

**ORIGINAL**

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21  
BURO STAIRÉ MILÉATA 1913-21  
No. W.S. 153

ROINN  COSANTA.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

**STATEMENT BY WITNESS**

**DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 153**

**Witness**

Eamon T. Dore

**Identity**

Member of I.V. 1916.

**Subject**

- (a) Ireland's Statement to "Small Nations Conference" 1915.
- (b) Instructions to Cork and Limerick for 1916 Rising.
- (c) Evacuation of G.P.O. and Surrender 1916.

**Conditions, if any, stipulated by Witness**

Nil

File No. S. 1041.

Form B.S.M. 2.

9 Cuak bócar tuaid  
lunnasaí.

MS 153,

ORIGINAL  
Alaska,

20-8-48  
BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21  
BUREAU STAIRS MILEATA 1913-21  
NO. W.S. 153

In the course of conversation with a friend, Dearmuid Lynch, Cork, he mentioned that a Mr. O'Donoghue of your Committee was seeking information about "messages" sent to Cork in 1916. He was in touch with the late Jerry Walswens's sister, Annie, who said she did not know who the messenger was but professed to know all about the message. Any knowledge she could have on this latter would be purely hearsay. —

About midnight on Easter Tuesday 1916 I was called to a room in the G. P. O. <sup>by phone</sup> and asked if I would try to get two ladies out of the city with <sup>final</sup> messages for Cork and Limerick. I agreed and listened while the verbal messages were being given. Present in the room were the messengers Miss Laura Daly now Mrs Lannan Sullivan, Limerick

Miss Nora Daly now my wife; the former was  
to try to get to ~~Admiral~~ the latter to Cork. Both  
succeeded in getting to their destination on the  
following evening, Wednesday, and delivered their  
messages. Both are still alive and we those of all  
that were in that Room know what the messages  
were and the feeling of those who gave them. The others  
Tom Blake, Seán MacDiamáda, Patrick Kearney,  
Joseph Plunkett and James Connolly lie in Arbour Hill.  
If you require an account of what took place in Cork  
and Limerick I am sure both ladies will give it. The  
message to Cork was "Tell Jerry McSwiney we are in  
action and we know he will follow us". To Limerick  
the message was less friendly when Seán MacDiamáda  
delivered it, it was he gave both, I would prefer not to give  
the exact wording. If Mrs O'Sullivan wishes to give it that's  
another matter. Both those ladies are sisters of  
Edward Daly also in the grave at Arbour Hill.

It may interest you to know - it has got some  
slight publicity already, that in the Autumn of 1915,

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I cannot fix the time exactly - there was to be  
a "Small Nations Conference" at, I think, Geneva  
Switzerland. It was decided by the Supreme  
Council of the Irish Republican Brotherhood in  
consultation with other friendly organizations to  
send a Statement of Ireland's Case to the Conference.  
Naturally it could not go through the usual  
channels. It was drawn up in very great  
detail and signed by amongst others, McNeill  
representing learned professions, Griffiths Sinn Féin  
and a newspaper owner; Connolly for Labour etc.  
Sean MacDiarmada for youth organizations; Tom Clarke  
for business, Count Plunkett, the arts, and was to  
be signed by Pierce Beattie for Journalists and  
Diarmuid O'Hegarty for the Brit Service but these  
two latter failed to appear in time to add their  
signatures so their signatures were filled in by  
Sean MacDiarmada and myself. We had to do it as the  
blank spaces were there and the thing could not go  
without them.

1400

The document had to go via Belfast on that evening as the ship's Captain who was taking it to England for postage was sailing at 7 P.M., I left Dublin with the sealed <sup>packet</sup> and travelled by the 3 P.M. train handing the closed envelope to Cathal Shanahan in the presence of Dennis McCullough at the letters shop in Howard Street Belfast. Shanahan knew the Captain of the ship. The getting it to Belfast <sup>Cathal</sup> and Shanahan was not quite as easy as this reads but you want the facts not the incidents in between. What happened this document I never heard. I had read the contents and am the only one living of those who really did read it. It was that type of statement laying out our claims for freedom that became so common in the years that followed. It is interesting now because many still think that the I.R.B. while a great revolutionary organization had not political or international sense. Those who think that

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have no idea of the greatness of the  
minds of Clarke and MacDermida.  
It was not because they did not 'write'  
and make speeches that they had no sense  
of political values. Those of us who worked  
intimately with them and have come to <sup>an eye</sup> ~~conceive~~ <sup>+</sup>  
better to assess values realize the greatness  
of those two men. They were so imbued  
with the ideal of Freedom that they never cared  
who got the honours. On one occasion, when  
a member showed jealousy, MacDermida turned  
to him and said "G — does it matter who gets  
the credit so long as the job is done to our  
liking." We then left the room and it was the  
first time I really saw him sad. Eamon, said he  
knew that there was jealousy among us. It was  
the only such incident I can recall. Hoping my letter  
has some help to you. Yours Eamon T. Dore.

