ORIGINAL

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STATEMENT BY WITNESS.

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Witness

Thomas Doyle,
Weafer Street,
Enniscorthy,
Co. Wexford.

Identity.

Centre I.R.B. Circle, Enniscorthy, 1912 - ;
O/C. Outposts, Enniscorthy, Easter Week, 1916.

Subject.

National activities, Enniscorthy,
Co. Wexford, 1911-1922.

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ORIGINAL

STATEMENT BY MR. THOMAS DOYLE

Enniscorthy, Co.Wexford

In 1911 I was serving my time as wood machinist at William Fortune's Steam Saw Mills. There were about 50 men employed in the works. We started work at 6 a.m.; breakfast 8-8-45a.m.; dinner 1-2 p.m., and finished at 6 p.m. It was the custom for the majority of the men to return from dinner at about 1.45 p.m.; they would be talking outside the mill until 2 p.m. In the year 1911, King George of England arrived in Dublin on a visit. There were black flags put up on telephone posts in Enniscorthy; the following day there was a discussion about the flags with the men at dinner hour. I was the youngest among them, about 18 years of age. I happened to pass a remark in a joke, saying I knew something about who put them up. The following night I was stopped by a man I did not know. He wanted to know what I meant by the remark I passed the day before, and if I knew who put up the black flags. I told him I knew nothing as I was only passing a joke.

Some weeks later, Miley Wilde stopped me. He got talking to me about politics. After a while, he gave me a paper called 'Irish Freedom' and told me, if I liked, I could read it. Some time later I met him again. He asked me what I thought of it. I said: "If you have any more copies I would be glad to get them" It was not long after until I was approached by Paddy Tobin, senior, to join the Irish Republican Brotherhood; the aims of the organisation were explained to me and what it stood for. I agreed to join, and on the following night I was sworn in as a member by Larry de Lacey. That was the start of my political career. This Miley Wilde, who gave me the copy of 'Irish Freedom', fell on hard times and joined the British army. He was home on furlough during the Rising in

Easter Week and threw off his uniform and came out with us.

The first night I attended a meeting I was put into a very small circle of which Larry de Lacey was Centre, because the organisation was run in circles. No member of any circle new would know who was in any of the other circles, only the head of each circle. Every new member did recruiting for his circle. You would want to be very careful who you would approach. When you thought that you had a man for your circle, you would first have to mention his name to your circle leader; he in turn would mention his name at a meeting of the Council. There were four circles in Enniscorthy at that time and the heads of the circles formed the Council. Shortly afterwards you would be told to get your man or leave him alone.

After some time I was made Head of a Circle. I then found out why you would not be given a reason when told to leave a man alone whose name had been mentioned to become a member. He might be a member of another circle or he would not be considered a fit member for the organisation. In the summer months our meetings would be held out in the country, and in the winter in the old Gaelic Athletic Rooms in Mary Street.

In 1912 a good many new members joined and, for some reason, a few of the old members were sworn out of the I.R.B. That year the new members took over club-rooms, had the club repaired and painted, as it was in a bad state. Our first job was to start amusements for all the young members. A dancing class was got going and other games. A dance was run twice a week, and we would have a couple of all-night dances in the year. A good many young fellows were let join the club, but they would not know anything about the I.R.B. The reason was, when the police would see them all going in, they thought that the club was only a dancing club. The reason we made them members was to cover up our activities.

The club carried on until 1913. The Volunteers were started. Then our members in the I.R.B. came out in the open.

A company was formed under the command of Captain Seamus Rafter; 1st Lieutenant - James Cullen; 2nd Lieutenant - Seamus Doyle; Quartermaster - William Royce; four sergeants - myself, Paddy Tyrrell, Felix Murphy and James Murphy.

The following were members of A. Company:-

Tommy Doyle, Lower Church St.
Willie Murphy
Johnny Davis
Micky Davis
Tom Hearne
Willie Toole
Fintan Burke
Pat Murphy
Mike Connors
Dinny Murphy) brothers
.. Murphy)
Jim Murphy (Chester)
Jim Cullen, Blackwater
Nick Murphy, Temple Shannon
Tom Doyle, Ross Road
Willie Courtney "
Dan Connors
Dinny Connors
Pat Keegan
Jack Whelan) brotners
Jim Whelan)
Johnny, Patsy, Peter & Aidan Coady (brothers.
Jim Brien (clerk in the railway office)
Jack Breen
Jack Leary
Tom Stokes
J. Dwyer
Pat Keeffe
Willie Leary
Joe Forrestal (Ballindaggin)
Mike Moran
Ted Redmond
Pat Dillon
Joe Doyle
Dick Donohoe
Peter, Jack & Pat Dwyer (brothers)
Jim Lyndin
Johnny Whelan (the baker)
Jim Maher
William Reilly
Tom Stokes
John Kelly, Oulart
Joe Wilson and his two brothers
John Kelly, Ballinapierce
Mike Sinnott
Dinny O'Gorman
Mick Kavanagh (carman)
Jim Cleary
Aidan Allen
Pat Byrne
Micky Nolan (carpenter)
Jim Brien (Irish Street Stores)

We started drilling in Bennett's ball-alley, Templeshannon, on Sunday morning after 10 o'clock Mass. It was not long until we got a drill instructor, an ex-British recruiting sergeant named Darcy. He was delighted to be drilling us; he thought in his own mind he was preparing us for the British army; but we members of the I.R.B. used him for our own use.

Early in 1913 Charlie Farrell, an old Fenian and very old native of Enniscorthy, died in Tom Hayes's of Court Street where he stopped. At that time Seamus Doyle, who had only come to town from outside Gorey, and Larry de Lacey - both I.R.B. members - were great pals of the old Fenian. Charlie Farrell was buried in the old Corrig graveyard, about 1½ miles outside the town overlooking the River Slaney. All members of the I.R.B. marched after his funeral.

Also in 1913 there was a big strike of all workers in Dublin. One of our members in Dublin got into trouble by throwing a policeman into the Liffey. They were looking for him everywhere and the I.R.B. in Dublin decided to get him out of the country. The Countess Markievicz gave her car to Liam Mellows to bring him to Wicklow, as they had made arrangements to get him away from there in a small vessel, but when he arrived something went wrong and Mellows decided to try Wexford. Our members in Enniscorthy were told that we would have to make arrangements to put him up in town for a couple of nights until Mellows would go to Wexford to try if he could get him away from there. We were told to go out the Scrub road to meet the car. We were told that the driver would give a signal by flashing his lights; we could then stop the car. Other members got instructions to get a bed, bed-clothes and food ready before the car arrived. The car was stopped outside the town and they were brought to the club in Mary St. He was guarded by our men for three nights. Then Mellows brought him to Wexford, but he did not succeed in getting him away. He had to bring him back

to Enniscorthy. That night our members had to guard him again for the night. Next morning he was brought back to Wicklow and got away from there to America. He stopped in America until the strike was over, when he came back. He was not long home when he was picked up and got six months in jail.

Shortly after that, another stranger came to Enniscorthy, Tom Kenny of Craughwell, Co. Galway. He was accused of shooting a policeman in Galway. He went on the run and came to town, met Larry de Lacey and went around with him as a reporter for newspaper. There was a court held in Oulart and Larry brought him out. The police wanted to know who the new reporter was. Little did they think that he was the man they were looking for.

That time there was a land war in Galway. The late Shaw Taylor, who was a big landlord, was shot dead. Larry de Lacey said to me: "Try and get Clem Kelly into the I.R.B. as he would be a very useful member to us". Kelly was a printer in the 'Enniscorthy Echo' and Larry wanted posters printed to send over to Galway. I got him to join, and the first job he got was to set up the type for a poster. The wording on the poster in big lettering was: 'Land grabbers, Beware!' It would be on Sunday morning they they would be printed. The machine would have to be worked by hand so as nobody would hear it going. Kelly would mind the machine and I would have to turn it by hand. When printed, Larry would get them over to Galway.

About the end of 1913 Liam Mellows came to camp on Vinegar Hill. Myself and a couple of others were sent up to see him. He told us his mission to Enniscorthy was to form a branch of the Fianna Boys. We were not long talking until we got to work. In a couple of days there was a branch started. I was put in command. I started drilling a small lot of boys on a Sunday morning in a field, the bare meadows, by the River

Slaney. It was not long until I got a full company going. I then handed over all the boys to Johnny Moran, Lower Church Street, who was later killed by the Black and Tans in 1921, in Drogheda.

The Volunteers at this time were very weak, but as time went on we seemed to get on. There was a monument erected to Charlie Parrell and a company under the command of Captain Rafter marched out to the Corrig graveyard to unveil it. On that Sunday when we arrived in the Corrig, there was a force of police in charge of Head Constable Joyce. We were formed in a circle around his grave. Sean Etchingham unveiled the monument and delivered the oration over his grave. Hundreds of people followed us out and, when they saw his monument unveiled, they wanted to know who broke it. It was the broken column - it meant that, when Ireland was free, his monument would be finished. The police stayed there until we left; they then kept us company until we returned to our headquarters. After that a change came over the people in town and there was a second company formed in the Shannon under the command of Alec Doyle, Drumgold.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians was very strong in town at this time and Tom McCarthy, chairman of the Enniscorthy Urban District Council, tried to form a branch of the American Alliance in town. A good many of the I.R.B. joined it, and Sean Milroy was brought down from Dublin to open the meeting which was held in the Trade and Labour Rooms in Court Street, over Tom Hayes's publichouse. The next move was made by the Hibernians. They started a company of National Volunteers, and about this time, another was formed in John St. and Ross Road. In that year P.H. Pearse was brought down from Dublin to inspect the Volunteers. We were all marched up the Shannon and into the barley field where Pearse reviewed and

addressed them. We had the pipers band under William Royce with us that day. The Hibernians worked very hard to get all the company into the National Volunteers. We found out later their plan was to capture the movement and take control of it. Some of the leaders in the Hibernians were the same people who left the I.R.B. in 1912. We in the Irish Volunteers started companies in Oulart, Oylegate and Davistown. I was detailed to go out on Sundays to drill them. I made sure that members of the I.R.B. were put in charge of them.

At that time there was a gentleman who lived outside the town. His name was Jameson Davis of Ballinavarda. He got interested in the National Volunteers; they made him a colonel. There was also an ex-British Major Tom Ryan came to town. He joined the Hibernians and became their instructor. Both Irish and National Volunteers would drill together about three times a week in Belfield under the two ex-British soldiers. The first outing we had was A. Company marched to Ballinagore on a Saturday night, camped there until the following evening and marched home again.

The National Volunteers shortly after went on a march below Edermine, camped for the night, returned the next evening. They had arranged for manoeuvres to take place on their way back and A. Company marched out to meet them. Their next outing was to their Colonel, as they used to call him, in Ballinavarda. They camped out for the night along with all the other Volunteers except A. Company.

Some time after, Captain Seamus Rafter called a meeting of members of his company. He suggested that a Brigade Council of Irish and National Volunteers should be formed with seven members from each. Both Volunteers agreed, and the first meeting was held in Rafter's, Bridge House. Rafter was proposed as chairman and elected. At that meeting it was proposed to raise funds to arm the Volunteers and get uniforms for them. We held

meetings every Tuesday night at 9 o'clock. All worked together and got some rifles and uniforms. Captain Rafter bought, out of his own pocket, the majority of the rifles and uniforms for his own company, but any member of his company who could afford to buy his own did so.

Some time after this, the Howth gun-running was carried out and some people got shot at Bachelor's Walk, and the feeling of the people was running high throughout the country. A company of British soldiers was sent to Enniscorthy to go down and protect the cables on the coast. They arrived in town at 1.30 p.m. and hundreds of people turned out to lynch them. They did not leave the station until about 6 p.m. They knew what would happen to them. In the meantime, there was a meeting called in town and Captain Rafter agreed to protect them. A. Company turned out and marched the soldiers out a couple of miles outside the town. They then went the rest of the journey by themselves.

We all knew that something was going to happen and, in a couple of weeks later, the World War No. 1 was declared. A good many of the Volunteers were ex-British soldiers belonging to the Royal Irish, better known as the Wexford Militia. They were all called up to go fight for small nationalities, including our own, as they were told. We at this time were promised Home Rule. It was put back until the war was over. The first ex-soldiers to leave Enniscorthy was Willie Toole. He was a member of the Irish National Foresters. Their brass band turned out to play him off. The poor fellow never returned. After the war started, things began to change in the Volunteers. The ex-British soldiers who used to drill us began looking for recruits. They told some of us that we would be only fighting to serve our own country and, when we would come back, that we would get Home Rule. They got some to join out of the National Volunteers, including the Major. Mike

Kelly, the chemist, was one of them. He was not long out until he lost his arm. At this time the British Government had posters put up around the town with the photo of a soldier on them. The wording on the poster was: "Join the army and lend a hand". Some member of the I.R.B. had slips printed and put under the poster: "Mike Kelly lent a hand but never got it back".

About this time John Redmond, M.P., addressed a meeting at Woodenbridge in Co. Wicklow. He made an appeal for recruits for the British army. The following Sunday a meeting was advertised to be held in Wexford, and things began to move in Enniscorthy. Colonel Jameson Davis, as he was called, sent word to all the Volunteers to turn up to a meeting in the show grounds on Thursday night at 8 o'clock. All the companies in town and some from the country turned up except A.Company. At that meeting the colonel addressed them and said that they all should go on Sunday to Wexford.

