

ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21
BURO STAIRE MILEATA 1913-21
No. W.S. 278

ROINN



COSANTA.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 278.....

Witness

Mr. Francis Daly,
56 Collins Avenue,
Donnycarney,
Dublin.

Identity

Centre of I.R.B. Circle, Dublin.
Member of Sinn Fein;
O.C. Engineers 1st Battalion 1916.

Subject

- in Clontarf
- (a) Engaged on bomb-making/for Irish Volunteers 1915;
 - (b) Destruction of bridges and railway lines Phibsboro-Blanchardstown Easter Week 1916;
 - (c) Ashtown battle Friday Easter Week 1916.

Conditions, if any, stipulated by Witness

Nil

File No. ..S.1395.....

Form B.S.M. 2.

ORIGINAL

STATEMENT OF FRANCIS DALY,

56 Collins Avenue, Donnycarney, Dublin.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21

BURO STAIRE MILEATA 1913-21

NO. W.S. 278

About 1904 I joined the Gaelic League - the Clontarf Branch. This Branch held its meetings in the Town Hall, Clontarf (now St. Anthony's Church) for a while, and in the Foresters' Hall, Dollymount.

In 1907 or 1908 I transferred to the Craoibhin Branch. When I started working, I came in to the city, and the city branch was more convenient. The meetings were held in McDunphy's of Bolton St. and in Capel St. too - but principally in McDunphy's of Bolton St.

I don't know what year I joined the I.R.B. It was very early. I was in there very young - about the time the National Council of Sinn Fein was formed.

I joined Sinn Fein shortly after the start of it - about 1905. I was at the first meeting which was held in the Rotunda. It probably was Edward Martyn who presided. I know Andy Byrne was the first secretary. I remember Arthur Griffith addressed the meeting.

I think it was Gus Ingoldsby approached me to join the I.R.B. Pat Ingoldsby swore me in. That was the Fintan Lalor Circle. A man named Cowley was the Centre, at the start. He left the Circle to form another one. Teeling may have been the Centre then. Seamus O'Connor was Centre for a while. Sean MacDermott was the next Centre. John R. Reynolds succeeded him. I succeeded John R. Reynolds and remained Centre of that Circle to the very end. The members of the Fintan Lalor Circle that I remember included Peadar McNally. He was Sean MacDermott's right-hand man all the time beforehand, and he never turned out at the Rising. He died some time ago. We had Sean O'Casey for a while. There were two brothers of my own in it, and there was a man named Gaffney. Peadar Devoy, nephew of John Devoy, was Secretary.

As Centre of that Circle I attended meetings of the Dublin Centres Board. I remember, previous to 1916, Bulmer Hobson was Chairman of that Board for a short time. There was also Gregory Murphy, who lives near Islandbridge. I don't remember George Irvine

as Secretary. As a matter of fact, I don't remember him in the I.R.B. at all. Tom Hunter was on the Centres' Board - Sean Murphy, Con Colbert, P.J. Farrell of Loughlinstown, George Lyons, Seamus O'Connor. I think Seamus O'Connor went out early, and I think George Lyons and Andy Byrne went out the same time. There was an order that all men in prominent political positions should not hold office as Centres of Circles. I remember Seamus Deakin, Val Jackson, Peadar Carney, Christy Byrne and Joe Twomey - he was a Centre too.

I remember the general meeting in Clontarf Town Hall. We were addressed there by a priest who was going to America. I can't recall his name. The meeting was held on a Sunday afternoon at about three o'clock. McGinn, who was caretaker of the Town Hall, was a friend of Tom Clarke's and in the I.R.B. too. He died in 1916, I think, while we were interned. At the meeting the priest spoke about the oath, and how we were justified in taking any action we liked; and said that it would not be so long until probably we were in action in the new movement. He mentioned that the entry of youth had cleared up the organisation and that the old hands, who had been carrying it on as a perpetuation of '67, had been replaced - I remember his words then - by men of action. I remember that was the trend of his address - that the organisation had somewhat deteriorated, that although there had been good men carrying it on, there were others who had somehow developed it into a sort of debating society - he did not use those words - but that new blood had come into it and would strike a more effective blow than in '67. He spoke about the oath. The people spoke against secret societies but he gave us his word that we were quite justified in taking the oath to defend our country.

