hundred of us were assembled there for some time, and we were then brought individually to the Governor's office where we were handed a typed form each. The Governor told us we were going to Frongoch. He said, "This document says that you are being detained during His Majesty's pleasure". We were getting prison for thinking and for having acted against His Majesty's realm. We asked the warders where Frongoch was, and they did not know. Somehow the word got home to the people in Derry that we were going to New South Wales! We got all our money back and anybody owning watches, etc., got them back. The Sergeant that had been in charge of the prisoners was looking for tips from us. Then we got orders to march from the prison.

We had an escort of four Companies of soldiers of the Scottish Highlanders when we left Wakefield Jail. All the prisoners sang "The Soldier's Song". That was really the first time I had heard that air. We sang it on the platform while waiting for the train. The Officers of the Scottish Highlanders were delighted with it and said it was the best marching air they ever heard. They brought Billy Denn into their carriage. He was a Kilkenny man and a grand singer. He had to sing "The Soldier's Song" a few times and write it out for them. When we got to

Manchester, the train was held up for a while. There was a light engine and some carriages stalled opposite our carriage and it was shunted in there. The people in the carriages alongside of us were jeering at us, and the engine driver and fireman said to me, "You bloody Germans deserve it all". I told him we were Irish, not Germans. The engine driver then changed his tune and said, "Rub it into the old country all the time". When we got to Birmingham, the Officers of the Scottish Regiment bought a number of newspapers and periodicals and handed some into each carriage for us to pass the time with. They told us when we were finished with ours, we could exchange them with the next compartment. I thought it was very decent of them. Amongst our escort was a lad called Ross from the Highlands, and he said he wished there had been Sinn Féin in Scotland, that he would not have been with that gang then. Eventually we came to a station on the border between England and Wales where the train was stopped for a time. The lads were talking amongst themselves, and an old man on the platform, overhearing the conversation, shouted, "And the best man ever you had was Parnell!".

Eventually we arrived at Frongoch, North Wales. We were the first hundred that arrived there. I remember the Cork man, Seán Hales, was one of our number. We were brought into an old disused distillery which had been previously occupied by the Germans and had been condemned by the Americans. The soldiers who had escorted us were shaking hands with us when the old Camp Commandant came along and chased the soldiers. The Camp Commandant, Colonel Heygate-Lambert, gave us a lecture. He pointed out the compound to us and said, "Do you see this compound? Do you see those platforms around you?". They were high up. He said, "There are two soldiers on each, armed with shotguns, and the guns are loaded with buckshot. Do you know what buckshot is?". A young lad of sixteen, called Murphy, from Wexford said, "Yes, we make that at home!".

We had many ups and downs in Frongoch Camp. One day Dinny McCullough came to me and said: "We are reorganising the I.R.B. and you will be representing Donegal. Could you nominate a man to represent Derry?" I named two or three men, but McCullough would not agree; so when I suggested a man named Pat Hegarty, he said he would do. We held a meeting of the I.R.B. in the Y.M.C.A. Hall within the Camp. Amongst those present were Sean T. O'Kelly, Liam Pedlar - who had come from America - Dinny McCullough, and several others whose names I cannot remember, but they were from every county in Ireland. We had a very successful gathering and we raised the nucleus of the organisation for re-forming when we got out.

There were releases from time to time from Frongoch Camp and I was released coming up to Christmas 1916.

Having no employment, I was asked to go to Donegal to organise the Volunteers and the I.R.B. I started several companies from then until 1918, when I had to clear out. I had no job in 1917 to 1918. I went to live in Ballybofey in a house owned by a Mr. McGinty. An uncle of mine supplied me with a bale of drapery goods which I peddled from house to house through the country. This occupation was a great help to me when making contacts for organising purposes.

After a couple of months the R.I.C. sergeant came to the house one day and said that I would have to give up this travelling around the country without a licence. I informed the sergeant that this was my livelihood and that I would still travel. The landlord of the house, who had a drapery house in Ballybofey with his sons, was a J.P. and he said he would try to get me a licence. He spoke to Mr. Robinson, the Resident Magistrate, who told him to ask me to go and see him. When I went to see him at his house a few miles outside Donegal town, on the Bundoran side, the first words he said to me were:

"You think that I am looking for information". This was on account of my being in the I.R.A. "But", he said, "you may disabuse your mind to that effect. The Castle Hacks in Dublin Castle are running this country". He was very fair-minded. In fact, the Castle Hacks opposed him when getting the job as Resident Magistrate, although he was a Colonel of the British Grenadiers. "If you get this licence", he said, "there's only one thing I'll ask you not to do, and that is not to lead the Germans when they land in Ireland. At present they are expecting a landing on the west coast of Donegal". I told him the Germans would hardly come to me as they would know the country better than I would. He said that Ireland owed a debt to France as she had tried to help us in years gone by. I told him the help was very little and that Ireland had repaid it a hundredfold. He had no answer for that. He told me in connection with the licence to employ a solicitor to bring the case to Court.

