ROINN COSANTA.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS.

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 1,280

Witness

Colonel Eamon Broy,
13 Oaklands Drive,
Highfield Road,
Rathgar,
Dublin.

Identity.

I.R.A. Intelligence Agent, Dublin Castle;

Escort and Private Secretary to General Michael Collins, 1921;

Commissioner Garda Siochana, 1933-1938.

Subject.

(a) National activities, 1911-1922;

(b) I.R.A. Intelligence work, Dublin Castle;

(c) Michael Collins and the Anglo-Irish Treaty negotiations, 1921.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil

File No. S.735

Form B.S.M. 2

STATEMENT BY COLONEL EAMONN BROY,

13, Oakland's Drive, Highfield Rd.,

Rathgar, Dublin.

CHAPTER 1.

Early life in County Kildare.

I was born and reared at Ballinure near Rathangan, Co. Kildare, on the border of Offaly, where my people were farmers. This district was far off all beaten tracks, beside the great Bog of Allen, and so the people retained most of the ancient Irish characteristics and were to a great extent unaffected by what is commonly referred to as "progress". The land was good and highly suitable for tillage, but cursed, as it was everywhere else in Ireland, by the blight of rack-renting landlords with their agents, bailiffs and miscellaneous camp followers. As practically all landlords were magistrates they had complete and despotic control over their tenants. They were protected by the Royal Irish Constabulary, and the British Army was near at hand at the Curragh Camp, whence in the past "regiments" had been despatched to protect the landlords' interests. Even this, however, was not sufficient to afford complete protection, and one landlord, Gatchell, was shot near Clonbullogue about the middle of the last century. The scene of the shooting is still pointed out by local people. This landlord was shot by a man whose father was in prison and whose mother was dying. The landlord refused to permit the father to visit his dying wife, saying to the son, "she is only foxing". The son replied, "By God, I'll fox you". Entirely unconnected with this and many miles away, the landlord threatened a blacksmith

a few days before with eviction from his forge and land within three months. The smith, Stephen Guinan, a man of great personal independence of character, replied, "ah, maybe by that time I'll be king of the Castle and the Lord knows where you will be". Shortly afterwards, when Guinan heard of the shooting, with which and its cause he had nothing whatever to do, and of which he knew nothing beforehand, he became very perturbed and lived for some time in great anxiety for fear Gatchell had repeated what he had said. However, Guinan heard no more of the matter and was not evicted and his grandson is still the local blacksmith. The slayer, Dunne, was afterwards informed on by one of the landlord's dependants and was hanged for the shooting. This result went to confirm the views of the people that, like everywhere else in Ireland, they were in the grips of an all-powerful tyranny and that through the police and landlord's followers, Dublin Castle was well informed of everything that happened.

Notwithstanding their almost helpless position, however, the ordinary people felt that, sooner or later, they would be freed from this tyranny and all its evil machinery and come into their own again. That feeling of confidence was deeply instilled in all Irish hearts, no matter how all powerful for the time being their enemies were. In my part of the country practically all hopes were centred on the coming of Home Rule, through the activity of the Irish Parliamentary Party led by John Redmond in the "House" (House of Commons, Westminster).

Not many miles away from my home were the ruins of a Catholic Church at Ballynowlart, where the Church with full congregation inside, was surrounded and burned by

English soldiers in 1642. The priest and the whole congregation perished, and excavators in my time found embedded in a skeleton a large piece of molten metal believed to have been the chalice which the priest protected to the last. Clonsast, of present Turf Board fame, lies about five miles from Ballinure, with the ruins of its seven churches, also according to local tradition, demolished by the English, and in modern times the scene of an annual commemorative religious and national ceremony. Here was composed the famous Litany of Clonsast, which has come down to our time. A "Mass hollow" still exists about a mile away at Clonbrown.

During the lifetime of my grandparents an old "wise" woman lived at Clonsast and it was the custom for parents to take their young sons to her to receive appropriate nicknames. They were bound to get nicknames sooner or later and apparently it was thought best to have suitable "official" ones before this occurred.

In my very young days the centenary of the 1798 Rebellion had revived the spirit of Irish nationalism and the old people recited stories of the Battle of Rathangan in '98. Here the rebels defeated the British Forces with sanguinary losses. Here an ancestor, John Broy, took part in the battle and, with sword only in hand and on foot, was charged repeatedly by a trooper of the Black Watch. The trooper had the advantage of being mounted and seemed about to prevail when he was killed by a blunderbuss shot fired by a fowler named Donogher from Inchacooly, Monasterevan. A British cavalry despatch rider taking a message from Rathangan for reinforcements was killed by pikemen about a mile from my home and buried in a field beside the road. Ever since this place has

been known as "the soldiers' gap". Recent road widening operations uncovered the remains with the metallic accoutrements still intact. Some time after the Battle of Rathangan the village of Clonbullogue, about four miles away, was burned down by British forces.

In the corner of one of the fields of our farm there were the remains of a "Hedge School" where an effort had been made to impart some education during the penal times. (This school is mentioned in Rev. Dr. Brennan's "Schools of Kildare & Leighlin", page 182).

Following the end of the fighting in Wexford Fr. Kearns and Colonel Anthony Perry, the famous Protestant insurrectionist, set out for the County Meath but were apprehended by yeomen under Captain Ridgeway, a landlord from Ballydermot, Clonbullogue, at a bridge about a mile from Clonbullogue on the Portarlington road. Both were taken to Edenderry and tried and hanged on the ground of the Protestant Church in that town. Ever after the Ridgeway family were referred to as the "Priest Catchers" under a curse, and it was predicted that one of them would not be left in Ballydermot. The last member of that family has since disappeared from that area.

So with all these memories it is not surprising that deep down in the people's hearts burned strongly a bitter hatred of English rule with its soldiers, police, informers, landlords and followers, who composed "England's faithful garrison". We of the rising generation hated the very name of England, her shires, towns and rivers, and that hatred was intense before we had yet read a line of Irish history. Indeed the most vivid printed page is only a pale reflection of the profound feelings of the very soul.

There was a strong feeling amongst the Irish people that all their risings such as those in 1642, 1798, 1867 and 1883 had been defeated by informers. It was one of the aims of the I.R.A. at a later date, with whom I had the honour of co-operating, to remove such a source of danger to the movement and which necessitated the use of such violent methods.

Looking back on those years amongst simple country folk, life appears to have been warmer and richer than anything experienced since in towns and cities. Celebrations occurred several times a year at weddings, departures for America, threshings and other occasions. Threshings were done then by steam power, raised on turf, and neighbours and their workmen assisted each other at the annual corn threshing, where alcoholic drink was invariably supplied by the host and each day's work was followed at night by singing, music and dancing until well after midnight. At all these celebrations, amongst other songs there were invariably some of the patriotic variety, such as "Wexford", "Lord Edward", "Robert Emmet", "Dunlavin Green", "Allen, Larkin and O'Brien", "God Save Ireland", "Tim Kelly's Early Grave" and "Pat O'Donnell", the latter two about the Invincibles of the 1880s.

The G.A.A. had got into its stride in the towns, but an unofficial variety of football was played in the outlying country places on Sundays, Holy Days and in the evenings. Two men were opposed to each other as captains and each "called" one name in turn from those present until all found themselves members of either of the teams. Subsequent arrivals were "called" to a team according as "next call" was the turn of either of the captains.

There was no limit as to the number who could take part, and the game went on, not for 60 minutes but for several hours. So there was no shortage of healthy exercise.

Next door to us in the country lived a family named Halpin, who were voracious readers and were never short of books, magazines and newspapers. Their tendency was strongly nationalist and the '98 centenary celebrations and the English attack on the Boers were never failing sources of discussion. The same applied to our family and to our workmen. All had a hatred of English oppression, the same, no doubt, as had the great majority of the Irish people everywhere. Topics and songs all had the same theme.

About half a mile away across the fields lived alone on a small farm a well known "character" - "Micky Mooney". Micky was a "pootcher" (poacher) amongst other things. He always had a muzzle loading shotgun and was always ready to give an exhibition of musketry and to allow us to take a hand as well. Consequently he possessed a strong attraction for every boy in the countryside. Parents warned their children to keep away from him as he was mad, dangerous and unlucky and was never without the smell of gunpowder. That only made his dwelling a stronger magnet for all of us. Micky on one occasion saw the British Army present the annual review at the Curragh, including much firing of blank ammunition from artillery and rifles. He returned home well "oiled" and gave what he called a review in the small hours, including firing a cannon made from a wheel stock. The people soon became accustomed to Micky's midnight reviews and took no special notice of them. A local landlord magistrate met Micky shortly afterwards and said: "Mooney, you have a 'gon'." "I have a 'gon'",

said Micky, "and before long I'll have a cannon, when we get Home Rule, and people like you will be kicked out of the country". At a United Irish League meeting in Rathangan a Member of Parliament was speaking about some wrong committed by a landlord. He put an oratorical question: "What do you think of a landlord who would do such a thing?" He happened to point towards Micky in the crowd, who promptly replied, "Give him the mauser like the Boers did with the English". As soon as the chaos caused by this remark had subsided, the M.P. directed his oratory to another sector of the crowd for the remainder of his address. The local R.I.C. Sergeant warned Micky, who replied "We'll soon get Home Rule and every 'peeler' in Ireland will be stripped. You'll look nice with nothing but a shirt on you".

There was a belief in phantom horsemen being heard galloping across the pasture land near the bog. An old man told me he often heard them and that he could hear the leather of the saddles creaking as they sped past. He said they were the Geraldines who would one day return to drive the English out of Ireland. The people were always confident that one day the invaders would be driven out. Some believed that it would be through the Irish Party winning Home Rule; others that only force would avail and that sooner or later force would be adopted and would be successful.

For centuries the people had, by bitter experience, learned to regard all strangers as enemies of one kind or another, whether landlords, soldiers, police or officials. All Government representatives were the enemies of the people, out only to do evil to the ordinary population and they

never appeared for any good purpose. The people had had to develop a sixth and, if possible, a seventh sense in order to be eternally on their guard against their enemies. The advent of outsiders meant eviction, confiscation and desolation. It must be difficult indeed for citizens of free countries, accustomed for centuries to their own paternal governments, or of our young people, now free, to understand the feelings of people like the Irish. Harrowing stories of the Famine of 1847 were told by the old people, of starving wretches eating turnips in the fields and dying of hunger or disease or fleeing to America in the "coffin ships". Is it any wonder that Irish people who escaped to America and their descendants should continue to nurse hatred of the oppressor in their hearts? A native government or a friendly government could have easily transferred enough corn to save the people.

By the foregoing I do not wish to contend that everyone in the countryside was an ardent patriot. Practically all regarded the English occupation as the root of all evil and a thing to be ended at the earliest possible moment. But the people on the land had to live in continual warfare against the seasons, against the weather and against unnecessary poverty due to the alien landlord system. So they were ground down and had little energy left to struggle for freedom. But when these same people migrated to the towns and cities of America and were freed from the grim eternal grind of the economic struggle, then they had time to think and then they remembered. Hence it is that the modern struggle for freedom was mainly confined to townsmen and city men. They had sufficient energy and leisure to embark on the great struggle of our time.

In my young days during the annual Mission the usual stand selling religious articles was set up. But religious articles were not the only goods sold. A life of Michael Dwyer and Sullivan's "Story of Ireland" were on sale and I managed to buy a copy of each. The biography of Dwyer was widely bought and read throughout the countryside. The struggles and adventures amongst the Wicklow hills were rendered more vivid by the fact that one could see these hills in the distance whilst reading the book.

Sullivan's history lent itself well to reading down the country, where one could read about the Battle of the Boyne whilst sitting beside a local river, the Figile, where Brian Boru is said to have obtained shafts for his spears for the Battle of Clontarf. One of the local "98 stories related to a priest who surprised a party making pikes. He told them they were 100 years too soon. Whether through local battles or the centenary celebrations in 1898, a very vivid realisation of the facts of the 1798 Rebellion was widespread. The people were in complete sympathy with that struggle in which their ancestors participated simultaneously with their Wexford countrymen - people exactly like themselves. It was felt that man for man the "98 insurgents were superior physically to anything the British could pit against them, and lost solely for want of organisation and leadership at the top and for lack of firearms equal to that of their opponents.

There was practically no sympathy with the Fenians, who did nothing, who were a secret society and, above all, were condemned by the Church. The only Fenian episode approved, and that heartily, was the rescue from the prison van in Manchester, which was frequently celebrated in song.

Local people were doubtful about the Invincibles, but were entirely in favour of Pat O'Donnell and the punishment of James Carey. But about '98, '67 and the Invincibles, it was felt that all were ruined by informers and police, and by information supplied by the widespread location of British camp followers - England's faithful garrison. This menace of informers tended to drive the people into the constitutional movement.

In the constitutional movement at least spies, informers and police were powerless to hamper progress and Dublin Castle, believed by the people to be the centre and focus of all that was evil and secret and sinister, could do little against such a movement. The people felt that the local R.I.C. knew all about them and there was no use in doing anything illegal and secret because the police were certain to find out. Of course, to a certain extent, this was true, because it was easy for the police to know everyone of a small and scattered population. This menace of the small party of police amongst a small population was one of those that had to be dealt with later on during the years 1919 to 1921.

Chapter 11.

Schooldays:

Meanwhile school had to be thought of and I was sent to the local school at Rathangan. The principal teacher was Joseph Byrne and the assistant, William Considine. Joseph Byrne was a very remarkable man; of outstanding ability, he had a thorough mastery of Latin, French, German and Italian, was a good singer and could play most musical instruments, including all band instruments. He also had a first-rate knowledge of mathematics and history, as well as painting, both in oil and water colour, and ran private classes at his home as well as conducting the school.

Mr. Byrne was advanced in years when I knew him but I heard afterwards that in his young days he had got into trouble with the authorities for saying to a history class that it took the Clerkenwell explosion to wake up Gladstone to the wrongs of Ireland and for criticising the possession by the R.I.C. of rifles and bayonets, which, he averred, no proper police force should need. He had seen them so armed at an eviction. One of his sons entered the Indian Civil Service and another, William, a poet, became Professor of English at University College, Galway, and published a volume of poetry entitled "A light on the Broom", mainly devoted to the great Bog of Allen and those who worked there. He spent his holidays each year cycling on the continent and always delighted us on his return by relating his many and varied experiences whilst away, in France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland. He was a most devout Catholic, but nationalism and the Irish language appeared to make no appeal to him.

Mr. Considine, the assistant teacher, while not nearly so able as Mr. Byrne, was a good teacher and an ardent nationalist, who often told us the story of "Cut" Quinlan, a Tipperary man who returned to his native place and shot a landlord for some tyrannical act done to his relatives during his absence. He had a fund of stories of that nature and interested us at the time more than did all Mr. Byrne's erudition.

Mr. Byrne's ardent Catholicism and apparent absence of nationalism was more than counterbalanced by Mr. George Hanks, a Protestant nationalist and disciple of Thomas Davis. He could repeat not only Davis's poems but also the essays by heart. He had an excellent library of nationalist books and, although no longer young, was a consistent preacher of the philosophy of Irish insurrection. His thesis was that violence and not speech-making was the only way for Irish patriots, because in dealing with the English they were dealing with robbers who would never be short of an excuse to shelve Home Rule.

It was confidently felt amongst the people that they were physically superior to their foes, who were able to subjugate only through guile and good organisation. Probably the Irish people must always have been galled by the thought that man for man without weapons they were physically capable of wringing the necks of Normans or Cromwell's much vaunted Ironsides who were enabled to strut the country as conquerors through superior armament plus military science and guile.

During the breaks in school hours we played rounders on the street outside the chapel gate. Once in a while a window got broken, for which Mr. Byrne always cheerfully paid.

Nothing was being done during this time for the Irish language and nobody in the parish had a knowledge of it, except perhaps that gleaned from the early books of Fr. O'Growney. But nearly all place names were Irish and about two hundred words and phrases of Irish still remained in the speech of the people, and in many of these cases the corresponding word in English was not known or used. These Irish words and phrases were used in an English setting.

I finished up at Mr. Byrne's private school with a pretty good knowledge of written and spoken French and German as well as of history and mathematics, but with practically no knowledge of the Irish language. Subsequently I spent a couple of years at school in Dublin where I managed to acquire a tolerably useful knowledge of the native language, to be improved later on in the Gaeltacht and in conversation with native speakers in Dublin.

Athletics:

On my return to Ballinure from school in Dublin I learned that there had been an athletic sports meeting in Rathangan and athletics had become the craze of the youth of the parish. My only experience in that way was participation in the local football matches where one had to run and jump in order to play. Following the sports the track remained on the local sports field and athletics were indulged in during the summer evenings. An athlete who had won the half mile race earlier in the year challenged several of us to run him two laps. Now, if he had said half a mile none of us would have tried, but two laps, although a quarter of a mile each, sounded easier I suppose, because one could always drop out so easily if

things were not going well. However, we started and I was surprised at being able to take the lead although about 14 stone weight at the time. I was still more surprised to lead at the end of the first lap, but I thought that some of the others, who knew something about running tactics, were holding back for the finish. However, I continued on and won the two laps by several yards. Some said I had a great atheltic future before me; others that it was easy for me to run because I never did any hard work except read and study. However, from that day to this I have never lost a very keen interest in athletics and for several years after that first race I remained in strict training without smoking or drinking. Experience convinces me that it was one of the wisest things I ever did, certainly during the struggle with the British later on.

I had several wins in running, hurdling and long and high jumping at local and Dublin sports meetings and gradually acquired a knowledge of the great athletes of the past, such as Peter O'Connor, Newburn, the Leahys, Ryans, Burkes and Kiely. The American papers sent to us by relatives at that time were full of the achievements of great Irish athletes in U.S.A., such as Martin Sheridan, John Flanagan, James Mitchell and Matt McGrath, who were then the world's best in hammer throwing. These great men kept Irish prestige high before the nations of the world. Whilst Ireland, unfree, could not participate in world competition, her athletic "patron saints" in America did the next best thing by putting up the Stars and Stripes at the Olympic Games and leaving nobody in doubt as to the land of their birth.

At that time the D.M.P. were famous for their great

athletes and tug-of-war team which had pulled over the best teams in England and Scotland. Amongst the athletes was Inspector Denis Carey, a native of Kilfinane, who held scores of Irish and international championships in such diverse events as hammer throwing, hurdle racing, sprinting and long and high jumping. Other athletes were Ryan and Quinn, champions at shot putting and discus throwing, the latter often winning in London in sport competitions open to the world, as well as against Scotland in the annual international contest between Ireland and that country. The members of the D.M.P. were considered in the country as being "dacent" men and more liberal and national minded than the R.I.C., who were regarded as both military and police enemies of their country. The more I developed a taste for athletics the less I felt inclined to take up farming. So eventually I decided to join the D.M.P. and to get into the centre of athletics, intending later to go to America with the same end in view. I consulted the local Parish Priest, Father Kennedy, a man of strong nationalist views and happily still with us (now P.P. of Killeagh, Offaly), who had a high opinion of the D.M.P. Father Kennedy afterwards took an ardent part in the republican movement, holding the most extreme views even up to the present day. Furthermore, the D.M.P. were to come immediately under an Irish Government should Home Rule be secured, whilst the R.I.C. were to be retained by the Imperial Government. Afterwards in 1922 the Provisional Government took over the D.M.P. but insisted on the immediate disbandment of the R.I.C.

Chapter 111.

Dublin Metropolitan Police:

I joined the D.M.P. Depot in January, 1911. At that time the half year spent in the Depot did not constitute service in the force, which commenced only on the completion of training, and so no oath was administered to us on joining the Depot. Inspector Denis Carey was in charge of training and made a most dashing figure in uniform as one would expect from such a world famous athlete. We found when he was giving instruction in police duties that it was impossible to pay adequate attention to his instruction as we could only contemplate him as a famous athlete and remember his past athletic feats. Amongst those who joined the Depot with me was Michael Navin. Navin I found to be an athlete and was, in addition, steeped in the lore of Munster athletics of the previous years which had been practically synonymous with world athletics, such a surpassing excellence did athletes from that province attain about the turn of the century. Navin was veritably a living encyclopaedia of athletic history. He was dismissed in 1918 for refusing to arrest some Blackrock youths for drilling. When asked for a reason for his refusal he stated it was due to the "two laws" obtaining in Ireland by which the British Government connived at drilling and gunrunning by the Ulster Volunteers but tried to suppress similar activities by the Irish Volunteers. The Castle Authorities considered the question of arresting him, but finally decided that such a step would involve them in adverse publicity.

Whilst we were in the Depot a stranger came to stay

there as the guest of Mr. Carey. He was a stout prosperous and successful looking man, about 40 years of age and of decidedly American appearance, very neat on his feet for a man who obviously weighed over 18 stone although less than six feet in height. Navin and I speculated as to who he might be, as it was obvious that a guest staying with Carey must be an athlete. By dint of photographs in athletic publications Navin finally decided that he was John Flanagan, and John Flanagan he turned out to be. So this triple Olympic hammer champion (1900, 1904 and 1908) and world famous figure was staying in our building for a couple of weeks on his final return from America whilst awaiting participation in the forthcoming D.M.P. sports at Ballsbridge.

During this period, Inspector Carey, aware that I was doing athletic training at Ballsbridge grounds at the time, directed me to take a 16lb. hammer to the grounds for Mr. Flanagan. He handed me a small leather case which was heavy enough but certainly not long enough to contain a four foot hammer. A text book on athletics that I had, which was some years old, showed the athletic hammer as a rigid four foot sledge hammer. As practical jokes in the Depot were quite usual, I feared that Mr. Carey was pulling my leg in order to give John Flanagan a good laugh. Accordingly when I got away from the Depot I opened the case and found therein the modern athletic hammer, the handle of which was of flexible piano wire with a steel handgrip and ball bearing head consisting of a leather centre covered with a sphere of brass. I felt very proud of the honour of bringing a hammer to John Flanagan, something like what one would have felt in bringing a sword to Wolfe Tone in the revolutionary movement. After all, Flanagan was one

of the "patron saints" of Irish athleticism, with his Irish compeers keeping Ireland's prestige high in the world during that lean period in Irish history in the first decade of the 20th century. That day, for the first time, I saw Flanagan throw the hammer, a heavy man spinning round in the circle and throwing up the dust in a whirl with all the appearance of what is called in the country a "fairy blast". The great athlete described for me the wonderful interest in athletics in America and some of his own experiences there, and finished up by presenting me with an autographed photograph of himself in action. I hastened to Navin to tell him about Flanagan and to make him green with envy at my good fortune. Navin was not a bit surprised at my discovery of the modern hammer, of which he was well aware and which he was able to explain had been invented and patented by Flanagan himself years before.

Subsequently I saw Carey and Flanagan practising at Ballsbridge. Carey was in very good form at the time and passed 160 feet with a couple of throws. Coming in from the field he winked at me and said: "If I get in a couple of throws like that at the sports I'll give John here a fright". Flanagan replied calmly: "Ah, Dinny, I've won by inches in my time". He was probably referring to his battle with Matt McGrath, James Mitchell and Con Walsh in America.

The D.M.P. sports came on and Flanagan won at about 170 feet, with Carey second some ten feet behind. Shortly afterwards Flanagan returned to his native Kilmallock to take up farming, telling us he hoped to be there in time to sow his turnips.

In the Depot in my time were Andy O'Neill and Michael

Gleeson, who were later to become famous for refusing an order at Howth Road in July, 1914, to disarm the Volunteers returning from the landing of arms at Howth that day. None of us who had known them in the Depot were in the least surprised in 1914 at their refusal. The astonishing thing was that fate should have ordained that they were the first to be called on. Gleeson was a Tipperary man and O'Neill was from the Wexford-Carlow border, where his ancestors participated in the Insurrection of 1798. O'Neill was a weight-thrower and boxer, weighing 15½ stone, trained, and neither drank nor smoked, so that he must have been physically the most powerful man present that day at Howth Road of all those assembled there whether Volunteers, police or British soldiers.

In the Depot we all fearlessly and openly discussed the national question and it was the first place I heard the song "The Men of the West". The majority of us expressed strong national views but there was, to our surprise, a small minority whose views were diametrically opposed to national aspirations. However, we felt that in the event of police opposition to Home Rule, as was forecast, we would have no small say in enforcing the national will no matter who would be against us. I remember one of the recruits who held anti-national views saying in the presence of O'Neill that he would oppose the coming of Home Rule. Andy replied to him, "Just imagine a ..... like you trying to prevent Home Rule coming. You would be torn into small pieces".

As I have said, unlike in the case of the R.I.C., recruits were not sworn in on joining the D.M.P. Depot but only on completion of training. Whilst in the Depot we

were taught what the Oath would be, something to the effect of serving without fear or favour, etc., but there was a proviso something to the following effect, viz. "I swear that I do not now belong to, and that whilst serving I shall not belong to, any secret society whatsoever, the Society of Freemasons excepted". We thought that it was a great piece of presumption to have that in an oath in Ireland in the 20th century. They might have got away with it in the previous century but not in our time. When the time for swearing in came, recruits were sworn in in batches of about 20 and several of us neither touched the bible nor repeated the words. Later on in 1919 when a police union was formed, it was successful in removing the offensive section in the oath and in having the time in the Depot counted in total service.

The Dublin Metropolitan Police were commanded at that time by Chief Commissioner Colonel Sir John Ross of Bladensburg. The title came to him from an ancestor, General Ross, who fought against the Americans in the War of 1812-1815 and commanded at the battle of Bladensburg, Maryland, in 1914, where the American militia were defeated and Washington left unprotected. The British forces burned the Capitol, the President's residence, and many other buildings. Libraries and numerous works of art were destroyed. This caused widespread indignation, as during the war then raging for twenty years in Europe many capitals had been occupied by hostile forces, yet no such acts of vandalism had been committed. General Ross was killed in an attempt to capture Baltimore shortly afterwards. The second in command, the Assistant Commissioner, was Mr. William Vesey Harrel, a former R.I.C. officer. Mr. Harrell, as Assistant Commissioner, called out the British military

and led the attempt to disarm the Volunteers at Howth Road in July, 1914.

The Dublin Metropolitan Police district, now styled Metropolitan Division, Garda Síochâna, extended from Clontarf to Killiney along the seacoast, and inland to include Drumcondra, Phibsborough, Cabra, Phoenix Park, Crumlin, Terenure, Rathmines, the Stillorgan Road to Kill O' the Grange and thence to Killiney. The area, as will be seen, is much larger than Dublin City even with recent extensions. This area was allocated to the Dublin police durings its formation in the first third of the nineteenth century when practically all police forces in Europe were established.

