

W.S. 387

DUPLICATE

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21
BURO STAIRA MILEATA 1913-21
No. W.S. 387

ROINN  COSANTA.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 387

Witness

Major General P. Daly,
41 Nass Road,
Inchicore,
Dublin.

Identity.

Officer Commanding Squad and Active
Service Unit.

Subject.

- (a) National events 1917-1921;
- (b) The Squad and the A.S.U.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

N11

File No. S.1286

Form B.S.M. 2

DUPLICATE

-1-

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I wish to have the following corrections made in my statement:-

1. Page 1. The date of arrest should be given as 29th January, 1919, with eleven others, and not twelve, as stated.
2. Page 2. The correct number of arrests should be given as myself and eleven others.
3. Page 3. On the day of the escape there were two or three warders around the grounds.
4. Page 4. Regarding the arrangements for the escape, it had been arranged that the two-year men and Pat Fleming and Malone only were to escape. No. 1 would be Piaras Beaslaoi; No. 2 would be J.J. Walsh; then Pat Fleming and Malone. We inside later decided that twenty men in all should escape.

The escape was timed for 2.30 p.m. Instead of kicking football, we were actually throwing snowballs. When the rope ladder was thrown over, it fell short by half, had to be dragged back and thrown across a second time. Paddy Fleming pulled the ladder down from a height on the wall. The snowball game went on according to plan. I stood holding the end of the ladder and timed the men going up it so as too many men would not be on the ladder at the one time as I knew the only means of securing the ladder outside would be manpower.
5. Page 6. I was arrested on 29th January, sentenced on 2nd February and released on 2nd August.
6. Page 11. When Michael Collins picked Joe Leonard, Seán Doyle, Ben Barrett and myself for the squad he told the others present that they had their own special work to do. This was the reason for not selecting them.

At the time that Det. Officer Hoey was shot, Mick McDonnell was ~~Brigade~~ *Q.M. 2nd Battalion Dublin Brigade*.
7. Page 15. The four Tipperary men attached to the squad on the attack on Lord French were;- Dan Breen, Seán Treacy, J.J. Hogan, Seamus Robinson.
8. Page 16. It is incorrect to say that Tom Keogh or Mick McDonnell must have told Martin Savage about the attack that was to be made on Lord French. He was brought along by Joe Leonard, as he realised that he was a reliable man.
9. Page 17. Joe Leonard is emphatic that Det. Officer Halley was in a car on that day instead of a motor cycle.
10. Page 20. When we took Dan Breen to Toomey's in Phibsboro Road it was old Mrs. Toomey, the mother of Jack, Joe and Statia, who took him in.
13. Page 36. Paragraph 3 may convey the idea that some members of the squad and Intelligence section were hard drinkers. This is not so; any of them who were not pioneers were very moderate drinkers.

Signed; _____

Date; _____

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DUPLICATE

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21
BURD STAIRS MILITARY 91887
No. W.S. 387

SECOND STATEMENT BY

MAJOR GENERAL PATRICK O'DALY (Retired)

41, Naas Road, Inchicore, Dublin.

I was released from Frongoch and arrived home on the morning of Christmas Eve, 1916.

In January, 1917, we started to re-organise "B" Company, 2nd Battalion. We started to re-organise the Fianna about the same time. I had been in the Fianna previous to 1916.

From January, 1917, until 1919 there was very little activity. During that period we just had parades, raids for arms, and raids on the small income tax offices as well as on the mails.

I was a member of the Fintan Lalor Circle of the I.R.B. from 1907. I may have already told you that in that Circle were Paddy and Willie Pearse, the present Judge Byrne, Seán Ó Briain, Séamus O'Connor, the present sheriff, Seán O'Casey and several other noted people. Paddy Inglisby swore me in. The youngest member of that Circle was a chap named Costelloe, he was only 19 or 20 years of age. He was apprenticed to Séamus Mullane of Summerhill, and he was killed in 1916. We knew that the names of Pearse, McDermott and the other leaders would never be forgotten, but that the name of Costelloe would, so we decided to call the Circle the Costelloe Circle. Visiting members to my circle were Bulmer Hobson, Cowley, Tom Hunter and O'Hanlon.

Escape of Prisoners from Mountjoy:

In February, 1919, I was arrested along with twelve others, while we were holding a meeting of "B" Company in Clonliffe Hall. We were raided and surrounded completely.

A lot of the men got away, but I was O.C. of the Company at the time and I tried to get the men away, with the result that myself and twelve others were arrested and got six months' hard labour. When we were brought to Mountjoy there was a strike on, for political treatment, led by Paddy Fleming, the famous jail-breaker, and we joined in the strike immediately.

Paddy Fleming told me about a plan he had for escaping, and I told him that if there was a plan for escaping the best thing we could do would be to call off the strike and make terms with the prison authorities, that while we were locked up for 24 hours a day we could not have any organisation. The strike was called off, and we discussed various plans for escape. The idea was to get in touch with someone outside. I know that I could make an application for parole at any time. Unfortunately I had a very good reason, because my wife was a patient in the Hospice for the Dying at the time, and the Governor of the prison had told me that if I made an application for parole he would recommend it and I would get it. It was decided that I would make the application and discuss outside the matter of the escape.

Just as everything was arranged for the parole Barton escaped, which seemed to knock our plans on the head. When I got my parole I went to Peadar Clancy, the Republican outfitter, and told him I wanted to get in touch with Dick Mulcahy. I also told him about the plan.

Mulcahy made an appointment to meet me at 31 Leinster Road, Rathmines, where a brother-in-law of mine lived. I met Mulcahy there, and the upshot of our meeting was that he decided that a Saturday evening would be the best

evening to make the attempt, that a rope ladder would be used, and that before I would go back he would see me again to discuss final arrangements. The reason we selected a Saturday evening was that we had more freedom on that evening than on any other evening because there were less warders on duty. All the original sections of the prison were locked up from dinner-time, and we had the grounds to ourselves, with only one or two warders. We were supposed to be good boys then and were not causing any trouble.

Instead of meeting Dick Mulcahy again, he sent word to me that Peadar Clancy would call at my house, and that I was to make final plans with him. Peadar Clancy was to be in charge of the outside party. We arranged that we would have a rehearsal on the Saturday after I returned to Mountjoy, and that if anything turned up that prevented us having it we would have it on the following Saturday evening. I was going back to Mountjoy on a Friday and we arranged that on the following Saturday evening Peadar Clancy would go to Whitworth Road to find out if he could see my signal, which was the wave of a handkerchief, and he would give a signal in return. We fixed the time and everything else. I wanted to make sure that anyone on Whitworth Road could see the window at the end of the corridor on "C" Wing, from where I was signalling. The rehearsal went off perfectly, he saw my signal all right.

I may mention that when I was discussing the plans with Dick Mulcahy I told him that I myself would not try to escape, (as I wanted to be able to visit the Hospice if given parole. If I escaped I could not do so as the police would pick me up - as they would be sure of my going there) but I told him that I would assist in carrying out the plans for the escape of the others.

We had arranged that every available man was to escape, and the order in which they would go over the wall so that there would be no rush. No. 1 would be Piaras Beaslaoi, No. 2 would be J. J. Walsh, No. 3 would be Paddy Fleming himself, and so on. We picked six men to remain behind to hold the warders. On the evening of the escape there were only three warders with us. We know they were friendly and we did not want one prisoner to hold the three warders in case they would be dismissed afterwards. Any of the six men, except myself, were told they could escape but the last three or four of those would have to stay behind to hold the warders.

On the evening of the escape Peadar Clancy and his party were outside. When I gave the signal he threw a rope with a stone on the end of it over the wall. The men in the prison grounds would see my signal from the window. Peadar Clancy was on Whitworth Road; he had to cross the canal to get to the wall of the jail, and I had time to come down from the window after getting his reply to my signal. By the time I got down the men knew everything was all right.

We were kicking a football around the grounds when the rope ladder came over the wall. It was Paddy Fleming who caught the rope and pulled the ladder over the wall. The football game still went on, although the three warders were on the ground. Everything went according to plan, in fact the last man over the wall stood at the end of the ladder and said, "Any more of you coming?" I believe that if everyone of us had tried to escape we could have managed it. One warder named Kelly said to Joe Leonard,

who was holding him. "Damn it, Joe, that's no way to hold a man on the ground. Tear my coat a bit". Joe Leonard pulled a button off Kelly's coat in order to indicate that Kelly had put up a struggle. The warder I had was a quiet, delicately built man named Murphy who said to me, "I think, Paddy, that you had better sit on me. Get another man to hold me as well". One warder named Jones was doing his best and got a punch on the jaw. He was the only one who had violence used on him, to keep him quiet.

We saw the ladder going back over the wall after the last man had left, when the Governor and other prison officials appeared on the scene. We let the warders blow their whistles. The six of us were gathered into a corner and let them arrest us. Every one of the others got away, the whole 21 of them. The warders thought we were armed but we had no arms. We had big bone spoons rolled in handkerchiefs to make them appear like revolvers. All who had planned to escape did escape.

The warders did not know anything about the escape until it actually took place. To my knowledge there were four warders in Mountjoy who were most helpful and sympathetic to us all the time; Prawley was one, Daly was another and I am almost certain that Breslan and Berry (who was a plumber) were the names of the other two. They could be called Volunteers; two of them attended meetings regularly and took orders from the Director of Intelligence, Michael Collins.

After the 21 prisoners escaped, we were marched back into cells and put into solitary confinement. My wife

died two days afterwards, and the Governor told me he would make an application for my parole but that on account of the escapes I probably would not get it. If I were refused parole the Chaplain of the prison intended to get in touch with the Archbishop. The Chaplain was the late Archdeacon Ectimon of Clontarf. He was a curate then, and he got a very bad name which he did not deserve. We found him a most kindly and sympathetic man.

I got my parole and attended my wife's funeral.

We served out our full six months in prison because we got no remission of sentence. We were there from 2nd February to 2nd August.

Brian Holohan:

Brian Holohan was a member of "B" Company from its inception. He was also a member of the I.R.B. He was employed by the British military for catering purposes, and was superintendent of the Officers' Messes in the Dublin barracks. For that reason we never asked him to attend public parades. He could be termed the first real Intelligence Officer that the Irish Volunteers had.

Brian concentrated on collecting arms, and was very successful. All the arms he collected were purchased at a very low rate. He supplied the Company with all the latest British Army manuals and the King's rules and regulations of the period, dealing with Army administration. He was regarded by us as an unofficial Quartermaster, although he never held any rank.

About 1919 he was very severely injured in Croke Park when an effort was being made by the Volunteers, on instructions from the G.A.A., to put down betting. Book-makers used to stand up and make a book on the match. We

went as Volunteers to police Croke Park, and to use force, if necessary, to prevent the book-makers making bets. Brian was on duty with us that day and got a kick, after which he had to undergo a severe liver operation and was many months in the Richmond Hospital. He never really recovered from his injuries, although he still carried on his work when he came out of hospital, and continued supplying us with arms up to the Truce.

On one occasion, about August 1919, he came to me and told me he could get one hundred.45 Colt automatics and 2,000 rounds of ammunition for £100. We had not a halfpenny in the Company funds. Brian told me that he could advance £10 on a loan. We eventually gathered up to £70, and arranged to meet the British quartermaster, who was supplying the arms, in Mooney's public-house on the Quays. Before the Quartermaster came, Brian said he himself would do the talking and that I was to agree with him. When the Q.M. came I was introduced to him under another name - I forget what it was. Brian told him that all we could gather together was £50. The Q.M. and Brian had a long discussion, both were keen businessmen, and I realised that I was quite a dud in the matter, as, during the argument, I thought that Brian was throwing away a good opportunity. Eventually Brian said to the Q.M., "Make arrangements and give us half the stuff, and I will have all the money possible on such a day". The arrangement was that the guns would be handed over in sacks across the railway wall at John's Road, at the Kingsbridge end. We arranged that we would walk up the railway, carrying the arms to some plots, now the British Memorial Park. We would have men there to collect the arms in small lots.

Those men were to take the arms home to their own homes on the North side of the city the best way they could. At that period the British were not very active in raiding houses. The sum we paid that night for the guns was £70. We were to return the next evening for ammunition, provided we had another £30.

The following evening we had £20. I told Brian I could raise the other £10, and Brian said, "Raise it if you like, but he isn't getting it". To my surprise when we met the Quartermaster, Brian told him we had only £10 and that he would have to give us the ammunition for that sum. More whiskey was drunk and more arguments went on - Brian could not get any more than £10. I was still just a dummy at the party. We arranged to go next evening, and two boxes of ammunition were handed out to us in the same place. They were wooden boxes, about 15" long and about 9" in depth. When we opened the boxes afterwards we discovered we had 2,000 rounds of ammunition, 1,000 in each box. We made sure that this ammunition would fit the guns and even tested it by firing some of it.

Three or four days elapsed when Brian came to me again and said we could get more ammunition. The next night we met the Q.M. we only got one box of ammunition and Brian gave him some money, but I do not know how much.

The next time we met the British soldier Brian told him he would have to finish the job, as it would not do to be going constantly to the same place in case we might be seen and a trap laid for us. Another night was arranged and we got two more boxes. One of these boxes was not full, and when we were getting it I passed the remark that it was lighter than the other, but we were told that we would have to take them as we got them.

Altogether we got 100 guns and approximately 5,000 rounds of ammunition, and I think it was £90 we paid for the lot. The result of the deal was that we got more ammunition than we expected and we paid approximately £10 less than was originally bargained for.

We called a meeting of the Company and told them about the arms and ammunition. We also told them that the money was owed everywhere and that we were prepared to give out the stuff for 30/- a man. Some members of the Company, better off than others, advanced us £5, some advanced £8, but eventually we had to dispose of some of it to other units, but as Brian took charge of dealing with the other units, our Company made a further profit. In all, through Brian's dealing, the Company was about £20 richer, with every man in it armed.

Some time after the Squad was formed we presented Michael Collins with one of the guns, and it was one of these guns that shot Redmond. Most of these guns eventually drifted to the country, at the request of Dick McKee or Michael Collins or some of the Headquarters staff.

Shortly afterwards a supply of "Peter the Painter" guns came in, through Headquarters, and our men preferred the "Peter" to the ordinary Mauser, which was a very heavy weapon; when loaded it was nearly impossible to conceal it in your clothing.