18.153 Further to my Statement of 20.8.48 9 Cuan Bócan Tuair,  
Lumneac.

19.9.48

Shortly after midnight on Easter Tuesday 1916 Sean MacBearnais  
after repeating finally the verbal messages for Cork and Limerick  
said goodbye to the three of us and turning to me said "Eamon you  
need not come back as you know it's all over." (I had travelled from  
West Limerick on Monday and Tuesday and knew the fishes in the  
country and had been warned, when I got to the General Post Office, not  
to tell anyone of the conditions in the country.) he left, crossed  
O'Connell Street into Parnell Street and to Mrs. Tom Clarke at  
Richmond Avenue, Farnham there to await daylight. he left there  
about 3.30 A.M. and went by Clonliffe Road, Dorset Street, into the  
North Circular Road. All went well until outside Mountjoy Jail where  
I was taken by soldiers and brought before a Captain. He was rather  
draged, smelled strongly of drink and asked "where are you going  
and who are those women with you?" I said "my sisters who are  
very nervous and I am trying to get them to the Kingsbridge where  
we heard there is a train leaving at six o'clock and going South."  
He then asked my name and I had my first real fear of being led. It  
struck me he would ask their names and they would naturally say Dolly  
and all was lost. I said 'he was draged' and he was he only said  
"alright, go on". When I got back to my two companions and  
away from the soldiers I impressed on them, after stating my  
fears, that they should take my name "Dore" for the rest of our trip  
to Kingsbridge. How Right I was for at the next halt, Bluequinn Bridge  
I was again taken away put through the same questions with the difference

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the officer was quite sober and hearing my 9 Cuan Bócan Tuair, Luimneac,  
name sent to ask the ladies theirs. However,

we were let through. After three more such experiences the  
time was getting short and I asked the British Officer for a pass,  
(it was for trying to get back alone I really wanted this) ~~but~~, but he  
said "I cannot give you one you must try to do as you have done so  
far. My last stop was just at the Bridge leading to the Station but  
here the officer was really drunk and did not bother much. I

looked towards the Station entrance and saw Detective Officer Hoey  
later 1918 shot in Dublin by one of the old Dublin Brigade. He  
unfortunately knew me so I had to send the ladies the rest of  
the way alone and had to clear away myself. I saw them enter the  
gate of the Station from a distance and then decided to return  
as I came hoping that the "guard" had not been changed and  
would remember me. I was lucky as I got through in record

time and was in Gardiner Street, Upper between 7.30 and 8 AM.

I went near each of the British Posts in the S. P. O. Area to see  
where the nearest was and then came via Denmark Street to  
Fundations Church where I just came inside the last <sup>British</sup> road

barcade, I said goodbye to a brother of mine, a senior student in  
the College of Surgeons, and walked evenly down Parnell Square in  
full view of the enemy and stopped to light a cigarette and get my bearings  
at the Banks on the corner of Parnell Street and O'Connell Street. The shelling  
of Liberty Hall was going on and I saw one curlew standing across at

the Henry Street, O'Connell Street corner. From the 9 O'Connell Street corner, voices I heard overhead in the Bank I concluded they were British Army personnel. I suddenly saw soldiers on the roof of the Rotunda and then realized I was in a proper tight corner. I decided there was only one thing to do and that was walk, as casually as my nerves would allow, across O'Connell Street to the cinema I saw at Henry Street corner. My luck held and I asked the cinema where he thought the shells were falling, they sounded very near. He said, in a strong English accent, "Somewhere on the Grays"; later I was to know <sup>what</sup> I concluded my cinema was a spy of the British in plain clothes and I started for the gate way in the S. P. O; <sup>the gate</sup> it was then under where the clock is now, in the middle of the pillars. Knowing where the British military was and that I had to get under our own strands of barbed wire (it was drawn across from the corner of the S. P. O building to the other side of O'Connell Street) that my luck was now pinched. All I can remember is running, crawling under the wire, with things whizzing past, and trying to pray. While running a thought came to my mind, when you get to the gate stand in the centre not at the jamba, it was this saved my life, as the outside pillars kept me covered from both the Bank at O'Connell corner and the Cavalade building on the Bridge. I got a slight flesh wound in the leg and fell into the arms of the sentry who opened the gates to my kicking. How I fell into his arms was: - I could feel things whizzing behind my back and thudding into the jamba and I had my front so flattened against the gate to avoid being hit that when the gate opened inwards I fell forward. Having got in I reported to Tom Clarke and Sean MacDiarmada and the latter said "don't I tell you not to come back"; I told them the "messengers" had got

