

ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21

BURO STAIRE MILEATA 1913-21

No. W.S. 1,744

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BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS.

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 1,744.

**Witness**

Seán Nunan,  
Dún Mhuire,  
Vico Road,  
Dalkey,  
Co. Dublin.

**Identity.**

Secretary to President de Valera, 1919;  
Registrar, Dáil Éireann Bonds, 1919-21;

**Subject.**

Easter Week, 1916;  
President de Valera's tour of U.S.A., 1919-20;  
Dáil Éireann Loan, 1919-21.

**Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.**

Nil.

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Form B.S.M. 2

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STATEMENT BY SEÁN NUNAN,

Dún Mhuire, Vico Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin.

I was born in London in May, 1890. My father was born in Newcastle West, Co. Limerick, and was brought to London by his parents about ~~1885~~<sup>1855</sup>. My mother was born in London of parents who came from around Drumcollogher. Both were intensely national - of Fenian stock - and took an active part in Irish movements in London, from the Land League to the Rising in 1916. h.v.

It was no wonder, therefore, that I also took a deep interest in all things Irish. I was a member of the London Gaelic League from childhood, and attended the children's branch of the League. Later, I was a member of the G.A.A.

In 1913 I joined the Volunteers in London, and drilled in the German Gymnasium at Kings Cross. When the First World War broke out in 1914, a split occurred in the Volunteers, and those of us who were not in favour of John Redmond's policy moved our headquarters to St. George's Hall, Southwark. There was a strong body of I.R.B. men in this, and other organisations - including Sam Maguire (for whom the All Ireland Hurling Trophy is named), Michael Collins and Seán McGrath - and it was with this group that I associated, although not an I.R.B. member at that time.

Late in 1915, there were rumours that a Rising was planned in Ireland, and many of us felt that there was the place to fight for a small nation, whose sad

history had been instilled into me from childhood. And, so, we came to Ireland. With my brother, Ernie, (aged seventeen), I arrived in Dublin on January 27th, 1916, and joined E. Company, 4th Battalion, at Rathfarnham, as I was living in that area.

About this time, there was a great influx of exiles from Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow and London, and a camp for these men was established at Kimmage, to which I transferred. George Plunkett was Captain of the Company. We were quartered in the mill attached to "Larkfield", which was the property of Count Plunkett, and there we busied ourselves, drilling, making explosives and generally preparing for the Rising.

On Easter Monday morning, we left Kimmage and went by tram-car - commandeered, I think - to O'Connell Bridge; and from there, marched to Liberty Hall. After a very short stay there, while some of the Company went into the Hall and collected some arms, etc., we marched to the G.P.O. There were a few Lee Enfields and German rifles (Howth guns), but most of the arms we had consisted of shotguns.

I, with others in the leading files, entered the Post Office by the Henry Street door - the main body entering through the main door in O'Connell Street. All civilians and Post Office staff were evacuated, and we proceeded to barricade all windows. I, with most of the Kimmage Company, was stationed on the first floor.

In the afternoon (Easter Monday), a body of Lancers cantered down O'Connell Street, but, after a few volleys were fired at them, they retired.

From Easter Tuesday, we were under fire, and eventually the building became untenable, as the shelling had set fire to the roof, and the fire spread downwards to all floors.

It will be of interest to recount the following incident.

On Easter Thursday, as I was passing through the ground floor, I was called over to James Connolly who was on a stretcher, badly wounded. He said to me, "Take this message to Commandant Pearse! Trust Miss Carney (Winifred Carney, his secretary) as you would trust me!" I duly conveyed the message.

On Friday, the G.P.O. was evacuated as the fire was consuming the building from the roof down. All on my floor (first floor) were ordered downstairs for evacuation, but an officer instructed me and my brother to remain and keep up firing at snipers who were in a building on the far side of O'Connell Street - the Hammam Hotel probably. We did so, but the fire got so close to us, that I decided to go while the going was good, as it seemed to me that the officer who gave us the order to remain had probably forgotten about us. I had no desire to emulate the Roman legionnaire at Pompeii, and finish up buried in lava! We (my brother and I) joined the rest of the garrison who were assembled on the ground floor, and a number of us went

down to the cellars to remove bombs, etc., which were there. Diarmuid Lynch was in charge of that operation. Pádraig Pearse was supervising the evacuation, and spoke to each group as we passed out, carrying food, ammunition, etc.