I employed a solicitor named Boyle. He knew little about this kind of licence, and he and I studied the law-books. On the day the case came up in Court, District Inspector Moore opposed the granting of the licence to me. In the course of the proceedings, I saw that my solicitor was making a mistake when quoting the passages and I had to pull him up and contradict him in what he was quoting. The R.M. had to smile to himself on the quiet. After some time the licence was granted.

In Ballybofey we had started the Volunteers with six men and we met in the shop I had. We even had County meetings of the Volunteers in the shop on a Saturday. When people would come to the shop to buy goods, I would say that we were sold out. After some time we got an old Billiard Hall belonging to McGlynchey's Hotel. The rumour went round

that we were getting this Hall and the next thing I had a visit from the police. Sergeant Mooney of the R.I.C. came one Friday and told me he had received letters about us getting the hall. (It was the Hibernians who wrote them). Anonymous letters were sent to the D.I. about it. Sergeant Mooney warned me that if I went into the Hall to have a meeting he would have to raid it and summon us. On Sunday I called a meeting of the Volunteers. We had only about ten men at that time, and I told them what the Sergeant had said. I put it to them that if they wanted to go to the Hall we would go and that I was not going to ask them to do a thing I would not do myself. Every man agreed to go to the Hall. We went there at 7.30 on the Sunday night. The police came round the Hall but did not enter. The Sergeant came to me on Monday. He said that this billiard room was attached to the licensed premises because there was an overhead passage running between the hotel and the billiard room and that, if we got the door built up, it would be cut off from the licensed premises and we would be safe from any trouble. He remarked that before many years passed, we could have the choice of any hall. He was a very fair-minded man.

The numbers of Volunteers in Ballybofey Company started to grow and, six months later, we had at least fifty men in Ballybofey and Stranorlar. I bought a couple of rifles from Dublin for rifle practice and target shooting. The Volunteers then spread around the country and we even got in the whole Hibernian district between Letterkenny and Stranorlar. I went in 1917 to Dublin and registered a few companies. Headquarters was then at 33 Bachelors Walk.

Joe O'Doherty and Collins were present that day and I asked them where I could find Mick Staines and if he was doing quartermaster at the time. They told me I would get him upstairs in the next flat. I went upstairs and asked for Mr. Staines. When I entered the room where he was I mentioned to him that I required a couple of rifles for practising purposes

for the Ballybofey Company. Without looking up he said: "We have none". When I spoke again, he looked up and recognised me. "I didn't know your voice at the start", he said. He gave me the address of a shop in North King St. to go to for the arms. He said: "You may be arrested when you get outside the door and into the street as two lads were arrested yesterday evening" I said I would chance it. I sauntered along, keeping an eye out for anyone who might be following me and eventually arrived at the shop in North King St. without any trouble. I gave the name of the man I was looking for to two girls there and they said he was not in. They brought me up to the kitchen to wait for him. About twenty minutes later he arrived and he asked me to wait for a few more minutes. I cannot remember his name. He was a young man. I gave him Staines's note. When he returned he had a horse and van outside and he told me to come along with him in the van. He turned the van up a laneway and into a mews behind Parnell Square. Having put the horse in the stable, he brought me up to a loft over the stable. Guns were piled up all over it and I got two Lee Enfield rifles. We took off the stocks and packed them up in a neat parcel.

I walked down O'Connell St. with the parcel of arms to the Globe Hotel where I was stopping. I had a room to myself and I put the parcel into the bottom of a drawer that was in the lower part of the wardrobe. Then I went to the Great Northern Railway Station to study the time-table for my return journey to Ballybofey. I discovered that, if I travelled by the train leaving Dublin at 9 a.m., I would have to wait over two hours at Portadown for a connection to Strabane, but that, if I went by the train leaving Dublin at 7 a.m., I would have only ten minutes wait at Portadown for the connection to Strabane. At that time the train at 7 a.m. did not carry any third-class passengers, so I decided to travel second-class.

I left Dublin next morning by the 7 a.m. train and threw my parcel of arms up on the rack. Three British officers came into my carriage and sat down. At Portadown I changed trains and arrived safely at Strabane where I had to wait three-quarters of an hour for a train to Stranorlar. As I did not want to be hawking the parcel around with me, I left it on a seat and walked up and down the platform. I met a friend of mine on the platform who wanted to bring me into the bar for a drink, but I refused as there was a Special Crimes man of the R.I.C. named Gallagher who had me under observation. When the Stranorlar train arrived I boarded it. At Lascooley station I hopped off the train with the parcel and asked for the Stationmaster, who was also named Kelly, to hold the train a minute. I ran into his house and left the parcel of arms there. When I came out again I told the Stationmaster that I would call for the parcel next day. I then boarded the train and arrived at Ballybofey without incident.