Brian Holohan procured and supplied arms and ammunition to the Volunteers on several other occasions. Definitely the Volunteer organisation got these at bargain prices. Brian certainly never made any profit out of his transactions. He played a man's part in keeping up the supply of arms as well as he could.

He also collected valuable information from time to time for the Intelligence staff.

Brian was a Kerryman. He was killed about 8th or 9th August in an ambush in Kerry during the Civil War. The wound he got during the ambush would not have been serious for an ordinary man, but it was right where the previous operation took place and when he was operated on, the doctors held no hope for him. He died the same evening as he was shot.

Formation of the Squad;

Dick McKee told Joe Leonard and myself to report to 46 Parnell Square - the meeting place of the Keating Branch of the Gaelic League - on 19th September, 1919. I did not know who would be at the meeting. I only knew that Joe Leonard would be there, and I think I suggested to Dick McKee that Ben Barrett should be asked to it. When I went to the meeting I saw Joe Leonard, Ben Barrett, Seán Doyle, who was afterwards killed at the Custom House, Tom Keogh, who was killed during the Civil War, Jim Slattery, Vinny Byrne, and Mick McDonnell, who is in California. We met Michael Collins and Dick Mulcahy at the meeting and they told us that it was proposed to form a Squad. This Squad would take orders directly from Michael Collins, and, in the absence of Collins, the orders would be given to us through either Dick McKee or Dick Mulcahy. We were told that we were not to discuss our movements or actions with Volunteer officers or with anybody else. Collins told us that we were being formed to deal with spies and informers and that he had authority from the Government to have this matter carried out. He gave us a short talk, the gist of

which was that any of us who had read Irish history would know that no organisation in the past had an Intelligence system through which spies and informers could be dealt with, but that now the position was going to be rectified by the formation of an Intelligence Branch, an Active Service Unit or whatever else it is called.

Michael Collins only picked four of us for the Squad that night - Joe Leonard, Seán Doyle, Ben Barrett and myself in charge. He told the others that he had special work to do, but he told the four of us that we were to leave our employment and that we would be compensated for loss of work. We were to have a fixed point where we could be mobilised, and I gave him No. 10 Bessboro' Avenue, North Strand, where I had relations and where I practically lived at the time.

Michael Collins emphasised to us that under no circumstances whatever were we to take it on ourselves to shoot anybody, even if we knew he was a spy, unless we had to do it in self-defence while on active service. He also told us to remember that all members of "G" Division and the police were not our enemies, and that indiscriminate shooting might result in the death of friends. We discovered afterwards how many of them were our friends.

We had a list of enemy agents who were to be eliminated. The first person we were to look after was Detective Officer Hoey, but before we had time to do so he was shot. The Squad did not shoot him; he was shot by Mick McDonnell. Mick and Hoey were alone together, and it was either Mick or Hoey so Mick shot him. Mick McDonnell was one of the best men in Dublin, but he had one fault. He was always butting in, and on account of that he often did damage because he was too eager. He was not a member of the Squad.

Shooting of Detective Officer Wharton:

We received information one night that Detective Officer Wharton was in Harcourt Street, accompanied by a detective who was not to be shot or injured in any way, even if he used a gun. In other words, he would fire but he would not fire at us. I think the detective's name was O'Sullivan.

We went to Harcourt Street, but Wharton was not there. There were two other detectives there, which left us very much in doubt. I got in touch with Joe O'Reilly and he told me that neither of the two detectives was Wharton and to do nothing.

After spending some hours around College Street waiting for Wharton's return to barracks, we decided to give it up as a bad job. Joe Leonard got into the No. 15 tram to go home, and had only just gone when I saw Wharton going up Grafton Street with two other detectives. I followed them as far as Harcourt Street. I immediately went to Joe Leonard's house, No. 3 Mountpleasant Avenue, Ranelagh. When I got there I discovered that Joe had no gun in the house, so we decided to go down, get Joe's gun and then go after Wharton. On our way down we met Wharton face to face at the corner of Cuffe Street, with three other detectives. I told Joe it would be a pity to let the opportunity pass; that one of the detectives walking side by side with Wharton was the man we were not to shoot. Joe Leonard felt very uncomfortable on account of having no gun. I fired at Wharton and he fell. The other detective turned round but seemed to make very little effort to draw a gun. I discovered then that the parabellum I had was choked and I could not fire the second shot. I kept my eyes on the other three detectives as

We made for Cuffe Street, and I noticed that the friendly detective walked between me and the other two detectives. I saw a gun in his hand but I did not hear him fire it. I think he tried to get between the other detectives and myself in order to prevent them firing.

The following day we were surprised to hear that the bullet went through Wharton's lung and wounded a girl who was walking on the street. Wharton did not die.

I cannot recall the date of this shooting, but it was the first action of the Squad, and from notes I have in my possession I can fix the date of the formation of the Squad as 19th September, 1919.

There was a news-vendor arrested for the shooting of Wharton, but the only connection the unfortunate man had with the movement was that Arthur Griffith would buy his paper from nobody but him. This newsboy used to be outside the D.B.C. in St. Stephen's Green, and always made it a point to sell our papers, "The Irish Volunteer", "The United Irishman", and others. He was not a Volunteer. He was sentenced to 15 years and was in jail until the Truce. If Wharton had died this poor man would have been executed. I cannot remember the name of this news-vendor, Dick Mulcahy or Diarmuid O'Hegarty might know it, because they paid dependents' allowances to his family after he was sentenced. His name could be got from the newspapers of the period. He was killed afterwards in 1922 helping a wounded soldier into Jervis Street Hospital. He was fired at and shot dead outside the hospital.

Attacks on Lord French:

I received instructions from Michael Collins that the members of the Squad were to observe the movements of Lord French, and that any opportunity that might present itself should be availed of to ambush him.

In the late autumn of 1919 Lord French visited Trinity College one night and plans were made to ambush him coming from it. All the available men who could be got at short notice were ordered to mobilise for the attack. Amongst those mobilised were members of Dáil Éireann. I distinctly remember seeing Lord Eager MacCurtain, Seán Ó Murthuile, J. J. Walsh, Diarmuid O'Hegarty there, and I think Piaras Beaslaoi was there. The common talk afterwards was that Dáil Éireann was there.

The Volunteers took up positions in groups along Dame Street, at the foot of Grafton Street close to Trinity College, and on the North side, and the Squad, of which I was in charge, took up position at Parliament Street. The plan was that when Lord French left Trinity College he would be forced up Dame Street, along which the various groups would keep up a running fire on him until he arrived at Parliament Street. Lord French did not leave Trinity College by the main gate, but left by the gate at Lincoln Place, where, evidently, no Volunteers were posted.

When the operation turned out to be a failure, I jokingly asked Michael Collins was it a test parade for T.D.s and he replied that it was not, that they all volunteered when they heard he was looking for men.

The second attempt on the life of Lord French was made by the Squad only. We were waiting for him between

the Four Courts and Church Street, but he came without any visible escort. We just saw him in a swift moving car and recognised uniforms when it was too late to do anything.

The third attack took place in December, 1919, when Lord French was going down to Boyle, Co. Roscommon. We mobilised for that at about nine o'clock the night before at 46 Farnell Square. Dick McKee was in charge, and the party consisted of about thirty men. The Squad was there, Tom Keogh, Martin Savage, Mick McDonnell, Jim Slattery, Tommy Kilcoyne, Peadar Clancy, Seán Forde, Seán Ó Lárthuille, Seamus Robinson, Dan Breen and Seán Treacy. I think Hogan was there but I am not sure. We had to spend the night in Farnell Square. We had coffee and biscuits during the night and I remember we could not get the water boiled and had to drink warm water and bottled coffee.

Next morning at about five o'clock we cycled out to Ashtown, and waited there until Dick McKee dismissed us some time about half-past seven, after the train from Dublin had passed and we saw that French was not travelling on it. I think he went by car.

The final attack took place on 19th December, when Lord French was returning from Boyle, and there were only thirteen in the attacking party. Michael Collins gave me instructions to take command and to bring with me the members of my Squad, as well as Mick McDonnell, Tom Keogh, Jim Slattery, Vincent Byrne and the four Tipperary men. When we were going out that morning Martin Savage came to me and told me he was going. I was in a quandary and did not know whether I should take him or not, because the men were more or less picked by Collins. Martin Savage was Assistant Q.M. of the 2nd Battalion. I told him to

get a bicycle and come with us. I said to him, "You should not have known where we were going", but he did know. Either Tom Keogh or Mick McDonnell must have told him. Martin Savage was killed during the operation.

Before the final arrangements were made for this final attempt on Lord French, two Volunteers, Bob Holland and Joe Leonard, were sent up to the Phoenix Park to see if a machine gun could be played on the door of the Vico-Regal Lodge. These Volunteers reported that there was no suitable position from which a machine gun could be fired, that there was no suitable cover and that the men who would be firing the gun would be an easy target.

I got definite information from Michael Collins that Lord French would be returning from Boyle on such a train on 19th December. A Volunteer named Sharkey, who knew nothing about the contemplated attack on Lord French, told me that his father would be the engine driver on this train. He told me that his father hoped that Lord French would not be attacked on the train, because he did not want to be endangered, that if the Volunteers wanted French he hoped they would get him some place else.

The night before we went to Ashtown I arranged that Ben Barrett would go ahead of us to Ashtown station, and that he would be unarmed. When the train came into the station he was to stand facing it, as if he was waiting to meet somebody. He was to find out which car Lord French got into. If Lord French got into the first car Ben Barrett would, without attracting attention, rub his nose with a white handkerchief in his left hand; if he got into the second car Barrett would do it with his right hand, and if there was a third car and French got into it Barrett would fiddle with his hat or scratch his head.

Before we left the city for Ashtown we planned that the Squad, plus the additional men with us, would divide into two groups. Three men and myself would take up a position on the railway station road, and we were to attack, with bombs and revolvers, the car which Lord French was travelling in. The second group, under Mick McDonnell, were to wheel out a heavy dung-cart and block the road, or cause sufficient obstacle to slow down the cars. We knew that Detective Officer Halley always rode in front on a motor-bicycle.

We set off for Ashtown on bicycles at about 11 a.m., travelling in groups of two, well separated. When we reached Kelly's public-house, at the corner of the road, we decided to go in so that we would not attract so much attention. We asked any of the men who drank to take with them a few of the teetotalers in groups, as the average teetotaler feels out of place in a public-house. The principal topic of conversation in the public-house was hand-ball, because Kelly had a netted handball alley. Every man knew exactly what his job was, as he had been detailed the night before. I was to take No. 1. group, which meant that we would open the fire, and Mick McDonnell's group knew they had to block the road at the last minute with a big dung-cart, if possible to time it to cause a crash.

As soon as we heard the whistle of the train we left the public-house. I went out through the back door into a yard with Joe Leonard, Seán Hogan, and, I think, Seán Doyle. We went down inside the hedge in a field towards the station. Mick McDonnell left by the front door with his men to put the dung-car into position. I saw the dung-car at the gate leading into Kelly's field, ready to go into position.

Before we went into Kelly's public-house we knew that there would be a policeman on point-duty. That was his job.

When the train came in I saw our scout, Barrett on the platform of the railway station. I saw a number of Army officers and soldiers getting out of the train. There was no delay, they made straight for the cars after alighting from the train. There were three cars and a military lorry lined up at the station. I saw Lord French going towards one of the cars, I thought it was the second car but was not sure. Ben Barrett then gave the signal that Lord French was in the second car, which confirmed my impression. We immediately got down under the hedge for cover, and as soon as Detective Officer Halley passed on his motor-bicycle we rose up with the pins out of our grenades. Hogan and myself had grenades and I think the others had revolvers only. I saw the flash of uniforms in the first car as it passed, and I threw a bomb through the glass of the second car and I heard a loud crash. The military lorry was advancing and I stooped down to pull out my revolver, but just as I did so I heard Hogan shout, "Look out". When I glanced down I saw that Hogan had dropped a bomb right between us and that the pin was out of it. I said, "Dive flat on the ground" and did the same myself. The bomb went off. It did not give either of us a scratch but covered the pair of us with clay, which we were able to brush off. The military lorry had passed by this time. Probably the bomb incident had saved our lives, because we would have been very much exposed to the Military lorry. I got up full of abuse for Hogan, but he was sitting on the ground grinning and laughing and saying, "That was a near miss". His laughing attitude took away my anger and I could not abuse him.

We saw soldiers in the railway station, but I do not know how many were there.

We made for the main road to assist the other party because there was heavy firing going on at the corner. We thought that by running back along the hedge we would be able to attack if the road was blocked, but the road was not blocked and the only thing on the road was a wrecked motor car. When we got to the corner we saw Martin Savage lying on the footpath mortally wounded; he had been shot through the jaw. Dan Breen was sitting down with blood flowing from his leg. There was no sign of Lord French or his escort. He had gone right through.

The military driver of the car that was wrecked came round the corner with his hands up. I think that Martin Savage was dead by this time. The driver of the wrecked car said, "I did not fire", and I told him "Whether you did or not makes no difference. We don't shoot our prisoners". The driver then said, "One is enough to be gone", or something to that effect. The impression I got from that remark was that Lord French was gone. I asked the soldier, "Is he dead?", and the soldier answered, "He is". The soldier was probably talking about Martin Savage and I was talking about Lord French.

I told the Volunteers that we would take Martin Savage's body into the public-house, because I knew we could not possibly take it away with us. Some of the men had whispered an Act of Contrition into Martin's ear before he died. When Kelly, the publican, saw us coming he banged the door in our faces and pushed over the bolt, and, although we kicked the door, he would not admit us. We then decided we would have to leave the body of Martin Savage there, and get the rest of the crowd away, particularly

Dan Breen. Breen was a very heavy man and we did not know how we would manage him. I had a big, strong Lucania bicycle and an old-fashioned back-step on it. I got to the kerb, got on the bicycle and some of the Volunteers lifted Dan Breen and put him behind me on the bicycle. We told Breen to put the foot of his uninjured leg on the backstep so as to relieve me of some of his weight.

Before we started on our journey to Dublin we told the soldier that he was to stay where he was for an hour. We told him he was not to move from there, but we know he would not stay.

We came in to Dublin along the straight main road. The Volunteers formed a group around us, but the groups were well separated. When we started off it was an easy matter for me to carry Dan Breen because he put his weight on the backstep, but as we went along he leaned more heavily on me. I shouted to Joe Leonard, "You'll have to give us a shove because Dan is getting very heavy", and some of the Volunteers got their hands behind Dan Breen to help us along. Fortunately there was no East wind blowing that day.