We went out the Henry Street door, crossed Henry Street, into, I think, Henry Place, and then left, into Moore Lane which connected with Moore Street, and entered O'Brien's mineral water warehouse or factory, on the left-hand side of Moore Lane.

A barricade was thrown up at the intersection of Moore Lane and Moore Street, and we took turns in manning it. While on the barricade, an incident occurred which, I think, is worth recording. On the far side of Moore Street, a British soldier was lying, badly wounded in the stomach and calling for help. Despite the fact that the street was swept by machine gun fire from the Parnell Street end, George Plunkett took a water-bottle from the man alongside me, crossed Moore Street, gave the soldier a drink, and then carried him back to our headquarters. Not satisfied with that, Plunkett went across again, and brought the soldier's rifle back. A very gallant deed, which would have earned a decoration, had George Plunkett been in the British forces.

Then, we proceeded to break through the walls of the houses in Moore Street, with the intention of reaching Williams and Woods factory in Parnell Street, but the fight was now hopeless and the surrender had been made. We had, I think, reached ~~Howlands Fish~~ <sup>HANLON'S FISH</sup> ~~Howlands Fish~~ <sup>HANLON'S FISH</sup>

h.

Market or Norton's china shop when we were informed of the surrender.

We then marched out into Moore Street, and, as we left, Seán MacDiarmada spoke to each group and congratulated us on the fight we had put up. We marched up Moore Street to Henry Street and, just before we turned into Henry Street, I saw the body of The O'Rahilly lying on the sidewalk. Then, into O'Connell Street where we downed arms near the Gresham Hotel. Later, we were marched to the grounds of the Rotunda where we lay all night, and, from there, to Richmond Barracks. I remember seeing Hoey and Johnny Barton - the "G" men - going down the line, to pick out their victims.

Subsequently, I was taken to Stafford Jail and, from there, to Frongoch. Meanwhile, a Royal Commission had been set up, to enquire into the reasons for the Rising, and groups of men were taken from Frongoch to Wormwood Scrubbs Prison in London, to be interviewed by the Commission, and, after the interviews - which didn't take long because nobody gave any information - were returned to Frongoch.

In due course, I, with my brother, was taken to Wormwood Scrubbs, but neither he nor I returned to Frongoch with our comrades. Instead, we were handed over to a military guard and charged with being deserters from the British Army! Having been resident in England at whatever date conscription came into effect there, we were considered liable to service in that army. (See page 112, "Michael Collins And The Making Of A New Ireland", by Piaras Beaslaoí.)

There were quite a large number of London, Liverpool, Glasgow and Manchester Volunteers in the Rising and, according to British law, they were all liable to service in the British Army.

It would appear that my brother and I were the test cases - or guinea-pigs - for the others in this operation. It struck me as rather naive for the British to expect us to join their forces after having taken up arms against them only a few weeks previously - but that's the way the official mind works!

I didn't see my brother until our eventual release, but his experience was similar to mine.

I was taken to the recruiting office at the White City, Shepherds Bush, and brought before the Medical Officer to be examined. I refused the examination, and was told that, if I continued my refusal, I would be passed as A.I., fit for service abroad, but the Medical Officer said that on examination there was a possibility that I would not pass as A.I. and would be classified as C.4., for home duty only. But I continued to refuse and was classified A.I. I was posted to the 6th London Regiment, and taken to their headquarters by the escort. From there, I was taken to Marylebone Police Court, formally charged with being a deserter, found guilty and handed back to the Regiment. The following day, I was taken to Salisbury Plain where the regiment were encamped, and then the fun started!

I would get an order, e.g., to fall-in on

parade, and, on refusing, would be brought before the Colonel for a Regimental Court Martial, and get X days confinement, with bread and water.

When that period was up, I would get another order which would get another refusal, followed by another Court Martial and another period of bread and water. After several of these Courts Martial, I was tried by General Court Martial, and, for this more formal affair, a Committee, which had been set up in London by Art O'Brien and other sympathisers, sent Mr. George Gavan-Duffy to act as solicitor for me. The result of this Court Martial was a sentence of either ten or twelve months' hard labour, and I was taken to Winchester Prison to serve it.