On that Sunday morning about 400 of them crossed the bridge at 11 o'clock to the railway station, some of them in uniform. When they were passing Captain Rafter's, Bridge House, about eight of us, along with our captain, were looking at them from his windows. The remark he passed to us was: "There they go to join John Redmond's recruiting meeting. I'd sooner have A/Company than all the Volunteers that would be in Wexford this day". One of his men passed a remark: "Captain, do you see who was in charge of them?" "No, I did not mind". A good many of them were sworn out of the I.R.B. in 1912.

After that meeting the split came in the Volunteers and A/Company was in the same position as it was in 1913 when the Volunteers were started. If A/Company had to go to Wexford on that Sunday morning to John Redmond's (M.P.) recruiting meeting, there would never have been a rising in Enniscorthy. The people of Enniscorthy may thank Captain Seamus Rafter and his company

for the rising.

The National Volunteers began looking for their share of the rifles that were in town. The Shannon Company got theirs and were given to Johnny Reilly and Mat Holbrook for safe keeping, and the Hibernians got theirs and they were put in the Courthouse, the safest place they could be, under the protection of the R.I.C. When the National Volunteers wanted them, they could get them. A/Company's rifles were kept in Captain Rafter's house, except those belonging to the members of the company who bought their own.

A couple of weeks after the split in the Volunteers, Mike Kelly, an officer in the National Volunteers, and James Brien of Irish Street, went into Captain Rafter's house and demanded some more rifles. They said that they did not get their share of them. Our Captain told them to get out, they were not going to get any more. With that, Kelly struck our captain. It was a good thing for both Kelly and Brien that none of his men were around, or they would have got more than the rifles they were looking for. Shortly after that, there was great excitement in George Street on a Saturday night. There was a big crowd outside Kelly's chemist shop. His window was broken. Chesser Murphy and Nick Maher were trying to get what rifles Kelly had in his house.

The Irish Volunteers at this time were in the minority. We took every opportunity to get going again. Seán McDermott was brought to lecture in the Athenaeum on the Manchester Martyrs night. A/Company turned out in uniform and, with their rifles, some of them were on the stage with McDermott. They were a great sight on that night, in charge of William Royce. The hall was packed to full capacity. After that night we got a good many recruits.

At this time Larryde Lacey was Head of the I.R.B. in Enniscorthy. He was living in New St. along with Jim Bolger who was reporter for the 'Echo' paper. They had an old servant keeping

house for them. The members of the I.R.B. had recourse to this house also. They christened the old servant "Ann Devlin". I did not know her proper name. She was a tried and true friend to them. She always said that she never heard or saw anything that happened in the house. The house at times was like a munition dump, rifles, revolvers and bombs all over the place.

Some time later, we had a big turn-out for another Manchester Martyrs night. All the Volunteers in town, Irish and National, turned out to parade the town with torchlights in the parade. We marched all around the town and finished up in the Market Square. Captain Rafter addressed us and, after he gave the command to A/Company to return to his headquarters in Mary St., invited all the rest of the National Volunteers who wished to join us to fall in behind A/Company, The Shannon Company was the first to join, under the command of Captain Alec Doyle, Drumgold, and some out of the other companies followed suit, and after awhile some of the Hibernians saw the way things were going and started coming down in twos and threes to our headquarters in Mary St. and, by the way, some of them had been members who left the I.R.B. in 1912 and joined up with us again.

Some time later on, the British Government issued an order to any of the Civil Servants who they thought belonged to our movement, that they would have to take an oath of allegiance to the King of England, and any of them who did not was dismissed. One of them who did not was ordered to leave the county he was living in. His name was Sean Hegarty from Cork Cit where he was employed in the Post Office. He came to Ennis-corthy and lived with Larry de Lacey and Jim Bolger in New St. He was not here long until the R.I.C. got after him or anyone seen in his company. He always paraded with A/Company and came on route marches with us. One Sunday we went on a route march to Cairn and, when we arrived there, lunch was prepared. It was

not long until a downpour of rain came. We had to return and before we got home we were like a lot of drowning rats. It was a terrible day. I will never forget it.

The I.R.A. at this time got printed thousands of papers called: "Ireland, Germany and the Freedom of the Seas". The best part of them were kept in Larry de Lacey's house. Members of the I.R.B. would be nearly every night in the house, sometimes playing cards. The orders they had were, if the ~~R.I.~~ R.I.C. ever attempted to raid the house, they were to use the bombs on them. About this time the British Government put advertisements in all the papers, telling the people that if the Germans landed on the east coast, they were to burn all before them and go inland. There was a great rumour of a German invasion about this time. One night a meeting of the I.R.B . was held in de Lacey's house; it was decided to issue a notice to all the people telling them, if the Germans landed, they were to meet them with open arms. Larry de Lacey said he would write them. Hegarty said: They would know your handwriting". They said to Hegarty: "Who will write them?" He said: "I will. They will never know my handwriting". He wrote all the notices.

On the following Saturday, Paddy Tobin, senior, came over to Donohoe's where I was working and told me that Larry wanted to see me. I went up to his house and, as I was going in, I saw a policeman outside in the street. Larry said to me: "I am going to Dublin on the 4.50 train and I want you to come with me as far as Ferns". I said: "All right", but when I went outside I said to myself: "If I go on the train, I will be hanging around Ferns until 9 o'clock. That would be four hours". I went back to Larry and told him that I would go on the bike. He said: "You have only 40 minutes. You will never make it". I said: "I will be there before you". I got my bike and went off to meet Larry at Ferns Station. I just got

there in time , as I was going in on the station when the train arrived. When Larry saw me he said: "I thought you would never have made it". He then gave me a small parcel to deliver to Tom Roche of Milltown. "He will tell you what to do" he said. At that time a policeman used to attend all trains coming and going from all stations, but he did not see Larry giving me the parcel. When I went to Tom Roche he opened the parcel. What was in it only the notices that Hegarty was after writing. Roche's instructions were to post one outside the churches in Ferns and around the district; he was to give me one to post on the Shannon chapel. I did so, and that evening when I got home, I was told that Pat Keegan got more of them. He put one outside the Cathedral. Seamus Doyle and Hegarty went to Lambrien and district with more of them.

The next morning, when the police saw the notices, they started tearing them down, but there was a Sergeant Armstrong stationed in Ferns and he got the one in Ferns down without tearing it. It was not long until they traced Hegarty's hand-writing. As you are aware, he was a postal official in Cork City Some time later, one night there were a good many of us playing cards in de Lacey's house. About 12 o'clock the game broke up and all went home. We were not long gone, when those living near Larry's were called up and told that Hegarty and Bolger were arrested and some of the stuff taken. Head Constable Joyce was in charge of the police and, when leaving the house, he said to Larry: "We may want you too later on". At that time Larry was great with Joyce's daughter. When the boys arrived, they got to work very quick and brought all the stuff that was in the house down to Antwerp - as we used to call the rooms in Mary St. Everything was cleared out when the police came back, only the poor old servant - Ann Devlin - was there.

The next day Larry went off to America, but we had to carry on. Keegan made arrangements with Big Tom Murphy of

Borellea, better known as the Big Sailor. - Tom had sailed around the world - to bring in his horse and cart the next night to take away all the guns and bombs, and the thousands of copies of "Germany, Ireland and Freedom of the Seas". Dan Dempsey of Edermine came in with him. They loaded up all the stuff and brought it to Tom Murphy's own house and kept it there until it was wanted. Hegarty and Bolger were the first two in Ireland to be tried under the Defence of the Realm Act.

After this, there was a change made in A/Company. There was a munition squad started, and Pat Keegan was put in charge of it. He made his own house their headquarters and started a small factory in it. This is where nearly all the home-made bombs were made, out of old boxes of wheels and short lengths of down-pipes. I was still working at Donohoe's, and my job was to turn the ends and bore a hole in the centre of the wood for the fuse to be put into them. This would have to be done in the daytime and I would have to get one of the boys to keep watch because, if any of the bosses would come along and see what I was doing, I know what would have happened. They were all against the movement except one - Pat Howlin of Slaney St. If he came along, he would shut his eyes to anything I was doing. One night Captain Keegan and his squad raided the magazine in Donohoe's yard where all the gun powder was kept. He cleaned it out, but it was not missed for a couple of weeks. When it was, myself and a couple more of the boys who worked in the firm were questioned about it; and at the time none of us knew anything about it because, whenever Keegan and his squad did anything, he never let anyone know about it except Captain Rafter.

Some time after this, there was a meeting called by Captain Rafter. As we were short of guns, we should get pikes made; and we got going immediately. Jim Cleary, who had a forge in the Shannon, had a blacksmith - Jim Keating from

Wexford, who had only come out of the Asylum (he was a patient there for some time); he had a forge erected for him up in Johnny Reilly's yard in Clonhaston; and Davy Grace, a blacksmith working at Donohoe's - all three started making the pike heads at night because they could not let anyone see them. I got going on the pike handles. Captain Rafter would send in an order for so many dozen shovel-handles. I had working with me two other Volunteers. Mickey Doyle was the timber man and Paddy Tyrrell was the floatman delivering all orders around the town. Now the best bit of ash there that would be in the yard would be brought in to make the handles. Pat Howlin would send down the order to Mickey Doyle and he would give it to me. When I would have two or three dozen made, Doyle would tie them up in dozens, and they were supposed to be shovel handles, but they were 9-ft. long. We had some job getting them out. Donohoe's had a watchman in the yard. He was to check everything going out. His name was Pat Mackins, Irish St. We could not trust him. When I would have Paddy Tyrrell ready to get them away, I would send Mickey Doyle up to tell Pat Howlin to send down for Mackins and bring him up to the office and keep him engaged while Tyrrell would get out the handles. When Mackins would come back, Doyle would tell him that he checked the shovel handles going out and signed for them. This went on until we got all the pike handles we wanted. Tyrrell would deliver them to Keegan's. Pat had some carpenters in his squad, and they would finish and fit them to the pikeheads. This all went on in Donohoe's. We never got caught, thanks to the other members of the firm who belonged to the I.R.B.

The first great outing in uniform A/Company had was to the funeral of O'Donovan Rossa in Dublin, whose body was brought to Dublin to be buried there. We were the first company of Volunteers from Co. Wexford in uniform to march through the streets of Dublin.

About 1915 Paul Galligan, a native of Cavan, came to work in Enniscorthy to John Bolger & Coy. Ltd., George Street. He was not long in town until he got in touch with our movement. He had already been a captain in the Volunteers in Dublin. He became a useful man to us. He started an officers' class in the Volunteers. Twelve of us joined. He gave us instruction twice a week, one night in the club, showing us drawings on the blackboard; the second night he would bring us out to the country and make us do what he had shown us the night before; how to command man, make trenches, block roads, etc. It was not long until Commandant Ginger O'Connell came down to examine the class. On a Sunday afternoon we were brought to a field belonging to M.J. Whelan, Island Road, up in the Moyne, and put through the test. He (O'Connell) sent word back to Captain Galligan, with the names of the men who passed, and Galligan said that, in the event of anything happening, they would become captains.

Now, shortly after, we got very busy parading oftener than usual. One night Commandant Rafter and Captain Galligan called a meeting of the officers' class and told them, if anything happened, they were the men that they would depend on. He gave us an order to have a surprise mobilisation on some night during the week of all Volunteers in town and district. They did not tell us the night, but would later on, and only gave us 20 minutes to have them all out in Kavanagh's big field in St. John's.

On Spy Wednesday night, 1916, we got the word. Some of us had to go up the Shannon to the top of Drumgoold, others to Irish St., Duffrey Hill, Ross Road and John St. We did our job well and by 9 o'clock all Volunteers were on parade. Commandant Rafter inspected them, and Captain Galligan told us to march all Volunteers down George St. He said he would be up in Bolger's window to see how we got on. At that time all

Bolger's staff lived on the premises.

The next night he called a meeting of the officers' class. It was Holy Thursday night at 9 o'clock. He said he was delighted with the turnout the night before, "but, boys, I am going to tell you some good news; but before I tell you, I will have you all sworn to secrecy". He then said: "Boys, the hour has come to strike a blow to free Ireland. The Rising will take place on next Sunday at 3 p.m. I will have to go to Dublin tomorrow, but, please God, dead or alive, I will come back to you".

A couple of nights before the Rising, there was a raid made on the Courthouse where all the rifles and shotguns belonging to the National Volunteers were stored for safe keeping, but they were no longer safe. They were all taken by the Irish Volunteers.

On Easter Saturday we got orders to have a general mobilisation of A/Company, all the men to be fully armed. We were going on a"route march"to Clonroche at 11 o'clock on Easter Sunday morning - all the officers knew different. It was not long until the police heard about the march to Clonroche and on Sunday morning they went out, as they thought, before us. They left a couple of R.I.C. men in town.

Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, about 200 paraded in Mary St. Dr. Dundon of Borris was expected to review us. We got orders for a march around the town and, coming down New Street, Constable Grace, R.I.C., wanted to cross the street. He would not wait until we passed; he broke through the ranks; and Jimmy Murphy of Carley's Bridge gave him a dig with the butt of his rifle and put him back; he wanted to shoot him. Only I stopped him, he would have done it, as Grace was a bit of a cur, always watching us, no matter where we went. We arrived back in Mary St. about 12.40, and Dr. Dundon was waiting for us. It was not long until we got the order to dismiss.

We, as officers, did not know what had gone wrong, nor were we told.

After dinner, our class met on the bridge at 3 o'clock. We all got talking, and someone suggested that all should go up to the Mission House and go to Confession. Someone passed a remark that it might be our last. Up we all went, and Father Pat Murphy came out to us. He asked us what we wanted, and we told him that we were going out in the Rising that evening and we wanted to go to Confession. He then said: "Boys, you did not hear the sad news. The men who went down to meet Casement went over a cliff and were killed. Casement came ashore, was arrested, and that finished the Rising. The boat with all the guns had to go back to sea again". Father Murphy broke down and cried.