Next day I cycled via the back roads to Lascooley Station. The Stationmaster, Kelly, said to me: "I know what you have in that parcel". I said: "You don't". He said: "They are rifles".

I might mention that before I took this trip to Dublin, the police at Stranorlar asked the railway porter to find out where I was going. It was the day of the hiring fair in Strabane and I knew there would be a very big crowd of people gathered there, so I told the porter I was going to Strabane. This R.I.C. man, Gallagher, was on the platform but he lost sight of me in the crowd. I got a single ticket for Dublin, and so they did not know where I was.

I got the parcel of rifles safely to my home. That night a lad called Henry McGowan, who had been in the British army, saw me undoing the parcel. He said: "In all my time in the British army I never saw rifles with the butts off!" That

was an armourer's job and it was an armourer that taught me the job. I was always interested to see how they were fitted up. I had a long screwdriver to fit down into the rifle butt and unscrew it.

Every Sunday afterwards we had rifle practice at various centres. The police were asking the Cumann na mban what we were doing and some of them told them, but we changed our venue each Sunday. From that time on, I got several more districts into the Volunteers.

About this time we had scouts out observing the residence of a land steward, as we heard he had rifles in the house. This land steward was called Bustard - a "bad egg" he was too. We got hold of one of the men who worked in the place and he told us that Bustard had about 40 rifles stacked upstairs. We held a meeting in Letterkenny and Dr. Joe McGinley and Jim Dawson (now a Superintendent in the Guards) were present. We discussed ways and means of capturing these rifles. Bustard was a desperate type of man, big and burly, who would not hesitate to shoot. We had a plan of the house and the surrounding grounds. I submitted my plan for the capture of the rifles at the meeting. If we had about twenty men in the bushes opposite the halldoor, I would go to the halldoor, knock, ask for Mr. Bustard and hold him up, and if he put up any resistance, the men hidden in the bushes were to rush to the rescue. The matter was left at that. They made other arrangements. On the following day Jim Dawson's father arrived at my place in Ballybofey. He asked me was I mad or what. I asked him what did he mean. He said: "You are a married man with a family, and I heard of what you planned to do, and you can rest assured that neither Dr. McGinley nor my son will be there". I said: "I will see". I told him that we were having a meeting the next night of our own few men. The Letterkenny men were stronger than us and it was they suggested the raid. Two days later

District-Inspector Moore sent out a feeler to Letterkenny stating that these rifles that Bustard had were shifted to the Royal School in Raphoe. That ended that episode.

We raided a few houses and got double-barreled guns and also a Volunteer rifle.

In January 1918, we had what was the largest meeting ever to be held in Donegal at any time. This meeting took place in Ballybofey and Mr. de Valera and Mr. McEntee attended. We had a dinner party after it and Mr. de Valera congratulated the man that organised this demonstration. Some of the men present pointed to me as the man responsible. Before the meeting took place, the Hibernians made threats that they did not allow Orangemen to march in Ballybofey and neither would they allow us to do so. I went to some of the head men of the Hibernians and warned them that, if they made any threats like that, they would only come off second-best. The meeting and demonstration passed over without any disturbance.

The Volunteers in several areas in Donegal wanted to have a parade on St. Patrick's Day, 1918, and they tried to influence de Valera to have the parade in their particular towns, such as Donegal town, Ballyshannon, Letterkenny. I explained to de Valera the position of Ballybofey, that it was a purely Hibernian centre and so it was necessary to have the St. Patrick's Day Commemoration held in Ballybofey. At the Convention Mr. de Valera decided in our favour. It was a bigger demonstration even than the one in January. Eoin MacNeill and Cathal Bradley were the principal speakers. St. Patrick's Day was on a Sunday. The railway company would not give us a train on any part of the line.

On St. Patrick's Day 1918, when the parade was over - we had pickets on the streets all day - District Inspector Moore ordered the Volunteer in charge of the picket to take his men

away. The Volunteer said: "I am taking no orders from you" and called over Jim Dawson to tell him what the D.I. wanted. Dawson told this man to carry on as he was doing. The District Inspector sent an R.I.C. Constable down to the barracks to tell Sergeant Mooney to send out the men. Sergeant Mooney said: "No, I am in charge of the men of the barracks. This picket did good work as they kept any men from getting under the influence of drink and kept everything in order". While Eoin MacNeill, Cathal Bradley, myself and a few others were at a dinner in O'Donnell's of Stranorlar, word came to us that there was shooting in Ballybofey. I told MacNeill to stay where he was, and J. Hannigan, McGowan and I went out to investigate. Coming over the bridge between Stranorlar and Ballybofey, we met the Letterkenny crowd marching. I asked them what happened. They said that D.I. Moore was getting a bit threatening and that they fired a few shots over his head. Everything passed off quietly.