From Winchester, I was transferred to Wormwood Scrubbs, and was taken there by an escort of the 6th London. This turned out to be very amusing. We arrived at Paddington Station, London, at about mid-day, and my escort suggested that we should go to the military canteen on the station and get a meal. Now, my own home was only about fifteen minutes' walk from the station, and I suggested to the escort that, instead of eating in the canteen, they should come home with me and have a meal. They agreed, and the amazement of my parents can be imagined when I walked in with the escort. We had a meal, and sat around, talking, for quite a time, but eventually the escort said we had better be getting along to Wormwood Scrubbs.

So, I said good-bye to my parents, and we started off. The escort didn't know their way to Wormwood



Scrubbs, so I brought them along, and they tried to hand me over to the authorities there. But, as Wormwood Scrubbs was for first offenders only and as I was not a first offender, they would not take me.

After a lot of telephoning, it was decided that I should go to Wandsworth Prison, and, accordingly, I shepherded the escort across London to Wandsworth where they left me.

I remained there until about early March, 1917, when I was sent back, under escort, to the 6th London camp at Devizes, Wiltshire, where the Adjutant of the Regiment told me that I had been brought back to be given a last chance to be sensible and serve willingly, or, else, back to prison. I refused, of course, and the Adjutant then told me that I was discharged from the army, and handed me my discharge papers and a ticket to London.

I learned subsequently that the British Government had finally reached the conclusion that it was hopeless to try to force us to serve, and, so, I, my brother and any other similar prisoners were to be discharged from the army as not "eligible to serve in His Majesty's Forces, having taken up arms against H.M."! The action of the Adjutant was a try-on which didn't come off.

After a short stay with my parents, I returned to Dublin, and, as I was living on the north side of the city, I joined C. Company of the 2nd Battalion.

I took part in the Longford Election, at which

△ <sup>Joe</sup>~~John~~ McGuinness was elected, and later in Mr. de Valera's election in East Clare. Then the late John O'Mahony (subsequently T.D. for South Kilkenny) brought me into the Sinn Féin organisation, and I was in the Dublin Election Headquarters, in charge of the arrangements for the Kilkenny election at which Mr. W.T. Cosgrave was elected.

I was then transferred to Sinn Féin Headquarters at No. 6 Harcourt Street, and worked there with the several Directors of Elections, i.e., Dan MacCarthy, Robert Brennan and James O'Mara, in preparation for the General Election.

All this time, I was active in the Volunteers, and was one of the men who took part in the rescue of Piaras Beaslaof, Paddy Fleming, J.J. Walsh and a number of others from Mountjoy Prison in March, 1919. (Ref.: page 293, Vol. I., Piaras Beaslaoi's "Michael Collins And The Making Of A New Ireland".)

Sometime during this period, I was sworn in as a member of the I.R.B., and used to meet Michael Collins and others at Vaughan's Hotel. One night, when I was there, Collins asked me to stay behind after the others had gone home, and, at about 12.30 a.m., he suggested we go for a walk. After walking around the city for some time, we arrived at Brunswick Street (now Pearse Street) Police Station, where Sergeant Ned Broy was alone on night duty. Michael Collins had explained to me that his plan was to examine the files and reports of the G. Division and ascertain precisely who, amongst them, was doing political work. Ned Broy took us up

to Inspector McFeeley's office, and opened a large, steel safe in which the reports were kept. Collins and I stayed in the safe, listing the names and activities of the detectives on political work, until about 4 a.m., when we walked home - Collins to Mountjoy Street, and I to Botanic Road.

As a result of the information thus obtained, warnings were issued to all those men engaged in spying to cease their activities, or else -!

Following upon the General Election of 1918 and the establishment of Dáil Éireann, I was appointed one of the Clerks of the Dáil, and, on the day of the first meeting of the Dáil, one of my duties was to answer the roll-call, on behalf of those T.D.'s who were still in jail, with the words, "Fé Glas ag gallaibh!"

In June, 1919, the Government decided to have President de Valera go to America to endeavour to secure recognition of the Republic from the United States Government, and to raise a Loan to enable the Dáil to carry on its activities, and he asked me would I go with him. I, of course, agreed, and he told me to see Michael Collins about transport arrangements. I saw him, and he told me to go to Liverpool and contact Neil Kerr (I.R.B. Centre there) who would "fix me up". Michael Collins gave me £5 for expenses (Dublin to New York!), with which I paid my fare to Liverpool and purchased a seaman's outfit.