The police district was divided into six divisions, viz. A to F, and the G. Division constituted the Detective Division of the force. The Dublin Metropolitan Police was controlled as already stated, by a Chief Commissioner and an Assistant Commissioner. Under them was a Chief Superintendent, with one Superintendent each for the Divisions A. to G, who were supplemented by over 20 Inspectors and over 100 Sergeants. The total strength varied round the 1,200 mark.

Police law and practice were much the same as in London. Constables were armed with batons. All were trained in the use of the revolver, but not the rifle. As was the practice in England, every endeavour was made to avoid the use of the revolver as far as possible , and stringent regulations were laid down to prevent a too ready tendency to use firearms, which should only be resorted to in extreme cases. In order to comply strictly

with the regulations regarding shooting, it was practically necessary for city police to be fired on first before being free to shoot. As was said by some of them at the time, "you would need to make a dying declaration before firing in order to be legally safe".

All Metropolitan Police stations, uniformed and detective, were lined up by the old A.B.C. private telegraph, to be superseded later on by the telephone. It was possible to send a message simultaneously to all stations by the telegraph system, and copies of all messages were written on special forms for permanent record. The reports of all crimes, articles lost and found, arrests etc. were centralised in the G. Division and carefully indexed for instant reference. If a man were shot or a house burgled in, say, Dalkey, within a couple of minutes of the police there receiving the report, it would be received by the police private telegraph by/in, say, Crumlin or Clontarf, as well as by the Detective Office.

I was appointed to E Division (uniformed service), which controlled roughly the area between the Grand Canal and the Dodder, which suited me admirably for athletic training owing to the numerous sports grounds in that area. I was, consequently, successful in winning several sprints and high jumps in Dublin and England between 1911 and 1914.

During all this time Home Rule and the Ulster question furnished the main topic of conversation. The great majority of the younger D.M.P. men, but not those in higher ranks, were in favour of Home Rule. The Curragh Mutiny came as a shock to some of the senior officers, who gravely shook their heads, saying that the military cut the ground from under all law and order. Orange members

could see nothing wrong in the Curragh affair as they were all "loyal", whatever that might mean. Some of the younger men were delighted, one saying, "By God, two parties can play at that game".

I was brought up with a pretty good knowledge of English history at school. English historians were proud of boasting that Parliament after the revolution of 1689 was supreme over the King and everyone else, and that the civil power was the master of the military in the "freest democracy in the world". Now that democracy and the supremacy of the civilian seemed to favour Irish Home Rule an exception was to be made, and the great supreme Parliament was not to be supreme where Ireland was concerned.

Chapter IV.

The G. Division D.M.P.:

The G. Division was divided into three sections - political, routine crime and carriage supervision, all based more or less on the organisation of the London police. It was run from two offices, one at No. 1 Great Brunswick St. (now Pearse St.) and the other at Dublin Castle. The routine crime section dealt with ordinary crime, burglary, housebreaking, larceny etc., and they were the specialist for the whole D.M.P. area in this respect. All the information dealing with ordinary crime was centralised in the G. Division. The carriage supervision section supervised public service vehicles, such as trams, cabs, jaunting cars and taxis, enforcing the laws and regulations for the control of such vehicles. The political section existed for the countering and

supervision of all national movements directed against the English occupation. Careful and methodical observation was made on the actions and movements of all persons suspected of being disloyal to the British connection and who were dubbed "Suspect". The Suspect always had a capital "S" and took precedence. He was never referred to without the word Suspect before his name, e.g. Suspect Lord Ashbourne, Suspect Sir Roger Casement. Political duty was never allotted to the members of the uniformed service.

The total strength of the G. Division was about forty, the majority of whom were married and living out in the city, those unmarried residing in the barracks at No. 1 Pearse St.

The G. men were selected from the uniformed service, from those who had at least three years' service in uniform and consequently understood the organisation and working of the uniformed service. They had to pass an examination, written and oral, for the G. Division, and the subjects included English (composition), Arithmetic, Handwriting and a knowledge of the streets. These men entered as supernumeraries and were allocated by the superintendent to any one of the three branches mentioned, that is, carriage, crime or political. There was a Superintendent, a Chief Inspector and about five Inspectors. There were fifteen Detective Sergeants, about fifteen Detective Officers about ten Detective Constables and about half a dozen supernumeraries.

In March, 1915, I was allocated to political duty and worked in the clerical section of it at Exchange Court. Up to that time all work there had been done in handwriting

and the authorities wanted to modernise the organisation by means of typewriters, card indexes etc. Otherwise I would not have been put into that office as I was very junior in the service.

The section of the G. Division doing political duty had men at all the railway stations and at the boats. Their job was to take a note of any suspects leaving the city, ascertain the station for which they had taken tickets and send cipher wires to the police at their destinations. Similarly, any men travelling to Dublin about whom cipher wires were received, giving either their names or descriptions, were observed on arrival and shadowed to their destinations in Dublin. Another section of the G. Division had the duty of going around town all day and night observing the movements of suspects.

The results of all these observations were carefully noted in a set of books in the office. Every detective made his entries in a book of his own. There was also a very large central book giving the particulars, history, etc., of the various suspects, and into this book was transferred daily the information contained in each detective's book. All these entries were made, of course, in handwriting.

The G. Division had not used handcuffs for many years and had never beaten up prisoners. When political arrests were to be made of individuals or small numbers, they were carried out by members of the G. Division, if necessary using those on carriage duty and crime duty as well. If the number to be arrested was big, uniformed police were brought in to assist, and for very big operations the British military were brought in.

The Superintendent of the G. Division when I joined it was a man named Owen Brien, who had about thirty years' service at that time. He had an absolutely thorough knowledge of suspects and would have been quite capable of replacing the record books from memory if necessary. He was extremely shrewd, and he and those like him regarded themselves as following in the footsteps of the man they considered the "great" John Mallon who had been very successful against the Invincibles and who had been promoted Assistant Commissioner of the D.M.P. Brien visited Exchange Court for about an hour in the mornings, devoting most of his time to the political section. Then he went to his office in the Castle, where he remained for the rest of the day and was in close touch with the Commissioners and, if necessary, with the military and civil authorities as well as with the heads of the uniformed service.

Daily reports were made to the Government as regards the activities and movements of suspects, note being taken of those with whom they associated. In addition, weekly reports were made to the Government, giving the history of the week's activities and a general review of the state of the complete political activity in the district. There was also a monthly report on similar lines. Before my time the reports were in handwriting, but when I took over the office the majority were typed by me, several copies being made of each report. One copy was sent to the Commissioner of the D.M.P., Colonel Edgeworth Johnstone, another copy was sent to the Director of Military Intelligenc Major Price. A further copy went to what was called the "Government", and in some cases a copy went to the R.I.C.

Although this system referred only to the D.M.P. area,

in practice it turned out to be dealing with about ninety per cent of the activities of the whole country, because very few things happened down the country and very few people were active in the country who did not come to Dublin frequently. The R.I.C. had a similar office in the Castle, and they had specialists there dealing with suspects.

When I first joined the Detective office there were several others employed all day in the office along with me. Towards the end of 1915 the G. Division evacuated Exchange Court and moved to the new building at No. 1 Great Brunswick St., occupying the end portion of the building nearer D'Olier St., the remainder being occupied by the uniformed service - B. Division.

The Royal Irish Constabulary:

With the exception of the Dublin Metropolitan Police area, the rest of Ireland was policed by the Royal Irish Constabulary, a force set up in 1836. The strength of this force in 1912 was 10,634, made up of 10 officers at headquarters, 36 County Inspectors, 196 District Inspectors, 232 Head Constables, 1,659 Sergeants, 357 Acting Sergeants and 8,144 Constables. One of these County Inspectors was designated Commissioner of the Belfast section of the R.I.C. The force got its title of "Royal" from its successful activities against the Fenians in 1867. Over 90 per cent of the officers were recruited by the cadet system from wealthy Tory and anti-national sections of the population and from England.

The R.I.C. was avowedly a military force armed with rifle, bayonet and revolver and were trained to act as an

army force up to battalion strength, being carefully taught skirmishing, volley firing up to 1,500 yards, defence against cavalry etc., exactly like an infantry battalion.

A few extracts from their drill book will not be out of place:

"The object of the recruit's course of training at the Depot, is to fit men for their general duties in the Force. For this purpose the recruits must be developed by physical exercises, and be trained in squad drill and firing exercises, in the estimation of ranges and in skirmishing. Squad drill should be intermixed with instruction in the handling of the carbine, and with physical training and close order drill with skirmishing".

"A recruit, after a course of three months' training at the Depot, should be sufficiently trained to be able to take his place in the ranks of his company, but until he has acquired a thorough knowledge of musketry and can handle his carbine with skill and confidence under all conditions and in all positions, his daily instruction in musketry will be continued".

"The following exercises are of special importance as being required on parade in close order, and for the daily routine of peace. They must be thoroughly taught, and be carried out with smartness and precision: -

1. The Slope from the Order.
2. The Order from the Slope.
3. The Present from the Slope.
4. The Slope from the Present.
5. The Fix Swords.
6. The Unfix Swords".

"The object of Company Drill is, first to enable the company when it takes its place in the battalion to carry out any movement or formation the Commanding Officer may prescribe, whether laid down in this manual or improvised to meet the circumstances of the moment, without hesitation or confusion. Second, to render the company capable of independent action when detached from the battalion".

"Drill and fire action should be combined on all parades. Thus, after a change of position or direction or when marching in fours, the company commander should point out some objective, moving or stationary, and order the company or any portion of it to open fire, extending if necessary. The half company commanders may repeat the orders, but the section commanders should give the executive commands. This practice will not only give a meaning to many movements which they would otherwise lack, but will exercise all ranks in judging distance, extending and opening fire with rapidity. The whistle should be used to control the fire".

"The company should also be exercised in meeting sudden rushes. This practice should be carried out on every description of ground, especially in woods. Warning may be given by some pre-arranged signal".

"When the company is moving in line, the fire tactics best adapted to meet sudden attacks may be practised with very great benefit to the efficiency of all ranks. The half companies or sections should be left to their own commanders, who will move them to favourable ground, securing, if possible, a clear field of fire, adopt

suitable formations and regulate the firing; habits of quick decision and alertness, as well as an eye for ground, will thus be cultivated".

"Skirmishing implies extended order, in which each individual acts and thinks for himself and makes use of all his powers, mental and physical, to obtain a common object. It is absolutely essential then that in this part of his training the intelligence of each recruit should be developed by every possible means, and that a spirit of independent action, subject to the control and general directions of the section commanders, should be sedulously encouraged".

"Skirmishing is an important practice. The instruction of the recruit in such exercises must, therefore, be considered as one of the most important portions of his training and should receive very careful attention. It should commence as soon as he is sufficiently advanced to be able to carry out the movements in two ranks, and to perform correctly the various motions required to fire the carbine, and should be continued throughout his training".

"It will be explained to the recruits that: -

(i) Fire is only effective when the mark can be seen, and when it is steadily delivered.

(ii) It is useless to fire merely for the sake of firing, when no opponents are visible and their position is unknown.

(iii) Engagements are won mainly by the accurate fire of individuals at decisive range. Long range fire should rarely be opened without special directions from a superior; in the absence of

orders, however, it may be directed against large bodies, such as half a battalion in close order.

(iv) In crises, and against large and conspicuous targets, fire should be as rapid as is compatible with accuracy in order that as great loss may be inflicted as possible. In ordinary circumstances fire should be slow.

(v) The moral and material effect of concentrated fire, when every carbine is directed against one portion of the opponent's line, is far greater than when each man fires at a mark of his own selection.

(vi) Obligue fire (that is, fire delivered at an angle to the hostile line) will give better results than frontal, because the surface exposed by the opponent will be greater.

(vii) Enfilade fire (that is, fire directed along the opponent's line) will be more effective than frontal, because errors in estimation of range should be of less importance and its moral effect is greater.

(viii) The surest way of checking the opponent's advance or bringing about his retirement is to shoot down his leaders.

(ix) Great results may be obtained from fire delivered unexpectedly at short range, and men should always be on the watch for opportunities of this nature.

(x) Well concealed, a few bold men extended at wide intervals can, by rapid fire, deceive the opponent as to the strength of the force by which he is opposed, may delay him for a considerable time and before withdrawing inflict serious loss.

It should be manifest from the foregoing extracts that the R.I.C. was much more than a police force and was adequately equipped and trained to take its place alongside the British Army of occupation.

Many of the higher officers were not natives of Ireland, but all, whether Irish or foreign, belonged to an anti-Irish caste and in outlook were strongly anti-national and pro British Empire, and from time to time supplied officers to distant British colonies where natives were to be kept in subjection.

Whilst acting as police, the force was based on military organisation and wherever possible military terms were used, for example, forces sent to protect evictors or even to take part in eviction, were referred to as detachments. As already explained, their drill book was adapted without change from that of British infantry of the period in which the effects of their "showers of bullets at 1,000 yards" is discussed.

However, it was in methods of intelligence that they excelled. The following were some of these methods:

(1) When it was thought that members of a family had information which the R.I.C. needed, a constable would be sent on a bicycle to their house. When nearing the house he would deliberately puncture one of his tyres with a pin. Then he would call at the house for a basin of water to locate the puncture and, whilst carrying out the repairs, would enter into conversation with members of the family and gradually lead up to the subject in which he was interested. Members of the family

would thus, quite innocently, supply the Constable with all the local gossip, and when the 'repairs' were finished the Constable would have the information he needed in order to supply a very valuable report to Dublin Castle and perhaps also to supply the police with clues as to where to institute further enquiries.

(2) A constable would develop a keen interest in helping the local blacksmith in striking the iron with a sledge hammer. Whilst the constable would be receiving the congratulations of the neighbours getting work done at the forge, the great social meeting place in rural areas, he would gradually collect all the local gossip.

(3) When a publican had suffered the effects of a couple of prosecutions and was in danger of losing his licence, when "his licence was only hanging on by a cobweb" was the phrase they used, then he frequently was in a mood to supply all the local information which his occupation inevitably brought to him, and thus having helped the R.I.C. he was secure from further prosecution for a long time to come.

(4) Every area had its quota of loyal citizens and the local R.I.C. barracks furnished them with an excellent focal point. They not only supplied information of which (as they were mostly employers of labour) they had excellent sources, but spurred on the R.I.C. to still greater efforts and wrote to the higher officers or to the Castle if they considered members of the local force not sufficiently energetic. As many of these loyalists were also

magistrates and their word was practically law in their local areas, it will be realised what a deadly menace they constituted to all national movements.

(5) Apart from publicans, in the ordinary way certain people left themselves open to prosecution for crimes against the ordinary law, and they could buy themselves off by supplying information sub rosa to the R.I.C.

(6) The R.I.C. collected particulars for the census as well as statistics of agricultural production and allied matters. This entailed visits to practically every house in the country by members of the R.I.C. and afforded an excellent opportunity, of which full advantage was taken, to gather all sorts of information during the course of conversation.

(7) Talking to children, who innocently supplied minute particulars which came to their keen perception of all local happenings.

(8) Children of members of the R.I.C. attending the local schools could not fail to collect all the extremely valuable information that was available in abundance amongst other schoolchildren.

(9) Every R.I.C. barracks had local women employed as barrack servants for cooking, cleaning etc., and, in the main, these women, mostly married, happened to be just the type of gossip collectors, par excellence, that existed in all areas.

The foregoing were just some of the means available to the R.I.C. to collect the most minute items of information all over the country and forward all on to Dublin Castle.

Piaras Beasley in his book "Michael Collins and the making of a new Ireland" writes (Vol. 1, p. 320): "When I read the evidence given before the Royal Commission on the Insurrection of 1916, I was amazed at the exact information possessed by the R.I.C. as to the strength of the Volunteers in the various districts and the number of rifles possessed by them". Is there any wonder?

Mr. Birrell, Chief Secretary, in his evidence before the same commission stated: "So far as the country generally is concerned, we have the reports of the R.I.C. who send us in, almost daily, reports from almost every district in Ireland and I have them under the microscope. Their reports ..... undoubtedly do enable anybody sitting either in Dublin or London to form a correct general estimate of the feeling of the countryside in different localities".

When Volunteer officers visited Dublin or when Volunteer activity in the country concerned Dublin also, as was very frequently the case, minute particulars were transmitted to the G. Division political section, either by cipher telegram where speed was thought essential, or by voluminous confidential reports. The result was one way or another that about ninety per cent of R.I.C. information reached the G. Division (and was transmitted by me to the Irish Volunteers from March, 1917, when I got charge of it, until 1921).

It is little to be wondered at then when the R.I.C. received the praise of succeeding Lords Lieutenant, Chief Secretaries, Judges and other high British officials. The chief difficulty these people appeared to have was to find different superlatives to apply to the force, such as "most loyal", "magnificent", "splendid", "excellent",

"wonderful fidelity (MacPherson), down to "that famous force" by Mr. Justice Barton.

One Judge, after finding with some difficulty a new adjective to apply to the R.I.C. when opening his court down the country, delivered the usual judicial homily on the state of the country, the gist of his speech implying that, owing to the "perverse" (a great British word that, when applied to the Irish) character of the lower orders of the Irish people, self-government for Ireland could not be envisaged within any foreseeable period of time. He based his homily on the fact that the number of murders had increased by one hundred per cent since his last visit. (They had increased from 1 to 2).

It was for their success in dealing with the Fenians in 1867 that the R.I.C. acquired the adjective "Royal" as part of their official title.

From time to time all during the 19th century officers of, or intended for, police service in British colonies attended courses in the R.I.C. Depot and were thus considered adequately trained for their duty in ruling native subjects of the Empire.

Notwithstanding this, the R.I.C. force was looked on with contempt by certain Colonel Blimps as aping the British Army and purporting to be a military force when they were really only caricatures of that army.

Some members of the R.I.C. never served in uniform but spent their whole service period as journeymen, blacksmiths, carpenters or other skilled tradesmen and in that capacity worked at their trades all over the country and duly reported all information that came their way to R.I.C. headquarters at the Castle. Similarly they had men

working as labourers on the Quays of Liverpool, Glasgow and Belfast.

One of the successes of the R.I.C. was in acquiring, before the ink was well dry on it, the secret Volunteer plan for combating conscription in 1918. This was a thorough, well thought out plan, giving minute instructions as will be seen from a perusal of it elsewhere in this statement. (I sent a copy back to the Volunteers as soon as G. Division received it from the R.I.C., to the utter consternation of the Volunteers).

The R.I.C. were highly proud of their status as an armed force. Shortly after the Rising in 1916 I was engaged in the arms, ammunition and explosives permit office in Dublin Castle where a loyalist from North Co. Dublin called about a permit to purchase gelignite. He told me he knew the County Inspector of the R.I.C. party that was defeated at Ashbourne. He stated that he saw the Volunteers about to take up positions coming to Ashbourne, and when motoring some miles further on he met the R.I.C. force. He stated that he stopped the County Inspector and warned him about the Volunteers being in the vicinity. The County Inspector pooh-poohed the information and said he would know how to deal with the rebels. The loyalist warned the Inspector, "Remember they are armed men", and the County Inspector replied, "We are armed men too". The R.I.C. went on and met their fate at Ashbourne.

The methods of obtaining information that I have described as being used by the R.I.C. were not used, of course, only in political anti-national matters but also in connection with crime such as larceny, burglary, robbery, etc.,

and ordinary people were frequently unable to draw a distinction between the various type of police enquiry.

A further point was that by and large the members of the R.I.C. were personally honest and decent men with discipline and self respect, and in peaceful times were influences for good in small communities. This applied particularly to Sergeants, who were often the most exemplary citizens in these communities. Consequently, when the Black and Tans came, although coming militarily to the help of the R.I.C., they brought mean tricks of "scrounging", petty pilfering and other activities of demoralised British soldiery which disgusted the old R.I.C., who, however loyal, had no love for the new arrivals.

The mere fact that these men were rather decent men in peaceful times made them all the more a menace when the national resurgence burst forth, and it took some time and some exhortation to convince local people that the R.I.C. were really their enemies. A particular menace to the Volunteers was the small area, policed by one sergeant and five constables. The police in this case knew almost everything about every native of the area, and when a prominent Volunteer officer from Dublin came to the area, although previously unknown to the police in Dublin, was soon noted by the R.I.C. as a stranger. His movements were noticed and noted, and even if his name was not ascertained, his being in the company of local Sinn Féiners gave a clue to his business in the area. All travelling at that time was by rail, and when the Volunteer left by train the R.I.C. ascertained as to where he had a ticket, as for example, to Dublin. Then either his name, if known, or his description without name if unknown, was sent immediately by cipher wire

to G. Division. A G. man met the train and shadowed the suspect to his residence in the city. That G. man pointed him out to other G. men on following days, and ascertained his name and occupation eventually. If his employer was a loyalist, an endeavour was made to get him dismissed from his job, and, in any case, he was added to the list of Dublin suspects and all future movements and associations watched. This fact of the menace of the small station in an isolated countryside was the main reason for the ruthless war subsequently made on small R.I.C. stations by the I.R.A.

It should here be mentioned that in the R.I.C. small stations with strengths up to ten men, each member of the force did political (i.e., anti national) duty, enquiries, espionage, etc.

In cities like Dublin and the larger towns, political duty was specially allocated to detectives who were whole-time specialists on that work. That was, and is, so in all cities in Ireland and elsewhere. One reason is that specialists become highly efficient when allocated to one particular type of duty. Another is that secret political work could not be safely allocated amongst all the men in large stations with 30 or more men, as secrecy could not be maintained amongst such a large number of all types of men.

The experience of the Irish people during the 19th century had convinced them that there was no use in endeavouring to organise a physical force movement, that all their activities would be known to the "Peelers" in time to enable the British Government to arrest the leaders in time and frustrate all their plans. As is explained elsewhere in this statement, this psychological handicap

was removed by I.R.A. intelligence activity later on and even made to work in the opposite direction.

All through the 19th century the R.I.C. were used as the mainstay of evictors, oppressors and coercionists of all kinds, and very efficiently they performed their tasks. Illustrations of old papers show them protecting the operators of, or even using themselves, the battering ram on the homes of humble Irish citizens.

As if to rub salt into the wound of the people, when extra R.I.C. had to be brought into a county to carry out evictions or coercion, in addition to suffering the evil effects of their activities the county ratepayers had to pay for the cost of the extra police.

Yet as if to prove that no sweeping general rule can be applied to any section of men, even in the R.I.C., there was always a small number who hated their rulers and superiors. In secret G. Division reports of 1862-5 reference is made to there being many Fenians amongst the R.I.C. One G. Division report, after describing the movements of two Fenian members of the R.I.C. from the Depot, stated that it should not be too difficult to identify them at the Depot as neither had whiskers.

An old member of the R.I.C. told me many years ago that he was amongst a large batch of police sent to the North to prevent Orangemen attacking Catholic houses. Things got so bad that the R.I.C. got orders to fire over the heads of the rioters and that he and some others deliberately fired into the mob and killed and wounded some of the disturbers. The astonished mob was not long in disappearing after that.

An old detective, a native of the North of Ireland, once told me that Lord Leitrim was shot in Donegal by a Presbyterian member of the R.I.C. I asked him why an R.I.C. man should shoot him. He replied, "Righteous indignation at the unsavoury conduct of Lord Leitrim, who was a notorious libertine".

It is, of course, well known that many of the children of R.I.C. men were very active members of Sinn Féin and of the I.R.A., and that members of the R.I.C. resigned in 1920 and joined I.R.A. flying columns.

From about 1906 to 1914 recruits of a more nationalist type joined the police because during that period there was a pathetic belief that Home Rule for Ireland was inevitable at an early date as the Liberals were in power in Great Britain. It was mainly this category of R.I.C. man who resigned in 1920 or stayed on and helped the I.R.A. intelligence organisation.

However, notwithstanding these exceptions, the R.I.C. machine remained an apparatus of oppression to the very end. The top storey was completely loyal to England; about twenty-five per cent were nationalist in outlook and desired Home Rule, and the remainder believed in their divine mission to rule Ireland and were proud of all the adjectives of praise the force had received from Ireland's oppressors for a whole century. "Dirty idiots" and "slaves" were the epithets of Sinn Féiners for these.

As already remarked, the R.I.C. machine as a whole was operated as a team and could be combated only by a team. The Irish Volunteers of 1917-21 whether efficient, inefficient

or in between, was the only semblance of a machine that Irishmen had ever built up for over one hundred years. And Ireland's sole hope of success was to case harden her own machine and supply it with hard cutting edges. Many of us had brooded over these stern realities for many years, and when fate presented a machine at last it was operated with the utmost ruthlessness and efficiency in the effort to drive out the invaders. How that result was brought about is described elsewhere in this statement.

Chapter V.

Experiences and Recollections 1916:

About early March, 1916, the Citizen Army held manoeuvres and practised street fighting all one night in the Patrick St., Coombe, Francis St. area. A large force of detectives and uniformed police were present all that night but took no action.

Next morning the detectives made their several individual reports and many of them described the night's actions as "rehearsal of street fighting". A central report was compiled and several copies were submitted in the usual manner to the various authorities in the Castle, viz. civil, military and police. Nobody appeared to attach any special importance to the night's activities, although the ominous word "rehearsal" was used several times in the reports. It was just treated as another march of Volunteers and left at that.

Ever since the Volunteers were formed in 1913

detectives or police accompanied all marching parties of Volunteers, and when the split came the same system of observation was maintained on both sections, viz. Irish Volunteers and National Volunteers. In the beginning and for some time the Volunteers looked self-conscious in their uniforms, most of which were not too well tailored. As the men were of all shapes, sizes and ages, some with beards and others with spectacles, they often presented a rather "gawky" appearance as compared with police or British military. There was, however, a gradual improvement in appearance, and police who accompanied the St. Patrick's Day, 1916, parade of the Irish Volunteers commented on the remarkable turn out of the men on that day. Gone were all awkwardness and self-consciousness, and the men looked like soldiers, no longer dominated by their uniforms, and, with rifles and bayonets, had acquired a workmanlike and purposeful air comparable to the best British infantry battalions of the time.

Full reports were made by the police on that day's marches, and again nobody seemed to give the matter much thought in British Government circles.

All this time, however, police raids were continuously being made on newsagent's shops, and mosquito printing plants, and what they styled "seditious literature" was constantly being seized, accompanied frequently by arrests for disloyal activities.

The Castle authorities never appeared to anticipate a rising by the Volunteers. They did expect resistance to arrest or disarmament and believed they held the initiative as to whether there would be a clash or not. The British at this time purported to be fighting for democracy and

small nationalities on the continent and appeared to be unwilling to admit to themselves or anybody else that they were really holding down Ireland against the wishes of the Irish people, especially as the Irish leader, John Redmond, had committed Ireland to the European War and they claimed that Redmond, and Redmond alone, was entitled to speak on behalf of Ireland.