Some time afterwards I was warned by a Mr. McLaughlin of the intended arrest of three men. The three men were Jim Dawson, McNelis of Ardara and myself. I had left the district before that order came out, although my wife and family were still living there, and I was not arrested. Dawson and McNelis got three months imprisonment. Sergeant Mooney had the warrant for my arrest and he told a man called McLoughlin, who used to drive him, about the warrant, but he said he would not put it into execution while I was out of his district. I used to go home at weekends and I never knew about that. Sergeant Mooney was very fair.

In November 1918, I got a job in the Engineering shop at the shipyard in Derry. I still kept in touch with the Volunteer Company in Ballybofey.

In October 1919, I was selected to represent the I.R.B.

in Donegal at a meeting in Fleming's Hotel, Gardiner's Place, Dublin. Jim Dobbŷn was representing Ulster. The meeting was in connection with the election of a President for Sinn Féin and all sections were pledged to vote for de Valera. De Valera was elected President. At this time Mr. de Valera was not a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, although he got their enthusiastic support for the presidency of Sinn Féin. In the Mansion House, just before the meeting really got started, - Arthur Griffith was in the chair - one of the O'Hanrahans got up and said that, before the meeting or any voting took place, he wished to make a strong protest as there was a big number of delegates present who belonged to an organisation and all of whom had pledged themselves to vote for a certain candidate. He was over-ruled by the chairman, Griffith. De Valera was formally proposed and, without any vote being taken at all, Arthur Griffith stated that he was resigning in favour of Mr. de Valera, and Count Plunkett, who was a candidate, also withdrew his nomination in favour of Mr. de Valera. Mr. de Valera was unanimously elected. The next procedure was to elect a committee. Countess Markievicz sprang up and she said that she strongly objected to one man's name only on the nomination papers and that was Eoin MacNeill's. All the delegates present howled her down. De Valera got up and he said: "The price that England put on Eoin MacNeill's head justifies his nomination". Eoin MacNeill had been sentenced to death, he said, and that was enough. The Countess's objection was because MacNeill had called off the mobilisation for Easter Sunday 1916.

At that meeting I met Sean Gibbons, Fred Allen, who was City Treasurer, or something in the Dublin Corporation, and Joe Murray, an old I.R.B. man who owned, with J. O'Mahony, Fleming's Hotel, and we had a discussion amongst ourselves on the whole movement. They got to know of my straitened circumstances,

and Allen wanted me to go to the City Hall and apply for National Aid. I said I would not go, that I would try to knock out my own existence, and that it was for the families of men who had died for their country.

I was working in the shipyard in Derry in November or December 1918. I brought up my wife and family from Ballybofey to live in Derry. There had been a Sinn Féin Club, a Volunteer organisation and a Pearse Hall in the city. A few of us, amongst whom were Joe Flanagan, myself and some others, whose names I forget - some of them are dead - got our heads together and decided that we would start a Sinn Féin organisation and a Volunteer company in the Waterside district. This scheme was opposed by the leading members of the Padraig Pearse Club, who informed me that we could not start anything like that without their authority. They were Sinn Féin members and Volunteers. I immediately wrote to Headquarters of Sinn Féin, and also to Michael Collins about the Volunteer Company. We got the required permission from both. There was a lot of men in the Waterside who would not go into Derry. We started both the Sinn Féin Club and the Volunteer Company and they turned out successfully. We kept that Company alive all through the Black and Tan period.

On the Monday before Ash Wednesday 1920, Joe Flanagan got posters put up announcing a ceili and a supper in St. Patrick's Hall in Waterside. These posters were printed by a Presbyterian printer called Joseph Chamberlain. Previously, Joe Flanagan had asked the "Derry Journal", which was supposed to be a nationalist paper, to print the posters, but the "Derry Journal" refused to have anything to do with printing them as they were afraid their machines would be closed down. The British military proceeded to proclaim St. Patrick's Hall for that night and ordered it to be closed down for twenty-four hours. As we had all the food in, we notified all the

people who were coming to the social that we were holding it on that Tuesday night, that is, Shrove Tuesday. We had got the thing started when Fr. McFeely, who was Administrator of the Waterside Chapel and of the Hall, arrived and demanded to see Joe Flanagan and myself. He said to us: "When you got me away you decided to hold the social in spite of the proclamation". We told him that the twenty-four hours military proclamation was up and that, as we had a lot of food on hands and paid for, we had decided to hold the social instead of throwing all the food away. Half of our intending patrons did not turn up on the Tuesday night, and what food we did not use we gave to some poor people around.

Some time later I lost my job in the shipyard and I went to South Derry where I was organising two things - The Irish National Insurance Company and the Irish Volunteers. In Glen, Maghera, I got a big company of Volunteers started. An uncle of mine, Barney Devlin, gave the men in charge £400 to help build a hall. The hall is still there. That was going on to 1919. When things were beginning to get a bit too hot around that district, I eventually had to clear out in January 1920.