I arrived in Liverpool on Whit Monday, and stayed that night with Neil Kerr. The following morning, we went to the docks, and found that the "Aquitania", of

the Cunard Line, was signing on a crew that day. After some very hurried arrangements, I was registered at the Board of Trade as a fireman, and made a member of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union, under the name of James Smith (the Secretary of the Union was also an I.R.B. man), and signed ship's articles as a fireman. The "Aquitania" was sailing from Southampton on the following Friday, and the crew were taken there by special train.

The only man in the whole crew whom I knew, was a Dublin man, named Dowd, who was a regular fireman with the Cunard Company, and had been told to join the "Aquitania" to be with me. He was, I think, also an I.R.B. man. As it turned out, he wasn't in a position to help me much, as I was allotted to the eight-to-four watch, while he was in a different watch and in another fireroom. I had never fired a ship before - in fact, I had never been in a fireroom - and found the work pretty rugged, but managed not to miss a watch.

The "Aquitania" arrived in New York on Sunday, June 22nd, after calling at Halifax, to disembark Canadian troops. After the ship had docked and the passengers had gone ashore, I suggested to Dowd that we also should go ashore. It was thought doubtful whether we would be permitted to go, as we had not passed immigration officials, but we went. A quartermaster, stationed at the gangway, merely warned us to put out our cigarettes, as smoking was not permitted on the dock - he evidently thought we were passengers, as we had cleaned ourselves up! Customs officers were examining passengers' baggage on the upper deck of the

dock, so we went down to the lower (freight) deck, and, although there were several officials at the dock gate, none of them questioned us, and we walked out into West Street.

I now had to find President de Valera, or Harry Boland, who had preceded the President to America. Dowd took me to the house of a friend of his - a member of the Clan na Gael-(I forget his name), as he thought he would be able to get me in touch with the President, but his friend was out at work (he was a type-setter in the "New York Times"), and, while waiting for him to return, I read in the morning paper that the President was to make his first public appearance in America at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, the next day.

So we went to the Waldorf, and enquired for him at the reception desk. The reception clerk told us that the President was not there, but suggested we try the office of the Friends of Irish Freedom at 280, Broadway. We went there, and, after I had established my bona fides, I was told to telephone a certain number and ask for a Miss Martin, who would be able to tell me where Mr. Boland could be contacted. I did so, and was referred to the Carmelite Priory on East 28th Street. I went there, and the Prior, Father McGuinness, told me that the President was expected there the following morning, and suggested that I should stay at the Priory that night. The following morning (June 23rd), the President, accompanied by Harry Boland and Joe McGarrity of Philadelphia, arrived.

The President was surprised to see me, as he had sent word to Michael Collins that I should not undertake the journey because, after hearing from Harry Boland about the rigours of firing a ship (Harry was also a fireman!) - plus his own rough experience as a stowaway - he felt I would not be able to stand it, but I had sailed before the President's message reached Dublin.

The whole party then proceeded to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, where the American-Irish leaders (John Devoy, Judge Cohalan, Diarmuid Lynch, etc.), as well as hundreds of the rank and file of the Friends of Irish Freedom, Clan na Gael and other Irish organisations were waiting to greet the President.

A press conference was held, at which the President explained Ireland's case and the reasons for his visit to America. The welcome he got, and the publicity he obtained, were tremendous. Telegrams and letters poured in from all over the country, requesting him to appear and speak - including requests from many Governors of States and Mayors of Cities.

Arrangements were then made for an extensive tour of the country, on which I accompanied the President. When the itinerary had been ~~finished~~ <sup>FINALISED</sup>, Liam Mellowes went ahead of the President's party to ensure that all arrangements were in order. The tour was an outstanding success, and everywhere the President was received with extraordinary enthusiasm. The only places where there was opposition were Los Angeles and San Diego, Cal., and Portland, Oregon, where pro-British sentiment was fairly strong. However, even in those towns,

successful meetings were held. Harry Boland and Dr. Patrick McCartan accompanied the President's party for part of this tour.