About this time Alderman Tom Kelly read a document at a meeting of Dublin Corporation purporting to be a plan drawn up by the British for widespread activities against the Volunteers, involving the cordoning off of certain areas of the city with the disarmament and arrest of all members of the Irish Volunteers, Citizen Army and Hibernian Rifles. No information ever reached the lower ranks of the detectives as to whether this was a genuine British official document or a clever scare prepared by the Volunteers. The document had the correct official aspect and terminology, and, if not genuine, could only have been faked only by some high official with long experience in the British service otherwise it would be bound to have small flaws which would have made it obvious to the police that it was a fake. I was not in a position at that time to learn what was the reaction to the document in the higher Castle circles.

Next came the Casement landing. A cipher message came from the R.I.C. in Tralee that a mysterious stranger, whom they described, had been arrested at Bannagh Strand and was being taken under escort to Kingsbridge Station by the train due that evening. The train was met at Kingsbridge by a Detective Inspector and a party of other detectives and the prisoner was taken by the Inspector and two detectives direct to London. Nobody except the

Inspector knew that it was Sir Roger Casement, and the other detectives at the station were told by the Inspector that the prisoner was not Casement. It was not admitted even to the detectives that it was really Casement until the prisoner was securely under lock and key in London. It was feared that some of the detectives might tell some railway officials at Kingsbridge or pressmen who the prisoner really was.

Many years afterwards I met a Government technical official who happened to travel by the same train as Casement and the R.I.C. escort of a couple of men. The official did not know who the prisoner was, but said it was obvious to him that the prisoner was a most distinguished and important personage. The prisoner was crying all the way on the journey to Dublin. What struck the official most was how easy it would have been to rescue the prisoner from the small party of police had any efficient organisation been available to undertake the task.

Then a report came from the R.I.C. regarding the disaster to a party of Volunteers who were drowned when their car ran over the pier into the River Laune at Killorglin. Those drowned were Con Keating, Dan Sheehan and Charles Monaghan.

The higher officials regarded the Casement capture and the Killorglin disaster as further evidence of that Providence which always operated against Irish risings and in favour of the British Empire. The four winds of heaven blowing the French out of Bantry Bay in 1796 was quoted as a parallel instance. I think it was John Mitchel who referred to the phenomenon as the "British providence".

One would have expected all these portents would have warned the British that an early rising was contemplated. But, no doubt partly due to Eoin MacNeill's fateful countermanding order cancelling all parades on Easter Sunday, the rising when it began on Easter Monday took the Castle authorities by complete surprise. Most officials went away for the Bank Holiday, some to Fairyhouse Races and some even to England.

The first intimation that a rising had started was conveyed to the Detective Office a couple of minutes after midday on Easter Monday by telephone from the Central Police Telephone Office in Dublin Castle. It stated that a party of Volunteers, accompanied by an ambulance corps and stretchers, had broken into and occupied some buildings in Marrowbone Lane and that the buildings were being barricaded. By some strange error, on the following Saturday when the rising was over this same telephone message was again circulated to all police stations. There was an immediate concentration once more of an enormous British military force on Marrowbone Lane, only to find no activity whatever in that area. It was then realised that the message was recirculated through a mistake. Soon further messages told of the occupation of the General Post Office, Jacob's biscuit factory, the Four Courts, Boland's Mills etc.

Detectives who had accompanied the marching parties of Volunteers in the usual manner began to return to the office all with the same story - the Volunteers had broken into so-and-so building. The Chief Commissioner, Colonel Edgeworth-Johnstone, ordered all members of the Dublin Metropolitan Police off the streets and into barracks. Members of the Detective force sat around the dining-room

and compared notes of their experiences. One member of the force always suspected of being rather timid and never associated with a sense of humour, described how he marched after a party of Volunteers to St. Stephen's Green. "When I saw them", he said, "going into St. Stephen's Green and pulling up the shrubs planted by Sir John Ross with such ceremony a couple of years ago, I thought it was time to cease to accompany the Volunteers". (Sir John Ross, former Commissioner of the D.M.P., was a keen horticulturist and had been invited to plant the first shrub in 1913 by the St. Stephen's Green authorities).

Numerous messages arrived from the Central Police Telephone office regarding buildings occupied by the Volunteers and shooting in various areas. A report came in about the shooting of Constable O'Brien, who tried to close the gate of the Upper Castle yard, and of the death of Seán Connolly in an attack on the Castle. Later a message came about the capture of the 'Evening Mail' office from the Irish Volunteers by British forces, which ended by saying: "they are now carrying out the dead". It was a bit of a shock to hear that some of the Volunteers who had marched so often through the streets were now "the dead", probably some of them under twenty years of age. It was a grim reminder that death was now in the midst of these cheerful young men. Once again, as in 1642, 1798, 1803 and 1867, Irish forces failed to take Dublin Castle.

The trams continued to pass up and down Gt. Brunswick St. for over an hour after the rising had commenced, adding their noise to the sounds of rifle fire. The detectives were prepared to defend their building, armed as they were with .32 Automatic pistols. They had the same faith in

these practically worthless weapons as one would now have in Thompson guns. We junior members had never been served out with any firearms. Gradually Dublin members of the British Army home on leave, some armed with rifles and some without any weapons, began to drift in to the Detective Office. One of them with a name like Pat Murphy and with a large moustache, was a sapper and told us he was an "engineer" on every possible occasion. The soldiers who had rifles were placed at upstairs windows to defend the building in case of attack, but no occasion ever occurred for any of them to fire a shot. British Army headquarters got to hear of our garrison and a couple of times each day demanded lists of the army members present, sometimes by regiments, other times by ranks. Every new enquirer appeared to require the names under some new form of listing. Joe Cavanagh, a detective officer who had got the job of compiling some of the lists, facetiously suggested to the Chief Inspector that the soldiers should be measured for height, as sooner or later some 'Brass hat' would think of a list according to height, nearly every other form of classification being by that time exhausted. On one of these occasions Joe Cavanagh took the Chief Inspector along the line of soldiers, supplying such items as, "This is Corporal Jones of the Buffs", "This is Private Kelly of the Dublin Fusiliers", and coming to Pat Murphy, "Pat, here, is an engineer". This evoked loud laughter as Pat had made no secret of the importance of his calling.

Many members of the public called at the Detective Office during the week, mostly seeking information about relatives who had failed to return home from their outings on the Bank Holiday. All condemned the rising, which was, as a matter of fact, most unpopular during that week and for

a couple of weeks afterwards. Several loyal citizens of the old Unionist type called to enquire why the British Army and the police had not already ejected the Sinn Féiners from the occupied buildings. Whilst a number of that type were present a big uniformed D.M.P. man, a Clare man, came in. He told us of having gone to his home in Donnybrook to assure himself of the safety of his family. He saw the British Army column which had landed at Kingstown (now Dunlaoghaire) marching through Donnybrook. "They were singing", he said, "but the soldiers that came in by Ballsbridge didn't do much singing. They ran into a few Irishmen who soon took the singing out of them". We laughed at the loud way he said it and the effect on the loyalists present. One morning about the middle of Easter Week a field gun appeared outside our barrack on the Trinity College side of the road. A large crowd of sightseers soon collected, men, women and children. Some of the men, wearing mufflers, obviously ex-British soldiers, with "Old Bill" or large moustaches, were advising the soldiers as how best to remove stone sets from the carriageway in order to provide a hole for the gun trailer. The whole attitude of the crowd was like what it would be if observing a steam-roller or a fire engine. We got tired of watching at the windows waiting to see a gun firing real shells and so resumed card playing inside. After some time there was a swishing sound in the street and we heard the crowd scampering as fast as it could. On looking out we saw one of the artillery men lying on the road where he had been killed by a bullet fired from the corner building of Bachelor's Walk. Apparently the gun was about to be fired at that building. The field gun was taken down Tara St. and we heard it firing from the Butt Bridge area later on.

One could see some bizarre sights from the windows during that week: corner-boys wearing silk hats, ladies from the slums sporting fur coats, a cycling corps of barefooted young urchins riding brand new bicycles stolen from some of the shops, and members of the underworld carrying umbrellas. One citizen was carrying a large flitch of bacon on his back, with another walking behind cutting off a piece of bacon with a large knife. Although the detectives, in common with the whole D.M.P. force, were by Commissioner's orders confined to barracks, members of the housebreaking squad were revolted at the sight of so much stolen property being flaunted before their eyes. They sallied out and soon filled the cells at College St. police station with prisoners who could not be dealt with until the following week when the courts were opened. Meanwhile the prisoners regaled the police with a day and night concert from their places of confinement. During the arrests of these prisoners bullets were striking the walls round about the area.

Immediately on the Rising being finished, the senior political detectives went to Richmond Barracks to identify and classify the prisoners, selecting those who were best known as leaders for immediate trial by courtmartial. It was then that the political record books in the Detective Office were brought into use. The books were taken to the Castle and, I believe, subsequently to Richmond Barracks.

The records might show, for example, that Michael O'Hanrahan met Thomas McDonagh in Grafton St. three months before and had a conversation of some minutes' duration. That did not appear to be an important item to be recorded but, when it was brought forward at the trial of O'Hanrahan,

it was an additional proof, apart from his participation in the rising, of his general anti-British activities. The record books consequently assumed a more sinister role than one would have thought reading them before Easter Week, 1916.

Executions began to take place and, when continued day after day, began to shock and stun a good many of the police and detectives. Death was in the air and young men had been shot as prisoners in Kilmainham Jail.

A few days after Easter Week was over, the British got an idea - from where, I never heard - that Sinn Féiners who had escaped after participation in the Rising were likely to try to get away to England, of all places, and by the mail boat route via Holyhead. In order to prevent this, several Scotland Yard detectives were brought to Kingstown Pier to arrest Sinn Féiners trying to travel. Scotland Yard detectives were assumed in British circles to be much superior in efficiency to Irish police and were supposed to be inspired by Providence with some special gift of identifying escaping rebels. No Irish police were allocated to this duty. To make the matter still more farcical, the Scotland Yard men had to act under the orders of the military, who then had the complete upper hand in the country. Consequently, a British Major, in kilts, was commander of the whole operation.

As a harbour was involved, the British Navy also had to take a hand, and a naval tender, occupied by a party of armed marines and mounting a pom-pom gun, reinforced the military and Scotland Yard party for about a fortnight at the Pier. Needless to say, no escaping Sinn Féiners put in an appearance.

A couple of us were sent to escort a "very important person", several of whom travelled between London and Dublin every day at that time.

I remember seeing one of the Scotland Yard men collaring a typical old Unionist from South County Dublin as soon as he went on board the mailboat. The detective took the indignant traveller to a cabin for interrogation. I listened outside the door and heard the Yard man exclaim: "Well, now! Why do you suppose I ask the questions? For the good of my 'ealth, is it?".

Some time after the Rising, I met a United Irish League (Redmondite) organiser who lived quite near Kilmainham Jail. He was, of course, politically opposed to Sinn Féin and never had a good word, naturally, for that organisation. I asked him did he hear the firing during the executions at the prison. He said that he did, and that he and all the neighbours used to pray all night for the men about to be executed next morning. "My God!", he said, "it was terrible waiting, and the volleys sounded in the morning like a clap of thunder".

After the Rising, an enormous mass of Sinn Féin literature was captured by the military and police from meeting places and homes of Volunteers for weeks after the Rising was over. All this literature, maps, etc., were stored in the Brunswick St. Detective Office. When the Volunteers began to reorganise in 1917, I gradually returned to them samples or copies of all documents, maps and publications which had been captured, which were of some help to them in picking up the threads of their organisation again.

The police authorities appeared to assume that the executions, imprisonment and internment had finished Sinn Féin and the Irish Volunteers for ever, and began cutting down the number of detectives on political duty. Some retired on pension and were not replaced, and some were transferred, with the result that, when the national movement became resurgent a couple of years afterwards, the detective force was not strong enough and had to be rapidly reinforced with partially trained men in order to try to suppress Sinn Féin.

Chapter VI.

Recollections and Experiences 1917:

The 1916 sentenced prisoners were released in June, 1917, and the following month Mr. de Valera was elected M.P. for East Clare. The R.I.C. collected extracts from his speeches there and in County Donegal and sent them to the G. Division, where the most 'seditious' items in the speeches were selected and used to secure a warrant for his arrest.

On a date, which I indirectly place as 14th August, 1917, a warrant arrived at the Detective Office, 1 Great Brunswick St. at about 6 p.m. Detective Sergeant Fagan and I were the only officers present, Fagan in one office and I in another. So we were ordered to arrest de Valera, who was stated to be residing at 34, Munster St., Phibsborough. We were told not to enquire for him at that house, for fear he might happen to be absent and our calling there might put him on his guard. We were to watch for him in the vicinity.

Sergeant Fagan had a trade union grievance against

the Chief Inspector for giving him the outdoor job of arresting after having completed a day's work in the office, he not being on the "political" duty staff. Members of that body would come on duty at 7 p.m. and "political" arrests were their specialty. I reinforced him in his sense of grievance as much as I safely could. So we decided to make no appearance in the Phibsborough area until after 7 p.m. when the other staff would come on duty. All this time I was trying to think of some means of warning de Valera of the intended arrest but could do nothing whilst Fagan was along with me. An Irish Volunteer named Peadar Healy who participated in the 1916 Rising lived at 86, Phibsborough Road, but all I could do was to note where No. 86 was situated in case I might find myself alone for a couple of minutes in order to go there and warn Healy. Fagan and I moved down towards Mountjoy police station shortly after seven o'clock, but Fagan decided to go into the police station in order to ring up Superintendent Brien at the Detective Office to say that we had not seen "that man". He invited me in to have a drink, but I told him that I was a teetotaller and said I would wait outside. This was quite near O'Hanrahan's shop, which was owned by Harry O'Hanrahan and his sisters, (their brother, Michael O'Hanrahan, was executed in Easter Week, 1916) but, even so, I dared not enter, as many members of the police lived in that area and, as I was pretty well known also as an athlete, somebody would be practically certain to note my entry to the shop of such very well-known Sinn Féiners. Accordingly, I decided to sprint to Healy's and try to get back before Fagan emerged from the station. Peadar Healy was absent from his house but his brother was in. I told him who and what I was, and that de Valera was about to be arrested.

I asked him to warn de Valera in case the latter wished to evade arrest. I sprinted back and, on turning into the North Circular Road, met Detective Sergeant Revell, who was stationed in the "political" office in the Castle and lived in the Phibsborough area. I told him that we were "looking for" de Valera and that Fagan was in Mountjoy police station. Revell did not suspect me of anything and returned with me to meet Fagan. He quite sympathised with Fagan's grievance and agreed that the arrest should be left to the outdoor "political" staff and that Fagan should not go near Munster St. at all. So Fagan and I returned to the Detective Office, but Fagan was afraid for some time afterwards that Revell, who was a loyalist, might report that Fagan did not try to carry out the arrest. However, Revell did not like the Superintendent and did nothing further in the matter.

Next day I was on duty in the Castle Detective Office and all day pressmen kept calling, asking if it was a fact that a warrant was out for the arrest of de Valera. The Superintendent refused to comment, and this went on for a whole week. Meanwhile de Valera could not be observed anywhere by the detectives, who remarked that it was strange that he could be seen every day before the warrant was issued. The uniformed police got to hear of the search for de Valera, and one of them, an athlete, speaking to me in the street, saw Detectives Hoey and Smith passing and said: "Look at these two .....s, out looking for de Valera. It would come to a low day for a man like de Valera to be arrested by two .....s like them"!

Pressmen continually rang up Superintendent Brien as to whether it was a fact that de Valera was to be arrested.

He lost his temper with one of these and said: "Where did you get your information? Maybe that would be more to the point"! Everyone in Dublin got to know what was on, and it is said that Sir Horace Plunkett threatened to resign from the Irish Convention then sitting in Trinity College if such a maladroit step was taken as to arrest de Valera at such an ill-chosen moment. The Castle authorities, in view of the failure to arrest and the widespread publicity, decided to have the warrant cancelled and, when the pressmen called at the Castle on the following Saturday morning, Superintendent Brien received them and, most unctuously rubbing his hands, said: "To be quite frank with you, there never was any warrant issued for the arrest of de Valera".

Shortly afterwards I accidentally met Peadar Healy. He told me that they had verified that a warrant had been issued and that Mr. de Valera had asked him to thank me for the warning. I told him about the pressmen calling at the Castle every day and this alarmed him to some extent. I told him that I would be able to warn them of serious danger that might threaten in the future.

The Castle authorities regarded de Valera as a very sinister enemy, and the failure to arrest him added to his already formidable reputation to them. They were very much perturbed by the whole matter. Conversely, the Irish Volunteer Headquarters enjoyed the experience.

On the 15th August, 1917, Colonel Maurice Moore's (National Volunteers) arms dump was seized by the British, who also carried out many arrests all over the country of Irish Volunteers and seized several Volunteer arms dumps in Ulster. One of the Dublin papers, the "Freeman's Journal"

I think, complained that the British Government chose the great Roman Catholic holyday to carry out the Ulster raids, with deliberate malice. As the de Valera warrant was issued the previous day, that is why I say that, indirectly, I place the date of issue as 14th August, 1917.

During the period of the death of Tomás Ashe, due to forcible feeding in Mountjoy Prison, and the following days, Superintendent Brien received daily reports from some spy as to the activities and intentions of the Volunteers in connection with the Ashe funeral and the supposed intention of the Volunteers to carry out reprisals. One report was to the effect that de Valera attended Volunteer secret meetings and took a party of Volunteers somewhere to carry out a reprisal and then called off all activities. Brien said: "That's all he will ever be able to do. He marched his men up the hill. He marched them down again". Needless to say, I sent all these items of information, through O'Hanrahan's, to the Volunteer Headquarters in each case, with the least possible delay.

During the month of October, 1917, the British in Dublin Castle worked themselves up into a state of great excitement about another Rising, which they said they had absolutely certain information would take place on Sunday, 4th November. Elaborate precautions were taken and the utmost steps were taken in order to have all Irish extremists watched. On that Sunday afternoon, detectives reported that they had seen the two Cosgrave brothers walking in the Crumlin area, immaculately dressed and wearing chamois gloves and not looking in the least degree about to take part in an immediate new rebellion. Lord Wimbourne, Lord Lieutenant, speaking later in the House of Lords, poured scorn on the

alarmists. He said: "We were told that there was to be a rebellion on the 4th of November. On that day, not a dog barked in Ireland". He conveyed that Ireland was perfectly peaceful and there would never be serious trouble again there.

Again, all the police reports prior to that date, on that date and subsequently, regarding the alleged projected rising, were sent by me through O'Hanrahan's, usually on the very days the reports were typed.

Introduction of a camera:

Early in January, 1917, a Detective Officer (Nixon), whose brother in the R.I.C. was notoriously active against Volunteers and Catholics in Belfast - several of whom he shot, was directed to purchase a snapshot camera for the Detective Division. The G. Division had for years a photographic section for photographing dead bodies, copying photographs of prisoners sent from prisons or from other police forces, etc. Nixon had been formerly in charge of that section, hence he was selected to purchase the new camera.

We were told that the camera was for the purpose of photographing Irish Volunteers and Sinn Féiners when walking in the streets, as photographs of disloyal persons found in raids on their houses or offices were usually of the posed variety and were not helpful in identifying extremists in the streets. What was needed was a camera that would take a person moving and so give a more realistic picture than those of the studio variety. As the new camera could take photographs at a speed of one thousandth of a second, there would be no difficulty in taking a picture of a man walking. As a matter of fact, the camera could take the finish of a 100 yards race in perfect clearness.

We were never told who had conceived the idea of the provision of the new camera, but my surmise was, and is, that it was the British military who had directed its use. The military now regarded themselves as the masters of Ireland and even in 1916 they were not satisfied with the Detective Division. They considered that the detectives should have been able to identify every prisoner taken at the surrender after the rising, and be able to give particulars of the prisoners' individual activities, associates, family connections, etc. This the detectives had not been able to do. Reading between the lines of official correspondence at the time, I had come to the conclusion that British military wished to have a complete mastery themselves of all disloyal activities, so that in case of another rising and another surrender they would be independent of the aid of the police in identification work. The arrival of the camera confirmed me in that view. If the photographs of active Irish nationalists, taken of these persons in their natural walking attitudes in the streets, were supplied to the military, who now regarded themselves as permanently in the saddle, the British Army would be well equipped for dealing with future Irish nationalist activities.

The Detective Officer who had purchased the camera was himself of strong and avowed Orange view, but, like many others of the same category, did not wish to run any personal risks himself and said he was too busy in his present duties to take the photographs but that they could easily be taken by anyone skilled in photography. So the camera was given to two of us to take out in the streets and photograph well-known Sinn Féiners. Neither of us had the slightest intention of taking such photographs, but we adopted a dog-in-the-manger attitude in pretending we were

anxious to take the pictures ourselves and so delaying as long as possible the handing over of the camera to others who might be willing to carry out the work. The camera itself was a wonderful piece of apparatus and we took several snapshots of running and high jumping for our own satisfaction. In such a camera in unskilled use, there are about half a dozen things can go wrong, anyone of which would spoil a photograph, partly owing to the extreme sensitivity of the plates. So we rang the changes on all these "mistakes" when pretending to take photographs in the streets, and were never short of a reason why we got no results. Nixon was furious as he sensed very well that we did not want to take the pictures. Eventually we were brought before Superintendent Brien, accompanied by Nixon. We pointed out all the difficulties of operating a complicated snapshot camera as compared with an ordinary camera. Nixon saw these difficulties could be mastered. I pointed out that the camera had to be sighted through a ground glass screen, whereas cameras used by pressmen were focussed directly through a sight on the top of the camera. Nixon nearly went into convulsions at this reflection on his judgment on purchasing. We well knew that if Brien had agreed that a better camera was necessary it would take at least six months to get finance sanction and there would have been severe criticism of the purchase of an unsuitable camera. Nixon said the photographs could be taken quite easily with the camera we had. So I suggested to the Superintendent, who, by the way, did not like Nixon, that Nixon should come out on the streets himself and take a few photos and show how it could be done. Brien agreed and ordered Nixon to accompany us. Nixon's neck turned purple with rage and he said he was too busy in the office. However, he had to come.

I suggested to Nixon that we go outside No. 6 Harcourt St., where we would be bound to see some extreme Sinn Féiners up from the country. I knew, of course, that was the last thing he wanted to do. He said he could not afford that much time away from the office. So he took some photos at random of pedestrians who happened to be passing on the street, returned to the office and developed them successfully Our argument against this was that those photographed were not Sinn Féiners, who would not be likely to allow themselves to be photographed so tamely.

Some weeks passed on and we still produced no photographs, although always promising that we would sooner or later get over the "mistake period".

Meanwhile the Chief Commissioner, Colonel Edgeworth-Johnstone, wrote a minute to Superintendent Brien, saying that by this time the Detective Division should have quite a gallery of photographs of Sinn Féiners.

Brien sent for us again, this time accompanied by an Inspector who had formerly been official photographer. This Inspector was mainly occupied in racecourse duty and did not desire to become unpopular with any section of the public. We repeated our former "explanations" as to our failure up to then. The Inspector said there should be no difficulty in taking the photos. I again suggested that the Inspector should accompany us on the streets and Brien agreed.

When we got outside, the Inspector was furious and asked why I suggested his coming out with us. I told him he had been very ready to say the photos could be taken. "Where will we go", he said. I repeated the No. 6 Harcourt St. suggestion. "Not..... likely", said he, "I am too busy with my own work".

So we made our way to the bridge inside St. Stephen's Green, where the Inspector took some photographs. As we had previously bent the plate holder, light got into the sensitive plate and the photos were a complete failure when developed, so the camera was sent for repairs.

Meanwhile Colonel Johnstone sent a further minute to Superintendent Brien enquiring what progress had been made in our photographic activities. I got the job of writing an explanation, which Superintendent Brien submitted. I used about a page of technical jargon and wound up by saying, "I hope, with practice, eventually to master the intricacies of the apparatus". Colonel Johnstone wrote a sarcastic minute on the file, using the words intricacies and apparatus several times inside inverted commas.

After several more weeks had passed without results two other detectives were given the camera and directed to photograph nationalists on the streets. Joe Cavanagh had followed our activities with amused interest. So now I got him to tell his 1916 friend, Seán M. O'Duffy, to warn the Sinn Féiners against letting themselves be photographed, as the men with the camera now might try to secure results. However, the camera proved too difficult for them and they made all the technical mistakes on one occasion after another.

Nixon was again sent out with the new photographers and on one occasion took up a position on the east side of O'Connell Bridge just in time to see the late Henry Dixon about to approach there from Purcell's tobacco shop. When halfway across the road the wary old Fenian spotted Nixon and the camera, about which he had been warned by the Volunteer intelligence department, and acted as one of the

detectives said, "like a suspicious woodquest on seeing a fowler with a gun".

About this time a friend of Colonel Johnstone returned from India and was staying with him for a few days. This friend was an expert photographer who had snapped tigers at point blank range. So the Chief Commissioner took the camera to his home, with six plates loaded in holders at a city photographic establishment. The military friend took six snapshot photographs during the week-end and Colonel Johnstone sent a detective to the photographic shop with the camera and plates to have the photographs developed. Joe Cavanagh and I knew the man in the development department and persuaded him to spoil the plates. This he did by allowing in light. The photographer returned the camera and plates to the Commissioner with notes as to the mistakes made in returning the covers on the plates after exposure, with instructions as to how to avoid similar mistakes in future.

Meanwhile the Commissioner's friend had gone to England and after that the idea of photographing Sinn Féiners was dropped. Not a single photograph of a nationalist had ever been furnished to the Castle people over a period of two years, but, on the contrary, some excellent photographs had been obtained of important British officials and sent to the Irish Volunteer intelligence department.

Irish Convention:

This Irish Convention commenced proceedings in Trinity College, Dublin, on 25th July, 1917, and issued its report on 12th April, 1918. It was presided over by Sir Horace Plunkett. The Secretary was Sir Francis Hopwood

and the Assistant Secretary was Erskine Childers. Childers was summoned by wireless whilst he was engaged in air operations against the Germans. The Convention was constituted by the British Government from representatives of the Irish Party and the Orange Lodges, with the addition of influential Bishops of the Catholic and Protestant Churches. William O'Brien refused to participate and Sinn Féin was not represented. William Martin Murphy, proprietor of the 'Irish Independent', was given a place in the Convention in order to ensure less hostility from that paper.