It was about October or November 1915, that I first got word that there was going to be a rebellion soon - that in the Spring something would be doing. I got that from Sean MacDermott. I had been in Roundwood Reservoir Works, and I just mentioned about the blasting out at the Works. They were building a new reservoir just

previous to 1916. I just mentioned it to Sean. He said "You are the man I want". I was sent by him out to Eamon Ceannt then. He lived in Dolphin's Barn. The upshot of the thing was: would I go into the Dolphin's Barn Brick Works?

The Manager of the Dolphin's Barn Brick Works was John Cassidy, who was in the I.R.B. The Kilcool stuff came to Cassidy's place - the major portion of it - after it was collected. I was asked would I go to Dolphin's Barn Brick Works to study ~~exp~~ explosives there and I consented. I think that was November, 1915. I know it was very hard frosty weather. My principal occupation there was loading stones on to cars, and seeing an old stick of gelignite being used to blow out shale, preparatory to making bricks. I did not improve my knowledge much there, because we had been carrying out explosives on a more extensive scale previously at Roundwood, where my job was in charge of the rock borers.

After that, I was asked would I make bombs, and could I secure premises. I got the premises at Cluny, Clontarf, from Miss Kathleen Gillies. Her father was from Scotland. They were Scotch people, but Gaelic in outlook. I took up residence at Cluny, Clontarf, and started to manufacture the bombs. For a few weeks it was just a spare-time job. Then I was asked to give up my employment and devote my whole time to this and to secure some helpers. It would be about January when we started to recruit men to make the bombs. I was supervising all.

I got my knowledge just from my experience with explosives and things like that. We made the casings out of tin cans and gas piping. We filled them principally with gelignite and some dynamite. Some were the ordinary fuse ones. Some were exploded on contact. We used detonators on them. Mr. Cassidy of Dolphin's Barn supplied most of this. There was a hole put in the stick of gelignite and the detonator was inserted. If it was a fuse bomb the fuse was put in, clipped round the top of the detonator, and squeezed round to tighten it. Then it was packed tightly in strong brown paper and rolled tightly. We were getting supplies

of round discs of metal (punches) from the different men working in the dockyards. At this time, there was a very particular census of the employment of every man taken up, even in the Volunteer ranks.

Cluny, Clontarf, is now Fortview Villa - and was, before that. It was only when the Gillies went into occupation that they put that name on it - after Cluny Castle in Scotland. There was no stable in the premises, but there were six kitchens at the back, or in the basement. We took no precautions against discovery, altho' we had the Librarian of Dublin Castle living in the house - Matt Hynes. He was dismissed after 1916. Matt Hynes was fairly patriotic. He used write historical articles for "Ireland's Own" Of course, he did not know what was going on. He was a Civil Servant, and he never went down to the back of the house. I had been carrying on a little boat-building in that yard for some time previously, so that it was nothing unusual for me to have five or six men in there, visiting there, looking around, and giving me a hand. The house was very much overlooked, both from the avenue at the side and the house at the other side.

I tried out the bombs in St. Enda's with Padraig Pearse, Willie Pearse and Dr. Slattery, who is at present living in Tinogue, Blessington.

There was a general call-round at that time for lead scrap and tin cans. We established receiving depots in Dublin for these. The principal one was at Gogan's in Parnell St. at the corner of Dominick St., and at McEvoy's in 2 North King St., just at the corner of Bolton St. They also had a stable in Henrietta Lane.

I remember one time Padraig Pearse came out to Cluny in a pony and trap for a load of lead. He got back as far as Vernon Av. when the bottom of the trap nearly fell out with the weight of it. He had to come back, and I put a few nails in it, and he took only half the load. He started off for Kimmage then. I mention that just to show that he was doing his bit.

We put a lot of clips on bayonets. The blades for these were made in the Irish Cutlery Coy. on Merchant's Quay. Sean P. O'Shea, I think, who was a member of the I.R.B., was Manager in the Irish Cutlery Company at the time.