Away alright, that the Ponties were closing in fast, <sup>by</sup> <sup>9</sup> Cuan Bótar Cúair, and were now in the Rotunda and in the Bank at the Lunnac.

Corner of Lamell and O'Connell Streets. They were at Philabero the night before and below Montjoy jail when I was going to the King's bridge. I told them they were in a very nervous state and that with about ten men and enough ammunition I felt I could get out again <sup>and</sup> <sup>round</sup> behind their positions and could force them to retire before they settled down. Tom Clarke who replied "we have no authority Connolly is in charge here and we will report what you have said." I heard no more about my suggestion but Connolly went out into the street and was wounded. I presume he did not credit my report and he never sent for me for questioning before he went out but I do know Clarke and MacDiamuda went to him. He, Connolly, gradually pulled <sup>in</sup> <sup>we were</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>nearby</sup> outposts from them on and so we lost communication with the Four Courts Garrison and later, Friday evening, were to be hurried out of our only position.

Two incidents of note stand out in the remaining days. On Friday Sean MacDiamuda called me and said he and Tom Clarke and a few others were going to buy something to eat, it was about three o'clock. I went with him upstairs and seated at that table were Tom Clarke, Sean MacDiamuda, Deamund Lynch, Sean McIlhenny and myself. We had a fried mutton chop each when they came for I do not know but I was hungry, it was the first real meal in days. While we were eating Fr. O'Hanigan adm. pro. Cathedral, who had come in earlier to attend the wounded, came into the room and Sean McIlhenny said "Hello Father would a fellow go to hell for eating meat on this Friday?" Why Sean said he "Because Father I am going to chance it." It was the last joke for a good while.

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Tom Clarke said to me, I being the boy of the 9 Cuair Botan Cuair, party - they were all well over the thirties while I had Luimneac. not yet come of age - Eamonn do you like 'timed pears'? I said I did and he said "So do I but we must wait until that fellow Fitzgerald (Desmond Fitzgerald R.I.P. who was in charge of Commission and a terrible martinet) is out of the way or he would say we are giving bad example. Those pears were opened, eaten, and we went down stairs where the main body of our comrades were lined up and the buildings well on fire. Desmond Lynch took a few of us into the cellars to shift our bombs to a safer place as the fire had penetrated below ground. As a matter of fact, he played an old hose on the fire at one point to prevent it burning us as we passed to and fro.

When the bombs were put out of danger James put in charge of the Henry Street entrance to the Post Office - it was the only exit not on fire. After some time O'Rahilly and a group of men filed out and I asked one John R. Reynolds R.I.P. when they were going & in a most equical voice he said "we are going to clear the British out of Moore Street, fight our way to Williams and Woods Jan factory in Farrell Street and then try to connect up with Ned Daly in the Four Courts. (Reynolds was a man of over forty with a young grown family all of whom were in the Rising. Ned Daly was Commandant in the Four Courts) With me at the door was a man called Paddy Murray. I turned to him and said "will you come with them Paddy?" To which he agreed and in less than a quarter of an hour he was lying very badly wounded in Moore Street and O'Rahilly with many others were ~~dead~~ dead.

As we got out the door into <sup>6</sup> Henry Street we lined up two deep with Okahilly standing in front and Patrick Pearse by his side. Pearse addressed us and told us our objective and said a few parting words while the British were firing from the Ruins on the other side of Connell Street. Our gallant attempt to break through failed and the survivors ended in an old burnt-out Ruin in Moore Street. I saw Okahilly fall wounded and my nearest comrade Pat Thomas was killed just in front of me ~~and~~ falling on me pinned me under him.