We decided to bring Dan Breen to Toomeys on Phibboro' Road. I think it was No. 88, it is past Doyle's Corner, opposite the picture-house, the last house next to Connaught Street. Jack and Joe Toomey are still alive. We had made no arrangements to bring anybody to that house, but Mrs. Toomey took him in. I had left my bicycle just inside the gate, it was covered with blood and there was a pool of blood on the footpath where we had taken Dan Breen off the bicycle. Mrs. Toomey quietly walked out with a cloth and wiped the blood up.

I left the Tipperary men there, as they wanted to form a guard over Dan Breen, but I told the other men to go away and not to come back to the house. I went home myself then

because I needed a change of clothes. Between lifting Martin Savage and carrying Dan Breen my clothes were covered with blood.

I came home from Ashtown convinced that we had got Lord French, and, whether it was excitement or the soldier's talk, I think we were all of that opinion. I discussed the affair with Ben Barrett who had given the signal. We agreed that the signal was given correctly, but that the second car, in which French was travelling, actually started first and became the first car, so that the wrong car was attacked.

The failure to get Lord French was mainly due to the road not being blocked, but had the road been blocked I think none of us would have come back alive from Ashtown, because we were out-numbered by at least three to one, rifles against revolvers. All our bombs would have been gone and we would not have had a chance with revolvers. Had we stopped Lord French's car we would have stopped the military lorry, and although the element of surprise would have been in our favour we would have been outnumbered.

During the ambush I did not come under fire from the military, as they flashed past us. I believe it was Hogan dropping the bomb that saved us. I was told that it was from the lorry that the British opened fire on McDonnell's party at the corner.

The British returned to the scene of the ambush and removed the body of Martin Savage to the stables at the Vice-Regal Lodge for identification purposes. I got this information from Mrs. McFally who was in the Back Gate Lodge Vice-Regal at the time. We had removed papers and everything Martin had in his pockets which might identify him, but the military found a billhead of Kirk's, the provision merchant

on the North Strand, in Martin's pocket. Martin worked in Kirk's and that evening Kirk, the owner of the shop, was arrested although he had no sympathy with us; he was a Scottish Presbyterian. He was released after a few hours.

We afterwards removed Dan Breen to Malone's house in Grantham Street, much against my will because Malone's was a very prominent house, the brother had been killed in 1916 and the girls were prominent Cumann na mBan members. Malone's was never raided while Breen was there.

The Squad: Further Activities.

Early in January, 1920, Michael Collins decided to increase the Squad so that it would be eight strong, to include Tom Keogh, Jim Slattery, Vincent Byrne and Mick O'Reilly.

The Squad was on the streets every day observing movements. We had a list of enemy agents who were to be shot at sight, and amongst those were Detective Officers Dalton, Bruton and Coffey. Barton was on our list, he was shot, and Wharton was on the list.

After the attack on Lord French D.I. Redmond was brought to Dublin and was made Assistant Commissioner of the D.M.P. His first action as Assistant Commissioner was to send for all ranks of the D.M.P. from Inspector up and from Sergeant up in the Detective Branch. He told them that they were not doing their duty, that he would give them one month to get Michael Collins and those responsible for the shootings or else he would order them to resign. I believe he told them that they were cowardly. After that there were constant holds-up by detectives in the city, some of them very harmless, but some of the detectives became very active.

Redmond was stopping in the Standard Hotel in Harcourt Street, and Tom Cullen, a Wicklow man who was high up on the Intelligence staff and in the confidence of Michael Collins, was sent to stop in the same hotel in order to get all possible information regarding Redmond, particularly about his times of leaving and returning to the hotel, and what he did in the evenings and at night.

One evening we were called to the Trade Union Hall in Gardiner's Row where we were told that Redmond was attending a conference in the Castle. Michael Collins, Dick Mulcahy and Oscar Traynor were there in the Hall. We were told that Redmond would probably leave the Castle at about half-past five or six o'clock, and that he usually walked home to the Standard Hotel. Whether he had an escort or not was not known. We were to have a group of men at the Castle gates, a group at George's Street, a group at the end of Grafton Street and a group at the top of Grafton Street, and Michael Collins picked Joe Leonard, Seán Doyle and myself to be between the Standard Hotel and the foot of Harcourt Street, which annoyed the three of us very much. As a matter of fact we asked him were we to wait for the Stop Press to come out. Michael Collins replied that the goal-man often gets as much of the ball as any of the team.

We went to Harcourt Street, and Joe Leonard and myself were walking up and down one side of the street, and Seán Doyle was on the other side. When Seán Doyle would leave the Standard Hotel Joe Leonard and myself would leave the end of Harcourt Street. It was nearly six o'clock when, looking down towards St. Stephen's Green, I saw Tom Keogh and other members of the Squad walking rather quickly up

along the path. I saw Tom Keogh and another man crossing the road to the railings side of the Green, and I said to Joe Leonard, "Look out, Joe, here is Keogh and the gang". I had hardly spoken these words when I turned and saw Redmond crossing Harcourt Street about six yards away. At this time Tom Keogh was about 20 yards away and started to run, but before he got to Redmond, Redmond was dead. Keogh did not shoot him. When Redmond was about two yards from me I fired and he fell mortally wounded, shot through the head.

Attempted rescue of Robert Barton:

About the middle of February, 1920, we got instructions through Peadar Clancy who was Director of Munitions, from Joe O'Reilly who was Adjutant, that we were to get all the men we could mobilise to Berkeley Road, that Robert Barton would be going from Ship Street barracks to Mountjoy after his courtmartial.

When we got to Berkeley Road we saw that repairs were being carried out on a house there, and there was a big 40' ladder on a handcart outside the house. We discovered that there were a few Volunteers working on the building job, and they wanted to join our party, but we did not let them join us because they were too well known and we had sufficient men at the time. We told them that we would take the ladder and the handcart. J. J. Walsh ~~Walsh~~ had a shop there at the time, and right outside his shop we swung out the ladder and held up the van when it arrived, but when we searched it there was nobody in it. We made the driver return to the city. I do not know why we made him return to the city, except that we did not want him to know why we held him up.

Shooting of the spy Jameson;

This man was in Dublin under the names of Burton, J. C. Byrne and Jameson. He had letters of introduction from Art O'Brien in London when he came here. I believe he was an Irish speaker, at least he could speak Irish fluently, and he could also speak French, German and, of course, English fluently. He was supposed to be travelling in jewellery. He was strongly recommended by Art O'Brien as a trustworthy man who could give good intelligence regarding the movements of special Intelligence Officers coming to Ireland. He actually got as far as a visit to Michael Collins. Batt O'Connor told me that Michael Collins made an appointment to meet him in his, Batt's house in Donnybrook. He was very convincing, but twenty minutes after he left Batt O'Connor's house it was raided. Batt O'Connor was not there when it was raided.

A second appointment was made with this spy - I am not sure where - and again this house was raided within ten minutes of his visit.

Michael Collins then got Neligan or Ercy to investigate the telephone messages, and the name given in those messages was Byrne. They discovered that the name he was using in the jewellery business was Jameson. He was stopping in the Granville Hotel in O'Connell Street. He made a third appointment with Collins, and when he went to meet him Tom Cullen or some of the Intelligence Staff went into the Granville Hotel, into his room and went through his belongings. Exactly what they got there I do not know, but they were perfectly satisfied that he was a spy. They had someone in the Granville Hotel, I think a member of the staff, watching him.

I do not think Michael Collins saw him on the third occasion, but arranged for someone else to meet him and put off the appointment, telling him that he, Collins, would send word next day. Collins also sent word that if Burton had any information he could give it to the bearer, whoever the bearer was, perhaps Joe Reilly. The third place was not raided, but Burton went to a nearby telephone immediately he left the house. He was followed and was seen going to the telephone.

It was proved conclusively that this man was a spy and it was decided that he should be eliminated. Word was sent to him that if he went to Messrs. Brennan & Walsh, the drapery shop in O'Connell Street, he would meet somebody who would bring him to Michael Collins. He was never notified of the address beforehand, he was always met and escorted to the place by some of our men.

I met him next day at Brennan & Walsh's shop and took him out to Ballymun on the Glasnevin tram. I walked him along the road as far as the turn before the entrance to the Albert College. As we walked along he offered me a cigarette, but I did not smoke at that time. He was very keen on going into a public-house in Glasnevin, but I would not let him go in, in case there would be a 'phone message giving his direction. When we got off the tram at Glasnevin one of our men was watching to see that we were not followed. We brought the spy down the side road leading to the back entrance to the Albert College. I told him that we were satisfied he was a spy, that he was going to die, and that if he wanted to say any prayers he could do so. The spy jumped to attention immediately and said, "You are right. God bless the king, I would love to die for him". He saluted, and there was not a

quiver on him. The papers we found in his possession were notes of his various appointments, and sufficient evidence to hang him. The few small bits of jewellery were only fakes. In the meantime Tom Cullen again went into the Granville Hotel and collected all his luggage. From it we discovered he was in charge of a group here. The day after he was shot we decided we would investigate the group, but when we went for them they were gone. They had left on the mail boat that night.

Shooting of Alan Bell;

None of us, except Tom Cullen, knew Alan Bell by appearance, but we got his address out in Seapoint and Tom Keogh and myself used to go out every morning to try and locate him. We got a very good description of him from Tom Cullen, and we found out that he used to leave his house at about half-past nine every morning and get the tram into the city. We reported this information, and one morning Tom Keogh and myself were told to go out to Bell's place and that Joe Leonard and the rest of the Squad would be in some convenient place around Ballsbridge, as Bell occasionally got off the tram at the grounds of the Royal Dublin Society.

Tom Keogh and myself saw Bell on the tram that morning, and tried to follow it on our bicycles to give our men the word that he was coming. The tram was going very fast and we found it hard to keep up with it. We saw our group of men at the corner of Anglessea Road and signalled to them that Bell was in the tram. We saw them signal the tram to stop and the whole group got into the tram. The next thing we saw was the tram being stopped and Alan Bell being marched out by the group. Tom Keogh and myself were just

sightseers. Coming back we saw a policeman standing in the middle of the road. I was cycling along leisurely because I did not want to create any suspicion in the mind of the policeman. He put up his hand and I slowed down. The policeman asked me, "Was there an accident up there?" I looked back and saw a crowd of people running in different directions. "It looks like it", I said to the policeman. The policeman then said, "I heard a shot, but if there is any shooting business there I am not going near it". I told him that I did not notice it, that there was nothing there when I was passing.

When Alan Bell was shot I did not know why he was listed as a man to be eliminated. We knew in some cases, but in others we did not know. We were soldiers carrying out orders and we did not ask any questions.

Shooting of Brooks;

Brooks was shot in Westland Row by the Squad. I was not there but I know he was shot by Tom Keogh. He was shot in the summer time, and if I am not mistaken he was shot some time around Horse Show Week in August. We had his name on our list, but I think there ^{were} was no definite plans made to shoot him. Tom Keogh and some other members of the Squad happened to come across him and took advantage of the opportunity to eliminate him.

Attempted shooting of Roberts;

Roberts held an important position in the R.I.C. He used to come in from North County Dublin to the Castle and generally passed through Beresford Place at about eleven o'clock on certain mornings of the week, not every morning. We decided we would ambush him, but that we would not use bombs as there was too much horse traffic and there might be a panic. I was under the railway bridge

and we endeavoured to shoot him as he passed in his motor car. Only one volley of revolver shots was fired, which broke the windows of the car but did not hurt him. He had a good chauffeur and they escaped. There was a rumour that himself and the chauffeur were wounded, but the chauffeur could not have been wounded because he zig-zagged the car out and in between the traffic and got away.

I cannot say precisely what Roberts was; I know he was holding an important position on the Executive of the R.I.C., and that he was supposed to be well informed about important men in the Volunteer forces throughout the country.

Shooting of Detective Sergeant Revell:

About April 1920 some members of the Squad were becoming dissatisfied because, they said, they were not being given any responsible tasks, that they were merely covering up for the men who were actually carrying out the executions, and that headquarters would take the view that their activities, as far as the Squad was concerned, were insignificant, which was not the case. The reports going to headquarters were verbal, they were never written, and these men thought that as they did not carry out any of the actual executions headquarters would consider that they were doing nothing of importance. I promised them that they would carry out the next operation, which happened to be the elimination of Sergeant Revell. As in the majority of the executions which we carried out, we were not aware of the reason for his elimination, we simply got orders to carry out the execution of Revell. The reasons did not concern us.

Revell lived either in Connaught St. or Leinster St., one of the streets off Phibsboro' Road. There were four men detailed to carry out the execution of Revell, and I think, Tom Keogh, Joe Leonard and myself were to act as a covering party for the four men. Tom Keogh was in position near Doyle's Corner, and I was up beyond the picture-house on the Glasnevin side. We expected Revell to come from his home at about half-past nine or ten o'clock in the morning. When Revell came along on his bicycle the four men simply closed around him and fired at him. The shooting took place outside Jack Toomey's house, which I think was No. 88 Phibsboro' Road. The last I saw of Revell was when he was lying flat on his back on the road. I think one of the four men pulled Revell off his bicycle when he was not falling quickly enough.

We moved off when we saw Revell lying on the road. Tom Keogh overtook me on the road back and said something like, "These fellows will do a bit of crowing now". We were perfectly satisfied that Revell was dead, and we were mesmerised when we read in the paper that night that he had only been wounded. He boasted that he lay stretched on the road and that the Squad did not fire on him as he lay there. He did not die of his wounds, he may still be alive for all I know.

During the late summer of 1920 we paraded every Sunday for five or six Sundays around Parliament Street and Dublin Castle while Terence MacSwiney was on hunger-strike. According to reports, Bruton, Coffey, Revell and other detectives used to come out to go to Mass every Sunday morning. Each Saturday we got orders to turn up on the following Sunday, but we were not to shoot until we got

from
orders/a representative of the Intelligence Section, from
Joe O'Reilly or direct from Michael Collins. The
impression we got, whether it was correct or not, was that
we would only shoot in the event of Terence MacSwiney's
death. We thought that our Intelligence was waiting to
find out if Terence MacSwiney would be released, and that
if we shot any of the detectives the British would have an
excuse to let Terence MacSwiney die. I was not told
officially, but that was the impression we all had.