To test the bombs, we threw them off a old castle wall, ten-foot high at St. Enda's. We were up on a height and threw them over a low wall. That was for the percussion ones. We did not throw any of the fuse ones. They had been tested in the Dublin mountains. They got three bombs with fuses at the start and they tested them around somewhere in Ticknock. They were reported as very satisfactory. When testing the percussion bombs, the first two were a failure - they just burned out. The third went off with a terrific bang. I remember Dr. Slattery getting a crack on the forehead with a piece of the splinter. He had got a bit careless when the first two did not go off; but the third went off. There was an art in throwing these - to bring the end down. I made up a few dummies then for practice. Pearse was very satisfied. I explained to him at the time my impression that proper detonators were necessary and that the ordinary black powder cartridge was unreliable for detonating gelignite. We were short of detonators. We used cartridges instead of detonators. Tom Clarke had assured us that any cartridge would explode gelignite. I was not of the same opinion. He had experience from the Clerkenwell explosion, but explosives had changed during the years; and things were different. The cartridges, loaded with black powder and used as detonators, were a failure, but those which were loaded with cordite worked very successfully.

During February and March 1916, we had appeals to speed up, as something would be done in the very near future. An additional factory was started in Liberty Hall, and another at Kimmage.

Finished bombs were taken down the country in cars, calling to our premises occasionally, and a number were taken to the Waterworks Department of the Corporation on, I think, Wood Quay, and hidden there till required. I believe they were never taken out in Easter Week.

Those who were working with me in Cluny were Sean Price, Vincent Gogan, Richard Gogan, S.P. O'Reilly, Josie O'Rourke, my brother Seamus Daly, W.P. Ryan and P.J. Corless. There were others, of course, coming down with stuff and putting it into cars, and all that.

I joined the Volunteers at the Rotunda meeting. I was attached to B/Coy. 1st Battn. We met at 41 Parnell Square. I drilled openly with them all during the time. Ned Daly was first Captain. Seamus O'Sullivan was Lieutenant. The other Lieutenant was Paddy Whelan.

Just previous to 1916, James Sullivan was Captain, but then he became Battalion Adjutant just before 1916. Tom Byrne was made Captain. I became 2nd Lieut. and Paddy Whelan 1st Lieut. Paddy Whelan did not turn out for the Rising. Tom Byrne was sent off to Maynooth. Jim Sullivan was sent back from Monaghan to take over, and he had no other officer to help him, because I was sent off too. I was sent to Fassaugh Lane Bridge to try and get down the bridge and demolish the line out. I was to try and make as many breaks as I could between that and Blanchardstown. I was also Captain of the Engineers, 1st Battalion, at that time too, and I still held the headquarters munitions job. The Lieutenant Engineer for the Battalion was William Sheehan, whose brother Ted Sheehan, was Brigade Engineer.

On Holy Thursday before Easter Week, the explosive for the Cabra district was shifted up to Oak Lodge, which was the residence of the Sheehan's. It is on the Cabra Road. About two hundred-weight of gelignite was left there. In this connection, I should mention that, when we arrived there on Monday, it was not to be found; neither were the Sheehans to be found. They did not turn out. Sheehan was to be on the North Circular Road to help O'Sullivan with the bridges. Sean McDermott told me that Bill Sheehan would look after the North Circular Road end, and that Ted would come and give me a hand to see that everything was all right; but neither turned out, and the explosive had been taken away from

the house. I believe he told someone afterwards that he saw people prowling around the house and he got rid of it.

On Good Friday there was an attempt made to hold up some men coming from Cluny, Clontarf - Sean Frice and some others. The police tried to hold them up, but they got away with a parcel of stuff. I never really heard what happened, but I got the report at the time that they were held up. It was then we had sandbags filled and put them up to the windows in Cluny. They were not visible from the outside. We put on a guard then, ready to fight if anything happened.

Actually, a policeman did call in to Cluny on Easter Saturday to tell me that my boat had drifted. We thought it was something else, because it was so unusual for a police sergeant to call. I went to the door. He was by himself. He came to inform me that the boat was drifting against the wall and would get broken up. He was told it was my boat. That was a real scare for us at the time. Regarding that boat, I was afterwards questioned about it, when I was in prison. In fact, I was brought up to London a second time from Frongoch and questioned as to what became of the boat I had. Had I been asked to use it for getting in touch with the Germans, etc.?