Meantime, plans were made for a Bond drive - the ~~Irish~~ <sup>FIRST</sup> External Loan of Dáil Éireann - and, after some legal difficulties relating to the issuing of Bonds which, seemingly, contravened the provisions of the "Blue Sky" law, it was decided to issue bond certificates which would be ~~reasonable~~ <sup>redeemable</sup> for gold bonds of the Irish Republic, six months after the freeing of the territory of the Republic from British control. An organisation, under the title, "The American Commission for Irish Independence", was established under the chairmanship of Mr. Frank P. Walsh, who was one of the three delegates sent by the Irish-American societies to the Peace Conference in Paris, to urge Ireland's claim there, and who subsequently visited Ireland (May, 1919). This organisation was financed initially by a loan of \$100,000 from the Friends of Irish Freedom's Victory Fund, which was subsequently repaid to them by the issuing of a bond certificate for that amount.

Mr. James O'Mara, one of the Trustees of Dáil Éireann was asked to come out, to take charge of the bond drive, and he arrived at Portland, Oregon, while the President was there, and accompanied the party for the rest of the tour. It was then decided that I should work with Mr. O'Mara on the bond drive, and I was, accordingly, made Registrar of the bond certificates issued. Mr. Liam Pedlar succeeded me as the President's secretary, and accompanied him on his second tour.

The success of the bond drive is common knowledge. Approximately \$6,000,000 (six million dollars) were subscribed. Every dollar was accounted for, and the bond certificates issued for the subscriptions were repaid at the rate of \$1.25 for every \$1 subscribed.

As well as being in charge of the bond campaign, under the able guidance of Mr. O'Mara, I also had charge, under Harry Boland, of a special fund of about \$100,000, for the purchase and shipment of arms. This included many small lots shipped by individual seamen with whom I was in regular contact, and a large consignment of Thompson machine guns. This consignment was, unfortunately, captured by the Federal authorities on the ship on which they were stored.

Our attempt to regain possession of these guns might be of interest here, and is as follows. The Federal men took the guns off the ship - the "East Side" - and landed them in Hoboken, on the New Jersey shore of the Hudson River. We immediately got in touch with Major Eugene Kinkead, a great supporter of Ireland's cause, and he, in turn, got in touch with the Mayor of Hoboken, who was of Irish descent, as also was the Chief of Police of Hoboken, with the result that the Hoboken Police Department took the guns from the dock to police headquarters, on the grounds that the offence was committed in the State of New Jersey and that the authorities of that State had charge of the case. Arrangements had been made by us, with the connivance of the Chief of Police, to remove the guns from police headquarters, but, before the plan could be put into



operation, the Federal men obtained a warrant from Washington, authorising them to take control.

In the beginning of the phase of my activities, I reported to Michael Collins, but subsequently my reports were made to Cathal Brugha, who was Minister for Defence, and who instructed me to render him an accounting of all Dáil monies already spent on the procurement of arms, what arms had been sent to Ireland, by whom they were sent, and to whom. This, I was able to do, as I had kept an account of all these matters.

Unfortunately, a grave difference of opinion developed between the President and the leaders of the Friends of Irish Freedom and Clan na Gael (Judge Cohalan and John Devoy) as to the manner in which the campaign to secure recognition of the Republic was to be conducted, and violent and scurrilous attacks were made on the President in the official organ of the Clan - "The Gaelic American".

The campaign of vilification and misrepresentation reached breaking point at the Republican National Convention in Chicago in 1920, where Warren Harding was nominated as presidential candidate for that party. Judge Cohalan and his followers refused to go along with President de Valera's suggested "plank" in the party platform, contending that he (Cohalan) was the better judge of what kind of resolution would be accepted by the Platform Committee, and insisted on submitting his own resolution. The result was that two resolutions were submitted to the Platform Committee, which indicated dissension in the Irish ranks and gave the Committee the excuse to include neither in the final platform.

It was quite evident now that Judge Cohalan, et al., would not work with the President - in fact, it was suggested that he should return to Ireland and leave the running of the campaign to the American-Irish, under Cohalan's leadership - and, realising that it was hopeless to expect any true co-operation from this group, the President decided to form a new organisation.

This, he did, and the "American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic" (A.A.R.I.R.) was formed. The great majority of the Friends of Irish Freedom - both members, individually, and whole Councils - supported the President, and, in a very short time, a membership of close to half a million was enrolled in the new organisation.

At about the same time, the I.R.B. Supreme Council ordered that the Clan na Gael should no longer be affiliated to it, and authorised the formation of a re-organised Clan. This was done by Harry Boland, who was the I.R.B. Supreme Council representative, and by Joe McGarrity, a prominent officer in the old Clan. Here again, the vast majority of the old Clan supported the President, and joined the re-organised body.