We saw these detectives on several Sunday mornings
and they must have seen us, because on one particular
Sunday morning Coffey took to his heels and ran back to
the Castle. How every member of the Squad was not known
to the Castle authorities I do not know. I often thought
it was a mad idea, turning up there every Sunday.

Shooting of Constable Kells:

Constable Kells was on our list for elimination, and
we went out specially to look for him on the morning of the
one-day strike over the hunger-strikers in Mountjoy. We
got information that he lived somewhere in the vicinity of
Pleasants Street and that he would walk down Camden Street
because there were no trams running on that day. On our
way we picked up Hugo McNeill. McNeill was not a member of
the Squad at the time, but he knew we were patrolling and he
asked could he come along with us. We told him he could
help us. We divided up and patrolled in twos. Hugo
McNeill was with Joe Leonard I think. We heard a couple
of shots and looking up Pleasants Street saw Hugo McNeill
and Joe Leonard, I think, sauntering down as if nothing
had happened. We asked them what the shooting was about,

and McNeill said, "Kells is up there if you want him".
"Where?" said I. "On the foot-path", answered McNeill.
I did not actually see Kells being shot, but he was shot
all right.

We had arranged beforehand that we would split up into
two's and that the first two to come in contact with Kells
were to execute him. It so happened that McNeill and his
companion, were the first two to meet Kells, and they
executed him.

Shooting of Detective Officer Dalton:

In or about the same time, April 1920, we received
instructions to eliminate Detective Officer Dalton. I
cannot remember now, but we must have got some information
that he would be going up to the Broadstone station or
somewhere in that direction, because we went to the
Dominick Street area to get him. He was shot near the
Black Church in George's Place by a member of the Squad.
I think Tom Keogh was the man who actually shot him.

Shooting of Captain Lea-Wilson:

I was not concerned in the shooting of Lea-Wilson
which took place in Wexford. Tom Keogh, Pat McCrae, Tom
Cullen and other Wicklow men were picked to carry out his
execution. Men who knew the country were sent, because
they would have to take to the hills. I think it was
Pat McCrae who drove the car with Tom Keogh and Tom Cullen,
to New Ross. I do not know who the other men were; I
would not be surprised if James Slattery was there, but I
am not sure. I think Joe Hyland was there too.

Captain Lea-Wilson was not shot because he had
ill-treated Seán McDermott and other prisoners in 1916,
because there were other British officers just as bad as he

had been and no attempt was ever made to shoot them. I believe he was shot on account of the position he held at the time of his execution, and for no other reason. I am satisfied from my long experience with the Squad that no man was shot merely for revenge and that any execution sanctioned by Michael Collins was perfectly justified. For example, after 1915 our houses were raided. My house was raided by a military officer and a group of about twelve soldiers. My wife told me afterwards that the military officer was a perfect gentleman. He came in, patted some of the children on the head, and told them not to worry. He apologized to my wife. He was able to tell her that I was in the Castle Hospital and that she was not to worry. He looked through a few of the rooms and walked out again, he did not disturb anything. Just as he was leaving Superintendent Winters of the D.M.P. came into the house, wearing only slippers, trousers and shirt. He lived only a few doors from us and had only just got out of bed. Winters told the officer that there was a big store of guns and ammunition in the house, and started to search the place. The officer asked him who he was and was told he was Superintendent Winters. The officer said, "A policeman? This is Martial Law, we are in command and you must get out". Winters said he would not leave the house. The officer said he would have to get out or he would put him out, and called two soldiers to put him out of the house. Just as he was leaving my little girl, who is dead since, called Winters a traitor. She was only 4½ years of age, but from overhearing conversations she knew Winters was our enemy. She said, "Traitor Winters". With that, Winters shoved her and knocked her down. This little girl was deformed, she had only one hand. The British officer jumped with rage and called on the military to throw Winters outside the gate, which they did without any ceremony whatever.

After the Squad was formed Winters was still living very close to me, and the rumour got around that I was going to shoot him. There was no truth in this rumour, the thought of killing Winters never entered my head. The rumour got to Michael Collins' ears and he sent for me. He was in a towering rage. "What is this I hear about you going to shoot Winters?" he demanded. I answered, "That is the first I heard of it. I think it is a joke". "It is too serious to be a joke", said Collins. I told him that as far as I was concerned it was a joke, that the thought of killing Winters never entered my head and that it was only talk.

Michael Collins then gave me a lecture on revenge and told me that the man who had revenge in his heart was not fit to be a Volunteer. I had to convince him that I never thought of shooting Winters, but I passed the remark that if Winters was on our list I would like to carry out the job.

That lecture shows clearly that Collins or any of the headquarters staff would not shoot merely for revenge.

The only man who could give information about the shooting of Captain Lea-Wilson is Pat McCrae. I think Pat McCrae was the driver of the car that day, or if not McCrae it was Jos Hyland.

Confiscation of wines belonging to Tans;

During the summer of 1920 we got information that there was a big quantity of wines going to Kingsbridge station or to the Castle, and that we were to intercept it and try to capture it, if not, we were to destroy it.

It consisted of something like one hundred coopers of wine, whiskey, brandy, champagne and liqueurs of all sorts,

and was the property of the Black and Tans. One member of the Squad knew a driver in the wine firm, and found out from him who would be driving the big horse-drawn float in which the wines would be carried, and that there would be no escort, as the men refused to work under an escort.

We intercepted the float in North Frederick Street, and I think it was Mick Kennedy who got up and sat beside the driver and told him that we were taking the stuff from him. The driver seemed quite agreeable and there were no guns drawn; in fact he gave the delivery order to us and said he would help to unload. We drove the float to a dump which we had off Dorset Street, in a little cul-de-sac nearly opposite Gardiner Street, where we unloaded the wines. The driver was taken into a public-house and was very easily kept quiet. I am not sure if it was the driver who said it might be better if we did not give him back the horse and car, and we left them somewhere near the Markets or near Chapel Street Bridge. The driver was kept out of the way until about six o'clock in the evening when the wine cellars would be closed. I forgot whether he reported the loss of the wines that night or the following morning, but we kept him until it was safe for us to let him go. He was a very willing prisoner and we took care that he would not get into trouble.

Our immediate job was to distribute the wines and we had to make enquiries at the various hospitals to find out if they would accept it. We did not get one single objection at any hospital run by nuns, when they heard we took the wines from the Black and Tans. Practically the entire distribution was left in the hands of Bob

Holland and myself. Bob Holland had a pony and cart in which we took the wines from the dump and delivered them to the hospitals who had notified us that they would accept them.

There was one very amusing incident which I think should be recorded. Paddy Griffin (deceased) who was a strict teetotaler, asked Tom Keogh if there were any minerals amongst the captured wines. Tom Keogh, although he knew better, said "There is a Green Chartreuse there which tastes very sweet and I think you could take a drink of it". Griffin got a cup, filled it with the Chartreuse, and in a short time passed out completely.

In fairness to the members of the Squad and to the Intelligence Section I should say that no man took advantage of the position on that occasion. Some of them were hard drinkers, but they did not interfere with the wines in any way.

Death of Seán Treacy:

On the day following the escape of Seán Treacy from Ferneide, Drumcondra, I took him from the Republican Outfitters to 157 Silverdale Terrace, the house of Bob Holland's mother. He remained there for a couple of days and left on Friday morning. On Friday morning I went up to Mrs. Holland's house, where I saw Seán Treacy lying on a sofa in the front room. He told me that Mrs. Holland had just washed his feet, and when I looked at his feet I saw they were badly cut and inflamed. Seán was very anxious to get in touch with Dick McKee and I told him that I would bring Dick McKee to him and that he should stop where he was. I told him that Holland's house would not

be raided without notice as there was a friendly D.M.P. constable named Suttley who always gave information of impending raids in the district and on Holland's house. I tried to persuade Seán to stay where he was, because it was a safe house, and I did not think he was physically fit to travel, he appeared to me to be a very sick man, but he told me he was going down town as he had business to do. I left him and went to the Republican Outfitters to keep an appointment with Peadar Clancy who was organising Volunteers to stand-to, as Dan Breen was in the Nurses' Home or the private hospital belonging to the Mater. Peadar had about fifty - probably more - Volunteers mobilised in various groups around the vicinity of the Mater Hospital. All these Volunteers were armed. As I was speaking to Peadar, Seán Treacy came into the shop, he must have left Holland's directly after me and come straight to the Republican Outfitters. I was travelling on a bicycle and I think he had a bicycle too. Tom Keogh and Joe Leonard then came in, and we decided to go down to Besboro' Avenue, where I stopped occasionally, to have some lunch. We tried to persuade Seán Treacy to come with us, but he was waiting for Dick McKee. Peadar Clancy tried to persuade him to leave with us. Peadar did not want Seán Treacy or any of us to remain in the shop, and passed the remark that there were too many of us there, which was right. We left without Seán, who told us that if McKee came soon that he would follow us to Besboro' Avenue, which he knew well, and would have his lunch there. Joe Leonard, Tom Keogh and myself left the shop, which was the worst place we could loiter in, and went to No. 10 Besboro' Avenue where we had the usual "teas and fry". We waited for Seán to come but he never turned up.

That day we made all our movements known to Intelligence and to Peadar Clancy, who was in charge of operations in the event of the Tans locating Dan Breen. The Squad and the Volunteers left work to come out that day, and there was a big crowd mobilised.

We left Bessboro' Avenue and came back to find out where Seán Treacy was. We saw the crowd in Talbot Street, and tried to get information. We met a girl we knew well, Miss Boyle, who worked in Spaidel's pork-butcher's shop, and she told us not to go down the street, that the Republican Outfitters was raided and there had been an awful lot of shooting. She advised us if we had any guns to leave them there, as we had done on a previous occasion. We decided we would not leave our guns, firstly because we had been standing-to all day with arms, and secondly because we did not know how soon we would want them. We knew that Seán Treacy had been in the Republican Outfitters, although I did not think he would stay long after all the warnings he had got. He really was not there all the time. I was worried about Peadar Clancy, because I knew he would be there most of the day himself, as he had several people reporting to him at the shop during the day.

We got down as far as Gardiner Street by going around some of the back streets, and we saw the Tans in all directions. We kept together as a body to see if we could do anything. We saw a military lorry coming with Seán Ford a prisoner in it. Seán Ford was an assistant in the Republican Outfitters. I got to O'Connell Street by going through back streets and met Annie Malone who told me that the Republican Outfitters had been raided, and that "Seán was shot dead". At that time when we would be

telling anyone to leave a message for Peadar Clancy, we would say, "Give it to Seán at the Republican Outfitters", meaning Seán Ford. I said to Annie Malone, "Don't be an alarmist. Seán is a prisoner. I saw him and he is not dead". She clasped her hands and said, "Thanks be to God, and I was told he was shot dead. Are you sure you saw him?" "Positive", I answered, "I saw him in the lorry, and I know he saw me distinctly". She then said, "It's all the same. They will shoot him", and I told her, "No, Seán isn't known very well, and they won't shoot him". She exclaimed, "Mother of God! Seán Treacy not known very well!" I told her that I had been talking about Seán Ford. I got a great shock when she told me that Seán Treacy had been shot dead. I had raised her hopes, thinking she was talking about Seán Ford. I was talking to Maurice Walsh, who was Peadar Clancy's partner at one time, and he told me that Treacy was shot dead. I know in a very short time and the bad news was true.

I did not see any of the shooting in Talbot Street, neither did Tom Keogh nor Joe Leonard, because we were together.

That evening we were told that a Sergeant and a Constable of the R.I.C. had come specially from Tipperary to identify Seán Treacy and that they were actually in the lorry that raided the Republican Outfitters but that they were in civilian clothes. We spent all that Friday evening and Saturday looking for information about these two policemen, and on Sunday morning we got information that they were in the Castle and that we would have to keep some of the Squad in the vicinity of the Castle, that if they left the Castle we would probably get someone to identify them. At about one o'clock on that Sunday, some

members of the Intelligence Section, I do not know who they were, came and told me that the two policemen would be leaving the Castle at about half-past two, and that Dave Neligan would give the signal when they were leaving. We must have been told they would be coming to the North side of the city, because we were at the corner of Capel Street and at the bridge expecting them to come in that direction. There were a few of our Intelligence Officers along with the Squad. The two R.I.C. men appeared and Neligan gave the signal, not alone with his handkerchief, as pre-arranged, but he actually pointed them out to us with his hand. The Sergeant was shot dead and the other man was wounded. The other raced up Capel Street with a member of the Squad after him. He was fired at and wounded. I do not know whether he died from his wounds or not.

I think the Sergeant's name was Roche, and I cannot recall the name of the Constable.

On that Sunday evening the remains of Seán Treacy were taken to Tipperary. All the Tipperary men returned to Tipperary as well.

Bloody Sunday:

While I personally did not take part in any of the actual operations on Bloody Sunday I was actively engaged in all arrangements connected with them.

The four Battalions of the Brigade were engaged, and the O.C. of each Battalion was responsible for a certain area, not his own Battalion area because most of the spies were grouped in certain districts. If the 2nd Battalion Volunteers had been confined to their own area they would not have done anything but the Gresham Hotel job. All the

other operations allotted to the 2nd Battalion were outside their Battalion area, in fact they were in the 3rd Battalion area.

Seán Russell picked the men for the various operations, and in every case he appointed a member of the Squad in charge of the various groups.

There were five operations allotted to the 2nd Battalion, and five different groups were appointed to carry them out. In other words the 2nd Battalion had 13 enemy spies to deal with. One operation, on the East Road, did not come off as the spies had left that address the previous day and there was nobody in the house when the Volunteers went there. The other eleven were all accounted for.

Joe Leonard was in charge of Baggot Street; Tom Keogh was in charge of 22 Lower Mount Street; I cannot remember who was in charge of Upper Mount Street, it was probably Seán Doyle; Paddy Moran was in charge of the Gresham Hotel. Paddy Moran was not a member of the Squad, but he volunteered for the work. He was Captain of "D" Company of the 2nd Battalion, and on that account Seán Russell did not put a member of the Squad in charge of the Gresham Hotel operation, knowing that he could not improve on Paddy Moran. Paddy Moran was not in Mount Street on Bloody Sunday. The evidence that was sworn against him was that he was in Mount St. and was sentenced to death for the Mount St. job.

The arrangements for the Bloody Sunday operations were made by Dick McKee.