On Holy Saturday all was ready for the big parade on Easter Sunday. I had word from Sean MacDermott that everyone was to be mobilised - that there would be something doing. He reminded me that every man, if possible, should get Confession at the time. I was dealing with engineers then. We had about 20 in the Engineers. I was in to Liberty Hall on the Saturday. I got word to go in and see Sean MacDermott who wanted to find out the location of the various dumps. On that occasion he inquired from me as to the possibility of destroying the aquaduct bridge at the Broadstone and I had no trouble in convincing him of the impossibility of doing it with the men and materials at our disposal. The parade was arranged for the Sunday. There was no mobilisation. I think it was for twelve o'clock the parade was fixed.

I can't exactly tell you when I got the order countermanding the parade. There was an order. I was in Liberty Hall when I was told the order was countermanded. Sean MacDermott was in a terrible rage at the time. He said "The order has been countermanded, I understand". There was a big hub-bub on at the time. I think that was Sunday morning. I was in Liberty Hall and saw Sean MacDermott, having been sent for by Sean. Sean MacDermott told me not to stir away. I spent that afternoon and night in Liberty Hall.

Sometime about 2 o'clock on Easter Monday morning I got word to mobilise. I had a list of men to mobilise and a list of men whom they were to mobilise, and I told them. I had to go to Baldoyle on a bicycle to a man named Maxwell. There was one man in Sutton, as well as the one in Baldoyle. I don't remember the name of the man in Sutton. I got them, in any case. I went to Reddin's of Artane. I mobilised them. They did not turn out. I went to South Gloucester St. near Francis St. side, to a man whose name I do not recollect, and to Feadar Doyle in Summerhill. All reported in but the Reddins.

Then I got my definite orders - to get a car, picks, shovels and things. I was to see Andy Clarkin; he was to have a horse for me. This had previously been arranged by Sean MacDermott. I could not actually contact Clarkin, and his employees would not give out the horse or car to me. All I could do was to leave one man there to try and get the horse and car, and for me to collect my men and get up to Phibsboro' as it was coming near the time. My first call was to Oak Lodge, where I discovered that the gelignite was missing. This meant dispatching another man back to Sean MacDermott. I was now short of the services of two men. I had only about five or six men with me at that particular job; the rest I had sent to what I took to be the main defence line on the N.C. Road. We waited for the car to come with the picks, shovels and things and there was no sign of it. As it was coming near to 12 o'clock I decided we could commandeer the picks and shovels. Then the man arrived back with a small supply of gelignite from Liberty Hall; all he had was in a parcel. We went along Commaught St. to try to get

picks and shovels. We only got a pick or two. I remember we got one from Mrs. O'Doherty. The main portion of the people was very antagonistic when we said we wanted to take their stuff.

Just as the zero hour was approaching I made for Connaught St. Bridge. I started cutting a trench on the bridge and trying to lever off the stone walls with a bar. We saw a gang of railway workers there. Though this was a bank holiday, the railway workers were working there. We went up and commandeered tools from them. We thought we were well off then with bars and picks, but when we arrived back on the bridge we found the Lancers advancing down the N.C.Road. I am not sure whether it was the 17th or 21st Lancers. The people round about, by this time, had crowded up to us and we were subject to a lot of abuse. Then the Lancers opened fire on us from the N.C.Rd. bridge. We were amazed at them getting down there considering that the N.C.Rd. bridge was supposed to be held. From where we were, at the top of Connaught St. we could see the other bridges along the railway line. There was no defensive force on the Fassagh Lane Bridge. On the N.C.Rd. Bridge was where Seamus O'Sullivan was supposed to be and he was also to look after the Cabra Road Bridge. When the Lancers appeared on the N.C.R. Bridge we were naturally amazed to see them down there. We decided to give up the Bridge as a bad job. In any case, we had not nearly enough explosives. We decided to concentrate on destroying all the rails. We went along the railway line and cut the rails at intervals along, particularly at any junctions or points. We were under fire most of this time from the Lancers when we appeared on the railway line. Every minute we expected them to come out and encircle us. We were armed only with revolvers.