We left poor Father Pat and went for a walk up the Shannon, on to Hurstburne Road, down around the Asylum and up the Wexford road. It was about six o'clock when we arrived back to the bridge. There we saw a Dublin taxi outside Rafter's door. We made inquiries and were told to watch around until the car went away. Then Captain Rafter told us what happened. Miss O'Ryan of Tomcoole, now Mrs. Dick Mulcahy, came with the message on the 12.30 train, stopping the rising in town, and the person with the car was sent to confirm it. He told Captain Rafter that all was quiet in Dublin, but McNeill was afraid the Citizen Army might get out of hand.

McNeill was right, and on Easter Monday at 12 o'clock the Citizen Army turned out, with Pearse and the Volunteers with him. At twelve o'clock they marched up O'Connell St., took over the G.P.O., hoisted the republican flag, fired a salute, and the first shot was fired for Ireland's freedom. I remember John Murphy, Main St., Fred Ringwood, V.S., Templeshannon, and a couple more who left Enniscorthy that morning to go to Fairyhouse races and, when coming back, got

caught in Dublin on their way home. They had no idea the Rising was going to take place. They managed to get out of Dublin that night. In Enniscorthy, we were only waiting for news to come through. Our men were detailed to guard Captain Rafter at all costs, to see that he was not arrested and, if the police attempted to arrest him, they were to defend him with their lives.

The next day (Tuesday) was a fair day in town, and Captain Rafter's shop was closed all day. That night a meeting of our officers was held in our headquarters. They decided that we should come out in Enniscorthy.

Willie Toole and Fintan Burke were sent to Wexford on Wednesday evening. I gave Burke my bicycle to go down, as our officers had made arrangements with the officers in Wexford to have some of their men, who were working in Pierce's foundry, where they were making shells for the British Government, to have some ready for Toole and Burke to take away with them. When they arrived at the foundry, there was no one to meet them except the R.I.C. Someone must have given the game away. They were arrested and brought to the police barracks in South Main St. Someone put out the news that they were going to set fire to Pierce's. All the loyalists turned out, which was nearly everyone in Wexford, to lynch them. Only for the police, they would have stormed the barracks. The officer commanding the Volunteers in Wexford was told that the Rising was going to take place in Enniscorthy on Thursday morning, and the only ones to come up on Wednesday evening were Bob Brennan, his wife, Una, Miss Hegarty, who was working in Wexford, but came from Co. Cork, and Dick King, who was also working in Wexford (he was from Enniscorthy). We really only got one man from the Wexford Battalion. That was Wexford town for you in Easter Week!

Enniscorthy was still waiting instructions and on

Wednesday night, at 9.30, Captain Paul Galligan returned to town on a bicycle from Dublin with the latest news. In headquarters he placed a map on the table, in colour, showing the positions that the Volunteers held in Dublin. Each position was coloured and marked with a little flag. He told us that the only way that the Volunteers could be got out of them was to be burnt out. He then said we should come out, to bring pressure off them in Dublin. He believed at that time that England would send some of their troops from Dublin to quell the Rising in Enniscorthy, but, as we saw afterwards, instead she had a troop ship, on her way to France, turned back and landed her soldiers at Rosslare. England at that time would sooner lose the war against the Germans than lose Ireland. At the meeting in "Antwerp" that night (Wednesday), nothing happened. I left the meeting about 12 o'clock and went home to the Shannon where I lived at the time.

About 2 o'clock on Thursday morning I heard loud knocking at my door. I got up to see who was there and, to my great surprise, it was Mickey Davis with orders for me. I was to round up all the Volunteers in the Shannon; we were going out that morning. I got ready as quickly as I could, put my uniform on, got my rifle and bade goodbye to my father, mother and sister. I went to call up the boys and, after going my rounds, the only Volunteers I could get were Mickey Doyle, Har. Habberity, Willie Murphy, Andy Doyle (Putty), Lar Doyle (Muck), Ned Dalfe, Felix Murphy, Mick Canill, Jack Breen, Clem Kelly. That was all I could get at the time. I brought them over to Captain Pat Keegan's house in Irish Street. When we got there, I saw only about 80 other Volunteers standing in the street. Rifles and shotguns were being handed out to them. Keegan's house in Irish St. was the first headquarters of the Irish Republic.

With about 90 men we marched over to the Athenaeum, took it over, hoisted the Republican flag over it, fired a salute

and made it our headquarters. Commandant Rafter was in command, with Captain Sean Etchingham, Captain Seamus Doyle, Commandant Paul Galligan and Bob Brennan. Nearly all Commandant Galligan's class were made officers that morning.

The first order issued was to place Volunteers on all the principal points of the town. I was put in charge of them. When the people of the town woke up in the morning and saw the Volunteers all armed, they did not know what was after happening. At seven o'clock, Constable Grace was seen in Court St. Volunteer Mick Cahill was on duty at Mitchell's corner, saw him crossing the road and fired at him, and only Grace took shelter in Pat Begley's door on the corner, he would have got him. Constable Grace then made a run for the barracks, down Friary Hill, across Friary Place and down the Abbey Square. He was fired on again from the top of Castle Hill. There were a couple of Volunteers in the Convent of Msrcy field and, when he was just going into the barracks, one of them shot him in the leg. He was later brought to the hospital where one of our men had already been taken, after he met with an accident on the railway that morning - his name was Jim Healy of Irish St. Himself, Jim Brien of Irish St., William Boyne and Jack Tomkins of Ballycarney were sent down to Edermine to put the railway line out of order. Healy fell and broke his hip.

At 8 o'clock that morning when the people were on their way to work, the Volunteers told them that there would be no work that day as the Republic was proclaimed. They all went home again.

That morning some of the banks were taken over by Captain Etchingham. We placed guards in them and told the managers to lock up everything and, if anything went wrong, they were to report to us.

We then took over the Castle in the name of the Republic from Mr. Henry Roche who was told to lock up all the rooms and

anything he had in them. He was also told that nothing would happen to it - we only wanted access to the top of the Castle. Volunteers were placed there that morning. After that, Davis's Mills was taken over and guards placed there. Outposts were placed on all roads leading to Enniscorthy.

Orders were given to go to all the hardware shops in town and bring back all the guns and shotgun cartridges that were in them. John N. Greene's, Lar Codd's, Donohoe's Ltd. were visited. They were told that they would be paid for them later on.

After that, there was a notice posted up around the town, asking all the people who had firearms to hand them in before 12 o'clock. Some of them did not do so, and reports came in that certain people had guns but did not hand them up. I got orders to raid their houses.

I first went to Kerr's, the jewellers, in Slaney Street. I told him a report was handed in that he had some arms in the House. He said he had only two revolvers and he kept them for his own protection. I told him to hand them up and we would give him all the protection he wanted. He said to me: "When you go up, tell Commandant Rafter that I would like to have one of them". I saw Commandant Rafter and told him what Mr. Kerr said. He then sent back one of the revolvers to him.

I next went to raid Pat Makins of Irish St. When I went into his house with a couple of Volunteers, his mother saw us and she fainted. I sent for some of her neighbours to come in, and when she came to - I had already sent out the men that were with me - I told her that we had got information that there were guns in the house belonging to her two sons and that, when we got word, we must act on it. The poor woman was in an awful state. I said to her: "Give me your word of honour that there are no guns in the house, and I will withdraw my men". She did so. I took her word for it and, as I found out

after, the woman was right.

There was a lot more of the Volunteers, in charge of an officer, also doing the same job. At that time, if anyone had anything against you, they would send in a report that you had arms in your house and get you raided - and send us on a fool's errand. It was not a very nice job. We had to do it when reports were sent in.

That morning (Thursday) at 10 o'clock, orders were issued that anyone leaving town would have to apply to headquarters for a pass to leave. T.D. Sinnott was appointed to issue all passes. An office was also opened in the old police barracks in George's St. to give out food tickets to the people. Michael de Lacey was put in charge of it.

A recruiting office was also opened in the old barracks but very few turned up. Then a rumour went out that, if they did not join, they would be conscripted. After that, we got all the recruits we could arm.

All arms were stored in the headquarters and, when the Volunteers would come off duty, they would have to hand up their arms. Phil Murphy, the postman, was in charge of all guns handed in. When some of the new recruits would hand in the guns, they would not have unloaded them, and there was nearly being a couple of people shot in the room, as some of the guns went off, when they left them against the wall. After that happening, orders were issued to make sure that all guns were unloaded before handing them up.

That morning (Thursday) the Cumann na mBan came in to help as Red Cross nurses and to cook for the Volunteers. The kitchen and diningroom were in the old card-room. Billy Thorpe, junior, came in with his rifle and laid it against the wall of the dining-room. One of the Cumann na mBan girls, who was waiting on the table, knocked it down. "Thanks be to God t there was nothing in it" she said. Thorpe said: "To your great

surprise, there is one bullet up the spout and six in the box". He frightened the life out of her.

That evening (Thursday) there was also an order issued to go and get 150 mattresses from the shops in town, as they were wanted for the Volunteers who would not be out on duty. They were put up in the concert hall in the Athenaeum.

The next day (Friday) the Volunteers from Ferns, Oylegate, Oulart and Davistown came in, and all the new ones were sent into the ball alley to be instructed in the use of their guns and to be drilled. I was there when Long Martin Whelan of Mars Marshalstown came in. He was handed a shotgun. We had all our pikes over in the corner of the alley. When he saw them, h he asked me if he could have one. I said 'yes'. He then handed back the gun and, when he got one of the pikes in his hand, Long Martin said: "There, my darling! God help the police or soldiers that come my way". Then a good many of the recruits wanted pikes also./ When We had all our men armed Commandant Rafter issued an order for a route march for all men who were not on duty, around the town. We had a couple of hundred men. It was a great sight to see them march with the guns and pikes.

The first day (Thursday) there was a proclamation posted up, telling the people that no one was to be out of their houses after 10 o'clock at night, and anyone caught looting would be shot at sight. The only exception was if anyone wanted a doctor or priest. The first night in town was quiet. No one was seen out of doors. The town was well guarded. It was my duty to inspect all guards on duty. I was passing across the Market Square when I heard a guard - Mick Neill of Irish St. - shouting at the top of his voice down Slaney St.: "Halt! Who goes there?" he kept shouting. I went down to see what was up. When I got down, the guard told me he heard noises around the place. We listened and heard someone

throwing something out on a shed. When he heard the guard shouting so loud, he stopped, and no more noise was heard. After the Rising was over, I heard what was making the noise. Mr. Armstrong, better known as Spike, had a lot of shotgun cartridges but he did not hand them up. He started emptying them and throwing them out on the back shed. When he heard the shouting, he got the wind up and then put them into the fire in his kitchen. The next morning when his sister went to light the fire, it blew up, knocked down the ceiling in the kitchen and nearly killed her. There was a man named Evans who was lodging with him, and he told the story afterwards.

On another night about 12 o'clock, there was a little boy named Tommy Heavey from John St., who was with another guard doing duty on the top of Slaney St. outside the Munster & Leinster Bank where O'Dowd is living now. A bank manager was living there then. His name was McMullin, He had no family. He came down to the door to look out. Heavey went over to him and said: "Do you know that no one should be out of doors after 10 o'clock? If you come to the door again, I will arrest you". After a while the manager thought that the guard had gone away. He came back to the door. Heavey saw him and went over. He arrested him and brought him up to the old police barracks where the cells were still there. When they arrived at the barracks, there was only a couple of the boys there, including Mick Connors, better known as "Big Mick", the Tinker. Mick said to Heavey: "What has this man done?" He told Mick that he was out after hours, and said Mick: "I will deal with this case myself". He addressed the bank manager and said to him: "Only your children and mine are always playing together, I would send you off for six months. You may go home now, but don't come out after hours any other night".

On Friday evening, I visited the guard who was doing duty

on top of the Castle. I started looking down towards the barracks. There was a window facing the Castle. The sun was shining on it. After looking at the window for a while, I could see a white background. I turned around to speak to the guard, and then I looked back at the window again, where I saw a dark background. I said the police were looking out of the window. I then set my rifle for 300 yards and fired. I put the bullet through the window. We watched the window for some time after, and the white background remained. The police uniforms showed up the dark background.

On Friday morning, Mick Breen of the Rock Factory sent Paddy Kavanagh, the carman, down to the Asylum to bring up one of the electric standards that was carrying the wire to light the Asylum. When Paddy arrived with it, Mick began to make a big gun to blow up the barracks. When Commandant Rafter heard about it he told him that, if they wanted to take the barracks, it would not be a hard job. Our Commandant said he did not want any lives lost if possible; the police would come out when they were hungry because no food was allowed in.