Tim Healy, writing to his brother Maurice on the 29th August, 1917, says: "There is a rumour that Duke (the Chief Secretary) wanted to arrest de Valera, but that Plunkett said he would resign if he did so....." It was decided that no record of the debates would be preserved. Tim Healy wrote his brother on 6th January, 1918, (Letters and Leaders of my day): "Sir Horace Plunkett is not hopeful about the result of the Convention as the Ulstermen will agree to nothing. They hold by Bonar Law's guarantee that nothing will be done to which they do not assent....."

When the Convention was nearing its end F.E. (Galloper) Smith, later Lord Birkenhead, said, "Why don't they go on talking"? The Convention was apparently never intended to be anything but a sop to American feeling.

Tim Healy, in the book referred to, says: "The Convention finally dissolved in nothingness, and afterwards it came to light that arrangements had been made by the Post Office to tap the correspondence of its members". Dr. Mahaffy, Provost of Trinity College, provided accommodation in the University for its sittings, and the postal authorities, without arousing his suspicions,

apparently vied with him in courtesy. Free postal and telegraphic privileges, denied to the British Houses of Parliament, had been conferred unsought on the Convention. A fully staffed and equipped post office was set up inside Trinity College, with a posting receptacle from which collections were made.

Such elaborate and expensive provisions for a body whose deliberations might conceivably have ended in a few days, displayed uncanny forethought. For there was a postal pillar-box close to the entrance gate of T.C.D., and a head telegraphic office in College Green within a few minutes' walk. The prodigal arrangements for the correspondence and telegrams of the members of the Convention seemed considerate, but a signed "frank" in each case was required. Thus it befell that a typed copy of a private letter from a member of the Convention to a parliamentary colleague in South America reached Dublin Castle before its abortive labours ended.

Downing St. (British Prime Minister's official residence) daily learned the prevailing atmosphere in Dublin, and as the mercury in the bulb at T.C.D. rose or fell, the Cabinet was advised as to how it could vary its proposals.

War conditions prevailed. Under the Defence of the Realm Act the censor was entitled to open letters. Still, it was a convenience to the Government to know what letters to examine. Those in T.C.D. under the franking privilege did not need to be tapped where the "franker" was on the Orange side.

The Post Office Acts authorise the opening of specified letters under warrant from the Postmaster General, but that official was no party to violating the correspondence.

The Chairman of the Convention, Sir Horace Plunkett, wrote daily accounts of its proceedings to Buckingham Palace. Tired of Ireland, Lloyd George sent a letter withdrawing a promise of concession which he had made before it assembled.

A scandal later arose as to a letter of Mr. Asquith's after the intrigue to oust him from the Premiership had succeeded. Put in the bag of the American Ambassador, the ex-Premier's communication arrived marked "opened by censor". Lord Balfour, the Foreign Minister, apologised, but the girl who broke the seal was told by her chief that she had acted rightly.

The envelope containing the correspondence of members of the Convention gave no indication that they had been opened and did not bear the words "opened by censor", as was customary at the time.

The leading Nationalist, His Eminence Cardinal O'Donnell, posted nothing in T.C.D.

Lloyd George and his colleagues must have had a few good laughs when reading the private hopes and fears of the Irish Nationalist members of the Convention. However, we can hardly grudge them this one little joke in view of the many the Irish "Paddys" were having at the expense of the British Government about the same time.

Chapter VII.

First contact with the Volunteers:

Following the insurrection in 1916, there were a great many retirements on pension from, and promotions and transfers in the police until about March, 1917, when I invariably found myself alone in the office in Great Brunswick St.

from 11 a.m. for the rest of the day. In this office were retained most of the documents captured in 1916, in which I was deeply interested as I had been carefully studying the history of Irish insurrections and the reasons for their failure.

At that time it was rumoured that there was going to be another rising, and I was of the opinion that another rising would be sheer imbecility, that there had been enough risings considering the manner in which the initiative had always been lost at the very start of them, and that, while such failures were of small consequence when only a thousand men were engaged, it would be calamitous if twenty thousand took part in another one and with a similar failure.

But for the modernisation of that office, a person of my short service would not have been left in charge of it. I never had any intention of staying in the police force as I had several invitations to go to America, and I regarded myself as just an Irish Nationalist who had found his way through force of circumstances in this office. I began to consider if it would be any value to those we called the Sinn Féiners if they were in possession of the information which I had. At this time, next to Superintendent Brien, I had probably the best knowledge of all the activities of political suspects and the real significance of that information. I spent my time thinking what the Sinn Féiners could do to win and whether, in fact, they had the slightest chance of winning. It was felt by the police, and by a great many others, that the net result of the insurrection had been to put the British military in complete control, a thing the military had always desired.

I was well aware of all the dangers that the national

movement would have to encounter, some of which were: - traitors in the movement; spies from outside; drinking and boasting by members of the organisation; loose talking; the respectable, safe type of person who wanted to be arrested and be a hero; leakages of information from the U.S.A.; accident - for example - the River Laune accident in Killorglin in 1916; Papers discovered, on arrest or otherwise; coincidence - for example - two Sinn Féiners, one of whom is employed in an insurance office, meet in a certain place on a certain night every week; a very bitter anti-Irish Orangeman is employed in the same insurance office and, by some evil chance, visits a young lady of his acquaintance in the same street on that particular night every week; the Orangeman, observing the regular meetings with his fellow employee, thinks it suspicious and reports it to the G. Division; Chance - for example - before I knew Collins in 1918, he was arrested for a speech he had made; a couple of G.men accidentally encountered him near O'Connell Bridge and called on four uniformed men who happened to be in the neighbourhood, to arrest him. The R.I.C., housed in small stations in villages, knew everybody in their whole area and had plenty of sources of information from various types of persons, such as, publicans whose licences were in danger of withdrawal, and other people in similar difficulties; should some extreme nationalist from Dublin visit one of these villages (such a person may never have been completely known to the police in Dublin) - the moment his arrival is observed by the R.I.C. (all travelling at this time being done by train) they had no difficulty in picking him up by noting that he associated with extreme nationalists in the area, and forthwith send a cipher wire to Dublin, giving a description if they have not obtained

the name of the suspect and he is picked up by the G.Division at the Dublin railway station, shadowed to his residence, his name ascertained, later on pointed out in the street to all the other G. men, and his name entered in the central record book. Unauthorised shooting - Volunteers, newly served out with revolvers, who could not resist the temptation to have a shot at something.

Notwithstanding all these dangers, I made up my mind that I would go all-out to help them, regardless of the consequences. The question then was how I could help. Any contact in the past between members of the detective force and extreme nationalists inevitably ended in the undoing of the latter. I thought hard on this problem for a long time, and came to the decision that whoever I would deal with would have to be somebody extreme, who hated England and who would be prepared to take a chance. I finally decided that the best place to make such contact was through some nationalist's shop where callers would not attract any special notice. Weighing the merits of various shops controlled by nationalist sympathisers, I came finally to the conclusion that only two were possible, namely, J.J. Walsh's of Blessington St. and O'Hanrahan's of 384, North Circular Road. J.J. Walsh's had the disadvantage of being situated on a corner and being thus very exposed and the further disadvantage that, a few yards away, an ex D.M.P. man had a shop which Detective Officer Coffey frequently visisted. This ruled out Walsh's shop and left only O'Hanrahan's.

Michael O'Hanrahan had been executed in 1916. His brother, Harry O'Hanrahan, and two sisters ran the shop. They were all, of course, what the police called "notorious" Sinn Féiners. I myself could not dare to visit this shop.

There were many members of the D.M.P. living in the neighbourhood, and I was well known to the general public as an athlete and a member of the police. Very probably the first time I entered the shop, it would be reported to the police authorities. Then I thought of a Sinn Féiner who was married to a first cousin of mine. His name was Patrick Tracy and he was employed as a clerk at Kingsbridge railway terminus. I had a talk with Tracy, and he agreed to transfer any information I wanted transferred. He also agreed that O'Hanrahan's shop was ideal for the purpose.

The first items I reported, through Tracy, to O'Hanrahan's were the projected arrests of Larry Ginnell and Joe McDonagh. I told Tracy to tell O'Hanrahan that no information was to come back to me. From that on, every secret and confidential document, police code, etc. that came to my hands was sent, through Tracy and O'Hanrahan, to the Volunteer headquarters. I knew nothing at all at this time about Michael Collins. I understand that Greg Murphy did most of the transferring from O'Hanrahan's of the documents I gave, and that some documents went to Eamon Duggan and Harry Boland, but where they went, in the main, I never ascertained.

The documents I sent to O'Hanrahan's were of all sizes, from a slip of paper to a hundred pages. It is difficult now to recollect the details of these papers. One document I remember dealt with the action proposed to be taken by the Volunteers to combat conscription. It was one of the few documents concerning which I heard anything back from O'Hanrahan. He told Tracy to inform me that the Volunteers took a very serious view of the fact that the Castle authorities had obtained possession of this document.

I think the contents of this document were similar to those published in the book dealing with intelligence in Ireland by "I.O" entitled "Administration in Ireland" but in more detail.

In the case of the German Plot arrests in May, 1918, a large list of names and addresses of those to be arrested in Dublin came to my hands. There were continual additions to the list but, finally, in May, 1918, the list was complete, and several copies were made. Indirectly, it became obvious to me that the arrests would soon start. I gave Tracy a copy of the complete list on the Wednesday, forty-eight hours before the arrests took place. I met him in a publichouse in Benburb St. I got Tracy to copy the particulars in his handwriting, destroyed mine there and then, and instructed Tracy that, in the usual manner, he should get O'Hanrahan to copy them anddestroy his own handwriting. I told him to tell O'Hanrahan that it was almost certain that I would be able to tell him in advance when exactly the arrests would take place.

On the day of the proposed arrests - as far as I recollect it was a Friday - I met Tracy and told him: "To-night's the night. Tell O'Hanrahan to tell the wanted men not to stay in their usual place of abode and to keep their heads".

Meanwhile, preparations were made for the raid. All the detectives, no matter what their usual duties were, several uniformed men and a military party with a lorry were ordered to stand-to. I had a talk with McNamara (a detective officer and one of Collins's men), and we deliberated on the question of refusing to carry out the arrests and calling on the others not to do so, but we

finally decided that such a course of action would do no good whatever, and would probably lead to our dismissal from the service.

In the normal way, I would have been on that raid and, in the normal way, a friend of Superintendent Brien would be brought to the Castle for telephone duty, but Brien detailed me for that telephone duty in the Castle during the raid, saying: "You will be much more comfortable here"! I thought that a big significant. I was wondering what would be the effect if the raid was a complete failure and no prisoners were got, because the British habitually boasted that they always succeeded in those raids. To my astonishment, continual telephone messages arrived from the various police parties, saying that they had arrested the parties they were sent for. A telephone message came from a Detective Sergeant at Harcourt St. railway station, saying: "That man has just left". That was obviously de Valera. Superintendent Brien said to me: "That man will get the suck-in of his life"! I did not know what to think of the whole raid, and what had gone wrong, but I thought that de Valera would surely get out at some intermediate station and not go home all the way to Greystones to be arrested there, as Superintendent Brien had immediately rung up the R.I.C. headquarters in Dublin Castle, telling them that that man had just left Harcourt St. To my further astonishment, about an hour afterwards, a telephone message arrived from the R.I.C. at Greystones to say: "That man has been arrested".

As it turned out, the raid, from the British point of view, was as successful as any raid had previously been. I did not know what had gone wrong with my messages through

O'Hanrahan. I wondered had someone got frightened. The following morning was a Saturday and, in the ordinary way, Tracy would go off duty at 1 p.m. I went to his house in the afternoon and found that, as had frequently happened in the past, he had taken advantage of his free railway travelling facilities to go to his people-in-law's place in Monasterevan. I had to wait until Sunday afternoon to meet Tracy on the train coming in from there. I asked him did he deliver the two messages, one, the list, and two, "To-night's the night". He said he had, just as he had delivered every other message. We both wondered what had gone wrong. We thought that, after all, maybe the "wanted" men wished to be arrested. That might be their deliberate policy, but, at the same time, the British regarded it as a great victory to capture de Valera, having failed to arrest him in 1917, as I have already stated. I asked Tracy to see O'Hanrahan and ask him what had happened, and Tracy later told me that O'Hanrahan had sent on the messages just as every other message had been sent on.

A few days after that, Brien looked hard at me, and he said: "The Sinn Féiners boasted that their most important men had escaped arrest". He looked straight at me, saying that, and I answered him: "When you have got de Valera, surely you have got enough".

Notwithstanding sending information in this way, through O'Hanrahan, many arrests, of which I had warned them, took place because there was no time to inform the parties concerned. I had always to wait until after 5 p.m. to see Tracy, who had then to go to O'Hanrahan, and O'Hanrahan had to go somewhere else, with the result that frequently the messengers sent to warn the "wanted" men did not arrive in time to forestall the arrests.

Chapter Vlll.

First meeting with Michael Collins:

During the whole time of my association with Tracy and O'Hanrahan, I did not know who ultimately handled the documents I transmitted. I knew nothing about Michael Collins. I knew Miss Máire Smart (now Mrs. Michael Foley). We had many talks about Sinn Féin, the insurrection and national activities, and we both solemnly agreed that violence was the only method. One day she said to me: "You should meet Mick Collins" and I replied: "Considering the things I have been doing, meeting anybody wouldn't be any more serious than what has already happened". At the same time, I was very deeply intrigued to know who or what this man Collins was like, because whoever was to handle the information I was giving directly would have to trust me, first of all; would have to understand the significance of the information; would need to have control of the Volunteers and be able to think and act quickly. About the same time, at one of my meetings with Tracy, he said: "The Volunteers want you to come to my house to-night". I asked: "What is it?" and he replied: "I believe it is a meeting". Both of us had maintained that there would have to be a meeting.

At Tracy's house, Millmount Avenue, Drumcondra, I met Greg Murphy. He thanked me for all the information I had sent, said it was wonderful stuff, the like of which they never got before, and then, turning his mouth conspiratorially sideways, he said: "Would you ever mind meeting Mick Collins?". I replied: "In view of the things I have been doing, meeting anybody would be a small matter". He asked

me where I would like to meet him, and the only place I could think of was 5, Cabra Road, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Micheál Ó Foghludha.

I was filled with curiosity. Would this Michael Collins be the ideal man I had been dreaming of for a couple of years? Looking up the police record book to see what was known about him, I discovered that he was a six-footer a Corkman, very intelligent, young and powerful. There was no photograph of him at that time in the record book. So, steeped in curiosity, I went to 5, Cabra Road, and was received in the kitchen by the Foleys, a place where every extreme nationalist visited at some time or another. I was not long there when Greg Murphy and Michael Collins arrived. I had studied for so long the type of man that I would need to act efficiently, that the moment I saw Michael at the door, before he had time to walk across and shake hands, I knew he was the man. He was dressed in black leggings, green breeches and a trenchcoat with all the usual buttons, belts and rings. He was very handsome, obviously full of energy and with a mind quick as lightning. The Foleys went away and I had a long talk with Mick from about 8 p.m. until midnight. He thanked me for all the documents I had sent and all the information, and said it was of the utmost assistance and importance to them. We discussed why so many arrests took place and, particularly, the German Plot information - why that went wrong, especially the arrest of de Valera. He said that a few minutes before train-time de Valera looked at his watch and announced that, notwithstanding the threatened arrests, he was going home. They had dissuaded him, but he insisted on going home and left the station, travelling on the pre-arranged train.

I asked Mick why he allowed de Valera to do that as, after his experience of me for two years giving information, he must surely have known that I was absolutely correct in that information. Mick shrugged his shoulders and looked at Greg Murphy, and Greg Murphy looked at him, and they both smiled. We did not pursue the subject further.

Mick said that the time had come for direct contact with me, that they were going ahead with the movement, no matter what was in front of it, and that there would be no further failure to utilise the valuable information I was giving. We discussed what the Volunteers could do. If they did not resort to violence, the movement would collapse, and, if they resorted to violence, there were extreme risks also. He told me that he and Harry Boland had called on Tim Healy and that Tim had started the conversation with them by saying: "Of course, you are all stark mad"! Mick told me he replied: "That is not very complimentary to us". Tim said that they had not the ghost of a chance by physical force. However, Mick said that Tim had to agree that there was not a ghost of a chance of getting anything from the British Parliament by constitutional means. We discussed the success of the British Government against the Fenians and I later brought him some of the police reports of the Fenian times to enable him to study how police affairs were then conducted.

In that discussion I agreed entirely with Michael Collins that force was the only chance, however difficult and dangerous. I discussed with him all the dangers, which I have already enumerated, to which such a movement of young idealists was exposed in conflict with a cold-blooded serpentine organisation such as the British Government in Ireland then was.

I explained to him the police organisation and suggested that as the D.M.P. uniformed service took no part whatsoever in anti-Sinn Féin activities - as unlike the R.I.C., they did no political duty - they should not be alienated by attacks on them. The majority, at least of the younger men, were anti-British, and had many relatives in the Volunteers. They were quite different from the R.I.C., all of whom had to do political duty, owing to the manner in which they were distributed in small stations through the country. The D.M.P. differed in another way from the R.I.C., and Volunteers from the country did not, at first, understand this. The D.M.P. were a city force, partly financed out of the Dublin rates. They did not regard themselves as members of the Crown forces, although the Government did. They were a more liberal type of men than those who joined the R.I.C. Physically, they were bigger - a bigger physical standard was required - and that made them a bit more easy-going. The unmarried men lived in barracks, to an average strength of about thirty, and, in the nature of things, they were not under such close personal supervision by their superiors as were the R.I.C. in small stations. The result was that they freely exchanged their opinions in the mess halls about Home Rule, the Ulster resistance, the Curragh mutiny, etc., and there was no authority to prevent them from expressing their opinions. I tried to make that difference clear to Mick and he, as usual, was quick enough to grasp the point instantly.

We discussed the psychology of the R.I.C. and how it came about that when an ordinary decent young Irishman joined the R.I.C. Depot, that within about two months there was an unaccountably complete change in his outlook, and he was never the same afterwards to his friends.

Mick told me that Batt O'Connor had observed the same phenomenon, that young Kerrymen from his own area who joined the R.I.C. Depot appeared to suffer some subtle change in the period of a couple of months. Notwithstanding this, even in the R.I.C. there were exceptional individuals who were proof against that environment. We decided that it was necessary to melt down the R.I.C.

I mentioned to Mick the danger of the village with the small party of police. They were a menace to Volunteers going to such an isolated area. We agreed that ruthless war should be made on the small stations, attacking the barracks if the police were in them, and burning them down where they had been evacuated. The R.I.C. would then be compelled to concentrate on the larger towns and attempt to patrol the vacated areas from these distant centres. Such concentration would cause the police to lose their grip, psychologically and otherwise, on the inhabitants of the vacated areas because the police, who returned from a distance to patrol the area, would be in no better position than the British military.

The next step was to make psychological war on the R.I.C. from two angles - to get the local Volunteers or their friends to tell the young R.I.C. men that now or never a chance existed to free the country and that, if they were not prepared to help, at least they should not hinder; similar endeavours were to be made on the friends and relations of the police in their native places by the Volunteers and their friends, pointing out to the relations what a disgrace it would be if these young men resisted the Volunteers in the coming struggle; in addition, an endeavour was to be made to establish contact with members

the R.I.C. in clerical and other positions, with a view to their giving information to the Volunteers.

After all these efforts had been made, a ruthless war was to be made on the hard core that remained. As regards the D.M.P., no attack should be made on the uniformed service, and no attack should be made on the members of the G.Division who were not on political duty and active on that duty. In this way, the D.M.P. would come to realise that, as long as they did not display zeal against the Volunteers, they were perfectly safe from attack. In the case of any G.man who remained hostile, a warning was to be given to him, such as, tying him to a railing, before any attack was made on him.

In his conversations with me, I learned that Collins was deeply interested in athletics of all kinds and had a thorough knowledge of the achievements of famous athletes, most of whom he had met. Likewise, his knowledge of the famous figures in Irish history, especially Wolfe Tone, was intimate. He quoted with approval one thing that Wolfe Tone said about the French: "Damn them to hell! The English will beat them yet, with their delaying". He told me that he and his comrades had actually got the lists of the Volunteers in 1782. Collins was a virile, active man with a flair for indulging in horseplay for which many people were inclined to find fault with him, forgetful of the nature of the life he was forced to lead. He had his fingers as it were on the pulse of the country and I remember him writing on one occasion to a local O/C reprimanding him for allowing such a state of affairs to exist that a Judge should be presented with white gloves.

Detective Officer Denis O'Brien was the first member of the section to be dealt with; he was tied to a railing. O'Brien, who was a native of Kanturk, had been more than usually active observing and shadowing Volunteers and Sinn Féiners, making a particular set on the Corkmen and other Munster men. O'Brien was warned during the tying-up that, if he continued on the same lines, there would be no mercy shown to him the next time. When O'Brien was released and taken to the Castle, the Superintendent asked him why he had allowed himself to be tied up. This annoyed O'Brien very much and he said: "I would like to know what anyone else would do in the same circumstances". He said to some of us afterwards: "They were damned decent men not to shoot me, and I am not doing any more against them".

It then became evident that, if the G. men who continued their activity against the Volunteers were allowed to do so with impunity, it was only a question of a short time until it would have disastrous effects on the Volunteers. Notwithstanding this, Collins was extremely anxious as to what effect the shooting of detectives would have on the Volunteers themselves and on the Sinn Féin movement generally, and how it would be taken by the public. After the shooting of Detective Sergeant Smith, there was no further shooting for some time, as Collins wanted to ascertain what the public and Volunteer reactions really were.

At the time when British activity began to become more intense and when curfew was being imposed, Collins received information, from other sources, about British Secret Service agents living in various parts of Dublin, and he hit on the idea of using members of the uniformed D.M.P. to report in the case of those houses where the people

were active during these hours. In order to do this, he summoned a big batch of men to meet himself, Gearóid O'Sullivan, myself and others at Donovan's in Rathgar. By some chance, I don't think one of the uniformed men weighed less than fifteen stone, all were well over six feet and the party shook the footpaths in this quiet little road. However, plans were made there - and carried out later - for the operations on the 21st November, 1920, against British Intelligence agents. As if to reinforce what I had been telling Collins about the D.M.P. uniformed men, he told me that one night he and Gearóid O'Sullivan were cycling in Rathgar. They took a small side road and they had an argument as to which turn would be safer at the end of it. They came to the corner and saw three D.M.P. men smoking in a doorway. One of the police shouted after them: "More power, me Corkman!".

Collins was obstinate in some ways. For instance, I warned him repeatedly not to go to Jones's Road as, sooner or later, it was bound to be raided. When it was raided on Bloody Sunday, I said to him: "Now, who was right?", and he replied: "You were not a bit right. It just happened for a different reason altogether".

Although he went about the city openly, the chance of his arrest - such as happened in 1918 - was ever present to his mind, and he gave me a pistol to have always ready in case of his arrest again in similar circumstances. The arrangement was that I should endeavour to interview him in his cell and he was to be got out either by ruse or force.

Amongst the matters I discussed with Mick Collins at the first meeting was that he and all his people should

cease wearing leggings, or anything looking like uniform, and dress in the least remarkable manner possible. He agreed, and did that from then on. Always afterwards, he looked like a prosperous ratepayer going around the city on his bike.

I advised Collins that his men should not depend on automatic pistols, that, while these arms were very attractive and efficient when they worked, the Germans had been let down in the trenches very often, attempting to use automatic pistols against the British Webley revolver, and that each of his men should have both an automatic pistol and a revolver when going on a job. I also advised him that, where they were coming up against the police, either in the city or country, not to rely entirely on firearms, but to pick men of good physique as well, in view of the many things that could go wrong in such operations.

Collins had plans all the time for burning or blowing up portions of Dublin Castle, and he showed me tiny white balls, like marbles, that would be left after the rest of the incendiary portion of the material had burned. Collins instructed me to go to the scene of the fire and collect any of these white balls that were left after the fire, as he was apparently anxious that the British authorities should not get possession of any of them. However, nothing ever happened afterwards in this line.

I did not meet Tom Cullen and Liam Tobin, two of Collins's chief officers, for some time and our meeting came about as a result of the following incident. One night, McNamara, who was a detective officer known to, and working for, Collins, and I met Tommy Gay outside Webb's bookshop, Aston's Quay, at about ten o'clock.

While we were talking, we noticed a party of uniformed police walking towards O'Connell Bridge. On looking closely, I observed that they had day-uniform on, and belonged to the D.Division. It was obvious that something serious was afoot. So McNamara and I told Tommy Gay to go down to the back of the Tivoli Theatre (now Irish Press office) and that we would meet him there when we had ascertained what was afoot. We went into the station at Brunswick St. but the G.Division officer on duty did not know what was afoot. We went into the uniformed Division station next door, and we found that the "Freeman" newspaper was about to be suppressed.

When we came out to return to Gay, there was a complete ring of British military around the area, keeping the crowd at about thirty yards' distance from Townsend St. Mick Collins had already warned us that British agents were, by that time, probably observing our movements. So we agreed that, if they were ever going to be watching us, and if they were amongst that crowd, now was the chance of a lifetime. The theatre-goers from the Royal were moving in a crowd up D'Olier St. towards O'Connell Bridge. McNamara and I took our places in the moving crowd. We passed by couples and fours rapidly, and again walked on, attracting as little attention as possible. When we reached Carlisle Building, we walked round the corner and then sprinted to Hawkins St. We got into a doorway in Hawkins St. to see if anybody would follow us. Nobody followed. We saw Tommy Gay and we told him what was on.

On the following night I met Mick Collins. He put his hand over his mouth and, in the usual bantering way, said: "By the way, did you fellows know you were being

followed last night?". I said: "No, but we took it for granted, in view of what you told us, that British agents might follow us". "Because", he said: "Tobin and Cullen followed the two of you last night and lost you. They crossed O'Connell Bridge as far as Hopkins and Hopkins, and then Cullen said: 'We don't know where the two so and so's disappeared to'". Mick Collins chaffed Cullen then and referred to him as an "alleged sprinter who could not catch these heavy police". "Anyhow", he said, "I will have to introduce you to the two of them now, because this is too dangerous". So we were all introduced.

Following a raid by the I.R.A. on the Rink Post Office in Rutland Square, Dublin, Collins told me about a remarkable report that was got amongst correspondence there. It was a report by a County Inspector of the R.I.C. from somewhere in the west. The report was secret and confidential, and dealt with the efficiency and reliability of his District Inspectors. Collins, as usual, could repeat verbatim what was in the report in a peculiarly humorous way of his own. The report ran something on these lines:

> "District-Inspector ...'Jones' joined the army at the start of the war and attained the rank of Major with several citations. He is absolutely loyal and can be relied on to combat Sinn Féin in the coming struggle".