One day I was walking along Foyle St. with a man called McAuley. We passed two men, Flynn and Cathal Bradley. I did not know Cathal Bradley at the time and, just as we had passed, Flynn called me back and introduced me to Cathal Bradley. Flynn, who was a member of the Volunteers and a traveller, asked me how the position was with me and I told him that I had to clear out of South Co. Derry. He asked me would I take a job in the newly started bus company. Bradley, who was chairman of the Bus Committee of the Corporation, said to me: "I am going to appoint you as inspector, with the intention later on of making you manager". He said: "Before the Unionist members of the Corporation went out in December, they appointed all Protestants".

I started my job in the bus service and Bradley told me to

keep in touch always with him. Colonel Bowen, who was a colonel in the British army and a big farmer, was the manager of the bus service, and he used often be away at fairs, etc. It came to a time when Bradley forced him to resign from the bus service. The Bus Committee met to appoint a new manager, but, through outside interference, the whole thing was muffed about my being appointed. Somebody else put up Paddy Shiels who knew nothing about the position, with the result that it split the votes. Mayor O'Doherty came to that bus meeting. Being the Mayor, he had the right to sit on any committee of the Corporation as chairman, and this was the first bus meeting he came to. My name was proposed by Bradley and seconded by Pat Hegarty, I think. Mayor O'Doherty got up and proposed an Englishman called Jolliffe, for the job, whom the Unionists had appointed previously as a conductor. There was more or less an uproar then. The Mayor said: "This man will not come up to shoot us anyway". He got all the Unionist members to back him up. There was a bit of an uproar. Our party wanted to compromise by having a joint managership between Jolliffe and myself.

The "shooting" referred to by the Mayor at the Bus meeting may require an explanation. A couple of weeks before that meeting I had been suspended. O'Doherty was "head-buck-cat" of everything. That night, Jimmy Lynch, Paddy Lafferty and a few of the Volunteers went to the private residence of the Mayor and told him if I was not reinstated in the morning, it would be too bad for him.

I did not get the job as manager. I would have got it only through Gallagher and McNally putting up Paddy Shiels and so the Nationalist vote was divided.

The old Mayor was still trying to shift me. He told Bradley and these fellows that I never stopped going in and out of the Northern Counties Hotel. I used to be in it very often,

but my business there was to get information. There was a barmaid in it called Mary Molloy, who is now in America. She was a member of the Cumann na mBan. The bar-room was a kind of private affair and was frequented by British officers. She was able to tip me off about a few things. Through her I got in contact with a Major of the British Army Transport. We used have an odd drink together. On one occasion he told me that he had been asked to go down with troops to West Donegal and he said he would rather be in the battlefields of France or Flanders. The troops were to go to West Donegal by train, and the stationmasters or railway porters did not know what the train was going for when it left at midnight.

When I received the information about the British troops travelling by train to the west of Donegal, I contacted two Volunteers, James Lynch and George Doherty (now a commandant in the National Army). I got the two of them to cycle out to Manorcunningham at about ten o'clock that night and, when they arrived there, to get in touch with a lad named William Holmes, and to get him to send a dispatch to Letterkenny about this troop train. Lynch and Doherty cycled to Manorcunningham, but they arrived so late that Holmes could not get any man. Lynch and Doherty cycled on to Letterkenny where they contacted Jim Dawson (now a Superintendent in the Guards). Dawson, who had a motor-cycle, went to Creeslough and got in touch with the Captain of the Creeslough Section, who sent a couple of men in a motor car to contact Joe Sweeney of Burtonport (later a Major-General in the army). Joe Sweeney got a crowd together and put Peadar O'Donnell in charge. The Derry Column - McCann, Rogers and others - was operating around that district. Before the attack was to take place, O'Donnell ordered the Derry contingent to clear off. The Derry Battalion had supplied hand grenades, and any rifles they had down there were supplied by the Derry contingent. The Volunteers under O'Donnell controlled a cutting in the railway between Crolly and Kincasslagh. O'Donnell had boulders placed on the railway.

The engine driver told me afterwards that he saw these boulders on the railway and he thought they were sheep. He slowed down the train until he came up to them. O'Donnell and his men were about fifty feet above the train and they hurled the bombs into the train. A report came to Derry that there were several soldiers killed.

A week afterwards, I met this British Major in the Northern Counties Hotel and he was telling me about this ambush. He said: "If the blighters had opened the pins of the bombs, there would not have been one of us left alive". He said they they just threw the hand grenades into the cutting the same as they would throw a stone. I asked him was anybody injured and he said one of the men got a cut from broken glass. The engine driver backed the train to Crolly to get into telephonic communication with the military. O'Donnell's men went off. At that time the railway officials did not know. They thought it was a fish train. There was a Scottish stationmaster named Reid, and a few other head men there, who were the only ones that knew.