On Friday night, Johnny O'Neill, now caretaker in the Athenaeum, who was a very small boy, joined up as a climber. Willie Coady, who was working in his tailor's shop in Blaney St., next door to Jones's where the telephone exchange was at that time, sent up word to headquarters that he heard the telephone going in Jones's. O'Neill was sent down to cut the wires on the main post carrying all the wires in Jones's yard. There was a light in the ball alley window throwing light on to Jones's house. When O'Neill was going up the post, he thought he saw another man going on to the roof of Jones's house. When he got to the top of the pole, he pulled out a pliers to cut the wires and, at the same time, he looked over to the roof of Jones's house and he thought he saw a man

pulling a gun to shoot him. He climbed down the telegraph pole as quickly as he could and reported that there was a man on Jones's roof who was going to shoot him. When I was sent down to see what was wrong, I found out that it was Johnny's shadow on the roof. Johnny was brought before Commandant Galligan and was told he would be shot for being a coward. Phil Murphy came into the officers' room at the time and said he was short of men to replace those who were coming in off duty. Johnny begged Commandant Galligan to let him off - if he did, he would do anything he was wanted to do. With that, Phil said: "I want Johnny for a while". He was told he could have him. He said to him: "I want you to go over to the corner of Friary Place to relieve Tom Stokes who is on duty over there, and the first man who comes in I will send him over to relieve you". Johnny went over and Stokes gave him a double-barreled shotgun. He was not long on the corner when he saw two men coming up by Lett's Brewery. Johnny halted them but they still came towards him. He shouted: "Halt, or I'll fire". They took no notice of him. With that he pointed the gun at him, pulled the trigger. The gun did not go off. He ran back to headquarters, told what happened and said two police had got out of the barracks. Commandant Galligan, myself a couple more and Johnny went over towards Friary Place and saw the men. Johnny said: "Don't fire. I will go and see who they are first. He came back with the men. They were Felix Murphy of Irish St. and Nick Murphy at Stamps. When Tom Stokes handed over the gun to Johnny it was at half-cock. He did not tell him it could not go off. It was lucky for the two Murphys because, if the gun had been all right, he might have shot them. That night after, Phil Murphy went up John St. He saw a man coming up the Mill Race Lane and halted him. He did not hear him. Phil fired and

shot him in the shoulder. He was Passy Walsh of the Island Road who was off duty and went for a walk.

On Easter Saturday morning, Commandant Galligan issued orders for all Volunteers who wanted new clothes or boots to be supplied with them. They were sent to all the drapers in town to get them. The shopkeepers got orders in the name of the Irish Republic and were told that they would be paid for them if the Republic lived; if not, the British Government would honour our debts. (After the surrender, the shopkeepers got paid for anything they supplied to us; some of them got paid on the double, when the British paid up). After all our men were fitted out with clothes and boots, an order was issued to get ready to march to Ferns, because word came in that the British soldiers were in Gorey.

Under the command of Commandant Paul Galligan, two companies marched to Ferns. When they arrived, they took over the post office and the police barracks. Commandant Galligan gave orders to block the roads on the Gorey side and to put the railway station out of order. Commandant Galligan returned on Sunday night along with Peg King, who was a Red Cross nurse. Joe Walsh, the painter, was driving the car they were in and, coming down the hill on the back road at Strahart, the car went over a ditch. Commandant Galligan and Nurse King were very badly hurt. Walsh, who knew very little about driving a car, was not hurt. It was the second time he ever drove a car.

On Saturday evening I was inspecting the outposts. I went up to the Duffrey Gate and, when I got there, I saw one of our guards in a row with a country man. I asked what was wrong. He told me that this man, who had a horse and car with him, had no pass. He had his daughter with him. His name was Pat Dunne from somewhere near Cairn. I went to reason with him. He then made an attempt to take the rifle from the guard and,

with that, the guard loaded it and was going to shoot him. When I saw him putting his gun to his shoulder I hit his gun with mine up in the air and it went off. Dunne was a very lucky man that he was not shot that day. I wrote out a pass, gave it to the guard and told Dunne to go home. His daughter thanked me for what I had done. There was a big crowd of people at the corner at the time, and they also praised me for what I had done, as they said he deserved to be shot for attempting to take the gun out of the guard's hand. I said he had a sup in, and he did not know what he was doing.

There was an order given that no publicans were to supply anyone with drink. That evening two men were caught in Loftus Porter's publichouse in Templeshannon. Both of them were from Shannon. Mike Murphy (Toby) and Bernard Neill were arrested and the keys of the publichouse taken from the owner. His shop was locked up and the keys brought to headquarters.

On Saturday evening there was an outpost up on the Cross Road at Clonhasten. Sergeant Mickey Doyle of the Shannon was in charge of it. One of his men, Dan Connors from A/Company, saw a crow up in a tree and fired a shot at it. Sergeant Doyle arrested him and brought him to headquarters to have him court-martialled because, he said, it was a very serious thing to do; if any of the other outposts heard it, they might think that the enemy was near at hand.

On Sunday morning Tommy Doyle of Lower Church Street was in charge of the outpost on the Ferns Road leading to Gorey. At about 7.30 a.m. he saw a motor car coming along the road with a white flag flying out of it. When it came up to where he was, the car was halted. In it was a priest, Sergeant Drake, R.I.C., and another man. They told him that they had a message from P.H. Pearse to the officer in charge in Enniscorthy, that Pearse had surrendered with all his men in Dublin. When Jimmy Doolan saw Sergeant Drake in the car he was going to shoot him.

Doyle said to him: "You fool! Don't you see the white flag?" Tommy Doyle handed them over to Commandant Galligan, who then put Tommy Doyle and Jack Lacey in the car with them, taking their rifles from them. They then proceeded to Enniscorthy where, on arrival, Tommy Doyle handed them over to Commandant Rafter who received the message from Pearse, saying it was no use for them to hold out in Enniscorthy. Commandant Rafter did not believe them, and the man, whose name I did not know, said: "If you don't believe it, I will guarantee a safe passage to any of your officers to go to Dublin and see P.H. Pearse". Tommy Doyle and Jack Lacey then returned to Ferns, and the priest, Sergeant Drake and the messenger went on their way again.

Seán Etchingham and Seamus Doyle were appointed to go to Dublin. They left by car and when they got to Dublin, Pearse was in Arbour Hill jail. They were brought to see him and they heard the sad news from him. He was broken-hearted when he had to tell them to surrender in Enniscorthy.

On that Sunday evening, the Rev. Fr. Fitzhenry, with Pat O'Neill, Chairman of the Urban Council, and Harry Buttle of Buttle Bros., Templeshannon, took it on themselves to go to Wexford as, by this time, thousands of Britisn soldiers had landed in Wexford under the command of Colonel French, who sent a message to Enniscorthy that he would shell the town and put it in ruins before marching his men into it. When Father Fitzhenry and the two men saw Colonel French, he said if they surrendered in Enniscorthy, he would spare the town, and that anyone who took part in the rising would not be arrested. Fr. Fitzhenry, Mr. O'Neill and Mr. Buttle came back to Enniscorthy and went to headquarters with the terms of surrender. As our two officers who had gone to Dublin had not arrived back, our officers did not at that time accept the surrender terms.

The town of Wexford was packed with soldiers and, when Colonel French arrived in Wexford, he asked for recruits to

help him to fight the rebels in Enniscorthy. Paddy Donovan, a captain in the National Volunteers, got all his men, along with hundreds more, to join him. They were called "Donovan's Brigade". He was the son of an ex-R.I.C. man.

That Sunday night, about 9.30, our two officers returned from Dublin with the sad news from Pearse. We had no other option but to surrender. It was Pearse's orders. Now all the Volunteers were called in and told of the order to surrender. (The flag that was flying over the Athenaeum during Easter Week was taken down on Sunday night and handed over to Father Pat Murphy, M.S.S., who still has it in his keeping). They went into the ball alley. Rev. Fr. Pat Murphy of the Mission House, and Commandant Rafter spoke to the men. Fr. Pat told them to keep the guns and powder dry for another day.

On Monday morning an armoured train arrived in Enniscorthy from Wexford. The train was built by some of the foundry workers in Wexford. About 1,000 soldiers with their big guns marched from Wexford. The town was full of troops. The first thing they did was to round up all the men they could get to remove all the obstructions on the Wexford road. The road was blocked with fallen trees and trenches dug from Edermine to near Enniscorthy. When the British troops came to Edermine they could not get their big guns any further. They then brought them on the back road to town. Commandant Rafter, Captain Etchingham, Captain Seamus Doyle, Bob Brennan, Michael de Lacey and Dick King surrendered to the British officer. They were arrested and sent to Waterford Jail. The officer told them that, if all arms were not handed up, everyone who took part in the rising would be arrested. The arms were not handed up. They began arresting nearly everyone who took part in the rising. Paddy Kehoe of Riversdale was the first to be taken, and Andy Kehoe, a saddler in the Co-op Stores, was the next; he was let out shortly after as he did not take part in

the rising. After that, they arrested about 60 that day, and th
they were sent to Waterford Jail.

They kept on arresting until Thuesday, and a rumour went out that they were not going to take any more prisoners. I and a good many of the boys had gone on the run, and, when we heard that they were not going to take any more prisoners, we all came back to town.

On Thursday morning I was eating my breakfast when a messenger came up from Donohoe's asking me to go back to work as no more men were to be arrested. I returned to work, and, at 12 o'clock, a squad of soldiers in charge of a Sergeant-Major Byrne came into the yard. When I saw them, I cleared off to the far yard along with some more men who were working in the firm, but were not prominent in the Volunteers. One of them said to me: "If you don't give yourself up we will all be arrested". I left them and walked over to the soldiers. I had a ruler in my hand and pretended I was measuring timber over in the yard. The Sergeant Major stopped me and asked me my name. When I told him he said "Fall in". Taking the ruler out of my hand he said: "You won't want this where you are going". He then said to the picket: "We will scrape them all up. They should not be let breed". I and a couple more were brought to the police barracks. When we got there the barracks was full of prisoners. We were put in the big room upstairs, and Head Constable Collins pointed out to all of us where the bullets came through the window. Little did he think that it was I who put the bullet through the window. The window facing the Turret Rocks was also broken; we had Volunteers doing duty up there all the time the rising was on.

After all the arrests were made, the police said: "There can't be many more of them left, because the barracks is not able to hold all the letters they got from informers; Enniscorthy is full of them". Jack Courtney of the Ross Road, who was out

in the Rising, was standing in the Market Square when Mr. Armstrong (Spike), the man who threw the shotgun cartridges out on the shed in his back yard that night in Slaney Street, came up the Square whistling and, passing Courtney, said: "Thanks be to God, we have our freedom tonight". With that, Jack Courtney gave him a kick in the backside. The next day he was arrested. He always said Spike got him arrested.

In the evening (Thursday) the police barracks was too small to hold us. At 6 o'clock that evening we were handed over to the military and transferred to the Athenaeum under guard of the soldiers. The police had no more to do with us. The soldiers were all Irishmen, belonging to the Connacht Rangers. Our people started sending in our supper, as we had got nothing all day. Pat O'Neill, Market Square, sent in word to know if any of us wanted food. He was told that we were all right. Head Constable Collins was there at the time. He said to the officer in charge: "Let no more food into them because, when they had us locked up in the barracks, they would not let any in to us". The officer said to him: "They are in my charge now and they can get all the food that is sent in to them". The Head Constable and a couple of constables started throwing their weight around, insulting some of us. When the officer heard it, he put them out.

One of the soldiers came over to me and said: "You want a shave very bad. If you come with me down to the lavatory, I will shave you, because you are all going off in the morning". I went off with him. He shaved me and said me: "Do you want any message sent out to your people?" I said: "Yes". He gave me a sheet of paper. I wrote to my father in the Shannon, and to my sister, who was working for Mr. O'Flaherty, Solicitor, Mayfield. I handed him the message. I also gave him £1. He told me his name was O'Sullivan from Co. Cork. That night later, he gave me a letter from home and one from my sister.

I was delighted. That night we all lay on the floor, some sleeping, others talking all night.

The next day (Friday) we were all taken out of the Hall and put in, four deep, outside of it, with two soldiers to every four prisoners. The officer in charge stood on the Athenaeum door steps and said to his men: "If any prisoners try to escape, shoot to kill". We were then marched to the railway station and, when going across the town, you would pity our fathers, mothers and sisters watching us going off. They were all crying, and all the people who were in sympathy with us shouting: "Keep your hearts up, boys". When we arrived at the station, four prisoners and two soldiers were put into each compartment. We did not know where we were going. In one compartment, Billy Thorpe and his son from the Shannon, who were prisoners also, were guarded by his two nephews, sons of Jackie Thorpe of Hospital Lane, who were soldiers belonging to the Connaught Rangers. A good many Enniscorthy men were in the Connaught Rangers and they also came into town. They afterwards told the people if any fighting had to be done, they would have joined the rebels.

We were all brought off in the train, but we did not know where we were going until we landed in Dublin. The rain was falling in torrents. Very few of us had overcoats, as the officer in Enniscorthy would not allow any to be brought in to the hall to us as, he said, we would not want them where we were going. We were marched from Amiens St. Station in all the rain to Richmond Barracks. It took us about an hour to get there. As we were going along, we could see some of the buildings still on fire.

When we arrived at the barracks, about 25 of us were put into each room. The barracks at this time was packed with prisoners and the water was running out of our clothes. We had to sleep in our wet clothes on the bare floor. We had a chap with us who, before he left Enniscorthy, got word that his mother

had died. The police would not let him out on parole to go to his mother's funeral. His name was Garrett. He came from somewhere in the west of Ireland and was working at J. Donohoe's Ltd. The poor fellow cried all night. We all offered up the Rosary for her every night that we were in Richmond Barracks.

No food was given to us the night we arrived. On the following morning, each of us got an empty bully-beef tin, and a soldier came along with a big bucket, and another soldier gave each of us two big hard biscuits. They were like dog biscuits. We got this three times a day for five days until we were shifted out on the Thursday of the following week. One day a sergeant of the army walked into our room. Billy Thorpe and son were in our room. When Billy Thorpe, senior, saw him, he said to me: "I know this fellow. I soldiered with this fellow in the Royal Irish. If you have any money on you give it to me. I will get this fellow to get us some bread". I gave Thorpe 15/-. He then said to the sergeant: "Hello, O'Gorman". The sergeant said: "Are you here too, Thorpe?" He then showed the sergeant the money and asked him if he could get us some bread. Sergeant O'Gorman was a native of Wexford town. He asked Thorpe if there was anyone from Wexford town in the room. The reply was "No". He then left the room, but we happened to be a bit unlucky, because, if there had been, I think he would have done something for us.