He similarly reported on other officers until he came to one name, shall we say, "McGowan". He said:

> "Mr. McGowan is a ranker. He is near retiring age, has a family which he wishes to place in positions, and inclined to court popularity. I think he should be directed to retire on pension, as he would not be reliable against Sinn Féin."

I was filled with curiosity to see the report, knowing how solemnly these things were worded. I asked him:

"Where is the report?", and he replied, with a laugh, "We had it handed back to McGowan".

Collins had such a remarkable power of description that, listening to him, one could form a vivid mental picture of the occurrences he described. For instance, in his account of the tortures of Hales and Harte in West Cork, the impression he created was as vivid as if one actually saw the pliers being used to tear the flesh of the victim. These tortures were inflicted by the British Army long before the Black and Tans came to the country. As a result of his treatment Harte went insane. In the case of the Knocklong rescue, Collins recounted this occurrence with pride and delight. His description of the constable getting out of the railway carriage and firing back into the window, dashing broken glass on Breen and the others was amazing for its wealth of detail. In the case of the attempted arrest of Breen and Treacy in Fernside, Drumcondra, he gave us a most vivid description about how Breen and Treacy fired through the door at the British officers who were coming in, and how Breen escaped and accidentally made his way, bleeding, to a nurse's home, where the nurse did all she could to make him comfortable, although she was a loyalist. Collins described with particular gusto how he himself had brought Breen and Treacy together again in a garage, each of them, up to then, thinking the other was dead.

He took great delight in the exploits of MacEoin, how he stood in front of the R.I.C. and threw grenades at them; how the Tans came to burn up Ballinalee, and how MacEoin and his men opened up on them with machine guns and grenades. His way of expressing his appreciation to any

of these men when he met them afterwards, if there was time, was to wrestle with them. Collins told me a story about the Cork Volunteers in West Cork who disarmed a party of British tommies. One corporal put up a desperate fight to retain possession of his rifle which, in the end, a Volunteer succeeded in taking from him. When the Volunteer got the rifle, he threw his fist, as if to hit the soldier, and said: "You so-and-so so-and-so, why didn't you give it to me?". The corporal replied: "Blimey, was that all you wanted? Why didn't you tell me?". The British authorities had told the men that they would be murdered by the Sinn Féiners if they gave up their arms.

A great friend of the movement all the time in Dublin was Dr. Robert Farnan, and anyone who was anyway low in health or injured was sent to him, with a note from Mick. Dr. Farnan was, of course, a ladies' doctor, but a man of wonderful personality who could cure by merely speaking to the men. Mick gave Austin Stack such a note to go to Dr. Farnan. Somebody, to pull Stack's leg, told him: "Collins is making a 'cod' of you. That is a ladies' doctor. Don't go near him". Stack hesitated for a couple of days before going.

One of the jobs I had to do for Mick was to explain what lay behind certain daily occurrences, that is, to give the exact facts and what was the meaning of various happenings. Although, in 1919, the Volunteers were for months winning all along the line, Mick always said that the British hated the Irish so much that they would never give in without a last desperate kick.

On one occasion, there was a raid carried out by Inspector Niall McFeely on 6 Harcourt St. McFeely had been

newly appointed on political duty and was far too simple a man for a job like that. He carried out the raid mechanically according to orders, arresting only those he was told to arrest. Collins informed me that Inspector McFeely went in to the office where he was engaged and, not knowing Collins, made the point to him in debate there - a point which he always made - that Sinn Féin ruined the Irish Party. I had already primed Collins as to what he should say to McFeely, namely, that his family would be disgraced for generations if he did anything against the national movement, and Mick said this to him. All the time, Mick thought that McFeely was going to arrest him and when McFeely took up a report off the desk to read, Mick snapped it out of his hand and threw it into the fire. McFeely scratched his head and went off to some other rooms in the house. Mick immediately escaped through the back. McFeely did not know then, nor did he ever know, that it was Collins he was speaking to, but he told his friend, Inspector Kerr, that he had met a remarkably determined, able young chap at 6, Harcourt St. and, whoever he was, he would be heard of sometime.

I remember, after the deaths of McKee and Clancy, meeting Mick in Gay's place, 8, Haddon Road, Clontarf. He was in a morose mood, with his hands on each side of his head, moving slowly left and right, and the automatic pistol in his pocket hitting against the table. Then he suddenly jumped up and said: "We will just have to carry on". Sometimes, during the later stages, four or five of us met together, say, Mick, Tobin, McNamara and I, for no reason except just to meet.

In January, 1921, a big batch of the headquarters' officers of the I.R.A. were invited to a dinner given by

James Mark Sullivan, an Irish-American, at 4, Palmerston Park. Things were at their hottest then. Tans and Auxiliaries were fully into their stride. In my case, a big batch of confidential documents from police headquarters had been captured by the Auxiliaries in Dawson St. Notwithstanding that, we turned up at O'Sullivan's. There were present Collins, Seán Ó Murthuile, Gearóid O'Sullivan, Rory O'Connor, McNamara, Frank Thornton, Tom Cullen, myself and others whose names I cannot remember. Apples and oranges were laid on a table to make the letters "I.R.A." and we all enjoyed ourselves for that evening as if we owned Dublin. Tom Cullen spoke there and said that we would all die for Mick Collins, "not because of Mick Collins, but because of what he stands for". Mick was persuaded to recite "The Lisht", which he did with his own inimitable accent. When he was finished, there was a rush for him by everybody in the place to seize him. I was very proud of the fact that he fell into my arms and, when things quietened down, he said in a whisper: "What is happening about the captured papers?". When the celebration finished, about ten of us were taken in a car down-town. I certainly regarded it as sheer lunacy, but what could one do. We crossed the canal at Charlemont Bridge, with Bill Tobin shouting: "Up the rebels". We all parted from the car in the St. Stephen's Green area. I returned to the Detective Headquarters to find several respectable detectives there complaining that they had been insulted by the Auxiliaries at various canal bridges. Apparently, Charlemont St. Bridge was the only one on the south side that was not held up by the time.

The same night, a big detective named Murphy was held up by an Auxiliary in D'Olier St. Murphy had recently been recruited from the uniformed service and did not appear

ever to be fully sober. He was not sympathetic to Sinn Féin but refused to put up his hands for the Auxiliary. The Auxiliary's hand was trembling, and Murphy told him he was too cowardly to shoot. Several other Auxiliaries rushed up and seized Murphy. They found a small automatic pistol in his pocket. They asked him why he had the pistol and why he did not put up his hands when called on to do so. He said he was a member of the police and had as good a right to have a pistol as they had. They bundled him into the Detective office where he was, of course, identified and released.

The Auxiliaries complained of his attitude to them. He replied that it was only their numbers and large revolvers that enabled them to seize him. Showing them his two fists, he said: "I am prepared to meet the best of you with these two hands as man to man anytime you like". The Auxiliaries did not accept the challenge and left, still complaining about his conduct towards them.

Some short time after Pierce Beasley, while having a walk somewhere in the Co. Dublin - someone said he was reading a poem - was arrested by a member of the R.I.C. named Hughes. He was in custody again. I said to Collins: "Michael, what is the good of bothering about a fellow like that now? This is no time for poets". He said: "Beasley is something more than a poet. We will have to get him out again". Of course, at the time I did not know Beasley was editing An t-Óglach.

About the time of my first meeting with Collins, he told me a strange thing in connection with the Ashe inquest and funeral. Inspector Lowry of the uniformed branch, who used to be on duty at such events, always saluted him,

referred to him as "Mr. Collins", facilitated him and showed him the utmost respect, and never made any further approach to him outside that. That went on throughout the trouble. Any time he ever met him, he saluted "Mr. Collins". What the explanation was, we never found out.

There was one occasion when the Dáil was meeting in the Mansion House and with detectives outside, some detective or inspector - I can't recollect which it was - rang up the G.Division, directing that a party of military be rushed to the Mansion House, as Collins and several wanted men were inside. I heard about this almost on the spot, and was puzzled how to get in touch with the Mansion House. I decided to go out to a public 'phone and ring up de Valera, as I knew he was not wanted at the time. The telephone exchange was not then being tapped by the British. At the same time I was afraid to use Irish, as some of the Exchange operators might know it, or, of course, English. I decided that the best thing to do was to speak rapid French. While a lot of people know French, and can speak it fluently, only those with long practice can understand French when it is spoken rapidly to them. I succeeded in contacting de Valera on the 'phone. He said that he had been speaking so much Irish that he could not pick up my conversation. He said he would get Pierce Beasley. When Beasley came to the 'phone, I spoke to him as rapidly and indistinctly as I could, without making it impossible to be understood, and told him that the police had requested the military to go and surround the Mansion House. The military came, but failed to get Collins.

Collins, at all times, had a great reverence for Griffith. He told me that Griffith was worried about strange men hanging around St. Lawrence Road, Clontarf,

where he lived, and asked me to go to the road at nights to deal with the situation. I went there several nights at various hours, but I never saw anything suspicious.

During these times, the Moore-McCormick Line had ships coming from America to Dublin. The British strongly suspected that arms were being brought into Ireland by that Line, and Inspector McCabe, who was on Port duty at the North Wall, was directed to have a microscopic search made of these boats. The Americans were inclined to make legal trouble for the Inspector as regards international law. Inspector McCabe made a long report, explaining the position and difficulties, legal and otherwise, and asking for instructions. Superintendent Brien submitted this report to the Chief Commissioner, Colonel Johnstone, asking for instructions. Colonel Johnstone wrote a minute on the margin of the file: "This subject ought never to have been raised. All American sailors are now suspect. Their belongings should be searched and a report made in each case". I gave a copy of the whole correspondence to Collins, and he said: "We will make us of that". As far as I recollect, it was Griffith, in a speech he made at Liverpool, who quoted Colonel Johnstone. This created a dispute between the British and American people, as the Americans were always jealous of the British claim to what they called the "right of search". Griffith's speech was quoted in papers all over the world, and I remember seeing Colonel Johnstone's minute in the Latest News Column of the Dublin 'Evening Mail'. Superintendent Brien hated Inspector McCabe, who was a Unionist, and said that he must have been indiscreet and must have shown the file to some disloyal Customs Officer. Disciplinary action was taken against Inspector McCabe, and he was about to be compelled

to retire on pension. Brien said to a couple of us that night: "I settled that fellow's hash at last". Apparently they had been life-long rivals. I told this to McNamara, who met McCabe in the Castle and told him. McCabe got on to some of his Unionist friends at the Castle (old gang) and had the matter reopened. The final result was that McCabe was reinstated and Superintendent Brien was compelled to go on pension. Brien was a most dangerous man and had an extremely good knowledge of Sinn Féin and the Volunteers. His departure was a very great relief to Collins.

Collins showed me some of the reports of de Valera's progress in America. He had received wide angle photographs showing thousands of de Valera's listeners, in which the public address system was visible. During this period, Harry Boland returned from America. Mick brought him up to Tommy Gay's house to meet us there at tea. Harry was an absolute hero-worshipper of de Valera. He told us about a sculptor in Chicago who had executed several busts of Abraham Lincoln, and that, when doing a bust of de Valera, the sculptor could hardly avoid turning out a bust of Lincoln, so near was the resemblance. Harry told us that, when de Valera was about to set out to tour the southern states, the southern papers were hostile to him. One of the northern papers, which was also hostile, referred to de Valera as "another Jefferson Davis on a wild goose chase". This aroused the curiosity of many southerners, who revered Jefferson Davis, to turn out to see what de Valera was like.

The British authorities used a simple one-word code for ordinary police messages. At one time, the code used be only changed every month, later every week, and finally every day. The G.Division used this code. The British

authorities also had a two-word code, one of the words changing every day and the other, as far as I recollect, changing every week. This two-word code was religiously supplied to the G.Division, but they were never supplied with instructions as to its use and, consequently, could not use it; but the higher officers of the R.I.C. and the military could. One night when I met Collins, he had the cipher of a former two-code message and was very anxious to get the decipher. He felt that, if he had it deciphered, he would learn who gave away, in the north of Ireland, the information that enabled the British to capture forty thousand rounds of .303 in J.J. Keane's Corn Store, Smithfield, Dublin. We spent hours using the correct two words which we had, but without the instructions, in endeavouring to decode, but we failed. When I was leaving him I said: "I am going to get the key to that inside the next twenty-four hours". Going home, I had not the smallest idea of where I was going to get it. I think what follows is an example of how a benevolent Providence lent its aid. When I returned to the G.Division office, it was after ten p.m. and a G.man was on duty in the office, who knew nothing about political work. The moment he saw me, he said: "Here's the man that will decipher this for us". I saw almost at a glance that it was a two-word code message. That was the first time that such a message ever came to G.Division, and the last, to my recollection. The sender was apparently unaware that the G.Division were never supplied with the instructions concerning the two-word code. I told the man on duty that we had not got that code in the office upstairs and that the only people who had it were the R.I.C. who had an office open day and night in the Castle. He asked me would I ever mind going up to the Castle

and getting the decode. I said: "No". I went to the R.I.C. office in the Castle. The Head Constable took the message from me and brought it to an inner room to somebody else. The decipher was brought out to me after a couple of minutes, but this did not make me any wiser as to how the code was to be worked. The message that night was to the effect that Patrick "Somebody" was coming to Dublin. I asked the man on duty could it possibly be "Peter"? He replied: "I will take it in again". When he returned, he said: "The man inside wants you to come in and satisfy yourself". I went in and the man said to me: "There now is the code, there is the letter so-and-so - isn't that right?" - and so on, with the second code word. I, of course, saw instantly the method of de-coding while he was explaining it to me that it was "Patrick" and not "Peter". So, from that on, we had the solution of the two-word codes.

From my very first meeting with Collins in 1919, he commenced to build up what he called his own G.Division, as well as his squads for carrying out his orders. It was astonishing how quickly and with what devotion these young men got down to their jobs. Anything they lacked in age and experience, they made up in enthusiasm. By the time the Black and Tans came, these men had a complete mastery of the situation from an Irish nationalist point of view, and were sufficiently case-hardened to meet the new situation created by the arrival of Tans, Auxiliaries and British Intelligence officers.

General Byrne was Inspector-General of the R.I.C. and moves were being made by some of the Castle authorities, who did not like him, to have him dismissed. General Byrne proceeded to London to defeat these manoeuvres and,

during his time there, he was supplied by friends in the Kildare Street Club with information as to the moves being made against him. They conveyed this information to the General through the R.I.C. cipher code, and all messages were read by Michael Collins.

On one occasion, the Volunteers raided the goods yard at Amiens St. station and took away explosives. Nobody could be found to make a statement to the police except a British ex-serviceman who worked there. He made a full statement with, of course, his name and address. This statement came to me, and I immediately forwarded it to Collins. He sent a party to the ex-serviceman's address to deal with him. The ex-serviceman was quick, however, got up on the roof just in time, and the Volunteers did not find him. Superintendent Brien was not satisfied with all the particulars in the statement, which had been taken by Detectives Mahony and Coffey, and ordered the two of them to go to the ex-serviceman and get fuller particulars. When they arrived there they were told about the previous visit of the Volunteers and how the man only saved himself by getting on the roof. They were terrified, and returned and reported to Superintendent Brien about the narrow escape the man had. Brien, who did not like either of them, said: "Why wouldn't the Sinn Féiners find out about it, because neither of you ever knew how to make a discreet inquiry"! I met Collins that night, and he told me that he just had before him the two Volunteers who were on the raid. He asked them how had they let the lad get away, telling them that the man had gone on the roof. Collins described to me how the O/C of the job turned to the other man and said, with a typical Dublin accent: ".....,didn't I tell you to try the roof?". The British authorites shifted the ex-serviceman to England and got him a job there.

One night we met Michael in Gay's house in Haddon Road, and we had our usual discussions with him. We were leaving to return to town and, as this was one of the few occasions on which he had a car, Mick offered us a lift. So the three of us, McNamara, Neligan and I, got into the car. Joe Hyland was driving. We came along to Fairview and Hyland was driving pretty fast. Just as we passed Fairview Cross, we saw the trams stopped and everybody looking towards Tolka Bridge. Hyland was going a bit too fast anyhow, with the result that we drove into a British military patrol, and a British military sergeant ordered us all out of the car. I decided that the best thing was for me to do the talking and, as Collins was about the same size as we were, I produced a detective's card and said we were all detectives. The sergeant said: "You will have to see the officer". Collins was on for slipping away, as he did in many such cases, but I plucked his sleeve to come on, as, if he slipped away or attempted to do so, it might spoil everything. The military officer, who was about twenty years of age, explained that he and his party of lorries had just been ambushed, and was about to give particulars. I felt, of course, that it would be easy enough to humbug the military officer, but there was the danger that the Auxiliaries would be coming on afterwards. They would have taken no chances and would have attempted to bring us all to the Castle for identification. I asked the officer did he know was the Drumcondra road safe, and he said he believed it was. I said to the others loudly: "We had better go that way so. This bombing might be intended for us". Turning the car round slowly, we moved slowly to Richmond Road, did a steady sixty up that road and got away while the going was good.

During the time I was meeting Michael Collins in Foley's, in the early stages, he often discussed with me the papers that I had been sending for the previous two years, which he referred to as their "correspondence course". In discussing these, it became obvious that he still did not understand the complete background of the detective organisation, and we decided that it would be necessary for him to go into the office and read the record books himself. From ten o'clock each night until six in the morning, it was usual for one man - mostly not of the political staff - to be on duty in the detective office, and that man had the cipher, in case telegrams arrived. It frequently happened that the detective, who was on a week's night duty, would have to go to the courts during the week, when he had cases. In that event, he would be relieved by someone for whatever night he required off duty, and I was frequently chosen for the single night's duty like that. So, meeting Mick one night in April, 1919, I was able to tell him that I would be on duty the following night from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. We arranged that, at twelve o'clock, he would ring up to make certain that it was I who was on duty, as there were frequently last-minute changes. He was to use the name "Field", and my name was to be "Long".

In due course, I went on duty at 10 p.m. Most of the detectives, who were unmarried, usually went to bed at about 11 p.m. From about 11 p.m. that night, reports began to come in about shootings in Store St. and other areas, and I wondered was fate going to take a hand. I also learned that, in the uniformed B.Division, which did duty around that office, the Inspector on night duty was Inspector Daniel Barrett. While the average uniformed

officer would give the G.Division a wide berth, Barrett was an ignorant, presumptuous man, who would be quite capable of reporting that there was a light on in the office at night, the secret office being on the first floor. It was a semi-circular office, with many windows and with blinds only over the bottom windows. It became obvious to me that I could not switch on the electric light in that room. The secret small room, which held the books, had no electric light. Therefore, candles would be necessary. While thinking this out and, at the same time, receiving the messages about the shooting, Sergeant Kerr of the Carriage Office, who was a single man and sleeping in the building, was in the office talking to me, which was quite a usual practice. When it was nearly 11.30 p.m. I tried to break off the conversation with Kerr as much as I could. At about 11.45 p.m., he said he would stay up and give me a hand, in view of all the messages. Finally, we had almost a row, and he left for bed at about 11.50 p.m. At twelve o'clock, Mick ran up, saying "Field here. Is that Long?". I said: "Yes. Bring a candle".

The new building at Pearse St. had, of course, a brand-new set of keys, and there was a master-key, in case any of the other keys got lost. I had made myself another master-key, by filing one of the ordinary keys. That key would be necessary to open the secret room. In due course, at about 12.15 a.m., Mick Collins arrived, accompanied by Seán Nunan. I had told him, and whoever came with him, to be armed and also to have sticks, because one would never know what might go wrong. I duly let them in, showed them the back way and the yard door to Townsend St. in case anything happened, and gave them the general lie of the land. No sooner had I done so than a stone

came through the window. I was just wondering again if the British fate was going to take a hand. I looked at them, and they looked at me. I told them to go into a dark passage and to wait near the back door, in the shadow. On looking out on Great Brunswick St. I saw a British soldier in custody of a policeman. I opened the door and inquired of the constable what was wrong. He said: "This fellow is drunk and he is after throwing a stone in through the window". He took the soldier to the police station next door. I went back and told Mick what had happened. On inquiring if he had brought the candle, he said: "No". He thought I was having a joke at his expense. All D.M.P. stations had a member, called Staff Sergeant, equivalent to an army quartermaster sergeant, whose job, amongst others, was to maintain a store on the premises. Staff Sergeants knew that, as long as they had too much left over of any article, they were always safe, but if too little, they were in for trouble. The result was that the store was packed with plenty of materials, such as soap, etc. I thought of my precious master-key, opened the store and found plenty of candles, boxes of matches, soap, etc. Having taken a couple of candles and a couple of boxes of matches, I brought Michael upstairs. With the master-key I locked the main doors of the dormitories, which were on the top floor. The same key opened the political office and opened the secret small room, built into the wall, which contained the records. I gave Collins and Nunan the candles and, getting them to close the door fairly tightly, I left them to carry on their investigation. I then went downstairs. No sooner was I down than there was a heavy knock at the door. I opened it and found the same constable back again, inquiring as to the value of the

broken glass. I gave him a rough estimate and he left. I went upstairs, told the boys what the noise was about, and came down to look after telephones, etc.

Michael stayed from about 12.15 till about 5 a.m. There were many reasons for his visit. He wanted to know the background of what he called the correspondence which they had received from me, the exact degree of British knowledge as regards the Volunteers, Sinn Féin and other national organisations. Michael wanted to ascertain who, of their people, were known and, still more important, who were not known. He wanted to try to gauge the mentality behind the records, and then to use the police secret organisation as a model, with suitable improvements and modifications, for Volunteer requirements. It was obvious that, sooner or later, these records would be taken to the Castle because at nearly every hour of the day a ring would come to the office asking for particulars, in writing, of Suspect So-and-So. As a matter of fact, not very long afterwards, the books were taken to the Castle.

Soon after I joined the Detective Office I became acquainted with Joe Kavanagh. He was several years senior to me, but I liked him from the start. He was very quick, very humorous and spoke French. I was sponsor for his eldest son. As he was married, he was living out, near the South Circular Road. I was unmarried and living in barracks. From 1915 to 1917, I was frequently doing office duty in the Castle, and Kavanagh was doing duty for the most of his time in that office. He was very critical and very sarcastic about all the superior officers. It was not that he had a grievance himself, because he always had an easy office job. He was a beautiful penman, but did not type. After 1916, Kavanagh told me about a couple

of prisoners he met in Richmond Barracks. One of them was Seán M. O'Duffy who lived somewhere near him. He told me he took messages from O'Duffy to his relatives and, shortly afterwards, told the relatives where exactly in England O'Duffy was.

On Easter Monday, 1916, when the rebellion broke out, Joe Kavanagh was in the office at the Castle. The D.M.P. headquarters store was in the Castle, and Joe knew that in it were about a hundred Webley and Scott .32 automatic pistols with ammunition. The storekeeper was away on leave for the day, and Joe had the brainwave of suggesting to some of them to break in and take these arms - collaring about half a dozen for himself. After Easter Week, when he had an opportunity, he gave me one of these pistols. That made us still better friends. I did not know that Joe hated England, in addition to hating the officers, but I knew that we were such friends that I could trust him. (Once or twice, in conversation, Michael Collins asked me did I like Joe Kavanagh). One evening, we were walking in St. Stephen's Green, and we both made the discovery that we were in contact with Michael Collins. I told him about Mick's visit to No. 1 Great Brunswick St. He nearly fell, laughing, knowing the mentality in the G.Division office and knowing Mick. He got me to tell it to him a second time, and he laughed so much that people looked at him as if he were drunk or mad. He asked me what did Mick look like in the office, and I said: "He looked like a big plain-clothes man going out on duty, with a stick". Shortly afterwards, when I met Mick, he apologised for not having told me about Kavanagh. I told him that that was what I had been preaching to him since I met him, not to tell anything, that the Irish people had paid too big a

price for carelessness like that, in the past. Michael similarly apologised to Joe the next time he met him, but Michael was glad the two of us knew and understood each other.

Several times, amongst the items I gave Tommy Gay were particulars as to where Lord French would be the following day, but nothing ever happened. One night, meeting Tommy in the usual way, and having told him a few things, I mentioned casually that Lord French would be arriving at Ashtown Station at 1 p.m. on the following day. I thought no more about it, and went back to the Detective Office, where I had to do duty for that one night. I went to bed at 6 a.m. At about 11.30 a.m. Joe Kavanagh came up to my cubicle and said loudly: "They attacked Lord French at Ashtown to-day, and one of the Sinn Féiners was killed. You had better get up". He winked at me then. He could not say any more, as we did not know who might be listening in the other cubicles. In due course, I was sent to make a map of the scene. I brought an ordnance map with me, measured the distances of the bomb-holes in the road, and inserted them on the map. A day or two afterwards, I was told to take the map to a consultation in the Castle, concerning the inquest on Martin Savage. I went there. Mr. Wylie, K.C., was in charge. He examined the map and explained the strategy to all of us who were there, giving us to understand that we knew nothing about it and that he knew all. He pointed out the roads, railways and canals, and said how easy it could have been to intercept the miscreants if there had been a party there who understood strategy. I told Mick Collins about this afterwards. He rubbed his hand over his mouth and said: "Aye, strategy". The British soldiers were confined to barracks that night,

as some of them wanted to break out and avenge the attack on Lord French. I should have mentioned that Mr. Wylie told us that they were not the least concerned as to the cause of the death of Martin Savage, but solely wished to make as much use as possible of the occurrence, for propaganda purposes.

The English newspapers made a great fuss about the attack on the Lord Lieutenant. Photographs of the scene appeared in the English pictorial papers. On one of the walls at the scene of the attack there had been inscribed the words "Vote for Lawless". Someone, who was not friendly to Sinn Féin, had added "ness" to the word "Lawless". This appeared in one English photograph with the remark: "The notice on the wall speaks for itself"!

Some time in 1919, the Volunteers were involved in shooting, with two uniformed D.M.P. men, outside the Bank of Ireland late at night. The Volunteers got the worst of the shooting, being wounded, and the two policemen were unhurt. When I saw Collins the following day, he was very angry about this and thought that an example should be made of these two policemen. I told him that that was sheer nonsense, that the uniformed men had no orders to stop anybody, that they were just on duty outside the bank all night, and that, as I personally knew the two men, I was very well aware they did not care two pins what Volunteers were passing up and down. There was a further point I was able to make in their benefit too. When they would go off duty at 6 a.m., if nothing had occurred, they could go to bed; but, if anything had occurred, they would be kept for hours making reports, appearing in court, etc., and would have to go on duty at 10 p.m. the next night, as if nothing had happened. He was convinced by this, and

said how was it that dozens of Volunteers went home about the same time that night and the uniformed police took no notice of them.