When the firing got hotter we decided we would get further out and we went on to Ashtown. There was no sign of military activity here. We cut rails with gelignite. Then we fell in with Sean O'Byrne and a small squad who were demolishing the telegraph wires. We helped him cut down a pole. There were some forty or fifty wires on that pole which had to be cut, and eventually we got the pole down.

Having finished the explosives, we decided to get back into the city. We worked down along and back into the Four Courts. I spent Monday afternoon building barricades around the Four Courts, two in Greek St. and one in Mary's Lane. After that we went up to the Broadstone, and we were under fire there. I think it was with Eamon Martin we were that time. He was wounded in the back. I went up with others behind that party as reinforcement and we met them coming back. I was struck by a splinter of a cobble stone on the lip; the cobble stone had been struck by a bullet. I thought I was seriously wounded at the time. When we met them coming back with Eamon Martin they said: "You won't get back"- meaning, to the railway line. It was a very exposed place. So we came back with them.

At about 8 or 9 o'clock on Monday night I was asked to go out again on the railway line and try and cut all four lines, if possible around about Blanchardstown. Christy McEvoy and myself went out via Bolton St. and Frederick St. to Blanchardstown. We cut the four lines near the railway bridge there, using all the explosives we had at the one point.

About midnight, we tried to get back into the city, but failed to do so. We went back out from the city to Glasnevin Cemetery. We decided we would try and get some sleep. We lay down in the corner of a field near a clump of nettles. We could hear the sound of firing in the city, sometimes pretty brisk and, at other times, almost dying out. I remember waking early in the morning, cold and wet, my teeth chattering, and nearby us was a sheep that had been shot. This was Tuesday morning. We proceeded to make our way into the city. After some hours we succeeded in crossing the cordon at Blessington St. and got back into Church St. Our headquarters had been in St. John's Convent. I found Ned Daly outside the Capuchin Church in Church St. He told me to have a look round and see how the barricades were.

I got a message from Joe Reynolds to report to headquarters to Ned Daly. It was then I learned that the headquarters had been

shifted to the Boys' Brigade Hall, near St. Michan's Church. I went to the Brigade Hall and saw Ned Daly there. He asked me what were the chances of getting out. I think Frank Fahy, who was in charge of the Four Courts, was there. Fionan Lynch, Eamon Morkan, Eamon Duggan and Piaras Beasley were also present. Gerald Griffin was there along with Piaras Beasley. I got orders to go to the G.P.O. and try and get more gelignite or explosives and get out on the railway line again; if possible, to get further on. If we could not get back I was to try and converge on people coming into the city, collect them up, take command, and not to make an effort to get into the city, but to start operations outside and concentrate on anything that would be considered British Government property, police barracks, post offices, etc., but, first of all, to concentrate on the railway line. I was asked to take somebody with me. He said: "Who will you take with you?" I said "I'll take Christy McEvoy" who had been with me all the time.

I went down to the G.P.O. and got a very small supply of gelignite there from Michael Staines. We set out and tried to get out from the city. The Royal Irish Rifles had come down through Frederick St. and were then at the corner of Frederick St. For some time we could not get through. We noticed that they were allowing some women, with loaves of bread and other provisions under their arms, to pass through. We decided we would buy a loaf, but failed to do so. We only got a few apple-cakes. With these held very conspicuously in our hands, we were let across over at the Parnell Monument. We made our way up through Gardiner St. and successfully got out on the railway line again. We were up near King James Castle, on the canal bank, when suddenly we saw the Lancers coming down along the canal bank. Two of them came out from the edge, just beside us, leading their horses. They said "Where are you going?" I said "Anywhere out of that place. You're not sure of your life" - looking towards the city. They asked were there many people killed. I said there was terrible slaughter. I had made up my mind to act as if I was very frightened - and at this time I was really very frightened! We had a newspaper parcel

of gelignite and our few cakes. One of the Lancers turned round and said "You have dropped one of your sugar sticks, sonny". I looked round and saw a stick of gelignite on the ground. Christy McEvoy stooped and picked it up and put it in his pocket. They let us go on. We then met two more Lancers on horseback. They said "Where are you going?" We said "Trying to get out of trouble - you are not sure of your life in there". They signalled to the other two Lancers, who halted us first, and received a signal back that we were all right, apparently. We were allowed to pass on. The main body of Lancers were on the Broom Bridge. They never interfered with us, once we had been passed on. I said "Christy, do you know who they are looking for?" He said "You and me".