A week after that event, troops were being conveyed by rail at about three o'clock in the day. I went to the guard on the train, Johnny Quinn, who was a member of the Volunteers (now deceased), and told him that the instructions were that he was not to go on any train that was carrying military. Quinn said: "I won't go anyway". The engine driver and the fireman on the train were two Protestants, and when they heard that Johnny Quinn would not go, the fireman said: "I'm damned if I'm going to go". He was from Letterkenny. The three of them did not go on that train and, as a result, they were suspended, but still they got their pay from the funds of the I.R.A. party. They were all afraid after that to drive the troops and the military had to get lorries of their own.

Joe Sweeney was able to tap telephone wires and got messages intended for the R.I.C. When troops led by R.I.C. arrived in West Donegal by boat they made a few arrests, but whether they got arms or not I don't know.

Towards the end of 1920 there were such things as the raiding of houses. On one occasion we got four rifles in a raid on a Special's house. Three of us raided a few Specials' houses in Park Avenue, Derry, and got four rifles. These rifles were left in the house of Dan Doherty of Bogside, who was sympathetic. But Doherty got excited over the danger involved in keeping the rifles, so we had to remove them to Paddy Lafferty's house. Lafferty was our Quartermaster and looked after arms.

During that period, the end of 1920, we raided Craig's Engineering Works for hand-grenades. According as we were getting them they were shifted to Lafferty's house and this lasted for about a week. These grenades were manufactured in Craig's and as it was a big Engineering Works the loss of them was not discovered until a week had elapsed. Paddy Lafferty and I were the two who dealt with the grenades that were taken. I cannot give any accurate estimate of the number of grenades taken by us but it was very considerable. Some of these munitions were sent to Dublin and some to Donegal. At the end of the week the raid was called off. A young postman in Derry named Dan McGandy, an active member of the Volunteers taking part in the raid, had not heard that the raid was called off so he went down to Craig's Foundry thinking the boys would be there and when he put his head in the window he got a smash on it and his body was thrown into the river.

A couple of weeks after this incident Joe Mahon, who was a checker in the Shipyards in Derry, arranged that we would have a raid on the shipyard on a Saturday at 12 noon.

Paddy Lafferty arrived at the shipyard with his horse and boxcart. I met Paddy and brought him to the back entrance gate to the yard. So I was posted at that entrance gate and Joe Mahon brought Lafferty up to this part of the yard where a lot of armoured plating for submarines was stored. So they loaded on to Lafferty's cart about three-quarters of a ton of this plating. In this operation Joe Mahon was assisted by Joe Carr who was an Engineer employed in the Shipyard. When the load was complete I went along with Lafferty and he wanted to take a near cut but his horse was unable to bring the load up this little hill. So we went along the Strand Road past two R.I.C. barracks and landed safely at Lafferty's house and deposited the plating in his yard. This plating was designed for plating round a lorry and we were getting this lorry from a petrol company. It was being handed over to us by the lorry driver, a Welshman, named Jones. It was arranged that Jones would hand it over to us when we would be ready to carry out our plan.

In January, 1921, Frank Carty was confined to Derry prison and there was a plan to rescue him. But previous to this plan a young man called Tom Allen was asked to take a job as a warder in Derry prison. This job was offered to him on account of the death of his father who had been in the employment of the prison and was dead at that time. Allen was a Volunteer in "B" Company and he asked my advice. So I instructed him to take the job, that we wanted men in these positions. I advised him to keep away from the Volunteer halls so as not to attract the suspicions of the British authorities. At this time Frank Carty was in the prison hospital. Charles McGuinness was in charge of the arrangements for the rescue of Carty. Allen, who was then a warder in the prison, had no duty to perform in the hospital of the prison so he had no authority to be in that part. I told him about the plans for the rescue of Carty.

Allen brought Carty a ball of whipcord and in the meantime Charlie McGuinness had a rope ladder made to attach to this whipcord. Allen had also supplied Carty with a saw to enable him to cut through the bars of the prison cell window. At the appointed time Carty threw one end of his whipcord across the wall to McGuinness and his assistants on the outside. McGuinness and his party attached the rope ladder to the whipcord and Carty started to pull it up. He only pulled it up about 20 feet and he made several attempts to bring it further but was unable to bring it the whole way. McGuinness signalled to Carty by shaking the attached rope ladder, so Carty cut the whipcord and let the rope ladder back. And the attempt to rescue Carty that night was abandoned.

Next day McGuinness sent word to Carty by Allen that the rescue would be attempted that night week.

On the second occasion when the rescue party went to the house from which they had operated on the first occasion they found it empty. The people had left as they were evidently frightened since they lived in an Orange quarter, namely Harding Street. Then McGuinness went to a house at the far end of the same street owned by John McLoughlin, a brother-in-law of Colonel T. McNally. McGuinness made arrangements with McLoughlin so that McGuinness and his assistants went into McLoughlin's.