1921:

On the night of the 31st December, 1920 - 1st January, 1921, the Auxiliaries raided the flat of Miss Eileen McGrane at 21, Dawson St. and found portion of Tom Cullen's dump of documents. The information about this address was believed to have been given to the Castle authorities by a person of loyalist viewpoint, who was in business nearby and who had known Tom Cullen when he lived in the town of Wicklow.

Amongst the documents found were a large number of copies of secret reports from the political section of the Detective Division that had been given by me to Michael Collins. All of the documents were of a date more than a year before the raid and ought to have been destroyed long previous as, by then, they had ceased to be of sufficient importance to be retained, at least in their original form.

Amongst the papers captured were copies of all telephone messages received by the G.Division during the week of the Rising in 1916. These telephone messages were bound in book form for the week, as was the usual practice in the office. Some of the messages were from loyal people, giving information as to where the Irish Volunteers had occupied positions in small numbers or where they had posted snipers on roofs or in windows, but many exactly similar ones were received from persons who posed, then and afterwards, as sympathisers of the Volunteers. Collins had many a cynical laugh, after reading these,

when listening to protestations of patriotism by some of the senders of the messages. Michael had taken this volume away with him the night he visited the secret archives in 1919 at No. 1, Great Brunswick St. Joe Reilly had had custody of this volume for some time, and twice the Auxiliaries had raided two of his lodging places and accidentally failed on each occasion to find the volume. Joe used say to me: "That damned old daybook of yours was twice nearly getting me shot!" I don't think he ever met me, up to the time of his death a few years ago, that we did not refer to it, I always asking him if he remembered it. On the morning following the raid, I met Michael and he told me about the police documents having been found in the Dawson St. raid. He warned me to be prepared for the inevitable enquiries that would ensue by the British authorities when they examined the documents.

The Auxiliaries took their documents to headquarters in the Castle, and arrested Miss McGrane as the occupier of the flat where the documents were found. In due course, the police portion of the documents were transmitted to Colonel Edgeworth-Johnstone, Chief Commissioner, D.M.P., and, within twenty-four hours, the captured documents were the subject of gossip amongst individual detectives. They were in a state of consternation, as it gave them the impression that the "Sinn Féin" organisation of intelligence was even more deadly than, in fact, it really was. They were all the more terrified as they began to believe that Sinn Féin sympathies must be widespread amongst the police, and they could not tell who might or might not be a sympathiser.

So far for the individuals, but the D.M.P. authorities in the Castle started investigating immediately. Superintendent Brien had been compulsorily retired and had

been replaced by Superintendent Purcell, who had been given charge of the G.Division but not of "political" duty, which was now centred in the Castle under the control of Inspector Bruton.

I had charge of all office duty at Brunswick St. building and so worked close to Purcell. He was a decent, straightforward officer, who never liked the detectives as a body and was transferred from the uniform service by order of the Commissioner, as, apart from political duty, the G.Division was responsible for an enormous mass of non-political work.

Purcell was very friendly to me, and while not sympathetic to the Volunteers, was in his heart hostile to everyone in Police Headquarters in the Castle. When the documents were found, he immediately informed me privately and said that, whoever took them, I was bound to be blamed as having been in charge of the "political" office at the time the documents were typed, over a year previously. He was delighted at the news of the raid and the consternation it has caused in the Castle and to Bruton, to whom, also, he was hostile.

At the same time, I could not safely question him for any further information than he had volunteered himself. However, he was well acquainted with Phil Shanahan, Sinn Féin T.D., who had a publichouse in the area where Purcell had been stationed when in the uniform force. Collins directed Shanahan and another publican named Kennedy to keep in touch with Purcell in order to ascertain how the Castle authorities were reacting to the find of the documents. Collins, of course, promptly informed me of everything that Purcell stated to the two publicans.

Every vestige of political duty was immediately removed from the Brunswick St. office to the Castle, except, strange to say, the issuing of permits for and control of arms' permits. This had been overlooked. I continued to meet Collins almost every night during this time and, of course, had to take extra precautions in doing so. One of the means I had to adopt was to wait at a tram stop until a tram had got well under way and then sprint for it, to the great annoyance of conductors, who never failed to lecture me on the danger of that unorthodox method of boarding their vehicles. However, no man on two legs could have followed me on to the tram when I adopted that means, and so I was safe from that method of shadowing.

Just before leaving for one of the first of these meetings with Collins, I learned accidentally that the Junior Army and Navy Stores, D'Olier St., had a parcel of a dozen new Webley revolvers and some thousands of rounds of ammunition ready for a British quartermaster who was to call for them next day. I informed Collins of this, and Liam Tobin's men anticipated the quartermaster's call next day and collected the parcel. The capture of these arms and ammunition was accepted by the Castle authorities as an everyday occurrence, and we never heard anything further about the incident.

At this time I found Collins very much perturbed about two suggestions which, I understood, emanated from the Dáil Cabinet; one, that the war against the British should gradually ease off, and, two, that he, Collins, should be transferred to America. He sounded me for my opinion. I pointed out that the war had then reached such a degree of extreme keenness between the Irish and British forces, that the British would immediately sense the slightest sign

of "easing off" by the Irish, and that thus British morale, then at a very low ebb, would be enormously boosted if they felt there was a perceptible weakening on the part of their opponents.

As regards the suggestion of his going to America, I pointed out to him what would be my reactions, although the capture of the documents, having brought me under suspicion, had rendered me of very little future value to him, at least in the manner I had been in the past. I stated that the way I felt about it must be about the same as what others habituated to immediate contact with him on matters of life and death would feel, namely, that it would be impossible, psychologically, to establish the same microscopic understanding with any other person who might replace him as had been laboriously built up over a critical period of years with him. I said I believed that other people engaged in activities like mine or in any other form of activity, would resent what they would consider an entirely unnecessary and impossible handicap imposed on them. While we were all prepared to do our utmost and, if necessary, sacrifice our lives for Ireland, we would all resent arbitrary changes at Volunteer Headquarters.

During this talk with Collins, as also on a few occasions during the previous six months, he made a few pessimistic remarks which puzzled me, because there was no obvious reason for pessimism. On more than one occasion he said something like, "If all our people were as devoted and efficient in the cause as you are, things would be a lot better". There was some disturbing factor, the nature of which I was not aware. I thought perhaps he was temporarily fatigued or half thinking aloud over his many heavy

responsibilities, and, as there never was much time to spare when dealing with him over urgent matters, I did not question him as to the cause of his anxiety. Perhaps he had wished that I would. I have regretted that ever since. I never guessed that there was dissension in the "Cabinet". It was the last thing one would have believed possible in such a critical time for the nation. Most certainly, had I known it, the "Cabinet" members would have been brought to their senses.

In January, 1921, a Detective-Sergeant was able to pin me down to having myself typed two of the reports for him, copies of which had been captured at 21, Dawson St., but, by a strange coincidence, the copies found of these two reports had been typed by a machine which typed twelve letters to the inch instead of the usual ten, and all machines in the Detective offices at Great Brunswick St. and Dublin Castle were of the normal ten-to-the-inch variety. I was not slow, needless to say, to point out this fact, and that had the effect of further perplexing the Police Commissioners.

The explanation, which these authorities did not know, was that, whilst I typed the two reports, the Detective-Sergeant stood by and I dared not make an extra copy in his presence. I had simply used new copying carbon sheets in each case and, later on, given these carbon papers to Collins. Collins had got Miss Moran, one of his confidential secretaries, to copy these carbon sheets on a portable typewriter writing twelve characters to the inch, and had then destroyed the carbon sheets. The unusual typing and my admission of having typed the reports in the presence of the Sergeant still further puzzled the Castle authorities.

After a few days, I was summoned one evening late in January to the Commissioner's office. Those present were: the Chief Commissioner, Colonel Edgeworth-Johnstone, Assistant Commissioner Barrett, and Mr. Magill, a civil servant and Secretary to the Dublin Metropolitan Police, as well as Superintendent Purcell. The Commissioner handed me the sheaf of captured D.M.P. reports, which numbered about one hundred, and asked me for my comments. I stated that all closely resembled the Detective office stationery and might have been typed in the Detective office in Great Brunswick St., except in the two cases where the copies had been typed by a machine, of a model that did not exist in any of the police offices, and could not, therefore, have been made in any police office. I again admitted that I remembered typing reports which appeared to be, word for word, similar to the copies found.

Later on, Collins told me that Superintendent Purcell had informed Phil Shanahan that the Commissioner was puzzled by the two reports already referred to, and that that was the only reason why I had not already been arrested.

Of course, the moment the documents were captured by the Auxiliaries and I inevitably came under suspicion, my usefulness, in the capacity I had acted in for the previous four years, was at an end. Every action of mine would be noted, at least during office hours, although it would have been almost impossible to shadow me at night. There were no motor-cars available at that period for shadowing and no hostile detectives would risk their lives even if they were physically active enough, which none of them were. In any case, for the previous few months, the centre of gravity of political duty against Sinn Féin had been

gradually transferred from the Great Brunswick St. office to Dublin Castle, under Inspector Bruton.

Joe Cavanagh had died in September, 1920, from a blood clot after an operation in Jervis St. hospital for appendicitis. But McNamara was now attached to the "political" staff in the Castle. Although, as I have said, the capture of the documents had lessened my usefulness to Collins, I continued to accompany McNamara on night visits to the "Big Fellow", where the latest developments in the Castle were discussed, over tea generally at Tommy Gay's place, 8, Haddon Road, Clontarf.

Collins always wound up by asking me how the documents enquiry was proceeding, or telling me the latest from Purcell. Michael did not think the matter was as serious as I knew myself it was. I had no doubt that I would be dismissed, arrested or shot, but I had not the heart to tell that to Collins or McNamara, as I desired to avoid adding further worry as long as possible to Collins, who had his hands full of troubles at the time when the British were making their supreme effort to smash Sinn Féin, and he was further perturbed by the suggestion of his transfer to America.

Things dragged on like this until the third week in February (1921), when one evening I was directed by Superintendent Purcell to accompany him to the Commissioner's office at the Castle. With an Inspector, we went to the ante-room of the Commissioner's office. Superintendent Purcell was directed to go to the Commissioner's office, which he did. I speculated as to whether I was again to be confronted with the documents or arrested.

My doubts were soon settled, for Purcell emerged from the Commissioner's office trembling and with his face as white as a sheet. In a quavering voice, he told me I was to be arrested for giving out the documents to the Sinn Féiners. The Inspector, although a loyalist, was also shocked and rendered speechless. I, of course, was not surprised, although I had to express indignation to the best of my ability.

At that exact moment, for a matter of seconds, I had the option of socking the two officers and trying to shoot my way through the Auxiliary sentries at the outer gate with the small official .32 automatic pistol which I had, or of knocking out the two officers, which I believe I could have done, and running the gauntlet of the steel-armoured gate, past the Auxiliaries. However, I had made up my mind previously not to try to escape. If I tried and failed, it would be regarded as a confession of guilt, and, worse still, would bring McNamara under adverse notice, as all detectives knew that he and I had been close associates for years, and his usefulness to the national cause would be terminated. I don't think I could have found it in my heart to shoot Purcell or the other officer merely to save my own life, if it were in danger. Had it been a case of rescuing Collins or other I.R.A. officers, it would have been different and no compunction would have mattered. Purcell had consistently warned Phil Shanahan that the documents' position was serious.

I was searched and the official pistol taken from me. A D.M.P. motor van, with eight men and an Inspector, took me to Arbour Hill Military Prison. On the journey to the prison, putting my hand into my pocket I was shocked to find

my master key, which I had used for Collins's visit to the archives and on numerous other occasions. The police search at the Castle had failed to find it in a corner of my pocket. While I was worrying about what to do with the key, we arrived at Arbour Hill Prison. I was put into a cell and searched by a military warder, who again failed to find the key. The D.M.P. Inspector was in the act of bidding me good-bye in the presence of the military when the confounded key fell on the cell floor with a loud bang. The military search must have moved it to the edge of my pocket. The Inspector asked me if that was my key. I replied it was a key of the Detective Office and that Superintendent Purcell would need it in the morning. I asked the Inspector to give the key, without delay, to the Superintendent. The Inspector promised he would do so, and, in fact, hastened with it to the Superintendent. The Inspector was a member of the uniformed force and, consequently, stood in awe of the Detective force and also in awe of a Superintendent, which was a superior rank to his.

The key itself was one of a series of routine keys for the new police building in Great Brunswick St., and its head had been filed by me into the shape of a master key. To the Inspector, it looked a correct official key, and, as Superintendent Purcell was only a few months in charge of the Detective force, he, also, took it for granted that it was a correct official key when he received it from the prison.

My cell in Arbour Hill Prison was at the corner nearest the Prison Commandant's office and had an iron gate as well as an iron door. That night I had the best sleep

I had had for the previous three months, as I was very tired. For weeks past I got very little sleep, as it was necessary to be on the alert night and day whilst the fight was reaching its climax.

Next morning I was given the usual Arbour Hill breakfast of porridge, bread and tea, and was allowed to walk up and down inside the prison for about half an hour, accompanied by two soldier-warders. The military warders, practically all non-commissioned officers of long service, were nearly all members of the Royal Garrison Artillery, and mostly natives of Kent. On the whole, these were decent, straightforward Englishmen who were much better behaved towards the prisoners than were one or two Irish soldier-warders in Arbour Hill. In addition to Irish civilian prisoners, Arbour Hill continued to function as a military detention prison for the punishment of British soldiers for disciplinary offences.

After a couple of days I was visited by the Prison Chaplain, Father Turley. He addressed me as "My poor boy", and his hand trembled. I thought to myself, "Things must be bad as far as I am concerned, and he must know that. Hence the trembling of his hand". However, when out for exercise a couple of days afterwards, I saw Father Turley speaking to other prisoners and noted that his hands trembled whilst he was with them. This re-assured me somewhat, as evidently the trembling was not caused by the serious circumstances in which I found myself. I had many visits subsequently from Father Turley who was always kindly. About the third visit he told me quietly that "my friends" outside sent me greetings and were anxious to know how I was faring.

A couple of weeks later I had a visit from Philip O'Reilly, who told me he was to act as my solicitor. I had never heard of him before. As Philip was a very goodlooking young man and extremely fashionably dressed, in entire contrast with the turnout usually affected by Sinn Féiners, I had some doubts concerning him, regarding him as far too "respectably" dressed to be a good Irishman of the period. I told him I would consider the matter and had the minimum of discussion with him then.

When next Father Turley called, I asked him to enquire if O'Reilly was "all right". In a subsequent visit, he told me that Philip was genuine and had been specially selected by Michael Noyk, Solicitor, a well known Sinn Féiner, as not looking like a "typical" Sinn Féiner.

When Philip called on me again, he also told me that he had been sent by Michael Noyk who had been entrusted with the preparation of my defence by "some of my friends" outside. So we, there and then, commenced on the defence problem.

On one of his calls, Philip told me that Volunteer Headquarters had given consideration to a plan for rescuing me from prison and that Collins himself would personally take part. The idea was for a party of Volunteers to don khaki and come on a lorry or tender to Arbour Hill with faked papers and take me into "custody". I said that, unless things were looking much worse for me than they then were, as I was feeling confident at the moment that matters were not too dangerous, I would not like to have risked the lives of brave and indispensable men. However, I undertook to give careful consideration to the plan, should it become necessary at a later date. I stated, however, that

I could not agree that Collins should participate personally and so risk capture or death.

Meanwhile, Major King of the Auxiliaries and another Auxiliary, whose name I think was Hinchcliffe, arrived as prisoners in Arbour Hill, charged with the murder of I.R.A. prisoners, Patrick Kennedy and James Murphy, somewhere in the Drumcondra area. They were given exercise in the open air in the prison grounds in the evening, after the other prisoners had been locked in for the night. One evening when they were being taken out, I was walking up and down inside the prison when the Commandant of the Prison, a very decent, kindly, scholarly man, Major Curry, saw me. He directed that, as I was a fellow member of the "Police", I should be taken outdoors with them for exercise. The Commandant introduced us and we walked about the grounds together, observed by four N.C.O. warders. Major King was full of his own grievances for being arrested and, of course, I duly enlarged on mine. He said, "All Governments are the same. They utilise the services of people like you and me and are then quite prepared to hang us if it suits their purpose". He appeared to be afraid that the "politicians" would hang him just to show how "fair-minded" they were.

Now, some of us had made a practice of sizing up Auxiliaries from the point of view of a possible struggle with them from inside gun range, where

it would be necessary to disarm them, kill them, or rescue prisoners, without the noise of firearms, which might bring them reinforcements. We were wondering how they would acquit themselves in a sheer muscular struggle and were generally satisfied that they would not stand up to a close quarter pounding. So I enquired of the Major if he had any interest in sport. I found that he had known Reggie Walker, the famous South African Olympic sprinter, very well. As I had myself used Walker's Sprinting Manual for training in the 100 yards, I could recognise that King knew what he was talking about, as regards Walker's training methods. King was not interested in boxing and, as I had trained in boxing at Mick O'Beirne's boxing school, I satisfied myself that, if ever we should clash in the future in the type of hand-to-hand struggle I have mentioned, I would most likely get the upper hand.

However, the summary of evidence proceedings were, in due course, held in Arbour Hill on the two Auxiliaries and, unlike in the cases of Irish prisoners, their lawyers were allowed to be present at this portion of their courtmartial. When their trial came off, both Auxiliaries were acquitted, notwithstanding the fact that convincing evidence had been given against them by two other Auxiliaries, one of them Lieutenant-Commander Fry, who swore that they saw the prisoners being taken

taken out of the Castle, in an old Ford car, by King and Hinchcliffe. One of the witnesses swore that he had asked where they were taking the prisoners and Hinchcliffe had replied: "Oh! Just for a bit of shooting"! Shortly afterwards the bodies of Knnedy and Murphy were found rifled and with tin cans forced over their heads. The military staff of the prison informed me that Sir Hamar Greenwood, Chief Secretary for Ireland, had subscribed the sum of £500 for the defence of the prisoners.

After I had been in the prison about two months, without being charged with any offence, Philip O'Reilly and I decided to demand a trial without further delay, or release.

They promised an early trial, but still nothing happened. As I learned indirectly, they felt that their case was weakened by the fact that I was in charge of the office from which the documents were taken and, consequently, was not likely to have given out the documents myself, as I would have been obviously the first to be blamed. There were were the further facts that I had been brought before the Commissioner and handed the captured documents about a month before my arrest and, notwithstanding that fact, had not absconded. They were further puzzled by the spacing of the strange typewriter.

As I was in solitary confinement, one of my greatest difficulties was to remember what day it was. I made up a calendar for myself but was still liable to mark off two days when only one had really passed, or vice versa. Father Turley's visits, about once a week, helped to check up on the day and date. Sometimes he brought me in a bundle of newspapers, all some days old. For the first couple of months, I was not taken to Sunday Mass in the prison chapel, as there were strict orders that I was not to be allowed to speak to, or approach, any of the other prisoners. That suited my plans very well, as I assumed a hostile attitude to all other prisoners, for the benefit of the military warders. Besides, had I been allowed to associate with others, I would be bound to be asked by them who I was and what offence I was in for. There was always the danger, too, of "wrong ones" being arrested in order to spy on those in custody. In fact, there had been such in Arbour Hill and at least one of these had been shot by the I.R.A. after having been "released".

The only time I had a really bad moment in the prison was, I remember quite distinctly, on Palm Sunday. I was confined to the cell all day. I kept telling myself, for some strange psychological reason, that the British had found some of my handwriting amongst captured documents. This was,

as a matter of fact, impossible, because I never used my handwriting when imparting intelligence items to Collins. However, after a couple of hours I was able to convince myself that none of my handwriting could possibly have been captured, and from then on I ceased to worry on that score.

As I have stated, I was practically never given exercise outside the prison until after the Truce. I was allowed to walk up and down the passage inside the prison for about an hour each day, sometimes in the forenoon and sometimes during the afternoon, but never at any fixed or regular time. On one occasion I was told to walk up and down a side passage about ten o'clock in the morning. A British army disciplinary prisoner was occupied mopping up the passage. As I walked back towards the central passage, I noticed the Commandant of the Prison and a British army lieutenant in conversation, with their backs turned towards me. After a couple of walks up and down, I was walking away from the position of the officers and, when passing the military prisoner cleaning the passage, he whispered, "Don't look round, Paddy. Every time you walk this way, that ..... lieutenant turns round to have a good look at you". As I was afterwards to learn, the lieutenant was the legal officer who was to prosecute me at the courtmartial and apparently desired to have an opportunity to "size me up" beforehand.

Early in April, 1921, I was notified of a date later in the month when the "Summary of Evidence" proceedings would be taken against me, and given a copy of the charges,

fifty-six in number, under the Restoration of Order in Ireland Regulations, and practically amounting to high treason.

Philip O'Reilly applied for permission to be present at the Summary of Evidence proceedings. This was refused as the British authorities said it was not the practice to allow legal representatives. However, O'Reilly pointed out to them that the legal representatives of the Auxiliaries, King and Hinchcliffe, had been admitted to their Summary proceedings. O'Reilly won his point and was allowed to attend.

In due course, the Summary of Evidence was taken in the prison, conducted by the prosecution officer, whose name I cannot now recall. The witnesses were Superintendent Purcell, several Inspectors, Detective-Sergeants and Detective Officers. Their evidence was intended to prove that I was in charge of the secret political office and had typed the copies of the documents found in 21, Dawson St.

As I had not seen any of these people since my arrest, I did not know how they were re-acting to my case. I felt that some of them, if they thought I was "down and out", would be inclined to try to make matters worse for me. Accordingly, I determined that, so far as looks were concerned, as they were not allowed to speak to me by the prosecuting officer, I would convey to them that I was in anything but a helpless position. Accordingly, I assumed as grim a look as I could towards Superintendent Purcell and the others, trying to impress on them although I might be in trouble myself, I had powerful friends outside who would punish them for undue officiousness. My plan must have had its effect because, when Philip O'Reilly called on the day

following the proceedings, he laughingly asked me what kind of a look I had given Superintendent Purcell because on the night after the proceedings Purcell called on Phil Shanahan in a state of alarm, protesting that he had not displayed any animus against me and had confined himself to a bare formal statement of the duties that he was bound to carry out as a Superintendent. He said I had given him a terrible look and wanted to assure me that he had in no way deserved it.

The Police Commissioners desired to produce technical proof that the typing was done, except in the two cases, by a machine in the Great Brunswick St. office and, therefore, most likely by me. They were afraid to utilise the services of any Dublin typewriter expert, who might likely be a sympathiser with the national movement, and they feared if they brought in an English expert he would most likely be shot, either when in Dublin or after his return to England. Accordingly, they thrust the role of expert on two Detective Inspectors, neither of whom knew anything about a typewriter. They sought to prove a similarity which, as a matter of fact, was very obvious between the captured documents and other papers, which had certainly been typed in the office during the past year. The similarity consisted in the raising of the base of ~~captial~~ CAPITAL letters above the line of small letters and, therefore, that the same machine, carrying this defect, had typed both sets of documents. The real fact never struck any of them, which any expert would have detected, that the raised capitals were not due to any defect in the machine but to my own personal peculiarity in typing, and they thus missed establishing a deadly proof against me.

Philip O'Reilly decided that cross-examination of the witnesses would be deferred to the courtmartial proper and that there would be none at the Summary of Evidence. One or two of the witnesses, however, went beyond their own knowledge and the truth, when they stated that I was the only one who had access to the secret documents. I pulled these up sharply. This impressed the prosecuting officer and served to remind the witnesses that the course they were taking was by no means safe. I heard that, when they had time to reflect that night, they were alarmed.

All the witnesses sought to prove that, in the normal way, I would have done the secret typewriting, but that, very exceptionally, Detective-Sergeant Patrick McCarthy would type sometimes after normal office hours. O'Reilly, in a talk afterwards with the prosecuting officer outside the prison, referred to this mention of McCarthy. The prosecuting officer agreed that McCarthy would have to be produced.

Now, O'Reilly and I knew that McCarthy had resigned about a year previously when about to be transferred to political duty. By a strange coincidence, all the police documents that happened to be stored in 21, Dawson St. and found by the Auxiliaries were also over a year in existence, and none of them was of a date subsequent to McCarthy's resignation. We knew that McCarthy was sympathetic to Sinn Féin but had not sufficient strength of nerve to help in the movement. McCarthy had gone to London, where he was employed in business by an ex-British officer who had served in Ireland from 1916 to 1920.

O'Reilly informed Volunteer Headquarters of the intention of the prosecution to produce McCarthy. Collins

immediately established contact with McCarthy in London and ordered him to be prepared to go to America at short notice, as soon as a method of secret transport could be arranged. McCarthy agreed, and sent me word that, under no circumstances, would he make a statement to the British or come to Dublin.

Meantime, the prosecution arranged for Scotland Yard to summon McCarthy to attend at Dublin when called upon. Now, it happened that McCarthy had attended for several months a special course in criminology at Scotland Yard, whilst in the Dublin Police. He was, consequently, well known to several Scotland Yard officers. One of them called on McCarthy to warn him to be ready to attend at the trial. McCarthy, in order to gain time, raised the question of the expenses of travelling to Dublin and demanded the money beforehand. This was a sore point with both London and Dublin detectives. The Scotland Yard man was in entire sympathy with McCarthy's demand for expenses before travelling instead of having to claim them afterwards. The Yard man was emphatic in condemning the red tape methods of the authorities as regards expenses. However, McCarthy was again visited by a Scotland Yard officer, enquiring when he would be ready to travel and stating that he must travel, with or without expenses allowance in advance. As travel arrangements to America were not yet ready, McCarthy thought it safer to go into hiding and went straight from his office at closing hour to a south of England port town, where he stayed indoors for a couple of weeks before being taken to Liverpool and thence to New York, where Liam Pedlar met him and placed him in employment. Meantime, both McCarthy's lodgings and office were raided by Scotland Yard officers in a vain search for him.

When the Civil War was over, I had the pleasure of reinstating McCarthy in the Dublin Police and promoting him to Inspector and later Superintendent.

In due course, I received word from Philip O'Reilly that McCarthy was safely in the United States, and then we began to press for the courtmartial to take place, stating that I was anxious to get it over and get back to my job. The prosecution kept promising the trial, week after week, but never giving the reason that McCarthy could not be produced.

About this time, Collins had a message, written and initialled by himself, "accidentally" dropped in the Castle. It was addressed to a mythical numbered agent in the Castle, requesting an immediate report as to who this Broy was that was a prisoner in Arbour Hill and stating that Volunteer Headquarters understood he was hostile to Sinn Féin and that they knew nothing as to why he was in Arbour Hill.