After a week in Richmond Barracks, we were all brought out into the barrack yard and formed up, four deep. Each of us was given a tin of bully beef and two hard biscuits. There were about 500 of us. Sean McDermott was one of us. We were not long there when a detective came out and brought McDermott back again. That was the last we saw of him. He was court-martialled the next day and sentenced to death. They shot him the following morning. All the rest of us, that evening, were marched down to the North Wall and, on our way out, we saw

Willie Toole and Fintan Burke, who were taken prisoners in Wexford town at Pierce's foundry the night before the Rising, and Phil Lennon of New Ross, who had been brought in. On our way down the Quays, all the old British soldiers' wives in Dublin started shouting to the soldiers, "That's the stuff to give them!".

At the North Wall we were put aboard a cattle boat, packed in the same as the cattle. The stench from the cattle on the boat with us was terrible. A good many of the prisoners got sick. We landed at Holyhead about three o'clock the following morning. When we were leaving the boat, who did I see doing guard at the pier only Jim Dwyer of Drumgoold, Enniscorthy, better known as "Gip"; he was in the Army.

After leaving the boat, we were put on a train - where to we did not know until the train arrived at Stafford station at about eight o'clock. We were marched out, formed up four deep, and when the people of Stafford heard that the Irish prisoners were at the station, they turned up in their thousands. They got all around us, like mad devils. Only that the soldiers fixed their bayonets and kept them away from us, they would have torn us to pieces. They followed us all the way to the prison and, when we would be passing a big hotel, they would shout, "Are you bringing them in there?".

Some of us had never seen the inside of a prison and, on our way, we were saying, "I hope they will put a good many of us in the same room", but when we got into prison, the first thing that happened to us was we were all put into separate cells and then served out with a tin of cocoa and eight ozs. of bread, with a small bit of margarine on top of it. It was a welcome gift because we had not got any bread since we left Enniscorthy. The Governor of the prison

allowed us to go to bed, and did we all sleep; it was the first time our clothes were off since we were arrested. In the afternoon we were paraded in batches and searched. We were told to hand up anything we had on us, cigarettes, matches, penknives, pencils and our watches; they cleaned us out. After that we all went back to the cells.

Our cells were numbered. My number was A.2.3. Ned Black was A.2.1., Joe Wilson, A.2.2., and at the other side of me was a Galway man named Lally in cell A.2.4. Black and Wilson were made orderlies on our landing. There were three landings on our side of the wing, A.1., A.2., and A.3. On the opposite side of us were B.1, B.2., and B.3. landings, the other landings being C.1., C.2., C.3., D.1., D.2., D.3., E.1., E.2. and E.3. There were fifteen landings in all. The first two prisoners in each cell were made orderlies of each landing. Their job would be to go to the cookhouse and bring in the prisoners' food for them.

For the first six weeks we were locked up in our cells twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four. We would arise in the morning at six o'clock. Our first job would be to make up our beds. All the cell doors would be opened. The warder on each landing would give the command to all prisoners to march two paces forward. The toilet was in the centre of each landing; he would say, "Right and left turn, quick march"; we in turn would empty our slops, get a bucket of water, go back to our cells and get down on our knees, with a pumice stone, to scrub out our cells. The cell floors were made with stone flags. They were very cold. It would be breakfast time against we were finished, as everyone would also have to scrub the passage outside their cell doors. At eight o'clock we had breakfast, composed of a tin of cocoa, eight ozs. of bread and a small piece of margarine. At eleven o'clock all prisoners would be brought to the prison yard to get exercise. In the

yard there would be four soldiers, one in each corner, armed with rifles and fixed bayonets. There would be four stands about three feet high, with the warder of your landing standing on it. We were marched in a circle, five feet apart, so as we could not speak to each other. We were not allowed to speak to each other for the first six weeks. The warders were not to let anyone talk; that was why they were standing up in the centre and could see over our heads. We would be kept going for half-an-hour and then be brought back to our cells again. On our way in, some of us would try to pass a word to each other. Dinner at one o'clock comprised of two small potatoes, tin of soup, and you could fish for the meat in the soup. At four o'clock we went out to exercise again for half-an-hour, and back to the cells again. Tea at five o'clock was the same as we got for breakfast. We would get a sweet can full of water every night into our cells to drink. We would not be allowed in the daytime to rest on our beds. In the cell door, there was a small hole with glass in it, and a shutter on the outside. The warder would keep going around and looking in to see if you were lying down, and if he saw you he would open your cell door and make you get up because you were not allowed to undo your bed until after supper. Then we could sleep all night if we could. I never knew the value of food until then. I even used to wet my fingers to gather up the crumbs that were left on the table. I would drink the can of water every night. Night after night I would cry with the hunger. I said to myself, "If I ever get out of this, I will never refuse any food that will be given to me again".

One day, John N. Scallen, solicitor of Enniscorthy, came to Stafford Jail to see Dinny O'Brien who used to work in his office and, after a while, all the Enniscorthy prisoner

were brought to see him. He told us he had a message from the officer in charge of the town that, if we told where all our guns were and let them be handed up, all the Enniscorthy prisoners would be released. We knew that they had already broken their word before; when Rev. Fr. Fitzhenry and the other two men met him in Wexford, he had told them the only terms were to surrender but, when he came to Enniscorthy, he did not keep his word. John N. Scallen, solicitor, went back to Enniscorthy without the information he came looking for.

Sergeant Smith was our warder. He was a bad egg. He always said we were a pack of wild men. Lally, who was in the cell next to me, told him to wait and see the next batch of prisoners that would come in; they would have tails on them. One day Joe Wilson found a butt of a cigarette in his pocket. He thought he was well in with him and asked him for a match. Smith said to him, "I don't like you and you don't like us". But there was a warder on B.3. landing, Corporal Webb, a very nice man. Every day he would go into some of the cells with a pipe full of tobacco and a box of matches, to give some of the prisoners a smoke. He would stand outside the cell door while they would be getting a smoke. He would then pass on the pipe to another prisoner.

After six weeks, a great change came over the prison. All the cell doors were thrown open, night and day, and all prisoners allowed to speak and mix with one another. A letter was allowed to be written once a week and one allowed in. I saw a letter a girl in Enniscorthy wrote to Jim Cullen, Ross Road, telling him that nearly all the boys in the town were taken, but his brother, "Moocher", as she called him, was not arrested yet.

Staff Captain Moran was in charge of all the warders in Stafford Prison. He was an Irishman but he did not treat us very well until after we got a little freedom. There was a Scotchman called Jock, a warder, and we had a prisoner with us, Matty O'Brien, a cousin of Matty O'Neill, the bill-poster, who was born in Scotland and was not long over here before the Rising. When the Staff Captain would call Jock, he would say, "Coming up, Staff". O'Brien often answered for him and got the Scotchman into trouble. (When Matty O'Brien was in Waterford Prison, the warder brought him up a tin of porridge. When O'Brien saw it,he said to him, "I beg your pardon! I'm not Matty O'Neill, the bill-poster. I'm Matty O'Brien" - as he thought the porridge was paste.)

The Chaplain of the prison was a Father Stafford, a Dublin man, who was a Chaplain in the British Army. He would hear confessions every Friday and, as he wore the khaki, very few would go to him. Mass would be said every Sunday at eight o'clock in the Protestant church, as there was no Catholic church in the prison. There were three prisons on the one ground. Nearly all the Dublin prisoners were in the other prison. We would all meet at Mass. Everyone was supplied with a hymn book. At the end of the Mass, the priest would ask us to sing "Hail, Glorious St. Patrick". We could be heard all over Stafford singing it.

Sunday was the worst day in prison, as tea was given at four o'clock to let the warders off. There was a park near the prison. We could hear a band playing on Sunday evenings. They would finish up playing, "God Save The King". Some of us would curse him for having us locked up on such a fine summer evening.

As time went on, prison life was not too bad. The Governor offered us dripping to put on our bread and, when we

refused it, he sent it out to be sold, and the money he got for it was given to us to buy more food. He allowed a grocer to send in his van with bread and jam, and at this time we were allowed to receive five shillings from home. Some time after, he let in the papers to us. One day the paper came in, and the big heading on the front page was, Kitchener Lost At Sea. We nearly all went mad cheering. The Governor threatened to lock us all up again.

Nearly every night we would hold a concert, and at this time Fr. Stafford was changed out of the prison and a Father Moore from Stafford was sent in his place. He was a very nice priest. All the prisoners were very fond of him. Every night we had a concert, he came into it. There were some of the best artists in Ireland amongst us. Every night, before going to bed, the Rosary would be said in Irish in the main hall of the prison. P.H. Pearse's old gardener, who was a prisoner with us, would give it out.

After some time, bread became plentiful, and there was a complaint made by the Governor that some of the prisoners were throwing it out through their cell windows. We were all got together one evening and Darrell Figgis, who was also a prisoner, made a speech to us all about it. Lally, who was in the cell next to me, said, "Sir, I wish all their cell windows were opposite mine; then all the bread would fall into my cell". Figgis was a Protestant and on Sunday mornings, when we would be receiving Holy Communion, he would go around with the priest and hold the cloth under our chins.

Under the circumstances, we were very happy, but one day we got word that they were sending us off to an Internment Camp. Before that, some of the prisoners were released and the rest of us was to be interned. Darrell Figgis was the first to be sent to another prison and,

when they were sending him off, he got the German measles. That stopped all of us from being sent to the Camp. Some time after, all prisoners were paraded for medical inspection. Dr. Jim Ryan of Tomcoole, afterwards T.D. for Wexford, who also was a prisoner, told some of the boys to rub their chests well with a towel before going down. When they did that, their chests got all red and little spots came out on them. When the prison doctor saw them, he said we nearly all had the measles. That put back for a while sending us to the Camp.

Nearly every day there would be a football match between the prisoners, using a paper ball. One day the Governor was looking on. Two of our boys got hurt. Dinny O'Brien got his hip out, and Mick Cahill his ankle out. The Governor said he would not like to be fighting against us. If they fought the same as they played football, they would be dangerous to meet. There was another part of the prison where they kept the conscientious objectors. We could see them from our cell windows. The Governor gave them a terrible time. One day, he passed a remark, "I have prisoners here for fighting and others for not fighting. Between you, I don't know what to do".

One morning we got orders to parade, and all of us were sent this time off to Frongoch Internment Camp in North Wales. We landed in Frongoch, and the first thing we saw was a lot of huts with prisoners looking out of the windows. It was the rule, when other prisoners were brought in, they were confined to their huts. When we entered, all prisoners were searched by a Sergeant Major. He would go through our pockets and then ask every prisoner had we had jack-knives on us. We would say, "No". He then would say, "Sir, to me". When Har Habbernity of the

Shannon was asked if he had any jack-knives on him, Habber, as we used to call him, said, "No, Sergeant Major". The Sergeant Major said to him, "You are a bloody old soldier the way you answered me". After that, the Sergeant Major was christened "Jack-knives". He was called nothing else in the Camp. Whenever he came in, the boys would say, "Here comes Jack-Knives". There were two camps, the upper camp and the lower one, which was an old distillery. We were put in the upper one, composed of huts, thirty-two prisoners to each hut. Every hut elected their hut leader. Mr. Doris of 'Mayo News' - he was the owner of the printing works - was made our hut leader. Every prisoner got a new number. My number was 3030.

Camp life was not as bad as we thought it would be. Every morning at six o'clock in the summer, an old soldier would go from hut to hut shouting "Show leg". We would parade outside our huts at 6.30 a.m. to answer the roll call. After that, all the prisoners would have to scrub out their huts, make up their beds, composed of a bag of straw, two army blankets, one pillow-cover packed with straw, bed board six inches from the ground. Breakfast was at eight o'clock. Each prisoner was given a plate, mug, knife, fork and spoon. All would go to a big diningroom. Each of us was allowed to receive five shillings a week from home. There was a canteen in the Camp with all classes of groceries kept in it. We could buy extra food, and hand it in to the cookhouse with our number attached to it. It would be cooked with the rest of the food. You would have to call for it yourself, as the rest of the breakfast would be served by our own waiters. Breakfast comprised of four ounces bread, a small bit of margarine and all the tea you could drink. Four of us from Enniscorthy clubbed in together and, if any of us had got any money from home, we

would buy a little extra for breakfast. Dan Connors, Dinny Doran, Lar Doyle and myself always kept together. I remember one morning we had only one egg each. I went to the cookhouse to get them fried. When I went back for them, two plates, with my number on them, were handed out to me. There were about three pounds of rashers on one of them and six eggs on the other. When Dan Connors saw them, he said to me, "Lay them down quick on the table". I said, "No, I will bring them back again". With that, Dan took them out of my hand and divided them between us. We had only finished eating them when we heard a row going on outside the cookhouse. Dan said to me "We will have to hide the extra plate". There were twelve prisoners from Lusk, Co. Dublin, in the Camp with us, and the rashers and eggs belonged to them. There was a terrible row kicked up about them, but all that Dan Connors would do was to laugh heartily about the whole affair. Matt Holbrook was head cook. He must have found out about it because I could not go near the cookhouse any more. We used to go in turn but, after that, the other three had to go in turn.