About 2 a.m. on the Saturday night of the second attempt the Volunteers started to move to the back from McLoughlin's house in order to get opposite the house from which they had operated the previous week as this house was convenient to the cell window. I was one of the rescue party on outside duty as I shall describe later on. The rescue party had to climb from yard to yard and were very nearly discovered by a man coming out of a house to the back. He was a baker and was going to his work.

arrived

Finally the rescue party/at the back of the original house and they had to remove a pane of glass from a back window. They all went into the house. As arranged, Carty had his whipcord hanging down outside the wall of the prison. So McGuinness fastened the rope to it. Meanwhile Carty was standing on a narrow ledge of the cell window with his arm around one of the bars of the window. He had removed his coat as he could not get through the bars otherwise. After a long time he managed to pull up the rope to himself. He then fastened it to the remaining bars of the window. He had cut some of the bars out on a slope. Having tied the rope securely he got into his coat. He tried to signal to McGuinness to pull the rope tight but those underneath did not seem to understand and Carty was on the point of abandoning the attempt but he evidently decided he would make it in spite of the slackness of the rope. So when he put his weight on the rope he had to cross about 10 feet of space from where he was standing up to the point where the rope was dangling. When he put his weight on it he commenced to spin round owing to its slackness and he hit his head on the opposite wall, that is the outer wall of the prison. At that point he had 10 feet to climb to the top of the wall and when he reached the top of it he called to the boys down below outside the prison wall, "This is a better escape than De Valera's". He finally descended to the yard below where the rescuers were and he went into the house with them. Here he was kept until curfew was nearly over and a man named Gallagher, who was afterwards a Councillor in the Corporation, was to meet him and convey him to Bradywell Road to Joe Mahon's house. Some of the rescuers were to meet the Councillor at Hogg's Folly. When Gallagher was proceeding on this mission he met a military ^{and} police patrol and they stopped him and asked him where he was going. He said he was going to 6 o'clock Mass, so the police said it was too early for Mass.

Gallagher stalled a bit and some of the police knew him and allowed him to go on. He gave^{as}/an excuse that he did not want to return to disturb his people at home. Finally he reached Carty and conveyed him to Joe Mahon's house without interruption. In the morning Mahon warned Carty that if he had occasion to go to the toilet he would have to be careful passing a water barrel set in the wall on the way out. It appears there was a woman next door who, it was reputed, could "see through a brick wall" and it was possible that her curiosity on seeing a strange man would set her off gossiping. This proved true because on that Saturday night military and police surrounded the lower part of the street. They raided a house owned by people named Canning but they found nobody there. During the raid Carty was lying out on the wall of Mahon's house in case the military would come up that way to raid as he did not want to be caught in anybody's house. When the raid was over in Canning's house Mahon persuaded Carty to come back into his house. This raid took place soon after McGuinness going to the house as the woman, next door to Mahon's, had a son-in-law James Canning and he was in McCoolle's public house on this particular Saturday evening and the conversation turned on the escape from Derry gaol which was the first that ever occurred. Canning remarked that he knew where the escaped man was. It was well known that Mahon was a Volunteer. This conversation was carried to the police and the name of the man who had been talking about it being Canning they concluded that it was his neighbour Mahon's house was involved. On that Sunday night Paddy Lafferty and I went for Carty and brought him to Lafferty's house in Bishop Street. Here Carty stayed for three weeks and though there was a railway employee staying permanently in the house the latter never knew there was anyone except himself there. I visited Carty every evening to keep him in company. He was in a room by himself.

At the end of the three weeks Charlie McGuinness came to me and said he had arranged to take Carty across to Ayrshire, Scotland. We left Lafferty's house around 6 o'clock on a Saturday evening and I preceded Carty, ^{and McGuinness} by about 10 or 12 yards. On reaching our destination at the Great Northern Railway Station Charlie McGuinness had a man with a row-boat waiting at the riverside. I dropped out then and both McGuinness and Carty got into the boat and McCluskey, the boatman, rowed them over to a coal boat which was going to Ayrshire that evening.

During the actual escape of Carty, Paddy Lafferty, Mick McGuighan and myself were engaged in cutting the telegraph wires and railway wires around Derry City. For this purpose I had to do all the climbing as Mick McGuighan was only recovering from gunshot wounds and the other man had a bad hand and in addition his sight was not too good.

Attempted rescue of sentenced men from Derry Prison,
December, 1921.

In connection with the rescue of prisoners from Derry Prison, I met some of the Derry Volunteers in Paddy McGee's public house in Bishop Street. Two warders used to visit this public house regularly. Paddy McGee, who was the owner of the public house, showed me a bottle and asked me to smell it. The bottle contained chloroform. He explained to me that the chloroform was to be used on the two policemen who were on guard duty on the gates of the prison ^{inside}. For this purpose the chloroform was handed to the friendly warders. There was also some question of smuggling guns into the prison. But I advised against either the smuggling in of guns or the use of chloroform because I could not see very much usefulness in such attempts. It turned out later that the chloroform was used with fatal results on two policemen. These fatalities were not intended by the warders mentioned above but were due to their ignorance in the use of chloroform. The two warders were arrested and got penal servitude.