These two organisations were whole-heartedly behind the President, and their support and activities were reflected in the outstanding success of the bond drive, and in bringing about a better understanding of Ireland's case by the American public. This latter activity was conducted through a propaganda office in Chicago, called the "Benjamin Franklin Bureau", under the direction of Mr. James O'Mara, and financed by

Dáil Éireann funds. From this office, hundreds of thousands of leaflets, booklets, etc., were distributed throughout the country by the local councils of these organisations.

When this part of the President's programme was an assured success, and he realised that it was not possible to obtain formal recognition of the Republic by the United States Government, despite the pressure on both political parties and appeals to the President of the United States, he decided to return home, where his guiding hand was sorely needed, as rumours of a possibility of a Truce were rife. He left New York on December 10th, 1920, again as a stowaway, and again with the help of the three men who brought him safely to America - Barney Downes, boatswain, Dick O'Neill, able seaman, and Patrick McMahon, lamp trimmer. On this voyage, the President was also helped by Billy Humphries, an Englishman, who was, I think, ship's carpenter. It was to Humphries' house that the President was taken when he got ashore in Liverpool. The ship was the "Celtic", of the White Star Line.

Shortly after this, it was decided to close the bond drive, and, for the next few months, my main work was to close out the bank accounts in the various States, assemble all the funds in two or three accounts in New York, for ready transmission to Ireland, and to issue bond certificates to all subscribers.

Meantime, Mr. James O'Mara resigned his position as Trustee of Dáil Éireann, and his brother, Stephen O'Mara, was appointed to succeed him. He came to America, and supervised the closing out of the bond

drive, and made plans for the launching of a Second External Loan, but, before this got under way, the Truce became effective, and negotiations for a settlement between Ireland and Britain commenced.

My work in America was now finished, and, with Harry Boland and Liam Pedlar, I sailed from Hoboken to Cobh on December 27th, 1921. Mr. Stephen O'Mara remained in America, with Gilbert Ward, Joseph Begley and Garth Healy, to wind up all outstanding financial business.

It is of interest to record here that Harry Boland brought with him to Ireland the "Russian Jewels", which Mr. James O'Mara had accepted, with the approval of the President, as collateral for a loan made to the representatives of the Russian Government in New York some time previously. On our arrival in Dublin, about a week later, we reported to the Dáil, which was in session at Earlsfort Terrace, debating the Treaty, and I accompanied Harry Boland to Michael Collins, to whom the jewels were handed.

This brings me to the end of the period about which information is required of me by the Bureau of Military History, 1913-1921.

Although the following has no direct connection with my own activities during that period, inasmuch as I understand that, at some future date, all material assembled by the Bureau will form the basis of a history of that period, I feel that I should place on record, for the information of such historians, the outstanding services rendered to Ireland by President de Valera

during his year and a half in America.

He epitomised the New Ireland born in 1916, not alone to the Irish in America, but to all classes and creeds there, and counteracted the view that had been sold to the American people by English propagandists, that the Rising and subsequent events were the work of a few cranks and rioters. His two triumphant tours throughout the States, from coast to coast, and his speeches and statements gave a clear understanding of our cause to the hundreds of thousands of people with whom he came in contact.

By his magnetic personality and ~~patient~~<sup>patent</sup> honesty of purpose, he welded together, into one homogeneous body, practically all the Irish in America, thus enabling them, through the A.A.R.I.R., to speak and act as a unified force. I think it true to say that, before his visit to America, the Irish there were used as appendages of American politicians who were interested in political preferment only, whereas, after he came, they ceased to allow themselves to be so used, and worked together as a unit for the freedom of Ireland. Even those who differed with him became imbued with the same spirit, although acting apart from the main organisation.

One proof of his work in this connection is the success of the bond drive, conducted through this organisation.

In closing, I feel I should pay tribute to all who came from Ireland to assist in this great adventure - James O'Mara, a great organiser and a financial genius, Liam Mellowes, Gilbert Ward, Joe Begley, Garth Healy, Annie Ryan, Kathleen O'Connell and, above all, Harry Boland, whose tenacity of purpose and infectious gaiety kept us all working hard and happily.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21 BURO STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21 No. W.S. 1,744
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SIGNED: Seán Ryan

DATE: 24/11/58

WITNESS Seán Brennan Lieut: Col.