After breakfast, some prisoners were appointed to clean up the dining hall and scrub the tables; others had to shine and clean the tea cans; others would have to clean up the camp. There would be a leader placed in charge of each batch of prisoners to see that the job would be done right. Our officer would appoint the men to carry out this work, because every day there would be an inspection of the whole Camp carried out at 11.30. Two British officers, the Captain, the Sergeant Major usually "Jack Knives" - and our officer, Captain M. W. O'Reilly, now General Manager of the New Ireland Assurance Co., would go right through every hut and around the whole Camp. The leader of every hut and the

leader of each working party would have to 'stand to' until they would have their inspection. If the Captain saw anything wrong, he would point it out to our officer and say, "Don't let this happen again". The rest of the prisoners, who would not be on the working parties would all go out to the field to play football and other games. The Enniscorthy boys started a game called "Cat". It was the same as rounders, only it was played with a round stick, thirty inches long and one and a half inches in diameter, and a wooden ball, the size of a tennis ball, nearly like the baseball they play in America.

At twelve o'clock every day, all the prisoners would have to be down in the field and, when the two British officers and our own Captain would enter the field, the Major would blow his whistle and our officer would give the command to form four deep. We would all fall in. Then he would order every second rank two paces march, to make room for the three of them to pass through the ranks. Every prisoner would be examined from head to toe. If any of us had bad boots or torn clothes, or wanted their hair cut, the Captain would say to the Sergeant Major, "Take that man's number; make sure that he gets his boots, or clothes, or have his hair cut before to-morrow". We had two barbers' shops in our camp, Mallon from Dublin and Paddy Templeton from Enniscorthy. They would shave you or cut your hair for you. If any of us could afford to give them a couple of coppers, it would be accepted thankfully.

After the inspection, all up to dinner. Dinner was composed of three small potatoes and, when potatoes could not be got, we would get bread instead, soup, and meat mixed up in it. After dinner, the diningroom and all utensils would have to be cleaned up. At three o'clock all back to the field until five o'clock. Supper at six o'clock was

the same as breakfast.

In the fine evenings, there would be a concert held, out in the open; and on wet evenings there would be buck dances held in the recreation hall. We had the best of musicians and comedians among us. Johnny Coady of Irish Street, with his bagpipes, would play us all round the camp. The soldiers who were doing picket duty outside the camp would enjoy it.

The Camp was surrounded with barbed wire, twelve feet high, and rolls of barbed wire all round the bottom of it inside. There were eight look-out boxes, at twelve feet high, around the camp. At nine o'clock every evening in the summer, a guard would be put in each of them. Every quarter of an hour during the whole night, you would hear them shouting, "No. 1 - all is well; No. 2 - all is well", until the last guard would answer. That went on the whole night. The prisoners had to wash their own inside clothes and they would put them out to dry on the coil of barbed wire. We all got instructions to remove them every evening before eight o'clock. One night someone forgot to bring in his shirt. The guard did not see it until some time late in the night. It was a windy night and the shirt began to blow about. When he saw it, he thought it was a prisoner trying to escape. He fired at it. When the rest of the guards heard the shot, you could hear them all over the place, "Guard, turn out". When they saw what happened, there was a general order issued the next morning to our officer to see that no one left out any clothes in future.

Nearly every day at 3.30, the Sergeant Major would call the list for the clothes and boot party, the numbers he had taken down when on inspection. Every day the party became larger. We would tear our clothes and rip our boots

to get new ones. One day Sergeant Major "Jack Knives" called the list and over half of the Camp fell in. He then said, "You bloody fellows were not able to fight the British Government, but you are going a good way trying to bankrupt her". We would all be marched over to the Quartermaster's store to get fitted out. If you had sixpence to give him, he would give you the best he had in the stores, but if you had not, you would have to put up with anything he gave you.

The officer in charge of the Camp one day ordered the prisoners, who were cleaning out our own ashes from the Camp, to clean out the soldiers' also. They refused to do so and were taken to the prison in the Camp. Six men would be in the party, and every day the six would refuse to do this job, until they had nearly all the prisoners taken to the other camp. When the officer saw that he could not succeed, he gave in.

The old brewery was full of rats. We could see them crossing over our beds at night. We had a prisoner with us from Dublin. We called him the Blackguard Daly; he was a "hard top". No matter how cold it was, he always walked about with nothing on him only his shirt and trousers held up with a belt. Daly very often caught a rat and, when he did, he would put the rat inside his shirt and let it run around him. The officer in charge of the Camp had a dog. Daly would go out to the yard, call in the dog and put in his hand into his shirt, pull out the rat and give it to the dog. When the officer and the soldiers would see him doing this, they would say that they would not like to have anything to do with Daly.

One day we heard that a prisoner in the South Camp went on hunger-strike - Jim Daly of Dublin. The Camp doctor did everything to get him to give up, but Daly "put no seem in him". After a couple of days when Daly would not come

off the hunger-strike, the old doctor's body was found in the river near the Camp.

In June, 1916, all the prisoners in the Camp were sent up, in batches, to London. One batch would go to Wandsworth Prison. Next day, the next batch would go to Wormwood Scrubbs Prison. A court would be held one day in Wandsworth and the next day in Wormwood Scrubbs until the prisoners would be tried. We would be paraded outside the courtroom but, before we would go into it, there was a solicitor in the next room to the judge. He would say to us that he was sent there on our behalf. When a couple of prisoners came out from him and went before the judge, they would say, "Don't tell that solicitor anything, because the judge will ask the same as you have told him.

Judge Sankey was the judge who tried us. When it came to my turn to go before him, the first question was, "Are you Thomas Doyle?". I said, "Yes". I was asked, "Do you know John O'Brien, Manager, Donohoe's Ltd., Enniscorthy?". "Yes, sir", I said. "He said you were in charge of a party of men who raided the firm on Thursday morning, 27th April, took all the guns and ammunition out of it?". I replied, saying I did not. He then said, "Do you know Acting Sergeant Drake?". I answered, "Yes". "Does he know you?". "I don't know", I said. "The Sergeant says that, when he came into Ferns on the Sunday in a motor, under the white flag, you were in charge of a party of armed men and escorted him along with a priest and a messenger from Dublin to Enniscorthy". I said I did not. He then said to me, "Do you know Sergeant Oliver of Enniscorthy?". I said, "Yes". He said, "Listen to what he has to say about you: you are one of the worst scoundrels in Enniscorthy". Tommy Doyle's (Lower Church St.) and my name got mixed up. I was charged for what he did;

and when he went before the Judge, he was charged for what I did. I was lucky because I was sent back to the Camp the next day, but the other Tom was kept for four days in Wandsworth.

The first morning in Wormwood Scrubbs Prison, our prison doors were open and the criminals in the jail came along with buckets to take our slops away. The fellow who came to my cell asked me what I was in for. I told him for fighting. He said he was in for the past five years. The English Derby was on the day before. He asked me what had won the Derby.

When Tommy Doyle, Lower Church Street, returned to the Camp, he said to me, "You are a nice boy! I am after spending four days up in that dirty hole, over you".

Shortly after coming back from London, the officer in the Camp began releasing some of the prisoners. Each afternoon he would call the numbers of the prisoners to be released. He started at the first number and carried on until the last number in the Camp. We would all be waiting to hear our numbers called, but he would skip a lot of numbers, including my own. When our numbers would not be called, the rumour went around the Camp that we were in for the duration of the war. There were thirty-two of us from Enniscorthy who were left, when all the other prisoners from Enniscorthy were released. When we would see them marching out of the Camp and we left behind, it nearly broke our hearts. The remainder of the prisoners from Dublin, Galway, Enniscorthy and some more from other parts of Ireland began to settle down for the duration of the war.

The names of the Enniscorthy prisoners who were not released were: Mickey Doyle, Johnny Davis, Jim Clery, Matt Holbrook, Har Habberity, Dinny Doran, Mick Cahill,

Lar Doyle, Jack Leacy, Eddie Heron, Andy Doyle (Mick) and myself - all from the Shannon; Pat Keegan, Johnny Coady, Dinny O'Brien, Jim O'Brien, Jeremy Coady, Jim Brien (Donohoe's Ltd.), Paddy Tobin (Senior) - all from Irish Street; Tom Maher, Island Road, Jim Healy, Tom Stokes, Phil Murphy, New Street, Jim Doolan, John Street, Tommy Doyle, Lower Church St., T.D. Sinnott, Court Street, Mike Connors, John St., Paddy Tampleton, Old Barracks, Dinny Connors, Dan Connors, John Murphy, Main St., Mike Sinnott.

We had in the Camp with us a good many of the boys who were living in England for a long time and, just before the Rising, came over to Dublin and took part in it. The British found out that they were in the Camp but did not know them. When we arrived in the Camp, we were all weighed, and one day orders were issued to parade in the compound. The officer came out and told us that there were great complaints in the House of Commons about the way he was treating us. He ordered every prisoner to get weighed again. It was not long until they got a couple of the boys they were looking for, as it was only an excuse to get them all. When Collins heard that they held some of them, he gave an order to all the prisoners to refuse to get weighed.

On another occasion, they tried another trick. We were all paraded again for a roll call. When Collins saw what they were up to, he got word passed along for no one to answer his number. Those who at first answered were kept in the Camp; the remainder were sent down to the South Camp, in the old distillery. It was not long until all of them went on hunger strike. Old "Jack Knives" nearly lost his mind. He would send in the food to them but, when they would not take it in, he did everything in his power to persuade them to eat. The strike lasted for

forty-eight hours and they were sent back to the North Camp again.

Some time later, Mick Collins called a meeting of all the I.R.B. prisoners and hut leaders in the Camp. It was discussed at that meeting that we should attack the guards the next morning when they would come into the Camp. He told all the leaders to take a vote on it in each hut. When they did, a good many of the prisoners, including myself, were against it. They said where were we going to go, if we did get out. We were only going to give them the chance they were looking for, to shoot us down like dogs. Nothing happened that night but, on the following morning at eight o'clock, we were ordered back to our huts and all the doors locked. At that time, all of us had the fashion of putting our numbers on our beds, with purple pencil, because the boys had the habit of taking one another's beds if it was a better one than he had. There was another Sergeant Major in Camp, who got very pally with all the boys. He got to know nearly all our names; by looking at our numbers on the beds, he thought he knew everybody. On that morning a special train arrived at the station with a couple of hundred soldiers. As the station was near the Camp, we could see them coming along into the Camp. We all thought that someone had given the game away about attacking the guards, that morning. When they marched into the Camp, a section of them was placed outside each hut. The Sergeant Major, along with an officer, started going into the first hut and went along looking at all the beds with the numbers on them. Collins happened to be in the first hut they went into and, when he saw what they were up to, got word passed from hut to hut for us to stand by another bed instead of by our own. As they went along, the Sergeant

Major would say to the officer, "Here is another of them". When they were finished, he thought that he had got all the boys they were looking for. They were going to conscript them for the British Army because they were registered in England before they came over to Ireland. About twenty prisoners were taken away to where they worked before coming over, but when they got there, they found that they had the wrong men and had to bring them back again. After that, all the hut leaders were taken and put in cells that they had in the Camp. It was not long until they were let back again. They were no match against Collins; he beat them to it every time. This was the last time that they tried to get any of them.

I received a local paper from home. I saw by it that there was a meeting of the Board of Guardians. There was a discussion about all the Irish prisoners in England. Harold Lett of Killgibbon was Chairman. He said we should be all sent off to Siberia. The majority of the Board were nearly all loyalists. My father, who was a member of the Board also, told them that, if he was as loyal to England as they were, he would go out to fight to save the British Empire.

The people of Enniscorthy began sending a hamper of food every week. They would send it through Martin Carty, Slaney Street, and addressed to Phil Murphy. Our own people would include their parcels in the hamper also. It was a welcome gift, because it made the food very plentiful. Phil often gave some of our rashers to the Dublin men. When the hamper would arrive, Phil would be sent for by the officer in the post office, it would be brought to Phil's hut and he then would give us our share, along with our own parcels. The post office was in charge of a British officer and three prisoners, Tommy Doyle,

Enniscorthy, Tom Drew and Willie O'Reilly, two Dublin men. There was a postman attached to the office also. He would go his rounds every day, delivering letters to all the huts.

There was a prisoner with us from Kerry, Denis Daly. I believe he was a bank clerk. Someone sent him a bottle of whiskey very often. The officer in the post office would send for Daly every time one would come, show it to him and say, "You can't get it but, when you are released, they will be here for you". When the two Dublin boys would get the officer out, the whiskey bottles would be opened and the best part taken. They would then add water to the remainder of what was left. Nearly every week, they would leave the post office, happy. O'Reilly was a bit of an artist. He would get a dark blanket, draw the image of a whiskey bottle and, under it, a skull and cross bones. He would tie two brush handles to it to make a banner out of it. He and Drew would march around the Camp until they came to the hut that Daly was in. They had with them a couple of old tin cans and they would make noise with them until Daly would come out. Daly did not see the joke until the general release came. Instead of whiskey, he had nearly all bottles of water to get.

Our mattresses were composed of straw. Very often there would be a bed-filling party brought out to empty them and refill them with fresh straw. One day there was a party of twenty of us brought out to empty the old ones. I was on that party and Mick Collins, who at this time was little known. The party would be in charge of a Sergeant and sixteen men. When we arrived in the field the Sergeant shouted, "Halt. Down your beds, you so-and-sos, the same as you had to down your guns in Dublin".

With that, Collins dropped his bed, went over to the Sergeant, caught him by the collar of his tunic and said to him, "Withdraw those words. We are no so-and-sos". With that nearly all the soldiers, with fixed bayonets got around him, but Collins told the Sergeant that, if he did not withdraw what he said, he would make him do so. When we returned to the Camp, Collins sent for the officer in charge and told him what happened. The officer made the Sergeant withdraw the remarks he made and, before us all, cut the stripes off his arm, and he became a private soldier again.