We travelled out nearly to Clonsilla before we got on to the railway line. At a point where there was a crossing there, we cut the rails again. We kept just a small supply for when we would find another good point. We could see the flag of the Lancers out beyond on the road. We decided we would get across to the fields and lie low for a bit before using the rest of our gelignite, and wait until nightfall before we made our final explosion on the rails. This was now Tuesday night. Our orders were not to come back, but to try to contact with outside volunteers. The only volunteers we saw were a concentration at Finglas, whom we took to be the enemy, but afterwards found out that they were men from Dundalk who had travelled in to Dublin.

Each of us had a revolver and ammunition - this was still Tuesday night - and seeing no one about, we travelled down towards the city again. I said "There is no one about. We had better try to get in again". In fact, we felt out of it. We found the line of the canal then held by the enemy. We worked down as far as Jones' Road and, seeing no one, we had a few pots at the military at Ballybough Bridge with our revolvers. Of course, we had to get away immediately, when they opened fire. There was nothing else then to do but to try and make out again. We tried if we could get in up as far as Phibsboro, but the enemy seemed to be everywhere now; and we worked back around by the Richmond Road. There

was some shooting at Fairview. We crossed the River Tolka near the Distillery on Jones's Road, and we borrowed two bicycles at Ballybough from Mrs. Mombrun - Mrs. Sean McGarry's sister - who gave us what was really our first feed for the day. We then called on Mrs. Tom Clarke at Richmond Avenue, off Richmond Road. She said there were several fellows there who were outside the cordon and wanted to get in. I said "Could you arrange for me to meet them". I arranged to meet them next morning. We went back to Mrs. Mombrun's place at Ballybough, where they wanted us to go to bed, but we would not. I tried to sleep on a chair. Sometime about 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, on hearing shots fairly close to us, we decided we would get out.

It was now Wednesday morning. We reconnoitred along, and found all the bridges along the line were held at this time. The line of the canal was held, so we travelled out towards the country again. There was no sign of any friends coming. Everywhere people were looking at us and we began to realise that we were not washed or shaved. We decided we would have a wash in the Tolka, which we did, and that we would spend that night harassing the enemy from the rear. We said "Even if we don't kill anyone, we will let them know there is somebody behind". I saw Mrs. Clarke. None of those whom she had mentioned had turned up. We spent Wednesday night between Fairview and the bridge at Glasnevin. We worked our way up there, having a shot where we could, and getting away.

On Thursday morning I said "We will work round the country. There must be someone ^{else} working". We made for Dunboyne. The railway line, by this time, was well patrolled. We heard that the Artillery had been unloaded near Dunboyne, that they had taken the guns off the train from Athlone, and that they were moving by road in to the city. It was long after when we met them, and had to take to the fields. There was fully a battalion of infantry and artillery stretched along for nearly a mile of the road. Needless to say, we did not dare to have a pop at them. We got away and I said "We will work around". We heard all sorts of

rumours and stories around the country. We were wondering would we go in to the city. This was the first night we saw the fires in the city, and the fire had become more intense. Then I decided that we would get out to Swords. We cycled out along to Swords. We saw no sign of anyone anywhere. All round the country, I am sure, for about twenty miles, there was no sign of either enemy or friend around that way. People were all hushed and would give no information. On Thursday night we slept out in turns, one of us always on watch.

On Friday morning we heard there were men skinning bullocks on the roadside out near Ashbourne. Coming to Swords we heard that the barracks there had been attacked, and a fellow said to us "Don't go along that road - the Ashbourne road. There are a lot of Cork men killing bullocks on the side of the road". We decided to investigate. We knew something must be happening. We cycled the country round until we heard shooting. This must have been about eleven o'clock on Friday morning.