The Second incident I remember was seeing a British Army Captain, Lee Wilson (afterwards executed in Sarsfield Barracks for his behaviour to prisoners in the Rotunda after the Rising. He was a District Inspector of the Royal Irish Constabulary) take Tom Clarke, Sean Macdormanda and Ned Daly and search them. Clarke had an old pre rising bullet wound in the elbow which healed partly, making it difficult to flex the elbow. Wilson finding it difficult to take off Clarke's Coat because of the stiffness just forcibly straightened the arm and so reopened the wound causing terrible pain. Not satisfied with this he stripped all three to the skin in the presence of us and, being broad daylight, in the presence of those nurses etc looking out windows. A comrade of mine who is still alive and who was lying beside me on the grass swore out "if that fellow lives through the war - meaning the 1914-18 war - I will search for him and kill him for this." He and four others kept that promise.

Later that eventful morning of Saturday we were marched into

Cuan Dotan Cuaro,  
Lunnasa.

Bonnell Street where I saw the same Officer,  
 Wilson, take his walking stick from Sean MacDiamuda who had a  
 paralysed leg and try to make him keep up with us as we marched  
 from the Rotunda to Richmond Barracks. Beside me was  
 a Comrade called Fitzgibbon who turned to me and said  
 'are you demoralized?' to which I replied 'Are you?' He said out  
 loud "I'm not demoralized." The Soldier walking beside him  
 lunged his bayoneted rifle at his Fitzgibbon's seat giving him a  
 nasty wound. He arrived a rather distressed lot at the Richmond  
 Barracks and it was an all too common sight to see prisoners  
 falling in a faint from loss of food and being prevented for over twenty  
 four hours from performing the ordinary calls of nature. We were  
 in the Richmond herded into hounds, later to have our fingers pinks  
 taken and to undergo the scrutiny of the political branch of the Detective  
 Division who were trying to pick out the leaders and those whom they  
 thought most prominent before the Rising. Among the detectives  
 was Hoey mentioned by me earlier. He was the most dangerous  
 and vindictive of the lot and it was he persisted in the picking out of  
 Sean MacDiamuda and it was because of this act he was later  
 executed. Many escaped that scrutiny because in the fighting they  
 had become so disheveled that even their comrades did not know them.

One outstanding memory remains of that Easter Saturday evening while we  
 still stood prisoners in Bonnell Street: - It was the sound of marching men -  
 into the Street from Abbey Street came the old First Battalion with their  
 loved Commandant Ned Daly leading. Still the same grit, calm, selfpossession

Ned. Unconquered and unconquerable as his  
 men marching jaws deep behind them. He brought them up  
 Obornell Stint dropped out when he came to his allotted  
 position and then drilled his men leaving them two deep  
 "standing easy". He and they had fought the good fight, held  
 their positions intact, and could have held out much  
 longer but, against his better judgment, he accepted the order  
 of Surrender. I heard a British Sergeant say to another, "That's  
 an Officer and those fellows know their stuff."

This is as far as my old notes went and I still wonder if  
 you really want this type of stuff. It reminds me now, from an  
 other old scrap of paper, that another Belfast Visit of mine might be of  
 much importance later. — I took to Belfast on Saturday about the  
 9<sup>th</sup> of April 1916, (I know it was a Saturday and a fortnight before Easter)  
 from Tom Clarke to Denis McCullough (now of music shop, Dawson Street)  
 the best money the organization could spare. I am not sure of the  
 amount though it was 'told to me and five' was mentioned, whether it  
 was £500 or not I cannot now remember and my memory is first class  
 but the exact figure escapes me. In any case the message was "this is  
 all we have got." I picked up in Belfast and left for Dublin by the "artist's train"  
 on Sunday. I stayed with Sean MacDonnada in his digs that night  
 and left for home on holidays (I was a medical student in U. C. D.)  
 with his permission. I asked him what was the meaning of the order—

1952

1952

No members of the Organization, I.R.B. was k 9 Cuam Bócan Tuair,  
Luimneac.

leave town' without permission. For answer he said "When are you coming back?" I said "We are not due back until 3 May but I will come back Easter Monday". He replied, "Eamonn you will be late". I should not get him to say more. Nobody, I was to learn later, except Headquarters and a very few key Officers knew that the General Mobilization etc for Easter Sunday meant "Action". However, Sean said I will send you a wire if all goes well and we agreed to send the following: - "Graind starts Saturday, Doyle". Joe Doyle now professor in U.C.D. was then a lecturer and had no connection with any national movement and so beyond suspicion. Actually, that wire was given to the late Bernard Sullivan to send, so he told me, but I never got it. But I did get back in time much to Sean's surprise.