The officer in charge of the Camp gave orders that we should be brought out on route marches. We would be brought for a couple of miles march up on the hills of North Wales, as the Camp was down in a hollow and surrounded with big hills all round us. Johnny Coady of Irish Street had his bagpipes sent to him. He would lead us, playing his pipes; and we had a big Republican flag in the Camp; a man alongside would carry that. The officers never seemed to mind it. One day when we got up on the hill, we were halted for a rest. There was a prisoner with us from Kerry, named O'Connor. The officer in charge came over to him and said, "Didn't I see you some place before?". O'Connor said, "Maybe". The officer said, "Were you ever in the Klondyke?". O'Connor said, "Yes". They then got very pally from that on. Another day we were out and resting on the hill, and I was sitting near a soldier when his rifle went off. The bullet just skimmed my cap. I had a narrow escape.

From this on, we carried on as usual in the Camp, every day alike, until the Friday before Christmas. We got orders to parade again. We were told to get ready to go home, but before all of us were told to hand up our

mugs, plates, knives, forks and spoons. After that, they gave us a ticket to our nearest railway station at home. The best part of us was sent home that evening, and the remainder the following evening which was Christmas Eve. We arrived at Holyhead at 1.30 in the morning. It was very stormy when we got out to sea. Each prisoner got some money out of the Camp fund before leaving and, when the bar was open on the ship, some of the boys quenched the long thirst they had, as they had not seen a bottle since they were arrested. The crossing was very rough and a lot of them got sick. We arrived about an hour late, owing to the rough crossing but we were just in time to catch the Wexford train to Enniscorthy. We were all delighted to be free men again, to spend a very happy Christmas with our people again.

I had two visitors to see me while I was in the Camp, Fr. Pat Murphy, House of Missions, Enniscorthy, and Mr. B.J. O'Flaherty, solicitor, Mayfield, Enniscorthy.

Enniscorthy was quiet again until the end of 1917 when a meeting was called, and we started a Sinn Féin Club over Miss Kelly's drapery shop in Slaney Street (now Johnny Lacey's delph shop). It was not long until we got the Volunteers going again. Under Captain Jim Cullen, B. Company was formed in the Club, and it was not long until we got a larger club in Lower Church Street (now called Rafter's Memorial Hall). I became Instructor to the Company. One evening Sergeant Sloane, R.I.C., stopped me and said, "If I were you, I would not be instructing the boys in the Club how to use a rifle". He said no more. I will tell you later who reported me to the police. Our Company in the summer evenings would go up to the head weir for drill instruction. One evening a meeting was called, for to get a billiard table

because there were a good many members of the Club who were not members of the Volunteers. At that meeting, the money was subscribed by some members, including myself, and the billiard table was bought from the nuns in Loftus Hall. Membership in the Club increased.

In 1918 the British Government threatened to put conscription in force in Ireland. There was a big meeting held on the Fair Green, condemning the British Government for thinking to conscript Irishmen. Fr. Rossiter, the House of Missions, made a great speech at the meeting. He said, "As I look around, I see a good many policemen. They are peace officers but, when they lay down their baton and take up a rifle, they are no longer peace officers and should be treated as such". There was amongst them a Protestant Sergeant of the R.I.C., named Oliver, a bitter pill, who reported to the Government what Fr. Rossiter said and did his best to get him arrested, but saner council prevailed. I was told by one of them later that there was another report sent, saying if the priest was arrested, that blood would flow through the streets of Enniscorthy.

After that meeting, the Volunteers began to arm again. I was working in Donohoe's, Ltd., at this time. We decided that there were not enough guns and I was told to start making pike handles again.

In 1918 there was a general election held in Great Britain and Ireland. Sir Thomas Esmonde represented North Wexford in the British House of Commons up to this. The Sinn Féin Clubs decided to put up a Wicklow man against him, Roger Mary Sweetman. Election work in the Clubs went to fever point. There were election meetings held over the whole country. There was a big meeting held in the Abbey Square for Sir Thomas Esmonde. Mr. P. O'Neill,

Chairman of the Urban Council, presided at the meeting. Jack Corrigan of Drumgoo held a big Union Jack over his head. When he began to introduce Sir Thomas, the boys began shouting and boohing. There were about one hundred R.I.C. drafted into the town, as they were expecting trouble. Pat O'Neill said to the policemen, "Draw your batons and do your duty". With that, the police charged the crowd and the meeting was broken up. When Sir Thomas was leaving the meeting in his motor car, someone in Slaney Place put a stone through the windscreen. Paddy Neill of the Old Church was Sweetman's chauffeur. He drove him around to all the meetings. Someone called him "Lizzie" one day. Ever after, he went by Lizzie Neill. Sweetman won the election and refused to sit in the British House of Commons. He was the third Sinn Féin person to be elected in Ireland. The other two were Count Plunkett and McGuinness. There was great excitement in Enniscorthy. Vinegal Hill was set ablaze with tar barrels.

In 1918 there was a gift sale held in Mick Breen's rock factory stores, in aid of the Sinn Féin Club. Mick Breen, Joe Sinnott and my father, along with some others, got it up. There was a lot of stuff collected for it. In the evening, anything that was not sold was auctioned by M.W. O'Reilly (now General Manager of the New Ireland Assurance Company), who was collecting for the Prudential Insurance Company in Enniscorthy and stopped at T.D. Sinnott's, George's Street. There was a figure of two pikemen, cut out of a piece of tin and painted with the colour of two Volunteers in uniform. It was made by Miley O'Neill (Irish Street, better known as 'Flaker'). It was put up for auction and a couple of us got bidding for it. Someone started at a shilling and I finished up by buying it for five pounds. It was not worth the first

bid. All the boys had a good laugh at me when they saw it. All I said was, "It is for a good cause".

In 1919 Sinn Féin Courts were started all over the country. Some of the people began to recognise them and they refused to go into the British courts. Dinny O'Brien was Registrar of the First Court held in Enniscorthy. Jimmy Nolan, Edermine, (better known as the Coon Nolan) brought a case against a man for pulling down his gates. Shortly after, Dinny O'Brien was arrested by the R.I.C. and sent to Waterford Jail. He was let out long before his time was up. When he came out, he resigned his position as Registrar of the Sinn Féin Courts.

In 1918, I was passing Commandant Rafter's shop at the Bridge. I saw smoke coming out through his top windows. I thought the place was on fire. I went over to tell Commandant Rafter. When Martin Sinnott, his nephew, met me at the halldoor and told me what was after happening. He said that Comdt. Rafter, T.D. Sinnott and Pat Keegan were shifting bombs and one of them exploded and blew the stomach out of Rafter. I told Martin Sinnott to go quick and shut all the front windows and open the back ones, so as no one would see the smoke coming out. Poor Rafter did not live very long after. He was laid out in the big room over the shop. There was a guard of honour placed beside his coffin. He was brought to the chapel with the Republican flag on his coffin and all the Volunteers marching after it. The flag remained on his coffin in the church and the guard of honour, with their uniforms on, stood guard until the next day, which was Sunday. At two o"clock thousands of people came from all parts of Ireland to march after his funeral. A good many of his old comrades, who were in Lewes Jail with him, came to see the last of one of the best Irishmen Ireland ever

had. All the poor people of the town, when the funeral was passing along, you could see them crying as they said they would miss him. He was a very charitable man. Anyone who was in need, he was their best friend. You could hear them all saying that. It was one of the wettest days that ever came. The rain came down in torrents. The Volunteers, Cumann na mBan and hundreds of people marched the seven miles to Ballindaggin graveyard. The water ran out of our boots against we arrived there. Our poor old Commandant was laid to rest in the graveyard beside the church. The Last Post was sounded and three volleys fired over his grave. We all left the graveyard, but one of the best men that Ireland ever had remained behind. The Volunteers, who were under the command of Captain Jim Cullen, fell in on the side of the road, but Lieutenant Tommy Doyle had to give the command to dismiss. The next couple of days after, he, Jim Brien, Mike Sinnott, T.D. Sinnott, Tommy Doyle and Tom Traynor were arrested and sent to Waterford Jail for six months.

In 1919 I left Donohoe's, Ltd., and started a bookmaker's office in Martin Walsh's saddler shop. It was illegal at this time but, whenever the police were going to raid me, I was tipped off not to be there at such a time. After the raid, I would carry on as usual. About 1920 I started making a book in the big ring at all the race meetings around Dublin. Jim Walsh, the painter, was pencilling for me. That brought me to Dublin nearly every week-end. We put up at Hughes Hotel, Lower Gardiner Street. At that time, some of the boys who were on the run stopped at the hotel. I met a good many of them. Also there were two detectives from Dublin Castle who were always in and out of the hotel. They were great with the two Miss Hughes. They would tell them

whenever a raid was to take place, as Hughes Hotel at that time was raided very often. Miss Hughes would then tell any of the boys who would be stopping there that night, to go over to Moran's Hotel on the opposite side of the street. I happened to be there on a couple of occasions when this happened. They told me to go also because they might arrest me when they came. We all went over to the hotel and would be looking out through the windows when the lorries full of soldiers would pull up outside Hughes Hotel.

Every time I went to Dublin, there was a man who would follow me, and when I would be coming back, I would see the same man following me to the station. One Sunday morning, I intended coming home on the ten o'clock train from Harcourt Street, but we missed the train. We turned back and, passing the Detective Branch police station in Great Brunswick Street (now Pearse Street), I saw this man standing in one of the doors. I said to Walsh, "There is the man who always follows me whenever I come to Dublin". Shortly after that, I was coming home one night from Dublin. When I went up on the station, who did I see only the same man, talking to Johnny Byrne who used to work at Fortune's sawmills in Enniscorthy with me. He also lived next door to me in the Shannon. I went over to speak to him. It was a long time since I had seen him. He introduced me to the man that always followed me. He was a brother of Johnny's. Charlie was his name. Before 1916, Johnny was in the Volunteers, and Charlie was only very young at that time. I often brought them off to have a shot out of my rifle. Charlie was a detective in Dublin. He told me that he knew me very well and his job was to watch any of the boys he knew from Wexford when they came to Dublin.

"But I never stopped you", he said.

T.D. Sinnott was in charge of the Enniscorthy Volunteers at this time. One day in Enniscorthy, there was a party detailed off to attack a patrol of police when returning home to Clonroche from Enniscorthy. They used to come in once a week to town. The Volunteers fired a couple of shots at them but had to retreat.

All this time, the boys would be out very often raiding for arms. One night T.D. Sinnott sent a party to raid for arms around the Ballagh area. Peter Dwyer, and Jim Fitzharris were sent out from Enniscorthy to take charge. Before they got there some of the Ballagh Volunteers, who were waiting for them, went into Mrs. Morris's house and whatever happened they shot her dead. I believe it was an accident. When the boys from town arrived and heard what happened, they had to return home again. Peter Dwyer was accused of doing it and was arrested along with some more. Leacy, who had shot her, turned informer and blamed Peter Dwyer who was in charge of the Volunteers from Enniscorthy that night. The night before the shooting at Ballagh, Jim Brien, who was a Volunteer in Enniscorthy and out in the Rising, was shot by the R.I.C. in Rathdrum where he had a business. Dan Connors, Willie Murphy and his father and myself left early the next morning to go to his funeral. He was being brought home to Kilmuckridge, his native place, to get buried. We had not heard about the shooting in the Ballagh. It was about four o'clock when the funeral arrived down there, and when we were coming home, we passed through the Ballagh. There were a good many bicycles outside Morris's door. I passed a remark that a dance was going on in the house. Dan Connors said, "Stop the car. We will go in". Mr. Murphy was an old man;

he said it would be better for us to go home. It was well for ourselves that we took his advice.

Not long after, Peter Dwyer was tried for the murder, in Gorey. The trial was only formal and he was put back. At this time Inspector Lee Wilson, R.I.C., was stationed in Gorey. He was in charge of the case. It was planned in Enniscorthy that he should be shot. Jim Cullen of the 'Echo' and Pat Howlin of Slaney Street owned a motor car and had it for hire. When the driver went up this morning to take out the car, it was missing. The boys had taken it the night before and left early that morning to go to Gorey. There was a stranger in town, working at Mick Breen's rock factory. McMahon was his name. He, along with Mike Sinnott, brother of T.D.'s, and a couple more were in the car. Lee Wilson every morning came along the road at a certain time. This morning the boys were waiting for him. Just as he was passing the car, they shot him dead. It was never found out who shot him.

As time went on, an attack was planned to take Clonroche Barracks. It was carried out on a holiday night. That day there was a race meeting in Tramore, and the night before the attack took place, a good many of the people from Enniscorthy, who were at the races, were taken prisoners coming home. Some of them said afterwards that they took part in the attack. According to the talk afterwards, there were more at it than would take Dublin Castle. Some days before the attack, I met Jack Leary, Spring Hill, and he asked me to give him a hand to carry some of the stuff that was to be used on Clonroche Barracks. We brought it to his house.

Not long after this, word was sent that there was expected a big consignment of petrol in two-gallon tins

to arrive at Enniscorthy goods store. It came on a Saturday evening. It could not be taken away until Monday. On the Sunday night, all the Volunteers that could be got were rounded up, to take it away. There were thousands of gallons. At twelve o'clock that night, we started to shift it. McMahon was in command. He placed scouts from the Bridge up Templeshannon on to Clonheston. I was placed on the Bridge, Eddie Hearne at Reilly's Corner and Matt Holbrook further up. We were to pass on word if the police were seen. Not one of them was seen for the night. The petrol was all taken and it was never found out by the police where it went to.