At Ashbourne, we could hear the shooting. We were told that there was a fight on outside and we were advised not to go on. However, we went on and found the fight in progress. We gradually worked our way along the ditches until we got into the fight. The only ones we could see were the R.I.C. We could not see any of our own men. We afterwards found out that we came in on the enemy's side, which was probably very lucky for our crowd. We must have been over two hours there, gradually creeping up. If we raised our heads at all, a bullet whizzed by. We decided we would make a detour and work round - that we were on the wrong side. Although we got in an odd shot, we felt very uncomfortable, not being able to see any of our men. After awhile we came in with our own crowd. I think Gerry Golden was the first man we came across - and Peadar Blanchfield. When the fight ended, the R.I.C. were coming out with their hands up. A great number of them was wounded, but most of the wounds were only from shotgun pellets and not serious. Then the mopping-up started - the collecting up. Rifles they all had - small carbines - cavalry carbines. The enemy were loaded up into a

big motor charabanc and sent off. They looked a very sorry-looking lot, covered with blood. At the time, I thought most of them must die, as there was so much blood about. During the fight I thought the coolest person was Jim Lawless, who was Q.M. to the forces there. He had buckets of eggs boiled and plenty of food ready the minute the fight was over. "I knew the boys would be hungry when the fight was over" he said. He never seemed to doubt what the issue would be, in spite of the fact of 33 men fighting 133, or something. The English rifles were all loaded in a breadvan of Peter Kennedy's, which they had commandeered previously. We moved off. I don't know exactly what roads we took. We went asleep that night on a loft. I remember being only properly asleep when the alarm was given and we were turned out. We cycled some miles along the road and came to another place.

We spent Saturday in a house, the name of which I forget. It was the last place we were in. We put up in this house. We were billeted in four stables in the yard. I was instructed to explain the mechanism of the carbine to the men. I remember thinking, at the time, that if our men had used the carbines instead of the shotguns, they never would have won the fight. Tom Ashe was in charge there. Dick Mulcahy was second-in-command. I spent Saturday night on outpost duty on the Ashbourne road - ten hours on outpost duty.

On Sunday morning, we got word of the surrender. I was speaking to Tom Ashe, who had often come to Cluny, Clontarf, to get stuff there - he used to ride a motor cycle and sidecar - when the news of the surrender came. Dick Mulcahy had gone to Dublin and returned with news of the surrender. Tom Ashe advised me to try to get back to Clontarf, and save the house where the bombs had been made. I left before they surrendered. On arrival at Clontarf, I found that the occupants of the house had been placed under arrest, brought to the North Bull Camp and detained there, but they had fairly well cleared up all traces of the bomb manufacturing. I was only rightly there when I was

arrested myself. I was brought to Store St. Station first and then to Dublin Castle. A peculiar thing happened in Dublin Castle. I was brought before Major Price, who was Provost Marshal. The first question he asked me was had I been at the St. Patrick's Day parade previously, to which I answered "Yes". Then I was asked had I taken part in the Rising. I said "Yes". Just then there was a burst into the room of Inspector Mills. He was a Station Sergeant then (He was killed at a meeting at the Custom House afterwards). The Provost Marshal reprimanded him for the manner in which he burst into the room, and he apologised immediately and said he came in to prevent an injustice. "Well, what is the injustice?" asked the Provost Marshal. He immediately started explaining to the Provost Marshal what a good boy I was and how I had never been mixed up with anything like this. This, coming on top of my admission! I felt very awkward, hearing Inspector Mills speaking so very highly of me. I had never known the man, but I concluded that someone who knew me had asked him to go in and put in a word for me. I was allowed to go on, and was even questioned up and down as to how well he knew me, etc. and then the Provost Marshal pointed out to him that I had already admitted. I felt very sorry for Inspector Mills. I was present when he was killed later on. I never could find out who had done that.

Then I was sent to Richmond Barracks and, subsequently, to Wakefield Prison. All the boys were delighted to see me when I arrived as I had been reported as dead. I was not sent for courtmartial.

Signed: Frank DalyDate: 14th July 1949.Witness: D. J. Vedy Lovat.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21
BURO STAIRS MILITA 1913-21
No. W.S. 278