During the period between the Truce and the Civil War we had who was appointed Div.O/C to succeed Char. Daly in 1922 been getting in rifles. Major Morris/was in charge of this.

Jones, the Welshman, used to co-operate by taking them in, in his petrol tank. These arms were stored in dumps on the farm of a man named Michael Teland who lived about seven miles from Derry City in County Donegal in the direction of Kildrum. We had a few Volunteers taking care of the dumps. William McAnaney was in charge.

After this incident only desultory bombings took place including an attack on a newly occupied barracks. Harry Moore was in charge of those attacks. He is now living in Raheny, County Dublin. After this an electric station on Strand Road was bombed.

In connection with the attacks on Lecky Road Police Barracks, this barracks was burned and later the attack on the new barracks in Lecky Road which occurred pre-Truce, I was informed of the plans to attack both of these posts, also the Electric Station and I made arrangements with the bus drivers who were members of the Volunteers to ensure that they would not be taking buses past where the attack was to take place at the time appointed for the operation on the Electric Station. One Monday about 9.30 I was at a meeting of the Volunteers of "B" Company in Linen Hall Street. At this time a member of the Volunteers was in an office in Callaghan's garage in William Street. A detective officer named Barlowe came in and said that he had been in the D.I.'s office where he had seen a list of about twelve names of prominent Derry officers who were to be arrested that night between midnight and 2 a.m. This information was conveyed to me by the late Colonel McCabe of the National Army.

So I sent word to all the men whose names had been mentioned. The split in the Volunteers had previously taken effect and I sent word to men whose names appeared on the list irrespective of which

side they were on. The raids took place and a number of men were arrested including James Kavanagh who ignored the warning as "old women's talk". My name being on the list I had to go on the run. After two days I cleared out. During these two days I slept in a gate lodge attached to a Convent out the Letterkenny road.

But after this I got word through a school teacher that I would have to leave the area. I brought another lad named Lynch with me. He and I had to walk the whole road to Raphoe, a distance of 17 miles, and we stopped in the house of a man named McElhinney. The next day was a Holy Day and we attended Mass. Here we met a lot of anti-Treaty lads who wanted me to join their ranks. I said I was not going to join anything, that I was fed-up with things. The two of us got a lift to Stranorlar on a Mineral Water lorry. The Free State troops were established at Drumboe at that time, Joe Sweeney being in charge. I was standing around outside when I saw a lad called George O'Doherty. He said, "What are you doing here?" I answered, "I had to come". During the conversation I asked what he was doing and he said he didn't know, that he had no place to go. He had been there from the previous Monday. He said no one noticed him. During the conversation Joe Sweeney came to the hall door of this house. He called me over and asked me the same questions as Doherty and I told him I had to clear out. He said, "Hold on until Friday". This was on Thursday morning. He added that he wanted me to take over the Coastguard Station in Buncrana and the Admiral's house there, and I was to hold the Coastguard Station for any men who came on from the Six Counties as Mick Collins had planned that they were to carry on the fight into Northern Ireland..

Station

I signed for the Coastguard/and all the furniture in it and also the Admiral's house. This was on Saturday. The following

Day
 week 85 men came down from the Six Counties and they were drawn up in front of the Lough Swilly hotel. Colonel McLoughlin was present. I told these men that we had no connection with the Army and that at the present time no Six-County man would be brought into the Army, that the fight was to be carried on in the Six Counties and any man wishing to join could step forward. So out of 85, four stepped out to carry on the fight in the Six Counties. At this result Joe McLoughlin told them to get out in pretty forcible language.

Previous to us taking over this barracks we had plans to start the fight against the Specials in Derry but after the ambush at Newtowncunningham everything was called off.

There was a general uprising in the plans for the North some time in May, 1922. All preparations for this uprising had been made over the Six-County area when instructions came to us to have it called off. A man named Sherry was sent on a motor bike to the various centres with orders calling off the Rising. A few areas through some mistake did not get word in time.

A rising took place in County Antrim and a lot of destruction of property took place. In preparation for this Rising we had arms conveyed from between Swatragh and Garvagh to a place called "The Rising Sun", County Derry. The men who brought the arms were Patrick Lynch and Charles Doherty. They were employed by Sir Hugh T. Barry, the High Sheriff of County Derry. Sir Hugh did not suspect what the men were doing but his Manager suspected what they were engaged on and when he questioned them they informed him that they were held up and the arms removed by force.

These men had to clear out the following week or they would have been arrested and charged. Doherty and Lynch came to Buncrana and joined with the men who were to carry on the fight in the Six Counties.

(Signed) Daniel Kelly

Date 5th September 1954

(Daniel Kelly)

5th Sept. 1954.

Witness: Michael Kelly
(Michael Kelly)