Much has been said since about the supposed arrest of James Connolly. Some say it happened and some more positively that it did not. Well, I do know that Connolly was giving the Supreme Council of the I.R.B. among Headquarters much trouble. He was not a member and did not know of its very decided policy. He did not trust the Volunteers Headquarters and he was not alone in that. But Clarke and MacDermuda felt he would have to be talked to and that if he did not come for that talk voluntarily then he would have to be taken by force. Commandant Ned Daly had at this time given up his Civil position and had undertaken wholetime work in the Army and he was ordered to stand by to arrest Connolly if he did not come voluntarily. I was told off with others to meet Commandant Daly at the office of Seamus O'Riordan, in Dame Street and their await instructions. He met but some time later were disbanded as Connolly went of his own accord, had a two-day interview, came away satisfied and everything went almost to plan after. Eamonn T. Dore

9 Cuair Bhothar Thuaidh,  
Luimneach.

ORIGINAL

19.9.48. BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-4  
BURO STAIRE MILEATA 1913-21  
No. W.S. 153

Further to my statement of 20.8.1948.

Shortly after midnight on Easter Tuesday 1916, Sean MacDiarmada, after repeating finally the verbal messages for Cork and Limerick, said goodbye to the three of us, and turning to me said "Eamon, you need not come back as you know its all over" (I had travelled from West Limerick on Monday and Tuesday and knew the failure in the country and had been warned, when I got to the General Post Office, not to tell anyone of the conditions in the country). We left, crossed O'Connell St. into Parnell St. and to Mrs. Tom Clarkes at Richmond Avenue, Fairview, there to wait daylight. We left there about 3.30 a.m. and went by Clonliffe Road, Dorset St. into the North Circular Road. All went well until outside Mountjoy Jail where I was taken by soldiers and brought before a Captain. He was rather dazed, smelled strongly of drink, and asked "Where are you going and who are those women with you". I said "My sisters, who are very nervous and I am trying to get them to the Kingsbridge where we heard there is a train leaving at six o'clock and going south". He then asked my name and I had my first real fear of being held. It struck me he would ask their names and they would naturally say "Daly" and all was lost. I said he was dazed, and he was. He only said "All right, go on". When I got back to my two companions and away from the soldiers I impressed on them, after stating my fears, that they should take my name "Dore" for the rest of our trip to Kingsbridge. How right I was, for at the next halt, Blacquiere Bridge, I was again taken away, put through the same questions with the difference the officer was quite sober and hearing my name, sent to ask the ladies theirs. However, we were let through. After three more such experiences the time was getting short and I asked the British officer for a pass, (it was for trying to get back alone I really wanted this) ~~to show~~, but he

said "I cannot give you one. You must try to do as you have done so far". My last stop was just at the Bridge leading to the station, but here the officer was really drunk and did not bother much. I looked towards the station entrance and saw Detective Officer Hoey - later - 1918 - shot in Dublin by one of the Old Dublin Brigade. He unfortunately knew me so I had to send the ladies the rest of the way alone and had to clear away myself. I saw them enter the gate of the station from a distance and then decided to return as I came hoping that the "guard" had not been changed and would remember me. I was lucky as I got through in record time and was in Gardiner St. Upper, between 7.30 and 8 a.m. I went near each of the British posts in the G.P.O. area to see where the nearest was and then came via Denmark St. to Findlater's Church where I just came inside the last visible British road barricade. I said goodbye to a brother of mine, a senior student in the College of Surgeons, and walked casually down Parnell Square in full view of the enemy and stopped to light a cigarette and get my bearings at the bank on the corner of Parnell St. and O'Connell St. The shelling of Liberty Hall was going on and I saw one civilian standing across at the Henry St. O'Connell St. corner. From the voices I heard overhead in the Bank I concluded they were British Army personnel. I suddenly saw soldiers on the roof of the Rotunda and then realised I was in a proper tight corner. I decided there was only one thing to do and that was walk, as casually as my nerves would allow, across O'Connell St. to the 'civilian' I saw at Henry St. corner. My luck held and I asked the civilian where he thought the shells were falling - they sounded very near. He said in a strong English accent "Somewhere on the quays". Later I was to know where. I concluded my civilian was a spy of the British in plain clothes and I started for the gateway of the G.P.O. The gate was then under where the clock is now, in the middle of the pillars. Knowing where the British military were and that I had to get under our own strands of barbed wire (it was drawn across