Philip told me about this, and shortly afterwards the prison authorities became more friendly. I was allowed out into a portion of the prison yard, separated by barbed wire from the other prisoners, for a couple of hours each day. As a further concession, I was allowed out in the yard after tea time along with British soldiers, who were in detention for disciplinary offences. It was now early June, 1921, with extremely fine summer weather, and, as I was for several hours each day allowed out in the open air with the minimum of supervision, I had not a bad time of it by any means.

However, from the moment I was arrested, there was always the danger that somebody, who had already observed some of my movements before arrest, might begin to put two

and two together when they heard of the arrest, and supply confirmatory data to the British. I was never free from this cause of anxiety. As a matter of fact, I heard afterwards that there had been a fair amount of gossip amongst individual members of the police about my having been seen entering Croke Park (Jones's Road grounds then) and other places, where, in such times, no member of the police would feel safe in entering. However, it never passed the gossip stage and the information never reached the Castle authorities.

As the papers were not allowed to mention my arrest, this saved a similar gossip danger amongst the civil population. In the intensity of the struggle during the previous years, I had to visit certain places, regardless of the danger of being observed when arrests of leaders were to be prevented, or other dangerous situations to be dealt with at short notice, regardless of the unwisdom or danger involved.

As soon as it was known that there was to be a truce, even before the actual date on 11th July, there was a general relaxation in prison discipline. We were all allowed out in the open air for several hours each day during one of the finest summers on record.

The prisoners began to hold concerts in the open air, with an audience of the prisoners and the military staff of the prison. I remember one of these concerts. A young British officer was present who enjoyed the turns, admitting that the "h-humour" was quite good. A versatile bearded prisoner, named Murray, was encored several times by both prisoners and British. Finally he sang a song, composed, I understand, by the late Eamon Fleming of Wolfhill.

The gist of the verses was that every well-known anti-national villain in Irish history was really a good Irishman and patriot. The refrain was: -

"There are those who say with pride
That 'twas for Ireland Cromwell died!
Hee! Hee! Hee! Haw! Haw! Haw!
Hee! Hee! Hee! Haw! Haw! Haw!
O, 'twas for Ireland Cromwell died!".

This was too much for the British, however; they failed to see the "h-humour", and all prisoners were ordered inside a couple of hours earlier than usual. The roars of laughter that followed the song continued to break out inside the prison for a couple of hours afterwards.

Immediately after the Truce, Philip O'Reilly called on me and informed me that I would be released in a couple of days' time, as Collins was taking steps to get me out. I never afterwards had an opportunity to ask Collins how he had managed it, as there were always more urgent things to discuss when we were subsequently together.

However, many years afterwards, Dr. MacLaverty of Merrion Square told me that he had been one of the intermediaries between I.R.A. Headquarters and the British in the Castle at the time of the Truce. He stated that one of the things Collins demanded from Cope was my release from prison. Cope replied that that was impossible, as I was a member of the British service and, in no way, in a similar position to Sinn Féin prisoners, such as MacEoin, Joe McGrath, etc. Collins told the Doctor that he would, under no circumstances, agree to the "impossibility" of my release, no matter what were the so-called exceptional

circumstances. I was simply an imprisoned Irishman and Collins demanded my release forthwith. The Doctor's own statement was the first I heard of this, but I am inclined to accept it as one hundred per cent. accurate.

On hearing from O'Reilly that I was to be released soon, I carefully washed all my laundry and a showerproof coat that I had taken to prison, which had got badly soiled, as I had to wear it practically night and day in the cell during the earlier cold months. During the lovely summer weather when out for hours each day in the prison yard, I had got rapidly bronzed following the lone confinement indoors. I congratulated myself that I was none the worse physically after five months in solitary confinement. In this I was soon forced to realise my mistake after release.

A couple of days later, about 8 p.m. a British N.C.O. opened my cell door and laconically shouted, "Pack up!". He started to fold up my blankets, when out tumbled a trench tool handle that I had secreted there months previously. One day when out for exercise in the hall, a military prisoner, newly arrived, was paraded outside the open door of my cell and compelled to display each article of his kit. The conditions of his incarceration were read out to him by an N.C.O. warder finishing up by saying, "Military prisoners must execute all commands at the double", i.e., running. He was ordered to pack up and move away at the double, and in the hurry left the "weapon" outside my cell door. On passing my cell during my exercise walk as soon as the coast was clear, I kicked the handle into the cell without it being noticed. The implement consisted of a wooden handle, about two feet long, with a

heavy steel ferrule on the end. - I thought this would be a very useful weapon, should Auxiliaries or others ever come to "interrogate" me.

When the N.C.O. found the article amongst my bedclothes, he said, "Ha! You .....! You had that for me". I told him that I had it not for him but for anyone that might have come to beat me up. He replied, to my astonishment, that no prisoners had ever been beaten up in Arbour Hill, that Arbour Hill was under the direct control of the War Office and that the Prison Commandant compelled Auxiliaries and everyone else to dump all weapons in his office before being allowed to question a prisoner.

As soon as I had collected my belongings, the N.C.O. took me to the office where the Commandant handed me over to a British military officer and party of soldiers, with orders to hand me over as a prisoner to the D.M.P. at the Bridewell.

As Philip O'Reilly had already informed me, I was to be handed over to the D.M.P. authorities and released on bail immediately. The military party took me on a lorry to the Bridewell, and the first thing that impressed me, on emerging from the prison, was the wonderful green colouring of trees and gardens and the great beauty of red bricks. After the drab grey of the prison, all colours took on an unexpected beauty greater than one beholds even from an aeroplane, when colours appear to acquire a special splendour.

I was duly handed over to the police at the Bridewell and lodged, still a prisoner, in the doctor's room for the night. During the night, many members of the police of all ranks called into the room to greet me and give me the lie

of the land, so far as they were conversant with it. One of the most helpful was John O'Neill, the present Chief Superintendent of the Dublin Metropolitan Division, Gárda Síothchána. He had been formerly a member of the G. Division but, on his refusal to do "political" duty, was relegated to the uniform service. I got special greetings from the athletes amongst the police. They promised me all the help in their power, should I ever need it in the future.

The following morning, I was collected by Superintendent Purcell, who was loud in his protests that he had never done anything against me and that I should not have any hard feelings towards him. He told me about being in continual contact with Phil Shanahan and others in order to help me, and that he could not understand the hard looks I had given him during the Summary of Evidence proceedings. I re-assured him that I had no ill feelings towards him and was well aware of all he had been doing on my behalf. He then proceeded to give me an account of all that had happened during my imprisonment, as far as he was aware of it himself.

Purcell brought me into the Bridewell Station, where he informed me I was to give bail from two parties, to the extent of £1,000 each. I knew this already, and Collins had arranged, through Jim Kirwan, that two publicans would give the bails sought. However, they both funked it, although they had posed for years as Sinn Féin sympathisers, always anxious to help. They heard this would bring them into too dangerous prominence.

This put me in a very awkward position, as it was Saturday morning and a difficult day to get in contact with

business people, and there was the danger of being sent back to Arbour Hill and of the British changing their minds and refusing to release me at all. However, my brother came forward as one bail, although Collins did not like this bringing of the house of my brother under notice, as it might be needed again should the struggle be resumed. It was nearing one o'clock before the second bail was forthcoming. He was Peter Murray, publican, and his services were secured by D.M.P. men stationed in the Bridewell at very short notice.

Purcell took me before Lieutenant-Colonel Edgeworth-Johnstone, Chief Commissioner, D.M.P., who informed me that he was then suspending me from the police, that that should have been done on my arrest but had been forgotten at the time through an oversight, and that the Prison Commandant had refused to allow that formality to be completed while I was in custody in Arbour Hill. The result was that I would have to receive full pay up to that date for the time I was in Arbour Hill.

He then informed me that, by superior orders, he had to dismiss me on the spot, a fact which he personally regretted. I told him that, whilst I understood his position, I did not intend to let matters rest there. His reply was that he had no authority in the matter one way or the other, and that I would have to seek redress elsewhere. Of course, I was only bluffing as I desired to keep them guessing for the time being.

I now proceeded on foot with Superintendent Purcell to the Detective Office, Great Brunswick St. (now Pearse St.) to be paid off and collect my belongings. I had thought that I had not suffered anything physically from

the indoor confinement but, by the time I reached College Green, I could hardly move my legs, as I had lost practically all muscular power through want of sufficient exercise.

It was the duty of the man who got the office job on my arrest to act as pay officer. He was a loyalist and had the utmost reluctance in paying me for the time I I was in prison. However, he had no option but to issue payment. In normal pay arrangements, a deduction was always made for "barrack accommodation", i.e., for lodgings in police barracks. As I had been "accommodated" in Arbour Hill and not in a police barrack, this deduction could not now be made. When I saw how badly he was taking it, I asked him would he not charge me for my lodging in Arbour Hill. When he recovered from his rage, he indulged in some vehement language. So I warned him as to what an unhealthy country this was, in which to voice loyalist sentiments.

When I had been paid off, Superintendent Purcell took me to my former dormitory cubicle, where I found that all my private papers, maps and books were missing. I enquired from Purcell what had become of them. He informed me that, following my arrest, he was ordered to bring Inspector ....., a loyalist, to my cubicle and search for any documentary evidence that might be among my private belongings. He told me that he had a talk with the Inspector and had said that in case I was "innocent" it would be unfair to try to patch up evidence from my papers and if I were "guilty", and they produced supporting evidence against me, both of them would certainly be shot by the I.R.A., who perhaps had half of the police in sympathy with them, and would certainly learn of the hostile

action of the two officers. Purcell said that he and the Inspector agreed, that regardless of whether I was "innocent" or "guilty", they would burn all dangerous looking maps or documents in the cubicle. Accordingly, they had burned the lot.

The maps they destroyed were ordnance maps and copies of maps made by me of the scenes of road accidents for prosecuting purposes as well as of scenes of I.R.A. "outrages" including one of the location of the attack on Lord French at Ashtown. They had all been made by me on the orders of the police authorities, but all of these had been made prior to Supt. Purcell's appointment to the headship of the G. Division and he assumed that I had made them for some "illegal" purpose. The books destroyed were principally British manuals about map reading, firearms and artillery, some of the latter being French publications. These subjects had been hobbies of mine for many years and had practically no bearing on guerilla warfare such as was being waged by the I.R.A. at that period. The fact that some of the artillery manuals were in French made them all the more suspect in the eyes of the two officers.

I thanked the Superintendent for his thoughtfulness in destroying everything he had considered incriminating. He said that his own impression of the stuff destroyed was that, if produced, it would "hang" me.

When I stepped outside the police building on that lovely summer day, I could not help a feeling of exultation that the Irish nation had been recognised at last, because the Truce was such recognition, the first recognition since the arrival of Strongbow. The Truce

might well be the beginning of the end, as indeed it was, of seven and a half centuries of English occupation. I felt that I had had a hand in the first successful struggle ever waged by Irishmen against England. We had succeeded where great Irishmen had failed all down the centuries, such as Seán O'Neill, Hugh O'Neill, Owen Roe, Sarsfield and the great men of '98, '48 and '67.

On the evening of my release I was taken to Liam Devlin's publichouse, 69, Parnell St., or, as it was styled at the time, "No. 1 joint". Liam Devlin had placed his premises at the disposal of Michael Collins, at the most critical period of the struggle, the second half of 1920, when for one reason or another his earlier bases became untenable. Here I met Mick and he signified the reunion by demanding a "wrastling" bout with me. We struggled for a while and then I was free to speak to Liam Tobin, Gearóid O'Sullivan, Tom Cullen and to Seán MacEoin whom I was meeting for the first time. I was very thrilled at meeting Seán. He was one of my heroes, as his praises had been sung to me by Mick on many occasions previously. Liam Tobin failed to recognise me for a moment and when he did he sprang up and seized me, saying that he had never expected to see me again. He believed I would never come out of prison alive. Eventually I was able to have a long talk with Mick. We sat together at a table and he was full of optimism. He looked forward to our having our own army, our own police and, to him, not least, fiscal autonomy. He was full of plans for building up the new State. We had plenty of good Irishmen, trained in administration in other countries who were anxious to help set up an Irish Government. He expressed it "We will bring back the trained minds to

help us".

He further informed me that he had been approached indirectly by some members of the family of Sir James O'Connor, Solicitor General, offering to help me, but as he did not trust them, he stated that "Broy is no friend of ours" and that he was not interested in my imprisonment.

He told me of his meeting with Cope, the Assistant Under Secretary of Dublin Castle. He had asked Cope's R.I.C. driver what was his Warrant number (i.e., service number) and on being told it was able to tell the R.I.C. man in what month he had joined the police.

Cope had agreed that the main reason of Dublin Castle's hatred of Mick was because he was for construction rather than destruction. They did not desire to see a state builder succeed in Ireland. Cope twitted Mick that as clever as he was the British agent, Jameson, had been able to get in contact with him without Mick knowing that Jameson was an intelligence officer. Mick replied that he knew all along what Jameson really was, but played with him for his own purposes and then had Jameson "plugged". Cope had replied: "Well, you are a callous ..... and no mistake". Cope had asked him: "How many of the Auxiliaries were working for you? and Mick responded: "Not as many as we would like".

Mick went over all the important things that had happened since my arrest. He was particularly concerned as to how the British had become aware that he had an office at 22, Mary St. I could not see anything remarkable in that as they had previously stumbled on some of his other offices. He shook his head and I could see that that raid had a deep effect on him. I intended to go into this with

him later on when opportunity offered, but that opportunity never came.

Mick was worried about too much rejoicing going on all over the country following the Truce and too much relaxation. He was keen on establishing national discipline. I pointed to the example of Germany in this regard and mentioned some of the things the Kaiser had said regarding national and patriotic discipline. We discussed many subjects before we were eventually interrupted by other members of the party. I felt that, anyhow, there will be plenty of occasions for continuing such talks in the future, so why worry now. Again, such an opportunity for a free discussion was never to recur.

Everybody was in a rejoicing mood. I told Mick about having been "one up" on all the I.R.A. prisoners in that the British Government had paid me for the period whilst I was in prison. He told me I was no exception as the same had happened also in the case of several civil servants arrested. He asked to see the money which he promptly seized and announced that I would have to "wrastle" him for it. So we set to and I won, but I don't believe he did his best. That was one of his tricks to let the other man win. I still do not know whether I would have been able to beat him in an out and out wrestling match. In any case none of us would use full force against him, even in play, as to us all he was a sacred personage, the very embodiment and personification of Irish resistance to England.

I was disagreeably surprised to see many fine and highly strung young Irish Volunteers, who had been teetotallers when I had last met them, drinking whiskey neat.

It was bound to have a bad effect on them especially after the long struggle they had endured. I mentioned this to Mick and he agreed but said it was only for the moment and would not continue.

Everywhere one went there was the same drinking and rejoicing and I found I could not stand the noise and talking, after having been so long in solitary confinement. I asked Mick for a couple of weeks' holidays in the country in order to get used to talking to people and as there were no activities at the time he allowed me to go.

It was a great relief to get away from the noise and most delightful to be amongst my old neighbours in the quiet countryside again and I was not long in getting into good athletic form again.

During my stay in the country there was something like an aeridheacht held in a field at Kilcloncorkery. I do not know what exactly it was called or how it came to be organised, as there never was anything like it there previously or since.

It was held in a field several miles from the nearest town or village and there were no towns-people or villagers present. I felt that it must have been something like the ancient gatherings of Irish people in the days when all towns were peopled by foreigners. There was singing and music, but the main feature of the function was the opportunity for country people to meet and greet each other. There was joyousness in the hearts of all and everybody was happy. Everybody expressed the hope that there would be repetitions of such a function, but, alas, as in so many other things, we were destined never to see anything like it again.

I recovered physical fitness so rapidly in the country that I was able to take part in athletic contests with local athletes and as I had acquired a good deal of knowledge and experience of competition over a long period of years, I was in a position to train several youths and set them on the road to success in competition.

Some members of the local Volunteers asked me for special instruction in the use of the Lee Enfield rifle, and for my views as to the pros and cons of revolvers versus automatic pistols. As these matters had been a lifelong hobby with me and for the previous ten years I had never gone on holidays to the country without a rifle and a pistol or two, I had acquired both theory and practice, getting the theory from the various British army publications, and so was enabled to add to the knowledge of arms already possessed by the Volunteers.

However, my stay in the country ended all too soon and I returned to Dublin. There was still a good deal of rejoicing evident and it would obviously be a difficult problem to get the I.R.A. back to its case-hardened state, such as it was before the Truce.

I was present at various Dáil meetings in the Mansion House. We spent a good deal of time at the Mansion House windows observing the great crowds outside. A couple of British intelligence officers from the Castle joined the crowds on a few occasions, but we put the members of the Active Service Unit and I.R.A. intelligence officers wise as to who they were.

The British officers were promptly approached by these Volunteers, addressed by name, and told in no uncertain terms to clear off whilst the going was good.

Whatever was reported to Collins, he immediately registered an official protest with the British Truce authorities as to this open breach of the Truce conditions.

These items of truce breaches were extremely useful to Collins as they served to balance against the inevitable breaches committed by the I.R.A. and which were the subjects of British protests. Truce breaches, as long as they balanced each other had no serious consequences for us.

From time to time I ran into members of the G.Division attached to the non-political sections. Practically all said they would give a hand the next time, should the struggle be renewed. The great majority of the D.M.P. appeared to be glad to learn that some of their members had taken part on the national side in the struggle.

When Joe McGrath was released from Ballykinlar Camp in order to enable him to resume his duties as a member of An Dáil he was released through the G. Division in which he passed the night before release. They told him that one of their men, meaning me, was expected to be released in a few days. They had said it in such a manner as to give the impression that the Detective Office had been a revolutionary centre all the time, peopled mainly by ardent patriots.

I met Superintendent Purcell one day in the street. He was loud in his praises of Kennedy and Phil Shanahan, who had done so much in my case and said I should not forget it to them if ever the chance came to me to do either of them a good turn. In this he was quite correct. He told me that the British Government had begun to lose confidence in the G.Division as a political weapon from about September, 1920, although they did not know exactly

what was wrong until my arrest in February, 1921, and after that they had decided to rely solely on British Secret Service officers.

Purcell stated that when I was arrested the Castle authorities began to wonder if I had been deliberately placed in the police by some of the separatist organisations in order to work for them, but when they found that I had joined the Metropolitan Police in 1911, they were forced to abandon that theory. They were informed that I was an expert in firearms, map making, and knew French and German, but that was found to date from a period previous to the formation of the Irish Volunteers in 1915. There were not aware that I knew Irish.

It took me a good deal of time to shake off the effects of months of solitary confinement, suffering as I did from a sort of physical fatigue combined with fits of mental depression, but the glorious weather and meetings with Volunteer comrades, all in joyous mood, gradually restored me to first rate mental and physical efficiency.

Harry Boland was sent to America about this time "to prepare the American people for the acceptance of something short of a Republic". Before going he was entertained by a number of us at Vaughan's Hotel. Collins was there and in great form. He recited the "Lisht" and took part in the usual joyousness and horse-play of such a gathering of young Irishmen. Liam Tobin, Pat McCartan, Frank Thornton, Rory O'Connor and Tom Cullen were some of those who attended.

All this time the truce dragged on, punctuated by exchanges of correspondence between the Dáil Cabinet and

Lloyd George. Eventually it was announced than an Irish Delegation was to go to London to enter into negotiations with the British Government as from 11th October, 1921, "with a view to ascertaining how the association of Ireland with the community of nations known as the British Empire may best be reconciled with Irish national aspirations".

It sounded like an attempt to make oil and water mix. One could hardly imagine anything in this world more imcompatible than "Irish national aspirations" and the "British Empire". The mere expression "British Empire" compressed into itself the concentrated hatred of Irish nationalists. The Delegation was set the impossible task of reconciling the irreconcilable.

A couple of days before the Delegation was due to travel to London Collins casually told me to get ready to go to London as his "private Private Secretary". The main Delegation party, with the exception of Collins, travelled to London on Saturday morning, October 8th. I was directed to travel by the same boat as himself on the night of Sunday, the 9th. Emmet Dalton, Joe Dolan and Joe Guilfoyne travelled on the same boat and all arrived at Euston Station on Monday morning.

Arthur Griffith, Eamon Duggan, Robert Barton and Gavan Duffy took up residence at 22, Hans Place, the official address of the Delegation, but Collins resided at 15, Cadogan Gardens, the other building leased by the Dáil for the negotiations. Collins had his bedroom on the top floor and I had one immediately next to his. The two buildings were less than a quarter of a mile apart. On the Sunday night somebody painted the word "MURDERERS"

in letters a foot wide on the footpath outside 22, Hans Place.

The negotiations commenced at 10, Downing St., the official residence of the British Prime Minister, on the morning of Tuesday, 11th October. About a dozen of us accompanied the Irish Delegation in Rolls Royce cars as far as No. 10. Amongst us were Liam Tobin, our assistant Director of Intelligence, Captain Robinson and Tom Barry of Cork, who was there on his own demand.

Some of the mass of pressmen present saw, or thought they saw, the outline of revolvers in some of our pockets, and duly published the fact. A good deal of fuss was made about this incident.

At the Cenotaph immediately outside a wreath had been specially placed that day "In memory of the 586 members of His Majesty's naval, military and police forces murdered in Ireland".

On that same night Seán MacBride and I discovered a shooting gallery near Leicester Square and indulged in some revolver practice. MacBride, who was born in France, son of Major John MacBride and Maud Gonne MacBride, was a fluent French speaker and was employed by Collins on special mission to our Ambassador in France and on other special work. He attended the Dáil Delegation Conference on a number of occasions in an advisory capacity. Whilst we were there a crack revolver-shot who, we learned afterwards, was an official in the War Office, came in for his nightly practice, pistol shooting being his hobby. He gave a display of very accurate marksmanship, and then had a talk with the manager of the gallery in which he

expressed indignation at what he called "Guns in Downing St."! That was the heading of some of the London evening papers on that date.

When Volunteer Headquarters officers in Dublin learned that Collins was to be one of the Irish delegates in London, they were much perturbed at the possibility of Michael's being captured in London should the negotiations break down and thus a mortal blow would be delivered to the Irish Republican Army in its endeavour to carry on the renewed struggle. Much thought was devoted to this danger and eventually Major General Emmet Dalton proposed that an aeroplane should be procured in London and kept ready for a sudden flight to Ireland by Collins and a few others if the need arose. Dalton's proposal was endorsed by General Headquarters and he was directed to make all the necessary arrangements.

Dalton knew an ex-Royal Air Force pilot named Jack MacSweeney, who had in the previous May given instructions on the Hotchkiss machine gun to two Volunteers who were to man the armoured car in the endeavour to rescue Seán MacEoin from Mountjoy Prison. MacSweeney was an expert on machine guns and had strong nationalist sympathies.

Dalton enlisted the services of MacSweeney in the aeroplane project and enquiries through the Dublin Brigade eventually resulted in the introduction of Commandant Seán Dowling of the 4th Battalion, Dublin Brigade, I.R.A., to Charlie Russell, another ex-British Air Force pilot. Russell was quite willing to help and the two pilots were sent to London to purchase a suitable plane. As Russell had spent some time in Canada, it was then decided that he should do the purchasing, whilst posing as a

Canadian requiring the aeroplane for a Canadian project. The result was the purchase of a Martinside aeroplane, variously stated to be capable of carrying anything from five to ten passengers and having a range of five hundred miles and a speed of one hundred miles per hour. Both pilots had several practice flights in order to familiarise themselves with the machine, which was maintained in readiness in a London aerodrome.

The aeroplane was maintained on this aerodrome during the entire period of the negotiations and when the airport people were inclined to become impatient at the non-removal of the machine Russell, after each practice flight, kept complaining, now of "right wing low", now of "left wing low", or unsatisfactory rudder, and in one way or another kept explaining the delay in taking over. Russell kept reporting this to Collins and on many occasions I had the job of putting into typewriting Charlie Russell's almost medical handwriting.

In case of need the idea was to fly Collins and some others from London via the Bristol Channel, thence to Rosslare and then along over the Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford railway to Leopardstown Racecourse where MacSweeney and expert aircraftsmen were to mark out a suitable space and assist at the landing. As the journey would take from three to four hours, it was felt there would be ample time to notify MacSweeney from London.

After the signing of the Treaty this machine was brought to Baldonnel and formed the nucleus of the future Irish Army Air Corps, being christened the "Big Fella" in honour of Mick.

On more than one occasion, when the negotiations were not going well, Collins laughingly asked me if I were

prepared to fight my way out of London. I replied that as I could be indicted on dozens of charges of both high and low treason I would not have much option but to attempt a getaway. That was the tantalising way in which Collins enjoyed putting up a proposition and leaving one guessing, but I always felt that I would be one of the plane's passengers and that it might be necessary to shoot our way out of the aerodrome, should the personnel there became suspicious and endeavour to prevent the taking off of the machine.

From the moment of Collins's arrival at 15, Cadogan Gardens until the end of the negotiations, he was occupied night, noon and morning in one form of activity or another and at high pressure all the time dealing with the most varied problems and everything was dealt with with the utmost precision and efficiency, whether a military question arising in Ireland, or a complicated financial or economic subject. The result was that he hardly ever got to bed before 1 a.m. and yet always arose about seven in the morning and always looked as fresh as if he had just taken a cold plunge.

He duly pulled us all out of bed in the morning whether we complained of fatigue or not, and repeated the process when going to bed in the small hours, unless one had taken the precaution of locking the bedroom door when retiring. He discovered that the feet of some of our beds were hinged and the legs could be bent back leaving the bed sloping towards the foot. I remember looking into Emmet Dalton's bedroom one night and seeing him in his bed with the bed making an angle of thirty degrees with the floor. As Collins had not yet come in I asked Emmet

what happened to his bed. He said Collins would come in to bend the legs later on, and to save him the bother, Emmet had bent them up himself.

I heard him leave his bed on a couple of mornings at about seven. I got up shortly afterwards and was surprised not to find him at breakfast. One of our orderlies told me that Collins went out alone each morning between seven and eight. I was alarmed at this, as there was still very strong anti-Irish feeling in London, particularly against Collins. The red paint outside 22, Hans Place and the wreath placed on the Cenotaph on the first day of negotiations, already mentioned, were but two of the indications of hostility. I enquired why nobody, whether an orderly or otherwise, had accompanied Michael. I was told that nobody had dared to do that. Accordingly, the next morning when he left Cadogan Gardens, I decided to follow him at some distance in case some enemy had noticed his habit of going out early and planned some hostile action. I kept a good distance behind and saw him enter the Church of St. Mary (Cadogan Place). I entered and stayed at the back of the church and saw Michael at Mass in a most devout manner. When Mass had ended he remained on his knees, then got up and lit a candle, knelt again, and then lit another candle. When he moved to leave the Church, he saw me and at first frowned and then laughed.