The British soldiers at this time were stationed in Wexford and a couple of days after the petrol was taken, some of them were drafted into town, and a good many of the boys went on the run. They started a Flying Column. Some of those who stayed in town were arrested and brought to the courthouse where the soldiers had their headquarters.

Willie Murphy's mother, of the Shannon, died about this time, and some of the boys, including myself, stayed up all night at the wake. There was a fellow named Dixon, who was a hardware clerk at Donohoe's, also there that night. Some of the boys went outside for a while. That night, the Asylum books were taken. It was reported next day, and some of the boys that were at the wake the night before were arrested. I went with the funeral to the chapel that night and, after that, stayed around the town for a while, as I knew the time that the picket would be on their rounds. They would cross the Bridge at nine o'clock nearly every night to go up the Shannon. It

would be about ten o"clock when they would come back again and go over Slaney Place. I went down Slaney Street at nine o'clock and I was then crossing the Bridge. Shortly afterwards, I met Martin Kehoe of the Shannon. He was going home. I said, "Martin, don't go up the Shannon, as the picket is only just gone up. You know that all the boys who were at the wake last night, except a couple of us, were arrested". After some time, Martin decided to go across the Bridge again. I started for home and only got as far as Buttle's beef shop. I stood to talk to two ex-British soldiers from the Shannon, John Hawkins and Mat Butler. I asked them had the picket passed yet. I had not the words out of my mouth when the picket came around by Bennett"s Hotel, with Martin Kehoe in front of them. There used to be a couple of R.I.C. police with them on their rounds. When they came up to where I was talking to the men, the picket stopped and Sergeant Molloy, R.I.C., came over to me and said, "You drop in here too". There was another Sergeant walking behind the picket with the officer. Sergeant Sloane was his name. He came up to me and said, "What are you doing there, Mr. Doyle?". The officer said, "Do you know this man?". "Yes", said Sergeant Sloane. "Then you get out and go home", I was told.

Sergeant Sloane proved a great friend to me. On another occasion, I was away in Liverpool at a race meeting. The night before I came home, my first cousin, John Whelan, a mason by trade, died out on St. John's Road. Dr. Boyce was the military doctor in town, and the officer in charge, Captain Yeo, went to him. Boyce said they should hold an inquest on him. It was the rule in the town that the corpse would be brought to the chapel the first night. Dr. Boyce said this should not be done

before the inquest was held. The sister of deceased, Molly Whelan, said that no matter what Dr. Boyce said, she would bring the remains to the church that night. I came home that morning and heard about the cousin's death. Sergeant Sloane used to visit all the trains. Someone had told him that John Whelan was related to me. When he saw me, he came over and said, "I am afraid if Miss Whelan attempts to remove her brother to the church to-night, Captain Yeo will not let her. If you could get me a certificate from any other doctor that he was attending him before he died, I will settle it up with Captain Yeo". Sergeant Sloane, Constable Clifford and myself went to Dr. Kelly's house. He lived at the top of John Street at this time. We went in and explained to Dr. Kelly what we wanted him to do. Kelly said to me, "Have you ten shillings on you?". "That's all right. Here's the certificate for you". Sergeant Sloane, when he got it, went to Captain Yeo and settled it up with him. The funeral went to the church that night but, if Dr. Boyce had his way, I believe there would have been trouble.

Sergeant Sloane did many a good turn for some of the boys. Pat Brien told me that he was out with Micky Doyle, Mike Murphy, Har Habberity and some more of the Shannon Company, raiding for arms. It was late in the night when he was coming home. He lived in New Street and, crossing the Bridge, he saw the picket coming towards him. He had a revolver on him and the only thing he could do was to lay the revolver on the bridge wall. When the picket came up to him, they went through his pockets. When they found nothing on him, he was told to go home. Sergeant Sloane was with the picket that night and, when going across the bridge, he picked up the

revolver but said nothing about it to the soldiers. A couple of days later, he met Brien and said, "You had a narrow escape the other night, because I got your revolver".

One night I was coming down Templeshannon. It was about eight o'clock. There was no one in the street but myself. The town would be deserted after that time. I was crossing the street, from Garrett Dempsey's to Upton's publichouse, when Sammy Balfe and Bill Davis passed me by like a shot from a gun, and Tommy Doyle of the Shannon ran into Bennett's Hotel. When they were passing me, they shouted, "Make a run for it". They were around Armstrong's corner before I got to Stephen Roche's door, now Buttle's bacon shop. I stood up straight in the door and heard a voice shouting, "Halt or I'll fire". I looked back and saw a soldier by himself down on one knee in the centre of the street, with his gun up to his shoulder. He pulled the trigger, but the gun did not go off. He then walked up towards me, as I thought, but when passing me, I heard him say that his gun got jammed and if there was anyone at the corner, he would shoot them. I thought he was firing at me, but, thank God, he never saw me. After he passed me by, I crossed over to Loftus Porter's publichouse on the other side of the street. When I went in, there were only two men in it. One of them said to me, "What's wrong with you? You are the colour of a ghost". I said, why wouldn't I, after the escape I was after making. When I told them what happened, the publican closed his shop and the three of us stayed there until the coast was clear. It was a terrible night in town, as all the soldiers were drunk and got out of control. They beat up anyone who came their way that night.

A couple of nights afterwards, the boys put up posters and painted on walls around the town, "Up the I.R.A." "Long Live the Republic". Captain Yeo, when he heard of it, took out the prisoners he had in the courthouse, marched them around the town and made them tear down the posters and paint over the places where the boys had painted the night before. He also brought down to the Market Square Pat and Joe Walsh, house painters of Court Street, at three o"clock in the day and made them burn the Republican flag, and all the people looking at them.

Yeo was a bad egg. Every night you would hear that the Flying Column was coming into town to bump him off, but it never happened. Some of the boys in town made several attempts to bump him off but something always went wrong, and Yeo was never got.

T.D. Sinnott had a newspaper shop in George's St. Captain Yeo closed it up, and T.D. sent a hamper of stuff down to Martin Carty's bicycle shop at the top of Slaney St. His sister, Mary, put the books and postcards on Martin Carty's shelves in his shop and began selling them again. When the Treaty was signed, T.D. put in a claim for his losses and got three hundred pounds. Some years later, he put in another claim in the courts and got Sergeant Sloane, late R.I.C., to prove what happened, and got another three hundred pounds.

About this time, Jerry Newsome of John Street was accused of giving information to the police. The boys were on his track. The night he was shot, outside John Hendrick's beef shop, I was standing on the Bridge, talking to Paddy Pierce, when Pat Sheehan came over to us and said, "Move quick. This is the first opportunity we got to get Newsome" - as he always had soldiers with

him every other night. Myself and Pierce cleared away. We had only gone a couple of hundred yards when we heard the guns barking. After Newsome was shot outside Hendrick's, he ran as far as the big tree in the Abbey. He could be heard roaring around the whole town. He was buried in the Corrig graveyard. This is the fellow who gave the R.I.C. the information that I was instructing the Volunteers how to use the rifle.

One night in town, Jimmy Morrissey of John Street, who was a British ex-soldier and also was accused of giving information, went into the court-house along with other ex-British soldiers and put on the uniforms of soldiers who were stationed there. He led the gang of them out through the town to paint it red. They broke shop windows, looted them and chased the people of the town. It was one wild night in town.

Jimmy Morrissey, who was an ex-British soldier and a postman in town, went on his rounds out to Marshallstown. The boys were on his track as they had proof he was giving information to the police. They raided a train, took all the bags with the letters in them, and came across some of his. A trap was set for him one morning. A letter, which should have been delivered by the postman who went out with the first post, was held over for Morrissey to deliver. It was not on his rounds, and he would have to go up a long lane with it. That day, when he was going up the lane, the boys were waiting for him. That was the last of the postman. He was found later on, with a label on his breast, "Shot by the I.R.A.". His body was brought in to town by the soldiers. That night, Yeo beat up the prisoners he had in the courthouse and also cleaned up the town. The day of Morrissey's funeral, Yeo ordered all the shops in town to close. They gave him

a military funeral. He was buried alongside Jerry Newsome in the Corrig graveyard.

The only prisoner in the courthouse to stand up to Yeo was Jack Dwyer of Tomalossett. Yeo would send in a soldier to beat him, but Jack would knock his block off. When Yeo saw that one soldier could not beat him, he sent in two, and they nearly killed him. Dwyer was bad for a long time after the beating they gave him.

The night before Seán Treacy was shot, I stayed in Hughes Hotel, Lower Gardiner Street. There were a good many of the boys there that night, including Treacy. The next morning about ten o'clock, I came downstairs and saw D.P. Walsh speaking to Treacy and another man at the hotel door. Walsh called me and asked me if I would give him a hand to carry a box. I said, "All right". The four of us left the hotel. D.P. and I went down to Phil Shanahan's of Foley St. to get the box. Treacy and the other men went up Talbot St. and, as they were passing the Republican Outfitter's shop in Talbot St., a lorry passed by with soldiers and police in it. One of the policemen pointed out Treacy and they shot him dead.

The following is a copy of a letter I received some years later from D.P. Walsh concerning this incident:

The Summit,

Howth,

Co. Dublin.

This is to certify that on the evening of Seán Treacy's death in Talbot St., Dublin, I got instructions from Headquarters to remove any munitions lying at Philip Shanahan's and Mrs. Seery's house next door. It was a difficult job and I could not get assistance with the time at my disposal. I knew Thomas Doyle was at Hughes Hotel, Gardiner St.

I also knew him to be an active member of the I.R.A. I asked him to assist me in this work which he readily did. I need hardly say that the risk was great. The stuff which included revolvers, rifles and ammunition was transferred by Doyle and myself to a dump in Dominick Lane.

I have pleasure in stating the foregoing as Tom Doyle's action on the occasion was much appreciated by my senior officers when reported.

(Signed) D.P. WALSH

Ex-Deputy D. Munitions
Pre-Truce I.R.A.

Another night, I was in Dublin with John Joe Nolan. I was after being at a race meeting that day. We went down to Ryan's publichouse down on the Quay. Ryan was a relation of Nolan's. We were there some time, when we heard a couple of men talking in the snug. The talk was about shooting Detective Officer Hoey. After a while, we left to go to the Theatre Royal. We were only after passing where the Soldiers' Club is now in Pearse St., near the Detective Barracks, when we heard a shot getting fired. It was the shot that killed Hoey. We were told afterwards that this was the Detective Hoey who brought Seán McDermott off the barracks square in Richmond Square in 1916, the day we were being sent off to Stafford Jail, and got him shot. I mentioned about this the day we all paraded in Richmond Barracks yard.

I was still making a book at Martin Walsh's, the saddler, of Main St. He had a stepson, Ned Warren, a very bitter Protestant. He was a sort of a cripple, only able to move about. He worked at the bench, looking out on the street, and when he would see Yeo marching the prisoners past his door, with their hair cut nearly bald, he would say to me, "That's the stuff to give them". He never knew that I belonged to the movement. If he

did, he would have thrown me out. Whenever anything happened in town, he would go on a big booze. The day the Treaty was signed, he said to me, "I never thought that they would give in to that crowd of bastards". The following day, when I went up to the office, Ned Warren was missing. He went on the booze and inside three weeks he killed himself, drinking.

When the Treaty was signed, everybody was delighted, even those who later voted against it in the Dáil. After this, there was a meeting called of all North Wexford Sinn Féin Clubs to take a vote for or against the Treaty. Our Club held a meeting in the old courthouse, where the British soldiers had their headquarters. At that meeting a vote was taken and, when the count was over, there were forty-nine for, forty-nine against. That meeting was packed by non members of the Club. Our Club had to send two members to the meeting of all Sinn Féin Clubs that had taken a vote in their Clubs - to the meeting held in the big room of the Workhouse, now the County Home. I was sent to vote for the Treaty, and Matty Sheridan, the tailor, to vote against it. The condition at that meeting was: no member had a vote unless they first had taken a vote in their local Club and were sent by them to this meeting. Before the Treaty was signed, there was a good many meetings held around the country. Seán Etchingham held a meeting in Oulart. At that meeting he told the people that the plenipotentiaries who were sent off to London were like a farmer who went to a fair to sell his cow and who asked for more for his cow, but was prepared to accept less.

At the meeting in the Poor-house of all the North Wexford Sinn Féin Clubs, I proposed that the vote

would be taken first and any speechmaking could be done after. When the vote was taken, by a strange coincidence there were 149 for and 149 against the Treaty. At that meeting there were two members of the Lambrien Sinn Féin Club who did not vote, because they had not held a meeting of their Club and were not appointed to vote at this meeting. Seán Etchingham got up to make a speech against the Treaty, followed by Fr. Mark O'Byrne and Fr. Harper. They said that the Lambrien representatives should be allowed to vote. I asked Etchingham what did he mean when he made a speech in Oulart about the farmer selling a cow, asking for more but prepared to accept less. He did not reply. It was then decided to let the two Lambrien representatives vote. What happened was that Mike Nolan voted against the Treaty and the other man said he could not vote because he had no authority from his Club. Nolan's vote turned the North Wexford's Sinn Féin Clubs anti Treaty.

Some of the men who were not members of the Enniscorthy Club and voted against the Treaty, later joined the National Army and, when the Civil War broke out, fought against their pals who were with them and voted against the Treaty. One of them later joined the Guards. It was not long until he was made a Superintendent.

Signed: Thomas Doyle
(Thomas Doyle)

Date: 30th Nov 1954

Witness: Seán Brennan. Lieut-Col.
(Sean Brennan) Lieut.-Col.
Investigator.