from the corner of the G.P.O. building to the other side of O'Connell Street) that my luck was now finished. All I can remember is running, crawling under the wire, with things whizzing past, and trying to pray. While running, a thought came to my mind "when you get to the gate, stand in the centre, not at the jambs". It was this saved my life as the outside pillars kept me covered from both the "Bank" at Parnell corner and the "Carlisle" buildings on the bridge. I got a slight flesh wound in the leg and fell into the arms of the sentry who opened the gates to my kicking. How I fell into his arms was:- I could feel things whizzing behind my back and thudding into the jambs and I had my front so flattened against the gate to avoid being hit that when the gate opened inwards I fell forward. Having got in I reported to Tom Clarke and Sean MacDiarmadha and the latter said "Didn't I tell you not to come back". I told them the messengers had got away all right, that the British were closing in fast and were now in the Rotunda and in the Bank at the corner of Parnell and O'Connell Streets. They were at Phibsboro the night before and below Mountjoy jail when I was going to the Kingsbridge. I told them they were in a very nervous state/<sup>and</sup> that with about ten men and enough ammunition I felt I could get out again and round behind their positions and could force them to retire before they settled down. Tom Clarke replied "We have no authority. Connolly is in charge here and we will report what you have said". I heard no more about my suggestion, but Connolly went out into the street and was wounded. I presume he did not credit my report and he never sent for me for questioning before he went out, but I do know Clarke and MacDiarmadha went to him. He, Connolly, gradually pulled in even our nearby outposts from then on and so we lost communication with the Four Courts garrison and later, Friday evening, were to be burned out of our only position.

Two incidents of note stand out in the remaining days. On Friday Sean MacDiarmadha called me and said he and Tom Clarke and

a few others were going to have something to eat. It was about three o'clock. I went with him upstairs and seated at that table were Tom Clarke, Sean MacDiarmada, Diarmuid Lynch, Sean McGarry and myself. We had a fried mutton chop each - where they came from I do not know - but I was hungry, it was the first real meal in days. While we were eating Fr. O'Flanagan, Pro-Cathedral, who had come in earlier to attend the wounded, came into the room and Sean McGarry said "Hello Father, would a fellow go to hell for eating meat on this Friday?" "Why, Sean" said he. "Because, Father, I am going to chance it". It was the last joke for a good while. Tom Clarke said to me, I being the boy of the party, they were well over the thirties while I had not yet 'come of age' "Eamon, do you like tinned pears?" I said I did and he said "So do I, but we must wait until that fellow Fitzgerald (Desmond Fitzgerald, R.I.P. who was in charge of commissariat and a terrible martinet) is out of the way or he would say we are giving bad example". Those pears were opened, eaten, and we went down stairs where the main body of our comrades were lined up and the buildings well on fire. Diarmuid Lynch took a few of us into the cellars to shift our bombs to a safer place as the fire had penetrated below ground. As a matter of fact, he played an old hose on the fire at one point to prevent it burning us as we passed to and fro.

When the bombs were put out of danger I was put in charge of the Henry St. entrance to the Post Office - it was the only exit not on fire. After some time, O'Rahilly and a group of men filed out and I asked one, John R. Reynolds, R.I.P., where they were going. In a most cynical voice he said "We are going to clear the British out of Moore St., fight our way to Williams & Woods Jam factory in Parnell St. and then try to connect up with Ned Daly in the Four Courts". (Reynolds was a man of ever forty with a young grown family all of whom were in the Rising). Ned Daly was Commandant in the Four Courts. With me at the door was a man called Paddy Murray. I turned to him and said "Will

you come with them, Paddy"? To which he agreed and in less than a quarter of an hour he was lying very badly wounded in Moore St. and O'Rahilly with many others were dead. As we got out the door into Henry St. we lined up "two deep" with O'Rahilly standing in front and Patrick Pearse by his side. Pearse addressed us and told us our objective and said a few parting words while the British were firing from the ruins on the other side of O'Connell St. Our gallant attempt to break through failed and the survivors ended in an old burnt out ruin in Moore St. I saw O'Rahilly fall wounded and my nearest comrade, Pat O'Connor, was killed just in front of me and falling on me pinned me under him.