About a fortnight or three weeks before Bloody Sunday we had a meeting, which I am positive was held in the Printers Hall in Gardiner Street, but Joe Leonard is equally positive it was at Brigade Headquarters in the Engineers'

Hall in Gardiner's Row. I personally think I am right, because Brigade Headquarters was very much shunned after the death of Seán Treacy, and Dick McKee, since Seán's death, was using the Printers' Hall in Gardiner Street more often than the hall in Gardiner's Row. The Brigade still carried on in Gardiner's Row, but no one went to the hall unless they had to go on important business. There was what you might call an electric storm over Dublin at that time and we were safeguarding Brigade Headquarters to that extent. The four Battalions were represented at this meeting in the Printers' Hall, and I was there as O.C. of the Squad. Details were given to us about the various houses that were to be raided and we got detailed descriptions of the individuals who were to be eliminated.

On the Saturday afternoon before Bloody Sunday there was a 2nd Battalion meeting, definitely in the Printers' Hall in Gardiner Street. All the men taking part in the 2nd Battalion operations were at this meeting. Dick McKee and Peadar Clancy were there.

At this meeting Dick McKee questioned every officer in charge of operations as to their reconnoitring of their positions and the arrangements they had for getting their men back to the North side of the city, because the operations were taking place on the South side. He impressed on them that they were to be careful of the bridges on their way back. The 2nd Battalion had arranged to commandeer a ferry-boat to take the men across the Liffey to get back to the North side.

At this meeting Seán Russell put me in charge of all the operations, instructing me to have some first-aid people at No. 17 North Richmond Street, the house of Mrs.

Byrne. He also told me that I was to take up my position there and make any arrangements I could to go to the assistance of anyone who might be wounded during the operations. I did not like this because it would be the first time since the Squad was formed that the men would be going into action without me, but I was told that I was not going because I had other business to do. Dick McKee turned round and said, "Paddy, I'm not going either. Have you not full confidence in the men appointed?". Of course I told him I had. He explained to me that Seán Russell got instructions to appoint the officers for all the various operations in the city, and he paid the Squad the great compliment of putting them in charge of the various groups even outside their own Battalion area.

Operations were timed for nine o'clock on Bloody Sunday, and at about 8.15 a.m. I saw each group leave for its objective.

The first to return to North Richmond Street was Tom Keogh, bringing with him Billy McLean who had been wounded in the hand. They told me that when they were coming out from 22 Mount Street on the completion of their task, a lorryload of Tans, who had heard the shooting, pulled up and started to dismount. Tom Keogh immediately gathered his men in the hall and told them they might not get time to attack. "We must attack first", said Tom. He swung open the hall door, absolutely charged the Tans, and succeeded in wounding or killing some of them. The lorry then drove off and left some Tans on the ground, but the party did not wait to see whether they were alive or dead. Tom Keogh also reported that the task, as far as he was concerned, had been completed.

All the Volunteers had been told to report back, if possible, to 17 North Richmond Street. Joe Leonard and some of the men living on the South side were told not to report back if they did not think it advisable, but to send word that all were safe, or otherwise. As the various reports came in we discovered that Frank Teelin was missing. Tom Keogh said that Teelin had not been shot coming out from the house in Mount Street. He also said that all the men left the house but that Teelin may have gone out the back way. A few hours afterwards, towards midday, we heard that Frank Teelin had been wounded and captured. This was a big disappointment to everybody.

Teeling and McLean were the only two casualties we had in the four operations.

There was an all-Ireland match on in Croke Park that Sunday and all the Volunteers who had taken part in the operations spoke about going to it. I advised them to keep away from Croke Park because I knew there were bound to be spotters and spies round the turn-stiles. There were servant girls and landladies at the houses our men had visited that morning and we had no guarantee that they were friendly. The obvious place to find anybody of an Irish-Ireland outlook that day would be Croke Park. Tom Keogh jokingly remarked that it was a good-looking maid who opened the door for him and that he had made a date with her. That was Tom's attitude.

I did not go to Croke Park so I cannot describe what happened there, but most of the Volunteers went.

When we had reports of all the operations in 17, North Richmond Street I reported, as arranged, to Seán Russell at 10 Bessboro' Avenue, the residence of Mick Love.

We had a dump in Densille Lane, which runs parallel to Merrion Square, it is a regular roadway at the back of the houses of Merrion Square, North, with stables along one side. That was the second dump we had, and we always had a builder's name over it. Jackie Dunne had a workshop there and I went into partnership with him, but did no work. Jackie was using my name to look for work, and we had over the door, "O'Daly & Dunne, Building Contractors, Estimates Free", etc. Jackie Dunne's principal work was munitions. He was on Seán McMahon's, the Quartermaster General, staff. He was a very useful man and was Seán McMahon's right-hand man. He was what you might call Assistant Q.M.G.

In the dump we had a considerable amount of buckets and builders' rubbish around the place as a cover, and we always made it a point of having fresh shavings about. We had carpenters' tools and bits of doors and sashes about, to give the appearance of a building contractor's yard.

On the Monday morning after Bloody Sunday I got word that the dump had been raided and that Seán Doyle had been there alone when it was raided. The dump was not specially picked out for raiding, the whole district was being raided. Seán Doyle, seeing himself in danger, put on an old pair of whitewashing dungarees, mixed a bucket of lime putty and put his gun into it. He made sure there was nothing else incriminating to be seen. He took a whitewash brush and the bucket on his arm, and just as he was going out through the gate the military held him up. They searched him and found nothing but probably a few cigarettes and matches. They held him while they searched the place, but found nothing. They questioned him as to where he was going. When they said that it was strange there were

no workmen there Seán said, "This is Monday morning. They don't usually appear until dinner-time on a Monday". The military asked him where he was working and he told them he was whitewashing the lavatories at the corner public-house. This publican was very friendly, but I cannot think of his name. One of the soldiers passed the remark to Seán, "Only you are working in a public-house you wouldn't be in on a Monday either", and Seán said something like, "You've said it". During the conversation Seán took out his cigarettes, started to smoke, and handed one to the soldier who was guarding him.

When we heard of this raid we decided to move our stuff out of the dump, as Jackie Dunne lived close to it and might get into trouble if anything was found there. We only had two guns and some wooden moulds for castings which we were making under the direction of Peadar Clancy, in the dump and Seán Doyle and myself removed them. Just as we crossed Butt Bridge and were in the middle of the road a Black and Tan lorry drove up and the Tans started to dismount. I turned to the left towards O'Connell Bridge, simply because there were more people there and I always felt safer in a crowd. Seán Doyle walked straight ahead across Beresford Place. Just as I got opposite the Butt Bar another Tan lorry pulled up and the Tans dismounted. I had a gun in my pocket and a parcel of the mouldings, so I turned into the Butt Bar. I did not know what to do with these, but hoped there would be a back way out, when one of the assistants in the shop addressed me by name saying "Do you want the parcel dumped?". I answered, "Yes and quickly", and he brought me out to the back and into a cellar. It was really a store-room. He asked me what I had in the parcel and I told him wooden moulds, but that I had a gun as well. He took my gun, dumped it under a flooring-board that he pulled up from under a heap of

rubbish. He told me to get back into the shop quickly, and walked ahead of me. No sooner had I got to the counter than he planked down a bottle of stout in front of me. I never drank a bottle of stout before, or since, and said to him, "I don't know what will happen if I drink this". He said to me, "Drink it and be damned to you". Just then I looked out and saw two Tans standing at the door. One of them shouted in, "Fill two pints", and the assistant immediately left me and went and filled two pints. He engaged in a friendly chat with them and the two pints disappeared in a second. The two Tans then went out to the door again and were joined by three or four others. Two of the newcomers started to come in and were told by one of the others "Dont worry. They are alright". Whether the Tans paid for the drinks or not I do not know, but we got good value. For fully a quarter of an hour the group were at the door but none of them came in. Then there were a few words of command shouted and my friend went to the window and saw them getting into the lorries. He advised me not to take the gun with me because there were holds-up everywhere, and I told him I would send Katie Byrne for it. I asked him did he know Katie Byrne and he said he did. He told me he belonged to "D" Company, 2nd Battalion. I remember him giving me his name but I cannot recall it now.

I went on to North Richmond Street. That same evening Katie Byrne collected the gun and the moulds and put them into a shopping-bag underneath a few heads of cabbage and a few potatoes.

As I was leaving 17 Richmond Street I met Seán Russell and he told me that Peadar Clancy and Dick McKee had been murdered in the Castle. I also heard that same day, as I

was going down Talbot Street, that Miss Boyle, who worked in Speidel's (pork-butchers) shop, had been killed in Croke Park the previous day. Miss Boyle was a very good friend of ours. Whether she was a member of Cumann na mBan or not I do not know, but on one occasion when Joe Leonard, Tom Keogh and myself were going down Talbot Street there was a hold-up and she called us into the shop and told us that if we had any guns she would dump them for us. She brought us out to the back of the shop, took our guns from us and hid them. We went out to the street until the hold-up was over and got the guns afterwards. It was only after she had been killed that we found out her name; one of the other girls in the shop told us about her.

Arrest and Imprisonment after Bloody Sunday;

I was stopping at No. 5 Cecil Avenue, Clontarf, and that night as I was going home I discovered that the whole area around Fairview was held up. The conductor on the tram told me that the Tans were searching everybody; whether he was exaggerating or not I do not know, but he told me that were arresting every man they saw. I turned back and went down to 10 Bossboro' Avenue, Mick Love's house, where my eldest son was stopping - he was only a toddler at the time. I was a widower then. I had one child stopping in Dollymount, I had another in Hollands' and I had another in Mick Love's. The Loves persuaded me to stop with them that night because there was raiding taking place all round the district.

Just about twelve o'clock that night we heard the sound of people jumping into the back-yard, and by the jingle and the orders we knew it was the military. Next came a rap on the hall-door. I asked Mick Love, who had

just gone to bed, had he anything in the house and he said no. I said I had a gun but that it was fairly safe and that I was going to open the door. When I opened the door I found myself looking into fixed bayonets. The officer said to me, "You are Michael Love". I told him that I was not Michael Love. He shoved his way past me and said, "Why do you say you are not Michael Love?". With that a voice from the top of the stairs said, "I am Michael Love to anyone who is looking for me". The officer brought Mick down the stairs with his hands up and said to him, "Are you Michael Love?" Mick answered, "Yes, I am". "F. Company, 2nd Battalion?" asked the officer. Mick replied "That is a very old date", and the officer said, "What do you mean by an old date?". Mick told him, "I was in the 2nd Battalion of Redmond's Volunteers". The officer then told Mick that he would have to take him away. The officer was a very decent type. He asked who I was and I gave him my name because I saw a policeman standing outside who knew me well. He asked me what I was doing there and I told him I was a widower, that I had a child stopping there, that I had called to see the child, delayed too long and could not leave on account of curfew. The policeman, whose name was Dick McCarthy, then said to the officer, "That's right. I know Mr. O'Daly well". The officer asked "Is he a Shinner?" "No", said McCarthy, "he is a widow-man". That was the first time I heard that expression. McCarthy said, "He has a lot of children, and he is a hard-working carpenter". The officer then asked him had I a child in the house. "He may", said the policeman. McCarthy then asked me was it Paddy or Brigid, and I told him it was Paddy. The officer then said he would have to search the house. Mick Love told him his wife was not very well and would he mind if he accompanied him. The officer told him to come along. They searched the house and found nothing.

While the officer was upstairs he left me in McCarthy's charge, and McCarthy said to me, "Stick to what I said, and give your father's address in Dollymount". I said, "I won't. I don't want my father's house raided". McCarthy asked me what I would say, and I told him I would give my address as 5 Cecil Avenue. McCarthy said, "That will be allright. The Clontarf station will give you a good report. They know nothing about you. In the morning I will tell Mrs. Murtagh the address you gave".

The officer went away, taking Mick Love with him but leaving me in the house.

About an hour afterwards we had another raid. The officer in charge of this raid appeared to be a very cranky little man. He said to me, "You are Michael Love", and when I said I was not, he asked me where he was. I told him Mick Love had been taken away by the military an hour before, and he turned round and questioned some of the soldiers. He walked into the house and searched me, a pretty harmless search, he just felt my pockets. Himself and a sergeant went through the house and searched it, but it was a pretty decent search. He came downstairs and said to me, "I was sent here for Michael Love. He is not here apparently, but I am taking you with me because you might be Michael Love. You Shinnars don't always tell the truth, and small sc-and-so blame to you. If you are not Michael Love you will be home again in the morning.

I was brought out and put into the lorry. In the lorry with me were Jimmy Shields and Jimmy Heron, as well as a man named Barraban who was not a member of the Volunteers at all.

As the raiders were going along the North Strand a Tan lorry pulled up and told our little cranky officer that they would take the prisoners from him. The officer was very angry, he called them jail-birds, dirt and so on, and a lot of filthy language passed between them. The Tans were getting more aggressive and seemed to be winning the argument when the little officer shouted an order to the man in charge of the Lewis gun that was mounted on the lorry to cover the Tan lorry. The man swung the machine-gun around and covered the Tans. The little officer took out his watch, and, with another burst of bad language, said, "Move, or I fire in ten seconds. If you fire sooner there will be no ten seconds". With more bad language the Tans drove away. I was surprised when the officer in charge of the military party turned round, grinned at us and said, "I did not ask you whether you would like to go or not, but I think you would sooner stop with me". With that he handed each of us a cigarette, and, although I did not smoke I took his cigarette as I did not want him to think I would refuse a kindly offer. Our men were smoking when the rest of the military gathered into the lorry, and the amazing thing was that they immediately started to cudge cigarettes from us. I had the officer's cigarette in my hand and I could afford to be generous with it so I gave it to the soldier sitting next to me.