I complained of his going out without telling any of us and reminded him of the dangers of his going out alone and that if anything happened to him none of us would know where to look for him. I said that unless somebody else accompanied him to early morning Mass, I would do so, and to do anything else would be gross neglect on my part.

If anything happened to him I could not be absolved of negligence, even though his protection was not my job. He agreed that I was right and that I could come with him each morning to Mass, if I desired. So, from that on, we went together. Sometimes we went to St. Mary's and sometimes to Brompton Oratory. On the latter journey we usually passed Harrod's Stores, and he often told me of what he referred to as the "many fine Irishmen" who had worked in Harrod's during his time in London.

During the negotiations Collins attended thirty-eight times at conferences with the British representatives during the forty-six weekdays of the period, as well as conferring almost daily with Art O'Brien, Irish Liaison Officer in London, Liam Tobin, Assistant Director of Intelligence, Tom Cullen, etc. He, of course, attended numerous conferences of the Irish Delegates themselves. He met many of his old friends in London, such as Sam Maguire, and travelled on several weekends to Dublin. Consequently, it will be seen that his time was pretty fully occupied during the time of the London conferences. How he managed it without showing signs of fatigue was a subject of wonder to us all.

During the early days of the negotiations, Collins received many abusive and threatening letters from anonymous writers. These, of course, passed through my hands. One morning, I opened an envelope addressed to him containing a piece of cloth, and a letter enclosed stated that the cloth contained disease germs which the writer hoped would kill Collins and everyone near him. I immediately threw the lot into the nearest fire and suffered no ill effects from handling the missive. I did not know if there were really germs in the enclosure and

considered its immediate destruction more prudent than investigation. Collins was not present when this letter arrived and when I told him about it he started pulling my leg, saying that all letters received by a good secretary should be carefully filed and indexed and asked me what precedent I had for destroying official correspondence. He said he would have to ask the Dáil to add an analyst to the team of experts attached to the Delegation.

An English Protestant Clergyman from an address somewhere in the North of England advised Collins to resort to prayer seeking the divine guidance before reaching any important decision. Collins read this letter over and over again. It appealed to his deep religious sense and he exclaimed: "I have received many a worse piece of advice".

Joe McGrath and Dan MacCarthy were in London with the Delegation and it was they who had arranged for the renting of the two houses and of the necessary furniture. One stormy night in which we had a "battle" on the top floor of 15, Cadogan Gardens, in which Collins took a leading part, some furniture got broken. Joe McGrath, in his capacity as accountant to the delegation, came over from 22, Hans Place next day to me to investigate the amount of damage done and arrange for repairs. When he thought he had completed his investigation, on discovering another broken chair, he exclaimed "Well! the pack of dirty idiots, look what all that will cost now for repairs".

In due course, Joe had the duty of obtaining authority to pay the bill and had to approach the Minister for Finance, who was Collins himself, for that purpose.

He complained to Collins about the damage, apparently not knowing that Mick himself was the main culprit. Collins said it was terrible and anyone indulging in horseplay in future would have to be sent back to Dublin forthwith.

Signed: Eamon Broy.
(Eamon Broy)

Date: 31st Oct 1955.
31st Oct. 1955

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

CHARGE SHEET.

The accused, Detective Sergeant EDWARD BROY, D.M.P. is charged with: -

1st Charge
Reg. 67
R.O.I.R.

Committing a crime within the meaning of Regulation 67 of the Restoration of Order in Ireland Regulations, that is to say, the unlawful communication of information contrary to Section 2 (1) (a) of the Official Secrets Act 1911,

in that he,

At Dublin, Ireland, on or about 23rd February, 1920, having in his control a document which he had obtained owing to his position as official typist of the Detective Division of the D.M.P. at Great Brunswick Street, Dublin, to wit, a document relating to a man murdered in Cork, unlawfully communicated the said document to persons not being persons to whom he was authorised to communicate the same.

2nd Charge
Reg. 67
R.O.I.R.
(alternative)

Committing a crime within the meaning of Regulation 67 of the Restoration of Order in Ireland Regulations, that is to say, the wrongful communication of information contrary to Section 2 (1) (a) of the Official Secrets Act 1911,

in that he,

At Dublin, Ireland, on or about 23rd February, 1920, having in his control information which he had obtained owing to his position as official typist

of the Detective Division of the D.M.P. at Great Brunswick Street, Dublin, to wit, information relating to a man murdered in Cork, communicated the said information to persons not being persons to whom he was authorised to communicate the same.

3rd Charge
Reg. 67
R.O.I.R.

Committing a crime within the meaning of Regulation 67 of the Restoration of Order in Ireland Regulations, that is to say, the unlawful communication of information contrary to Section 2 (1) (a) of the Official Secrets Act 1911,

in that he,

At Dublin, Ireland, on or about 24th February, 1920, having in his control a document which he had obtained owing to his position as official typist of the Detective Division of the D.M.P. at Great Brunswick Street, Dublin, to wit, a document relating to the murder of Constable Downing, unlawfully communicated the said document to persons not being persons to whom he was authorised to communicate the same.

4th Charge
Reg. 67
R.O.I.R.
(alternative)

Committing a crime within the meaning of Regulation 67 of the Restoration of Order in Ireland Regulations, that is to say, the wrongful communication of information contrary to Section 2 (1) (a) of the Official Secrets Act 1911,

in that he,

At Dublin, Ireland, on or about 24th February, 1920, having in his control information which he had obtained

owing to his position as official typist of the Detective Division of the D.M.P. at Great Brunswick Street, Dublin, to wit, information relating to the murder of Constable Downing, communicated the said information to persons not being persons to whom he was authorised to communicate the same.

5th Charge
Reg. 67
R.O.I.R.

Committing a crime within the meaning of Regulation 67 of the Restoration of Order in Ireland Regulations, that is to say, the unlawful communication of information contrary to Section 2 (1) (a) of the Official Secrets Act 1911,

in that he,

At Dublin, on or about 11th March 1920, having in his control a document which he had obtained owing to his position as official typist of the Detective Division of the D.M.P. at Great Brunswick Street, Dublin, to wit, a document relating to 23 men attached to the Engineering Department, whose duties entail presence in the Telephone Room, unlawfully communicated the said document to persons not being persons to whom he was authorised to communicate the same.

6th Charge
Reg. 67
R.O.I.R.
(alternative)

Committing a crime within the meaning of Regulation 67 of the Restoration of Order in Ireland Regulations, that is to say, the wrongful communication of information contrary to Section 2 (1) (a) of the Official Secrets Act 1911,

in that he,

At Dublin, Ireland, on or about 11th March, 1920, having in his control information which he had obtained owing to his position as official typist of the Detective Division of the D.M.P. at Great Brunswick Street, Dublin, to wit, information relating to 23 men attached to the Engineering Department, whose duties entail presence in the Telephone Room, communicated the said information to persons not being persons to whom he was authorised to communicate the same.

7th Charge
Reg. 67
R.O.I.R.

Committing a crime within the meaning of Regulation 67 of the Restoration of Order in Ireland Regulations, that is to say, the unlawful communication of information contrary to Section 2 (1) (a) of the Official Secrets Act 1911,

in that he,

At Dublin, Ireland, on or about 4th May, 1920, having in his control a document which he had obtained owing to his position as official typist of the Detective Division of the D.M.P. at Great Brunswick Street, Dublin, to wit, a document relating to the murder of Mr. Alan Bell, R.M., unlawfully communicated the said document to persons not being persons to whom he was authorised to communicate the same.

8th Charge
Reg. 67
R.O.I.R.
(alternative)

Committing a crime within the meaning of Regulation 67 of the Restoration of Order in Ireland Regulations, that is to say, the wrongful communication of information contrary to Section 2 (1) (a) of the Official Secrets Act 1911,

in that he,

At Dublin, Ireland, on or about 4th May, 1920, having in his control information which he had obtained owing to his position as official typist of the Detective Division of the D.M.P. at Great Brunswick Street, Dublin, to wit, information relating to the murder of Mr. Alan Bell, R.M., communicated the said information to persons not being persons to whom he was authorised to communicate the same.

9th Charge
Reg. 67
R.O.I.R.

Committing a crime within the meaning of Regulation 67 of the Restoration of Order in Ireland Regulations, that is to say, the unlawful communication of information contrary to Section 2 (1) (a) of the Official Secrets Act 1911,

in that he,

At Dublin, Ireland, on or about the 18th March, 1920, having in his control a document which he had obtained owing to his position as official typist of the Detective Division of the D.M.P. at Great Brunswick Street, Dublin, to wit, a document relating to the murder of Mr. Redmond, unlawfully communicated the said document to persons not being persons to whom he was authorised to communicate the same.

10th Charge
Reg. 67
R.O.I.R.
(alternative)

Committing a crime within the meaning of Regulation 67 of the Restoration of Order in Ireland Regulations, that is to say, the wrongful communication of information contrary to Section 2 (1) (a) of the Official Secrets Act 1911,

in that he,

At Dublin, Ireland, on or about the 18th March, 1920, having in his control, information which he had obtained owing to his position as official typist of the Detective Division of the D.M.P. at Great Brunswick Street, Dublin, to wit, information relating to the murder of Mr. Redmond, communicated the said information to persons not being persons to whom he was authorised to communicate the same.

11th Charge
Reg. 67
R.O.I.R.

Committing a crime within the meaning of Regulation 67 of the Restoration of Order in Ireland Regulations, that is to say, the unlawful communication of information contrary to Section 2 (1) (a) of the Official Secrets Act 1911,

in that he,

At Dublin, Ireland, on or about 4th May, 1920, having in his control a document which he had obtained owing to his position as official typist of the Detective Division of the D.M.P. at Great Brunswick Street, Dublin, to wit, a document relating to the murder of Mr. Alan Bell, R.M., unlawfully communicated the said document to persons not being persons to whom he was authorised to communicate the same.

12th Charge
Reg. 67
R.O.I.R.
(alternative)

Committing a crime within the meaning of Regulation 67 of the Restoration of Order in Ireland Regulations, that is to say, the wrongful communication of information contrary to Section 2 (1) (a) of the Official Secrets Act 1911,

in that he,

At Dublin, Ireland, on or about 4th May, 1920, having in his control information which he had obtained owing to his position as official typist of the Detective Division of the D.M.P. at Great Brunswick Street, Dublin, to wit, information relating to the murder of Mr. Alan Bell, R.M., communicated the said information to persons not being persons to whom he was authorised to communicate the same.

13th Charge
Reg. 67
R.O.I.R.

Committing a crime within the meaning of Regulation 67 of the Restoration of Order in Ireland Regulations, that is to say, the unlawful communication of information contrary to Section 2 (1) (a) of the Official Secrets Act 1911,

in that he,

At Dublin, Ireland, on or about 19th March, 1920, having in his control a document which he had obtained owing to his position as official typist of the Detective Division of the D.M.P. at Great Brunswick Street, Dublin, to wit, a document relating to Major Anson Maher, 123 Leinster Road, Rathmines, Dublin, unlawfully communicated the said document to persons not being persons to whom he was authorised to communicate the same.

14th Charge
Reg. 67
R.O.I.R.
(alternative)

Committing a crime within the meaning of Regulation 67 of the Restoration of Order in Ireland Regulations, that is to say, the wrongful communication

of information contrary to Section 2 (1) (a) of the Official Secrets Act 1911,

in that he,

At Dublin, Ireland, on or about 19th March, 1920, having in his control information which he had obtained owing to his position as official typist of the Detective Division of the D.M.P. at Great Brunswick Street, Dublin, to wit, information relating to Major Anson Maher, 123 Leinster Road, Rathmines, Dublin, communicated the said information to persons not being persons to whom he was authorised to communicate the same.

15th Charge
Reg. 67
R.O.I.R.

Committing a crime within the meaning of Regulation 67 of the Restoration of Order in Ireland Regulations, that is to say, conspiracy to commit offences against Section 2 (1) (a) of the Official Secrets Act 1911,

in that he,

At Dublin, on various dates between 20th May, 1919 and 17th February, 1921, unlawfully conspired with divers persons unknown to communicate to them information obtained by him, owing to his position as official typist of the Detective Division of the D.M.P. at Great Brunswick Street, Dublin, the said divers persons unknown not being persons to whom he was authorised to communicate the same.

TO BE TRIED BY FIELD GENERAL COURT-MARTIAL

Major-General
Commanding Dublin District.

SUMMARY OF EVIDENCE

in the case of

Detective Sergeant Edward Broy of the Dublin Metropolitan Police.

1st Witness — Witness "A" being duly sworn, states: -

I am employed on the Staff of the Chief of Police, Dublin Castle, and was so employed on the 2nd January, 1921. I remember a number of documents being received into the office in which I am employed on that date. I was informed that they came from 21 Dawson Street. Amongst the documents there were some on the official paper of the Dublin Metropolitan Police. I identify the papers shown to me as being amongst those documents, that is, those marked No. 14 of 1919 and those numbered 2, 7, 9, 12, 14, 15 and 19 of 1920. These documents were subsequently sent to the Chief Commissioner of the D.M.P.

(Signed) "A".

The accused declines to cross-examine this witness.

2nd Witness — Witness "B" being duly sworn, states: -

On the night of the 31st December and the morning of the 1st January, 1921, I was in charge of a raiding party which went to 21 Dawson Street. We searched the premises, with the exception of the shop underneath. On the top floor there was a lady, Miss McGrane, occupying two rooms. There were other rooms on the same floor. My party

searched all these rooms, and found several revolvers, ammunition, and some documents with heading Dublin Metropolitan Police. These documents were found by a member of the party, who handed them to me. I identify the documents shown to me as the ones found. Everything, including these documents, was put into a tender and conveyed to the Castle, and handed over to the Raid Bureau.

(Signed) "B".

The accused declines to cross-examine this witness.

3rd Witness Witness "C" being duly sworn, states: -

On the night of the 31st December to the 1st January, I was a member of a raiding party which went to Dawson Street. The last witness was in charge of the party. I searched the rooms on the top floor of one of the houses, where I saw a lady, Miss McGrane. In a large wooden box in the third room on the left at the top of the stairs I found bundles of Dublin Metropolitan Police Reports. I identify the documents produced and shown to me as being amongst those I found. I handed these documents over to the last witness and they were placed in a tender, and taken to the Castle. I saw all these documents taken to the Orderly Room and subsequently to the Raid Bureau. I carried some of them myself.

(Signed) "C".

The accused declines to cross-examine this witness.

4th Witness — Witness "D" being sworn, states: -

On the night of the 31st December, 1920, and the morning of the 1st January, 1921, I was a member of a party which raided 21 Dawson Street. In a room I found a number of Dublin Metropolitan Police Reports. I put them in a tender and they were taken to the Castle, and put in our Company Office. I identify some of the documents shown to me as being the ones which I found.

(Signed) "D".

The accused declines to cross-examine this witness.

5th Witness — Witness "E" being sworn, states: -

While I was acting as Chief Inspector of G. Division, D.M.P. Great Brunswick Street, the accused, Edward Broy, was employed as official typist. He took up this duty about the end of 1918 or beginning of 1919, and was still so employed up to about the beginning of May 1920. He then took up the duty of temporary index clerk for about a month. During that time he would probably do some typing.

His duties as official typist consisted in typing reports handed to him by the members of the Division. He did the typing in a room on the first floor in the Detective Office, Great Brunswick Street. The other members of G. Division did not use this room except when taking reports to be typed. Occasionally a man named McCarthy did some of the typing. That would be principally in the evening time, when Broy

was not there, or was absent from the office. The list of candidates and employees for Government work, now shown to me, is a duplicate copy of one which was typed in the office at Great Brunswick St. There was no necessity to typing more than two copies of this list. The list is dated the 26th May, 1919. The book produced is the Duty Roll of the G. Division, D.M.P. I see that on the 26th May, 1919, the accused was entered as "Messman and Detective Office", which means that he would do typing or other clerical work.

I see typed report No. 7, dated 23rd February, 1920. It was typed in the Detective Office, Great Brunswick Street. I do not remember to whom I gave the report to type. In the ordinary course of events I should have given it to Broy, or in his absence, McCarthy. I also see the original of this report and the office copy. The copy marked No. 7 was not made on my instructions or authority. There was no necessity to make that copy.

The book produced is the Duty Roll of G. Division, D.M.P. and I see that on the 23rd February, 1920, the accused was on duty as "detective office and typing". The entries in the Duty Roll on this date are in the handwriting of Sergeant Fagan. The reports dated 21/2/1920 and marked No. 2 appear to be copies of the report I made for information in the office on Burke's statement regarding Quinlisk. No one had any authority to make a copy of that report at all.

(Signed) "E".

The accused declines to cross-examine this witness.

6th Witness — Witness "F" being sworn, states: -

I am stationed at the Great Brunswick Street Station and was there on the 23rd May, 1919. I see the report marked No. 14 of the 23rd May, 1919. It was a report made by me with reference to a candidate for the R.I.C. The signature at the end is not mine, and I never handed it over to my authorities. I believe that I never took the report off the typist's table, or I would have signed it. I afterwards made a more precise report, which I signed and handed over to my authorities. The report now shown to me is the original one sent in by me. The report marked No. 14 was handed over by me to someone to type. The book produced is the Duty Roll Book of G. Division. I see that on the 23rd May, 1919, the accused is entered as "Detective Office and Mess". He would also do typing, and at that time was official typist. If the accused were not available, I might have given the report to McCarthy to type. In the ordinary course of events I would have given the typing to Broy, but I cannot remember actually doing so.

(Signed) "F".

The accused declines to cross-examine this witness.

7th Witness — Witness "G" being sworn, states: -

On the 24th February, 1920, I was a Sergeant in the G. Division stationed at Great Brunswick Street.

The report, shown to me, dated 24th February, 1920, is a report made by me and signed by me and relates to the murder of Constable Downing. I handed report over to the officer on duty in the Detective Office, and he in the ordinary course of his duty would submit it to the Chief Commissioner. This report has been so submitted.

The report, shown to me, marked No. 9 and dated 24th February, 1920, is a copy of my original report submitted to the Commissioner. The report forwarded to the Commissioner was a carbon of the original, which I retained.

The report marked No. 9 was not made on my instructions, and there was no necessity to make such a copy. My name is typed at the bottom of this copy, and I did not tell anyone to do that.

The book produced is the Duty Roll of the Detective Office. I see that on the 23rd and 24th February, 1920, Detective Officer Broy was the typist. I see a similarity between the typing of the two reports shown to me, such as the double m in immediately; they are very close together in both copies. In the word "family" the a and m are very close, also in the word "summer" the double m are very close. The two copies were typed at the same time, and on the same machine.

I cannot remember to whom I gave the report for typing. In the ordinary course of events I should have given it to the typist, and I see by the Roll Book that Broy was typist on the 23rd and 24th February.

I am not sure whether the report was typed on the 23rd or 24th February.

There was a room set apart for typing, but this room was open to everyone in the house, as long as the typist was working there. When he left he would lock the door and hang the key in the office.

The accused declines to cross-examine this witness.

8th Witness — Witness "H" being sworn, states: -

I am stationed at the Detective Office, Great Brunswick Street, Dublin, and was stationed there on the 11th March, 1920.

The report now shown to me, dated 11th March, 1920, is an original report made by me and handed over to someone else, who in the course of his duty would send it to the Chief Commissioner. I see from the report that it was so forwarded.

Attached to this report is a duplicate copy, which is an office copy handed over by me at the same time. I did not keep a copy myself.

The report marked No. 12 is another copy of my report. I cannot remember whether 2 or 3 copies were made of this report. All the copies would be handed over by me at the same time for submission to the Commissioner. No copy other than those for the Commissioner should have been made, and no one had any right to do so. The book produced is the Duty Roll of G. Division Detective Office. I see from the Roll that D.O. Broy was typing that day. I cannot

remember to whom I gave the report. In the ordinary course of events I should have given the report to Broy or McCarthy for typing. McCarthy used to type, and if Broy was not available at the time, I would get McCarthy to type.

(Signed) "H".

The accused declines to cross-examine this witness.

9th Witness

Witness "I" being sworn, states: -

I am stationed at Great Brunswick Street Police Station. I identify the accused as Edward Broy. He was working as typist, and, I believe, Index Clerk in May 1920. The report produced is one of mine made on 4th May relative to the murder of Mr. Alan Bell. This report would have been forwarded to the Commissioner, and a copy of it would be sent at the same time. There is attached to the report the copy kept by me, and also the draft report made out in my handwriting. The copy report marked 19, now shown to me, is a copy of my report of the 4th May, which was no doubt taken off at the same time as the report signed by me was typed. This report is not signed. I always sign the two reports sent to the Commissioner.

I notice that the letter "p" in Superintendent at the bottom of the report is very faint in both copies, also the word "who" in the sixth line, where a mistake was made in the typing at first. I cannot remember to whom I gave this report to type. At that time the accused, Broy, was the typist, who would do all that kind of work.

The book produced is the Duty Roll of G. Division. I see that on the 4th May, Broy, who was then a Detective Officer, was employed in Detective Office typing etc. This entry is in my handwriting. Currivan and Armitave are also down for typing on that day. They would be two learners at the time - I am quite sure they would not have typed my report as I would not give them anything of that kind at the time.

The instructions to the typist would be to make three copies, including original. If a fourth copy was made it would be made for some improper purpose.

The report dated 18th March 1920 and signed by me (relative to murder of Mr. Redmond) is one forwarded by me to the Commissioner. Attached to it is one copy which remained in my possession, together with the draft report on pink paper also attached.

The copy marked No. 14 is a copy of the same report taken off at the same time that the original was typed. My name has been typed on at the end. I did not put my name on it, and no person had any authority to do so. Until I saw this copy of the report in the Commissioner's Office I had never seen it before. I should say that the copy was not made in the course of duty or my name would not have been typed on it. Only the original and two copies should have been made, and it would be improper to make any other copy.

I see that in the Duty Roll on the 18th March, 1920, D.O. Broy was employed in detective office and

typing. He was also employed on the 17th and 19th March, 1920.

I do not remember handing this report to anyone to type, but Broy was the official typist and there is scarcely any doubt that he would do it. These reports were typed in a room upstairs at the office in Great Brunswick Street. The typist would be there and others would have access to the room. Any man having anything to be typed would go there, and any of the staff could also go there.

(Signed) "I".

The accused declines to cross-examine this witness.

10th Witness: Witness "J" being sworn, states: -

I am stationed at Great Brunswick Street, and was there on the 4th May, 1920. The report dated 4th May, now shown to me, is my report on the murder of Mr. Alan Bell and is signed by me. The report was sent to the Commissioner, also the duplicate copy attached. There was also a copy made, which was retained by me. It was not signed. Subsequently I sent that copy to the Commissioner. No other copies were made on my instructions, and no one had authority to make any other copy.

The copy report marked No. 19 is an exact duplicate of my original report now produced. This copy marked No. 19 is not the copy which I retained, and this copy should never have been made. I have compared the two and there are certain points which go to show that it must have been done at the same time

as my original report. The word "Kingstown" in the second line is divided. The word "Frederick" in the third line, the F is slightly raised out of line. In the last line but two there is a considerable space after the word "is". The book produced is the Duty Roll of G. Division. I see that on the 4th May, 1920, D.O. Broy was then typing in the Detective Office, Brunswick Street. There was also a man named McCarthy who did typing. I see from the Duty Roll that he was "sick" on the 4th May, 1920. The entries in the Duty Roll on this day are in the handwriting of Inspector Mannion. I believe I gave this report of the 4th May to Broy to type. I identify the accused as Broy.

(Signed) "J".

The accused declines to cross-examine this witness.

11th Witness

Witness "K" being sworn, states: -

I am stationed at Great Brunswick Street Station, and was there on the 19th March, 1920. The report dated 19th March, 1920, now shown to me is a report signed by me. It was submitted to the Chief Commissioner by Mr. Murphy, who was Chief Inspector. I do not remember exactly to whom I handed it. This report was typed by the accused, Broy. I remember being asked by Mr. Purcell, Superintendent, in the presence and hearing of the accused, if I could remember who typed this report. I said that Broy did. Broy said then that he did and recalled the incident by which we both remembered it.

I cannot remember how many copies of the report were made.

The reports handed to me now marked No. 15 appear to be substantially copies of my report of the 19th March, 1920. They are not duplicates and could not have been typed at the same time as my original report. I kept the manuscript of the report for some time, but no copy. No one would have access to the manuscript report subsequent to its being typed. In the ordinary way my reports would go to the Chief Inspector, then to the Superintendent, and then to the Chief Commissioner. This report of the 19th March, 1920 does not appear to have been seen by the Superintendent. It would also be read by the typist. It is possible that others may have seen it before it left Great Brunswick Street. The book now shown to me is the Duty Roll of G. Division. I see from the entries that on the 19th March, 1920, D.O. Broy was for duty in the Detective Office and typing.

I never gave anyone instructions to make the reports marked No. 15, and it was no one's duty but mine to deal with the subject to which this report refers. I never saw these reports until they were shown to me in the Commissioner's Office.

(Signed) "K".

The accused declines to cross-examine this witness.

12th Witness

Witness "L" being sworn, states: -

I have been Superintendent of G. Division of the D.M.P. since 1st July, 1920. I know the accused, Sergt. Broy. When I took up duty he was engaged as

index clerk in the Detective department. At the end of October he was promoted to Sergeant and then came into my office. He remained on that duty until the 17th February. On that date I arrested the accused at the Castle; I told him I was arresting him on a charge of giving away official documents. I cautioned him, and in reply he said "I never gave away any documents" I took it down in writing and he signed it.

(Signed) "L".

1st July, 1920.

The accused is warned that -

X (1) Sergeant will be called to give evidence against him at his trial, and that a copy of the evidence he will give will be served upon him in accordance with R.P. 76.

(11) that the Prosecutor will give evidence at his trial to prove the jurisdiction of the Court.

(111) that if any other witnesses are called at his trial to give evidence against him, copies of their evidence will be served in accordance with R.P. 76.

X This witness will not be called to give evidence on behalf of the prosecution.

The accused being duly cautioned says "I never gave away any documents".

I certify that the evidence contained in this summary of Evidence was taken down by me in the presence and hearing of the accused at Arbour Hill Detention Barracks, Dublin, on the 28th April, 1921, in accordance with the provisions of the Army Act and that the Rules of Procedure framed thereunder including Rule of Procedure 4 (c) (d) and (e) have been complied with throughout.

(Signed) Capt.

28.4.21.