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Later that eventful morning of Saturday we were marched into O'Connell St. where I saw the same officer, Wilson, take his walking stick from Sean MacDiarmada who had a paralysed leg and try to make him keep up with us as we marched from the Rotunda to Richmond Barracks. Beside me was a comrade called Fitzsimons who turned to me and said "Are you downhearted"?

to which I replied, "Are you"? He said out loud "I'm not down-hearted". The soldier walking beside him lunged his bayoneted rifle at his, Fitzsimon's, 'seat' giving him a nasty wound.

We arrived, a rather dishevelled lot, at the Richmond Bks. and it was an all too common sight to see prisoners falling in a faint from loss of food and being prevented for over twenty four hours from performing the ordinary calls of nature. We were in the Richmond herded into rooms, later to have our finger prints taken and to undergo the scrutiny of the political branch of the Detective Division who were trying to pick out the leaders, and those whom they thought most prominent before the Rising. Among the Detectives was 'Hoey' mentioned by me earlier. He was the most dangerous and vindictive of the lot and it was he persisted in the picking out of Sean MacDiarmada and it was because of this act he was later executed. Many escaped that scrutiny because in ght fighting they had become so dishevelled that even their comrades did not know them.

One outstanding memory remains of that Easter Saturday evening while we still stood prisoners in O'Connell St. - It was the sound of marching men. Into the street from Abbey St. came the old First Battalion with their loved Commandant, Ned Daly, leading. Still the same quiet, calm, self-possessed Ned, unconquered and unconquerable as his men marching four deep behind him. He brought them up O'Connell St., dropped out when he came to his allotted position and then drilled his men leaving them two deep "standing easy" He and they had fought the good fight, held their positions intact and could have held out much longer, but, against his better judgment, he accepted the order of surrender. I heard a British Sergeant say to another "That's an officer and those fellows know their stuff".

This is as far as my old notes went and I still wonder if you really want this type of stuff. It reminds me now, from another old scrap of paper, that another Belfast visit of mine

may be of much importance later. I took to Belfast on Saturday about the 9th of April 1916 (I know it was a Saturday and a fortnight before Easter) from Tom Clarke to Denis McCullough (now of Music Shop, Dawson Street) the last money the organisation could spare. I am not sure of the amount although it was told to me and 'five' was mentioned. Whether it was £500 or not I cannot now remember and my memory is first class, but the exact figure escapes me. In any case the message was "This is all we have got" I fixed up in Belfast and left for Dublin by the "Artists" train on Sunday. I stayed with Sean MacDiarmada in his digs that night and left for home on holidays (I was a medical student in U.C.D.) with his permission. I asked him what was the meaning of the order - no member of the organisation I.R.B. was to leave 'town' without permission. For answer he said "When are you coming back?" I said "We are not due back until 3 May but I will come back Easter Monday". He replied "Eamon, you will be late". I could not get him to say more. Nobody, I was to learn later, except headquarters and a very few key officers knew that the General Mobilisation, etc. for Easter Sunday meant 'Action'. However, Sean said "I will send you a wire if all goes well and we agreed to send the following - "Grind starts Saturday, Doyle". Joe Doyle, now professor in U.C.D., was then a lecturer and had no connection with any national movement and so beyond suspicion. Actually, that wire was given to the late Gearoid O'Sullivan to send, so he told me, but I never got it. But I did get back in time much to Sean's surprise.

Much has been said since that about the supposed arrest of James Connolly. Some say it happened and some more positively that it did not. Well, I do know that Connolly was giving the Supreme Council of the I.R.B./<sup>Army</sup>Headquarters much trouble. He was not a member and did not know of its very decided policy. He did not trust the Volunteer Headquarters and he was not alone in that. But Clarke and MacDiarmada felt he would have to be talked to and that if he did not come for that talk voluntarily then he would

have to be taken by force. Commandant Ned Daly had at this time given up his civil position and had undertaken wholetime work in the Army and he was ordered to stand by and arrest Connolly if he did not come voluntarily. I was told off with others to meet Commandant Daly at the office of Seamus O'Connor, Solicitor, in Dame St. and there await instructions. We met, but some time later were disbanded as Connolly went of his own accord, had a two-day interview, came away satisfied and everything went almost to plan after.

Signed: Eamonn T. Dore.