We were brought to Portobello Barracks that night. When the officer handed us into the guard-room he said to the sergeant in charge, "Have you a Michael Love in there?" the sergeant said he did not know whether he had or not, and the officer said to him, "Here are four more Michael Loves. You had better keep all the love you can get." He told the sergeant it was very cold, that we had been out for a long time and would need a warm drink, so we were

supplied with tea:

We were about three days in Portobello Barracks and were then moved to Arbour Hill. We were overcrowded in Arbour Hill, with two or three of us in each cell. There was a young man sharing my cell who told me his name was Whelan. This boy was taken out for an identification parade and was away for a couple of hours, in fact it was long after tea-time and we were all locked up for the night when he came back to the cell. He told me that he had been questioned about being in Mount Street on the morning of Bloody Sunday, that a girl and a soldier had identified him as being there. He described the girl. I said to him, "Aren't you very young to mix yourself up in a thing like that?" because I had a suspicion that the boy might have been put into my cell to try to get information from me. He said, "I am not mixed up in anything. I could hardly call myself a Volunteer as I never fired a shot". I said to him, "Don't you think these shootings are terrible? I don't belong to any of these things". He turned on me very crossly and said, "You are an Irishman anyhow. I can hardly call myself a soldier as I never fired a shot, but perhaps I can save a good soldier's life". I said something like, "God Bless you" or "God Bless the mother that reared you". I felt sorry for deceiving him, but I could not give away my identity on account of my promise to Constable McCarthy. This young man was taken away altogether the next day and I did not meet him again until I saw him in Kilmainham jail walking up and down by himself. I was allowed out to walk up and down on the opposite side. He smiled over at me and I said to him, "How are you getting on?" and he told me he was going to be

court-martialled. I walked around until I was just passing him and asked him what he was being court-martialled for. "For shooting British officers", he told me. I said, "That's terrible". He looked at me, smiled, and said, "There's nothing terrible about it. Don't forget a prayer for me, because I would like an old soldier's prayer, and I think you are an old soldier". Later on I met some of the other prisoners and asked them did they know Whelan and they said they did. I asked was he a Volunteer and was told he was, but was only of a few months standing. I asked someone, I forget who, if Whelan was allright, and was told, "Yes, there is no question about that, and what is more, they have him marked out for the scaffold". The next day I watched to get near Whelan at exercise and said to him when I got a chance, "Whelan, you are getting that prayer, and you are getting a Rosary every day". "Good soldier, may you live on to win" was his answer to me. He was executed in Mountjoy Gaol.

While we were in Arbour Hill there was a row with a couple of the military police, I forget what the row was about but I think it was over our conditions there, but five or six of us were shoved into our cells, and that same evening the six of us were shifted to Mountjoy. I met Mick Wedick and several of the old Volunteers there. I told Mick and the others about the attitude I was adopting, that I was denying I was a Volunteer. After I was brought to Mountjoy I got a message in from Michael Collins, through Warden Daly, that Constable Dick McCarthy had told Michael Collins what he had advised me to do. McCarthy was in the confidence of Michael Collins and I had not known it. Collins sent word that I was to persist in this attitude, as no report had gone into the Castle about me.

There was some trouble in Mountjoy, as there usually is in a prison, and the Governor, whose name was Munroe, addressed the prisoners one day and told them that they should appoint somebody to go to him with their complaints, that there need be no friction whatever because he was there to meet them in every way he could. During this discussion the Governor turned around and said to me, "Isn't that right, O'Daly? Didn't I meet you here before?" With that the prisoners wanted me to become the O.C., and although I could tell a good many of them what I was doing I could not tell them all. The result was that we made Mick Wedick O.C., although he was postman at the time; postman really meant O/C of despatches to our H.Q. outside.

I was only a few days in Mountjoy when we were told there was going to be an identification parade and that there would be thirty men picked out for the parade. Warden Breslin and Warden Murphy were in charge of these groups. They had the men lined up in four lines, one behind the other. I was in the second row for the parade. Warden Breslin came along checking and counting the prisoners; when he came to the man beside me he started to joke with him. He then turned to me and said, "You needn't go in the parade". I asked him would I fall out, and he said, "No, move back to the next line. Fall into the group that were identified already, but be sure and get a man into your place when you leave that row". Wedick was fixing the prisoners for the parade and I told him what Breslin had told me to do. "I would not have let you go into the parade, anyhow, said Wedick, "but I am glad Breslin told you to keep out of it". He then said to the man behind me, "Get into that line. Another bit of fresh air won't do you any harm".

Breslin told us there would be other identification parades, that in every case I should fall into the back row and that I should always arrange to have the man who would change with me definitely behind me. He said to me, "You are perfectly entitled on any of these parades to get permission to go to the lavatory, and if you like to arrange with the other men to do the same you can both come back to the parade and take each other's place". He came into the cell and arranged definitely with us. He said himself and Warder Murphy would probably be on all the parades; they were senior warders. He said he would send the other warders away with the groups so that they would not get a chance of seeing what we were doing. I am positive that Governor Munroe saw me changing places on one occasion because he looked at me and looked away very suddenly. Munroe knew Joe Leonard when he raided for Seán MacEoin but never identified him. They had Joe Leonard's name and address in the prison from the time he was a prisoner, and the Governor knew that Joe Leonard was with Dalton on that raid, but Joe Leonard's house was not raided afterwards.

Breslin and Daly, the warders, told me that I could probably escape on Christmas night, that they had plans made and were only waiting for approval of their plans. About four days before Christmas Arthur Griffith, who was also a prisoner, suggested to the Governor of the prison that the men get a little more freedom for Christmas. The Governor told Griffith that if he and Seán Milroy and some other leader, whose name I forget, or even Arthur Griffith himself gave his personal word and guaranteed that the privileges would not be abused and that there would be

no disorder, he would leave all the cell doors open from breakfast time on Christmas morning until ten o'clock on Christmas night, if the prisoners would guarantee to go quietly to their cells and put out their own lights.

Griffith called a meeting of the prisoners and told them what the Governor had agreed to do; he said to them, "I have no authority to give my word, but if you decide to do this I will go to the Governor and give my word, but if you give me your word I will expect you to keep it". The men agreed unanimously and said they would give all the guarantees necessary. I could not turn round and say there was talk of an escape for me on Christmas night and that I would have to be one odd. I did not do anything about it and word came in on Christmas Eve morning that I was to dress in warder's uniform and walk out through the front gate. When I heard this I told Breslin about the guarantee he had got from Griffith, and he said he had heard about it. I went to Griffith and told him about the plans for my escape. Griffith said the only thing he could do would be to go to the Governor, say that some of the prisoners were dissatisfied and withdraw his word, but I told him he could not do that. Griffith then said to me, "Tell Warder Breslin to get in touch with Headquarters and everyone in this prison, including myself, will obey any order they send in". In other words, if I were to escape Griffith would sacrifice his word for me.

Word was sent out to Headquarters and at tea-time on Christmas Eve Breslin came to me and said to me, "You are to remain where you are, because we could not go back on Griffith's word".

That Christmas night I was removed alone to Kilmairham in an armoured car and brought before an Intelligence Officer,

whose name I do not know. He questioned me for over an hour about the shootings on Bloody Sunday, but I stuck to the one story. He said had I not been in Mountjoy previously and I told him I had been. He asked me was I not then a member of the Volunteers, and I said I was. He asked me was I now funking it, and I said "You can call it anything you like, sir". I was very respectful during this interview. I said, "As you know I was in Mountjoy before this, you probably know what happened when I was there before". He asked me to tell him what I meant, so I said to him, "My wife died while I was in Mountjoy and left me with four children. Now, when I got out of Mountjoy, what was my duty? Was it to the children, even if I was called a funk?" - using his own term - "or was I to leave the children and go on being a Volunteer?". The officer said to me, "If what you tell me is true, you can take it that I don't think you were a funk". I thanked him.

I was brought back to my cell, which was in the basement of Kilmainham jail. I got very little exercise while I was there, only half an hour in the twenty-four hours, and I never saw the sky. I was not in complete darkness, but I could not see the sun. One evening I was sitting in my cell trying to count the bricks in the wall when a soldier came in with my tea. He looked at me and asked me was my name O'Daly. I said it was. "Faddy?" said he, and I said I was Faddy. "Do you know the Hollands?" he asked me. "I do", I answered, "I have a child stopping there". "Is it Colbert?" he said. "Yes", said I, "do you know him?". "He is a grand little fellow" said the soldier. He pulled from his pocket a naggin of whiskey and said to me, "Have a slug out of that". Then I told him I did not drink, he exclaimed "You don't drink! Well, Holland sent that down to you", so I said "Have a cup yourself". He kept putting the bottle to his head

and saying "You really don't drink", and the contents disappeared in no time. He took out cigarettes and offered me one. I told him I did not smoke. He looked at me in wonder and said, "What do you do?" I said to him, "I could drink a good mug of hot tea, and I would give Jameson's Distillery, if I owned it, for it". With that he went off and brought me back a mug of tea and some sandwiches with meat in them. The tea was good, but I could not eat the sandwiches.

The following evening this soldier came into my cell bringing with him apple-tarts, cakes, piles of confectionery, sweets and everything you could think of in the food line, and said, "Does that satisfy you?" I said it was great. He put his hand in his pocket and took out a naggin of whiskey, saying, "I didn't tell Mrs. Holland you didn't drink".

After about three weeks in Kilmainham I was moved back to Arbour Hill with a few lorry-loads of other prisoners.

The following night at about midnight I was brought down to the North Wall to go to Ballykinlar Camp with about one hundred other prisoners from Arbour Hill and Kilmainham. We were put on board a destroyer and had to sit side by side on the deck all night, we were not allowed to move or even stand up. It was a bitterly cold frosty night and we were frozen. It was well into the next day when we landed in Belfast.

We got a terrific reception from the workers in the Belfast shipyards. Bolts, nuts, pieces of metal and everything they could lay their hands on were thrown at us. One of the prisoners walking in front of me was Father

Burbage from Waterford, and when the mob saw him he came in for all their violence. They spat in his face, they struck him, and their language was vile. Every spit seemed to be followed by "To hell with the Pope". The military guard were shoving the crowd back as well as they could. One worker in particular had spat in Father Burbage's face a couple of times and when I saw him going to spit again I could not resist the temptation but drew out and struck him with all my force. This created an awful panic. A big six-foot soldier got a grip of me and actually lifted me and threw me into the lorry. He also caught Father Burbage and threw him into the lorry and then climbed in after us. The officer shouted for the lorry to move off, although it was not half-full at the time, and the prisoners all started scrambling into the lorry. As we got in we all lay down to get shelter from the missiles that were being thrown at us. This big soldier had a grip of me and had his fist raised as if he was striking me, but what he said was, "You are an awful mad-man. That was an awful blow you gave the swine. I would love to do the same but I dare not. I'm an R.C. too".

We drove off and arrived at some military barracks. I do not know what barracks it was. I was brought in before three officers, one of them did all the talking. He told me that he could put me on a very serious charge, that not alone did I endanger our own lives but I had endangered the lives of His Majesty's forces by striking a civilian and creating a riot. I told him I struck in self-defence and in defence of a Catholic priest who was being brutally assaulted. He asked the soldier to give evidence. The soldier stood to attention - he was like a statue - looking well over the officer's head, and ran off a lot of evidence

like a poem. He gave a description of what happened, laying all the blame on the mob. The officer stated he wanted to know what I had done, not what the mob had done. The soldier told them that the mob brutally beat and spat on the clergyman and that I struck in the priest's and my own defence. The officer said to me that military were there to protect us but I told him that the military had done their best but were being overpowered. I finished up by telling the officer that I was sure he would have done the very same himself if he had been in my position. The officer gave the order "About turn. Quick march", and that ended the matter. The big soldier, when he marched me out, told me that the O.C. was a "toff" and that I would hear no more about it.

We were then sent by train to a station, I think it was Newcastle, near Ballykinlar Camp, and marched from there to the camp. I met many old friends in the camp. I told Frank Lawless, T.D., Paddy Sheehan and Dan Brophy the line I had adopted denying I had any connection with the Volunteers. I told them I was going to try to get out by signing the form asking for my release. Frank Lawless thought I was running too much of a risk, that there would be too many enquiries about me which would not be for my good. I told him about Constable McCarthy and that if the authorities looked for a reference only from the Clontarf police I would be allright. The hardest job I had was to convince the Camp Committee and the biggest stumbling block was Leo Henderson, who was a member of the Committee. I told the Committee that the Volunteers outside were beginning to think that there were too many

getting themselves locked up for safety, and that the war would have to be won outside. Paddy Sheehan, Frank Lawless and Dan Brophy backed me up. I told the Committee I had Michael Collins' approval of my plan, that I would like to have their blessing but that I would sign the form and tell the British I.O.s all the lies necessary. The Committee were considering the matter while I went ahead with my plans and after a few weeks I was on my way home.

Judge Doyle and two military officers were the Interviewing Board. I told a hard-luck story about being a widower with four children, the eldest aged eight years, which was true. I said I was in Mountjoy when my wife died and that when I came out I spent all my time looking after my children. Judge Doyle appeared to be very sympathetic and handed a paper to one of the military officers saying something about my home district. The military officer asked me did I live all my life in Clontarf. I said I did and that I went to school there. I was asked where I was employed and I told them I had been with different builders from time to time but that most of my time had been spent with James Clarke of Clanbrassil Street. I knew that James Clarke was a great Redmondite, though a very good friend of mine who was always persuading me to be careful of myself and not to be taking part in any of the shootings. He had often offered me the safety of his house any time I wanted to sleep there. The next question the military officer asked me was did I know Michael Collins, and I said I did not. He then asked me did I ever hear of him. I told him I did, but that I thought he was like the Danahoe, something we were asked to believe in but never saw. Judge Doyle

laughed heartily at this and said, "Why do you say that?" I answered, "I think Collins is a bogey-man. I never met the man who could tell me he met him". I said this was the general talk in the workshops and that the average workman treated it as a joke. The second military officer, who had not spoken up to this, turned on me and said very crossly, "Do you think you are talking to fools?" I immediately got very humble and said, "Oh, no, sir, but I know from every book and history I have read that the British Intelligence is the best in the world, and I cannot believe that there is any man in the whole of Ireland wanted by the police or military who could not be picked up at least within a month. Certainly he would not go on for years, as this Collins is supposed to do". The officer grunted, saying something like, "A likely story. A pack of lies". Judge Doyle then interrupted and asked, "Have you any complaints regarding your treatment here or elsewhere since your arrest?" I said, "No, sir, I was lucky to be taken and kept by the regular British soldiers". Then the first officer said, "If you saw anyone shooting a soldier or a policeman would you give information to the authorities?" "I would not", said I, "Let those who go about with guns look after that. I want to live to rear my family". The officer said, "So you would be afraid. You must be a poor type of citizen". I turned to Judge Doyle and said, "Would you blame any citizen for being afraid. Sure we can't walk the streets of Dublin between the lot of them". Judge Doyle said, "That will do. Your case will be considered by the proper authorities.

After about two weeks I was released with six others. Dan Brophy and Paddy Sheehan told me that they would organise a crowd to boo and jeer us as we left the camp

to show we had no connection with them.

We spent the night in Newcastle and got a very cool reception in the tea-rooms there. One of the waitresses said to me, "I suppose you will don the khaki now". We did not get a train until about midday the following day and this only left us at Drogheda at about 9 p.m. I gave the other released prisoners the slip, because I did not know them at all and did not trust them.

I went up to Joe Stanley's picture-house. I got in touch with Mrs. Stanley as Joe was on the run, at least he was not in Drogheda that night. Mrs. Stanley came down to the picture-house bringing me a good tea. She advised me not to go near her house and suggested I should stop in the picture-house all night. I slept in the balcony, the actual balcony that I built myself a few years before.

I was called in the morning and again got a good breakfast. I went down to the station just a few minutes before the train left at 7 a.m. I got off the train at Clontarf station and went to Kurtagh's house, 8 Cecil Avenue, which was only about half a mile from the station. I was with Michael Collins at 11 a.m. that day. When I told him of the "bogey man" and that he did not really exist he laughed heartily. Michael Collins told me that Judge Doyle was not a bad sort and that I was lucky to go before him. He told me that Dick McCarthy, the policeman, had sent him word of my arrest at about nine o'clock the next morning. I told him about signing the form and the attitude of the Camp Committee. He said that if I had been sent to the camp that Joe McGrath was in that I would have been home a lot sooner, as Joe would have worked it quicker. He told me that Joe Leonard had been running the Squad since my arrest and that he had increased the number

in the Squad to twenty. He said that Joe was doing very well but that I was to take over from him as he was devising plans to get Seán MacEoin out of Mountjoy.

Of course there was a lot of talk about my signing the form, and the principle of the thing was brought to my notice several times. The only answer I gave was the active life I led from the time I came out of jail until the Truce. The official answer was given to the talkers when Michael Collins united the Squad and the Active Service Unit together and put me in charge, so if I was wrong Collins liked the way I was wrong.

The approximate date of my release was 20th February 1921. I am only judging this date by Joe Leonard telling me that Teelin, Simon Donnelly and Ernie O'Malley had escaped about a week before my escape, and the date of their escape was 14th February. It is only right to say that the escape from Kilmainham was not a Squad job, the 4th Battalion carried out the escape of Teelin.

The Active Service Unit;

On 1st January, 1921, the Active Service Unit was formed. There were one hundred men picked from the Dublin Brigade by the O.C. of the Brigade, Oscar Traynor. In command of these hundred men was Captain Paddy Flanagan, now deceased. This was a Brigade organisation and it acted directly under the Brigade O.C., Oscar Traynor. With this unit carrying out ambushes on military and Black and Tan lorries and the twenty members of the Squad picking off the spies, the city was certainly a hot spot.

The Squad now had their headquarters in Upper Abbey Street, well marked with a notice-board telling all passers-by that we were "Morlands, Cabinet Makers". We had a supply of carpenters' tools, timber, and all the appearance of work. It was about this time that we got our first Thompson gun. Michael Collins was very keen on this gun and actually came down to 17 North Richmond Street, Mrs. Byrne's house, where we were having a lecture on the gun. The lecturer was either Prout or a Kerryman named Allman who had been in the American Army, I am nearly sure Allman was the lecturer. We afterwards went out to the Casino in Marino. The Casino was a walled-up building which was fairly isolated at that time, and we were confident that if we fired a few rounds we could do so in safety. We were very surprised when one of the Brothers out of the O'Brien Institute came and told us that we could be heard all over the place.

Attempted train ambush at Killester:

About April, 1921, we got word from Intelligence of a train coming from Belfast with heavy reinforcements of Black and Tans, and as we got a few days notice we decided to mine the railway line about 100 yards on the Dublin side of Killester Bridge. The mine was supplied to us by the Engineers, and I believe Sammy Irwin was the man who laid it. It was brought out in Bob Holland's pony and trap by Dan Holland. This pony and trap was the Squad's principal means of transport. The mine was brought out the evening before the train was due, and that night we placed it under the line, covered it well and raked the

ground. Next morning we were in position and had good cover for our twenty men. Bill Stapleton had the Thompson gun on a small foot-bridge about 50 yards from where the mine was, on the Dublin side. The rest of us had grenades and revolvers.

I told the men that the local Howth train would probably pass first, that they could not mistake it, as the train we wanted would be a long express train carrying at least 300 men and would be preceded by a pilot engine; that I would give the signal for the attack to Joe Leonard who would explode the mine by battery. I told them that if by any chance the battery failed it would mean that we would not be stopping the train but that we would open fire on it; that I would be the first to fire and all hands should be watching the position I was in, which was right beside the battery that would explode the mine. If the mine worked the train would be definitely wrecked, and all were to hold their fire until the fans would be scrambling out of the train. The bombs were to be used first, and the Thompson ganner was to rake along the side of the train. The small arms were not to be used indiscriminately, as we had a very limited supply of ammunition and the men were really to take aim. The question of collecting arms would be out of the question. Our object was to wipe out as many Black and Tans as we could while the panic lasted and then to retire through the fields. If anything in the nature of a stand-up fight occurred, we would be outnumbered by 300 to 20, or what was left of the 300, and the men with small arms would undoubtedly be no match for them.

We had two men posted on Killester Bridge with a good view of the line for about 300 yards, and they would signal the train for which we were waiting. They would give no signal for the Howth train.

As the time approached a single-engine train came down the line towards Dublin, but the men on the bridge gave no signal and we allowed the engine to pass on. Then the Howth train came along. It was a small train of about four carriages which could not be mistaken - it was the usual slow and easy - but one of our men named Loftus fired a grenade which went into one of the carriages and came out the other side and exploded on the track. To the credit of all the others, no one else fired. We held on to our position although we were uneasy that the matter would be reported when the train reached Clontarf or Amiens Street station, which was probably done, as about twenty minutes later we saw a party of military approaching us in single file along each side of the railway track. We were not sure of their number, but we saw between 15 and 20 of them. I knew that anything like an engagement with the military would be foolish in the open country because they had rifles and we had only small arms and one Thompson gun. The military were spread out and offered very little target. I decided to withdraw our men from the position, which we did successfully without drawing any attention from the military.

When we got back to the city we were surprised to hear that Maurice Brennan, Walsh - I forget his Christian name - and Marmuid O'Hegarty were actually in the carriage that the bomb went through.

I got word from Miss Foy, a member of the 2nd Battalion Cumann na mBan, whose brother worked on that section of the line, that the mine was still there, so that night we went out and brought it back to our dump in Donzille Lane by the same pony and trap.

We learned that some hours after we withdrew from our position the Tan train came through.

Attempted rescue of Seán MacEoin:

Some time in April, 1921, word came to us from Mick Lynch, O.C. of the Fingal Brigade and superintendent of the Corporation Abbatoir on the North Circular Road, that an armoured car called at the Abbatoir every morning to escort a lorry carrying the meat supplied to Portobello Barracks and he saw many chances of the car being captured. Michael Collins immediately asked for a report from Intelligence and Charlie Dalton was put on the job. From a window in Mick Lynch's house, which was in the abbatoir, Charlie Dalton had a splendid view of the car and was able to observe the movements of the driver and crew. As luck would have it the blind of that window was constantly down as the window looked directly into the yard of the abbatoir and as anyone working there could look directly into her room Mrs. Murphy always kept the blind down, so there was nothing suspicious about it being down and Charlie Dalton was able to sit and look out underneath the blind without being seen.

Michael Collins was endeavouring to get Seán MacEoin out of Mountjoy, and probably held up the capture of the armoured car until plans were complete to bring off the double.

In the meantime I had gone to Mick Lynch's house and saw the position. Tom Keogh, Joe Leonard and one or two others went into the abbatoir casually and walked round the place. Jimmy Wilson got a Corporation cap, overalls and a water key and went round examining the water supply, so every man going on the job knew the position.

Michael Collins outlined the plan at a meeting in a private room in Jim Kirwan's public-house. Emmet Dalton, two warders out of Mountjoy named Daly and Breslin and myself were at the meeting. Emmet Dalton and myself were to be dressed as British officers and would be in possession of a release or transfer order for Seán MacBain. Emmet Dalton was to do all the talking as he had good experience, being an ex-British Army officer. We were to present our credentials to the Governor of the prison, asking him to hand us over the live body of John MacBain. We were to make sure not to use the word "Seán". Daly and Breslin immediately said, "You won't deceive the Governor with Paddy" meaning me, "he has only just come out of Mountjoy and the Governor knows him well. Sure he has been in twice in the last twelve months". Joe Leonard was then suggested and I told Michael Collins that Joe was in the same category as myself. The warders said that Joe would have some chance, as it was nine months since he was in Mountjoy and he was not as well known as myself. Breslin said, "Sure Paddy was in the Governor's office every day when his wife was dying. The Governor could not but recognise him". Joe Leonard was decided on, and a better man for coolness and courage could not have been picked. Unfortunately, the Governor did know him but had the good sense not to say so.

Arrangements were made with Seán MacBain to find some excuse to have an interview with the Governor every morning at ten o'clock and to delay over the interview and in the passage as much as possible. We hoped that MacBain would actually be in the office when the car would arrive.

When all arrangements were made I picked the men for the abbatoir. Included in the crew for the car was Pat McCrae to act as driver, a man for the Hotchkiss gun, an assistant gunner, and Tom Keogh as an all-round expert on short arms. All those men were dressed in British military caps and overalls, the general uniform of an armoured car crew.

The car arrived at the abbatoir about ten minutes after us and was there about five minutes before the driver got out. We could do nothing until the driver got out of the car. The rest of the crew got out and walked off smoking. At last the driver got out, sat down on the running-board and took out a cigarette. He was immediately pounced on. Then the remainder of the crew were rounded up. The other members of the crew could not be rounded up until the driver got out of the car, as it had to be captured before any hostility could be shown to the military.

The British crew of the armoured car were armed with revolvers. One of the crew who resisted was shot and died next day. The others were rounded up and held prisoner. The new crew immediately got into the car and drove off. I, seeing that everything was allright in the abbatoir, even to the destruction of the telephone, cycled after the armoured car. From a house opposite the cattle market I saw Joe Leonard and Emmet Dalton getting into the armoured car. They then drove off at a fast speed. When I arrived at Mountjoy the car had gone in. Seeing our men outside the gate and the door shut I was wondering what could have happened. I left my bicycle on the kerbstone at the road and walked up the avenue. I saw the wicket-gate being opened and Annie Malone handing in a parcel addressed to some prisoner inside. I then saw

Seán Doyle, who was in charge of the group at the door, and his men force their way in, holding up the warders, taking the keys from Warder Condon and pushing him into the duty-room. The warder seemed to go in quietly enough. Seán Doyle's instructions were to make sure that the "phone - that would be the gate 'phone - in the duty-room would be dismantled immediately they entered. This was done. The men then proceeded to open the main gate, and then I could see the armoured car. When he drove in the armoured car, Pat McCrae with great judgment and coolness swung it right round and got the nose of the car right into the second gate, making it impossible for the warders to close this gate.

Time seemed to be hanging on our hands, when I saw Tom Keogh firing a shot from a revolver, at whom I did not know then. I saw Joe Leonard and Emmet Dalton coming out of the prison into the yard and Joe Leonard picking up a rifle. I then saw Joe going down on one knee, he was evidently giving an order but I did not hear what he said. Then he stood up quite coolly, vaulted into the back of the armoured car and the car drove out of Mountjoy, Joe shouting to me "No luck".

Before this happened I had told Annie Malone to escape but she would not budge. She was still waiting for results.

One of our men named Walsh was wounded in the hand. He was one of the group at the gate under Seán Doyle.

By this time the British military were firing at the armoured car from the roof of the prison. Their shooting was very poor, because I do not think they hit the car and they certainly did not hit any of us. The shot that wounded Walsh was only a ricochet, it was not a direct shot and he was wounded only slightly. We all got away safely.

I would prefer that Joe Leonard would tell what happened inside the prison.

The crew of the armoured car that went into Mountjoy consisted of Joe Leonard, Emmet Dalton, Tom Keogh, Pat McCrae, Caffrey and, I believe, Bill Stapleton. O'Connor definitely was not a member of the crew.

After leaving Mountjoy everything went perfectly until the armoured car broke down on the Malahide Road. The boys stripped the car of the Hotchkiss gun, which was British property, removed any movable parts, and made across the fields to Paddy Belton's house in Donnyearney, where they dumped the gun and the military overalls and came back to the city. Joe Leonard and Dalton went by taxi to Howth.

After the boys got back to the city they told me that Pat McCrae had left his collar in the armoured car. He might be identified by the laundry number on the collar which had been laundered in the Phoenix Laundry in Jones's Road. I got a few of the men together and raided the laundry. The Scotsman who was manager was surprised when we cleared out all the files and lists of customers and were taking them with us. We warned him that if he gave the name and address of any customer to the police he would be shot. He said he would not, and, going to the press, he took out a big ledger and said, "You'd better take this too. Now you have all the customers' names and addresses so don't blame me for anything, but if you could let me have the books back in a few days you will save me a lot of trouble". I told him that depended on his own conduct. We were able to let him have the books back when the Intelligence Staff had gone through them.

Pat McCrae at that time was working with his brother Bob who was the proprietor of Peter Murphy's provision shop in George's Street. They had a contract with the Sergeants' Mess in Portobello Barracks. Pat always drove the van to the barracks, and you may be sure it did not always come out empty. On this morning Pat had been delayed, and when he got back to the shop nothing would do him but that he should go to the barracks as usual. When he got to Portobello barracks all the troops were standing-to. He said to the sergeant, "what's on do-day? You seem to be all on the move". The Sergeant whispered to him, "Tell no one, but the blinking Sim Féiners are after stealing an armoured car". Pat laughed at him and said he did not believe it. "It is a fact", said the sergeant, "they may be around the city shooting all before them. All armoured cars are being called back to barracks".

I think I can honestly say that no man ever saw Pat McCrae excited or in a fuss about anything. He was the bravest and brainiest soldier I ever knew.

Burning of the Custom House:

The attack on the Custom House was organized by the O.C. of the Dublin Brigade, Oscar Traynor, on instructions from G.H.Q. To the 2nd Battalion was given the actual burning, in other words they were the inside men. The 2nd Battalion Commandant, Tom Ennis, was in command of the entire operation. Ennis was anxious to have all the men of the Squad and the A.S.U. who were members of the 2nd Battalion rejoin their unit for this operation, but he did not include the 1st, 3rd and 4th Battalion men as he wanted it to be completely 2nd Battalion job. I appealed to Michael Collins to have us all included as I was afraid it would cause

dissension amongst the men if any of them would be left out. After a conference with Oscar Traynor, the O.C. of the Brigade, this was accepted for the Squad only. Some members of the A.S.U. did go back to their Battalion, but the entire A.S.U. was employed outside.

The Squad was to take charge of all the entrance doors of the Custom House. I posted my 20 men at the various doors. Their instructions were to allow nobody to leave the building once they went into position, but any civilian entering the building on business was to be admitted and then held prisoner so that the outside public would not be given the information that the building was held by the Volunteers.

The operation was timed to take place at approximately 12.45 p.m. on 25th May, 1921. The Squad would take over the doors at the one minute, that is the various groups of the Squad would enter at the tick of the clock. This was to prevent anybody finding one door closed getting out by another door. I acted directly under Commandant Ennis. This was the only job allotted to the Squad.

Commandant Ennis detailed officers for every floor and every section of the building. Each officer had a number of men under him. There was also an officer responsible for collecting all the staff, the Civil Servants, in the Custom House.

I cannot remember the exact details after so many years, but I do know they were planned to the last detail, worthy of the very fine officer in command, Tom Ennis. The 1st Battalion and the A.S.U. had the job of causing delaying action in the event of word getting through to

the enemy, and groups of Volunteers were posted in the various streets leading to the Custom House in order to ambush any lorries of military or Tans coming to the rescue. The various Fire Brigade Stations were also manned by Volunteers to prevent the Brigades moving out.

At zero hour we moved into position and I started on a tour of inspection, entering by the main door facing the Diffev. I could not make my way through the inside owing to the herding of the staff and the various groups of Volunteers rushing to their positions, so I came out, went round the outside and found that all the men under my charge were in the positions allotted to them. As I came out the main door facing Liberty Hall I saw Oscar Traynor, who beckoned me over. I told him what I knew, that everything was going on perfectly as far as I could see. He took out his watch. He was very anxious at seeing no sign of smoke and said that the building should be on fire by now. As we were speaking a Tan lorry swung around from the quays and pulled up right beside us. At that moment a young lad, identified as Dan Head, a mere boy, threw a hand-grenade right into the lorry. Before the lorry came I had seen this lad standing near us, but I did not take him to be a Volunteer, he looked about fifteen years of age. As the bomb exploded in the lorry I said to Traynor "Run", and I darted towards Abbey Street. With the explosion of the bomb the whole place seemed to rock, and one Tan fell out of the lorry right in front of me as I was running past making for Abbey Street. Shots were fired and struck the wall of Eairde, the big iron-mongers. Whether the shots were from the Tan lorry or from our own men firing on the Tans from the Custom House I do not know, as I was right in the line of fire from both parties.

I mingled with the crowd in Abbey Street and saw an armoured car and more lorries. The Tans were dismounting and spreading out so I made my way around Marlboro' Street. Outside the Abbey Theatre I met Oscar Traynor, and I was glad to see him alive. We went round by Talbot Street into Store Street, but could not get near enough even to see the Custom House.

Realising that I was armed and that it was useless hanging around I was making my way to the North Strand to dump my gun when I got word that Tom Ennis had been badly wounded and taken away in a civilian horse-float. When I got to Beccoboro' Avenue I heard that Ennis had been taken to his own home in Marine by the friendly carter. I got a bicycle and got in touch with Oscar Traynor whom I picked up in Gardiner Street. We went for first-aid equipment and set off for Tom Ennis's house. Ennis was in a very bad state, as he had a frightful wound near the groin and he was one mass of blood. Mrs. Ennis, with a month-old baby, was wonderfully cool. She got water, towels and everything that was necessary. Oscar Traynor started to dress the wound and sent me to look for Batty Hyland. Batty Hyland was one of Mick Collins' drivers. While I was away Oscar Traynor remained with Ennis, and I believe that it was Traynor's skill in first-aid dressing that saved Tom Ennis's life. That is what Murco O'Donnell told me later when I was visiting Tom Ennis in the nursing home. When we arrived with the car at Ennis's house, Oscar Traynor, Batty Hyland and myself carried Tom Ennis down, causing him very much pain I am sure. We were bringing him to O'Donnell's Nursing Home in Eccles Street, one of the many places we could bring our wounded at any time. On our way

we were twice held up by D.M.P. cordons who looked into the car and told us to drive on. Whether they thought we were bringing home a drunk or not I do not know, as poor Tom was lying in Oscar Traynor's arms. I can assure you that the D.M.P. had received a lot of education since 1913 when they had battered the heads of men, women and children in the streets of Dublin. Whether it was due to the goodness or the cowardice of the police we got through safely to the nursing home. If it was goodness the I.R.A. can claim full credit for their conversion.

We carried Tom Ennis into the nursing home and up to the top of the house. I left then as Nurse O'Donnell told me that some of our men were in the Mater Hospital. I went over to the Mater and made myself known to a friendly nurse. I was shown in to see Seán Doyle, who was shot through the lung. Seán told me he rushed the military cordon at the Custom House and made his way to the Mater. He was very bright and cheerful, although the nurse told me he was very seriously ill and the priest was coming to anoint him. I told the nurse I was going for his wife and asked her would she let her in when she arrived. I went down to Seán's wife, who lived on the North Circular Road near Richmond Street. Seán Doyle died the following day, only a few months after his brother Paddy Doyle, died on the scaffold in Mountjoy.

I reported back to Oscar Traynor in Gardiner's Row and told him about Seán Doyle. He spoke to me of the wonderful courage of Mrs. Ennis. I told him that Mrs. Doyle was equally brave, and we could never lose while Ireland had mothers like these.

Later that evening we heard that Jim Slattery had been wounded and had gone to the Mater Hospital as well. Jim was operated on and lost his right hand, but otherwise he was quite alright and able to carry on afterwards.

Throughout the evening news was coming in to Gardiner's Row of people missing and of people killed. I think the total number killed was five and about eighty I.R.A. prisoners were taken. It is estimated that about one hundred men took part in the Custom House operation.

The attack on the Custom House put a great spirit into the whole Brigade, for I think there was not a single Company in Dublin but went out that night to hit up enemy forces, which they did to very good effect. The bombing of lorries, which they must have heard from where they were, certainly brought our message to our comrades in prisons and hospitals. It seemed to tell them, "You may have the rest, my lads, where you are, but the enemy will get no rest outside".

The story of Mrs. Lewis:

Among the many who were arrested and lodged in Kilmainham jail after the Custom House operation were Tommy Kilcoyne and Paddy Swanzy. When arrested they gave the names Tommy Lewis and Paddy Lewis, and they gave their address as 17 North Richmond Street, the house of Mrs. Byrne. Tommy sent word to me that his mother was dying and asked could I do anything as he could not declare his proper name. I discussed the matter with Oscar Traynor and we arranged to get a dying woman and call her Mrs. Lewis. I went down to Mrs. Byrne in 17 North Richmond

Street and gave her the facts. She agreed to do anything necessary. Oscar Traynor got one of our many friendly doctors to give a certificate, that Mrs. Lewis of 17 North Richmond Street was a serious heart case, or whatever the medical profession would call the day-before-death certificate. Of course we knew that when the certificate would arrive at Kilmainham enquiries would be made, probably by the D.M.P., so a constant watch had to be kept on the street to let Mrs. Byrne know when the police would be coming in order that she would be in bed in time. After spending most of the next day between the kitchen and her bedroom, Mrs. Byrne was making a cake, with her hands full of flour, when word came that a policeman was coming. Without waiting to get the flour off her hands Mrs. Byrne ran up the four flights of stairs to her bedroom. Being a very stout woman, around the 14 stone mark, she was certainly panting for breath when she got to her room, and the sweat was out in beads on her forehead between the rush and the excitement. She was covered up in bed with her floury hands well under the clothes when the policeman came in and he was very sympathetic. Mrs. Byrne kept calling, in a very feeble voice, for her sons Tommy and Paddy. The room, of course, was half dark as the patient could not stand the light.

The policeman went off and said he would report at once that the woman was dying. Fearing that they might send a military doctor we arranged with the Mater Hospital (Private) to take in Mrs. Byrne as Mrs. Lewis. When Mrs. Byrne was in the Mater Hospital, one of Tommy Kilcoyne's sisters who knew Tommy was calling himself Lewis, sent him a wire that his mother was dead. Now we were in a fix. We could get a dying woman easily enough, but where would we get a corpse? While we were debating what we would do in North

Richmond Street the policeman knocked, offered his condolences and told us her two sons were on their way home, if they were not home already. So Mrs. Byrne was able to get home that evening. Mrs. Byrne is the mother of twelve children, all alive. Two of her daughters and four of her sons were out in 1916. She herself is the proud possessor of a Medal and Bar.

The two boys got home to Kilkenny. The fact that they got home under an assumed name proved that they had completely deceived the authorities as to their true identity. These men had been very prominent, and had they been identified under their own names their lives would undoubtedly have been in jeopardy, as they had taken part in many important engagements up to the time of their arrest.

The Squad and the A.S.U.:

After the burning of the Custom House the Squad and the Active Service Unit were amalgamated into one, under the command of myself. We had approximately eighty men between the two units, the remainder were either prisoners, wounded or killed. I think we had seven killed, one member of the Squad and six members of the Active Service Unit. The original combined strengths of the units would have been 130.

I divided the company into two half-companies. Joe Leonard was appointed to the first half-company as Lieutenant, to operate in the North city, and Paddy O'Connor, later Colonel O'Connor, was appointed to the second half-company to operate in the South side of the city.

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Up to this time the Squad only carried out operations allocated to them from Headquarters or through Intelligence, and the A.S.U., with Captain Paddy Flanagan in charge, acted under the Brigade and were at liberty to attack any enemy lorries or troops they came in contact with. On the new formation Captain Paddy Flanagan resigned and took no further part with the A.S.U. He remained an active officer of his Battalion. Mick White also resigned, he was Adjutant of the A.S.U. from its formation.

When I took over I told the men that we were having no staff officers. Every officer and N.C.O. would be a leader in attack. The Lieutenants would not alone take orders from me, but they would look for jobs and keep the men employed. Every Tan and military lorry was fair game, but no individual shootings of civilians must take place; no man had the right to say who was a spy. Headquarters were the only people who would give an order for an execution. I kept in touch with Brigade O.C. as well as with Intelligence and the two half-companies worked very well as a day never passed without some lorry being hit up, sometimes with very good effect. British dispatch riders were constantly being relieved of their motor-bicycles and dispatches. Laundries were invaded and military clothing destroyed. Provisions going to military barracks were seized. The enemy were harried every way possible.

We got a good supply of Mills grenades from Munitions. Seán Russell was O.C. of Munitions at the time, Peadar Clancy, the late Director, having been murdered in the Castle. Our biggest worry was to get sufficient revolver and Peter the Painter ammunition.

National Archives Act, 1986, Regulations, 1988

ABSTRACTION OF PART(S) PURSUANT TO REGULATION 8

**Form to be completed and inserted in the original record
in place of each part abstracted**

- (i) Reference number of the separate cover under which the abstracted part has been filed: WS 387/A
- (ii) How many documents have been abstracted: 1p
- (iii) The date of each such document: 18/5/50
- (iv) The description of each document:
WS 387 my ltr P Daly
names individuals p 22

(Where appropriate, a composite description may be entered in respect of two or more related documents).

- (v) Reason(s) why the part has been abstracted for retention:
(c) Would or might cause distress or danger to living persons on the ground that they contain information about individuals, or would or might be likely to lead to an action for damages for defamation.

(These will be the reasons given on the certificate under Section 8(4).)

J. Moloney
Name: (J. Moloney.)

Grade: Col.

Department/Office/Court:

Date: 7 March 2003.

The following spies were accounted for; Pike was shot outside Fagan's public-house in Drumcondra; Brady was shot in Clontarf; two British Intelligence Officers were shot in the Mayfair Hotel in Baggot Street; an ex-British Army man was shot in Gloucester Street on a report from Intelligence; an Tan was shot in Donore Avenue, and a Tan named Halpin, an Irishman, was shot on the canal banks at Inchicore. The hall porter in the Wicklow Hotel was shot. This porter used to ring up the Castle and give information. One of our Intelligence men, _____ called at the Wicklow Hotel one morning, accompanied by a couple of members of the Squad, to identify this man as there was more than one porter in the hotel. _____ went to the porter and said, "So-and-so in the Castle wants your report", I cannot remember the name of the man in the Castle. The porter brought _____ inside, gave him some dispatches and started to tell him something about saying a good word for him at headquarters. _____ without waiting for any of the members of the Squad to come in, shot the porter there and then, and brought back the dispatches to Intelligence.

Three Tans were shot at Ballyfermot by the men under Paddy O'Connor. The Tans had got out of a lorry and were patrolling the road. They were coming towards Ballyfermot Bridge, but Paddy and his men shot them before they came to the bridge.

There were several raids for arms on boats at the North Wall. These were soft jobs as a rule, because one or two members of the crew always knew we were going for the arms.

The last big round-up was to take place towards the end of June. We arranged to hit up every Black and Tan visible on the streets of Dublin, in public-houses and in

hotel bars, at six o'clock on a certain Friday evening. The ordinary British soldier walking the streets unarmed was not to be touched. This was a Brigade operation with the Squad and A.S.U. included. Every street was covered, from Fairview to Parkgate Street, to Inchicore, round by Rathmines and as far as Sandymount.

My position, with twelve picked men of the Squad, was Grafton Street. All the Tans in Dublin must have been confined to barracks that evening. The only two that made an appearance in Grafton Street were shot dead.

That evening Joe Leonard had an old Army van with a Thompson gun in it. With him were Jimmy Conroy and Bill Stapleton. They were in Dawson Street, and their job was to pick up any wounded men and get them to hospital. They got nothing to do during the operation and started for home. The car broke down. Some soldiers came by in a lorry, and seeing the would-be Tommies fiddling at the engine asked could they give them any assistance. Joe shouted to them, "Drive on out of that. Do you never want a drink yourself?" They got through alright.

The unit remained active until twelve noon on the day of the truce. In fact there was a section at Ballsbridge post office waiting for a Tan lorry to collect mails, and they were beaten by the clock.

Signed; _____

Date; _____

Witness; _____

