

W. S. 964

# ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21

BURO STAIRÉ MILITIA 1913-21

NO. W.S. 964

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BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS.

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 964.....

**Witness**

Sean Glancy,  
Dorrery,  
Carrick-on-Shannon,  
Co. Leitrim.

**Identity.**

Member of Irish Volunteers,  
Drumlion, Co. Roscommon, 1917 - .  
Adjutant, North Roscommon Brigade, 1921 .

**Subject.**

Irish Volunteers, North Roscommon,  
1917-1921.

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

Nil

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BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21  
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Statement by Seán Glancy,

Dorrery, Carrick-on-Shannon,  
Co. Leitrim.

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I joined the Irish Volunteers in Castlebar in 1916 where I was then employed as a shop assistant. Michael McHugh was O/C of the Volunteers there then. They had no arms of any nature and did not take any action during the Rebellion. A number of the Westport men were arrested after the Rebellion as they had held a parade on the Sunday unaware that the Rebellion had ended the previous day. This was a public parade through the town.

I left Castlebar after the Rebellion and went to work in Dublin and lost contact with the Volunteers then. I returned to Roscommon and took up residence at Killina outside Elphin in 1917. Early in 1918 or late 1917 I again joined the Volunteers in Drumlion. Barney Gannon took me into the Volunteers there. The Volunteers then were known as the I.R.B. Volunteers, and it was a very secret organisation and we had to take an oath on joining. The Unit was only fourteen strong then and we had drill parades once per week. Joe McCormack did the instruction. There were no arms of any type then in the Unit.

In February 1917 the Plunkett election took place in North Roscommon and we had a busy time then. The roads were snowbound and we had to clear the drifts in order to let people attend the meetings and go to the polls as well as canvassing and the usual work that goes with elections. There was no trouble of any kind either with the police or the opposition party and Count Plunkett was elected by a good majority.

There was no Battalion organisation in the area at this time although there was the nucleus of a Brigade Staff

in existence. James Ryan of Strokestown was the O/C: Andy ~~Kevin~~ was Adjutant and Martin Killilea was Quartermaster. The Vice O/C was Michael Dockery.

Drilling was continued during 1917 and on into 1918 without any appreciable increase in our strength. When the conscription threat loomed up men flooded into our ranks and were begging us to take them in and our strength went up to forty-five. When the crisis was over our strength dwindled rapidly and fell to about ten or twelve. The only preparation made to meet conscription that I am aware of was training which was done openly. We still had no arms of any sort.

In November of 1918 the General Election took place. This was a walk over for the Sinn Féin candidates and there were no incidents of any sort in our area. When the first Dáil assembled early in 1919 the Volunteers became subject to it and recognised it as the government of the Republic and each man was required to take an oath of allegiance to it. All our men took this oath without any reservation and strange to state, our numbers now began to increase and we soon had a strength of thirty-two men.

A boycott of the R. I. C. was now enforced and people were forbidden to speak or associate with them or supply them with foodstuffs. There was no R. I. C. barracks in the Drumlion area, the nearest barracks being Croghan. There were also R. I. C. barracks in Kilmore, and Cootehall and Carrick-on-Shannon had both military and police garrisons

Towards the end of 1919 battalions were organised and Drumlion Company was attached to the 2nd Battalion with Seán Owens as Battalion O/C. The Companies comprising the Battalion were Drumlion, Kilmore, Aughrim, Elphin, Killina, Manteau, Creere and Croghan. Early in 1920 the R. I. C. evacuated their barracks at Croghan, Kilmore and

Cootehall. Elphin and Carrick-on-Shannon and Boyle were still held and the garrisons in them reinforced by the men from the smaller-evacuated stations. All the evacuated barracks were burned on Easter Saturday night of that year in conformity with the operation which was carried out throughout the country by the Volunteers. The Drumlion Company burned Croghan Barracks without incident. The Volunteers had now to police the country consequent on the withdrawal of the R.I.C. to larger posts which put a great strain on them as they could only devote in most cases their spare time to the work. They had to make arrests and detentions and give effect to the rulings of the Sinn Féin Courts which were now functioning successfully in the area. The barristers and solicitors were practising in the Sinn Féin Courts and George Lynch, who afterwards became State Solicitor for Sligo-Leitrim, practised at these Courts. The British-manned Courts practically ceased to exist.

The Local Government, such as the County Councils and District Councils, were now manned by Sinn Féin and recognised the Dáil as their authority. A local government election had been held in the meantime and Sinn Féin candidates had swept the country. Joe McCormack was now Captain of Drumlion Company. As James Ryan was ill McCormack also acted for a while as Brigade O/C.

Early in 1920 the 5th Battalion North Roscommon Brigade was organised and comprised the Companies of Drumlion-Croghan-Cootehall-Drumboylan and Kilmore, with Joe McCormack as the Battalion O/C. The Adjutant was William Ward and the Quartermaster Michael Noone. I now became Company Captain in McCormack's place.

On June 22nd 1920 a general raid for arms was carried out in the area. It was only a matter of

collecting what arms there were as the people were only too anxious to hand up the weapons to us in preference to having the R. I. C. and British Military collect them. Any raiding we did was only as a cover-up for the people in order that they could tell the R. I. C. that they had been raided by the I. R. A. and not arouse suspicion of their sympathies. We collected about ten shotguns and some cartridges - not very much. No rifles or revolvers were forthcoming.

McCormack now went to Dublin to try and procure some serviceable arms and returned with two Service Webley revolvers and a few rounds of ammunition for them. This was all he could get. The R. I. C. were now raiding for arms all over the countryside. Earlier in 1920 I was sent to Dublin on a similar mission as McCormack and could only procure six Mills hand grenades which I got from the Q. M. G. Seán McMahon.

We continued to drill and train ourselves as best we could. We had no help from any ex-British Army men, as was available in other areas. We had one ex-British Army man in our ranks but he was of no use and knew practically nothing. Regular Battalion Council meetings were held and despatch carrying was a big feature of our activities. By now there had been a slight increase in our strength as a few additional men had joined us. Mick McGloughlin was a signal man at the Railway Station. He was a member of the Kilmore Volunteers and he took all despatches for H. Q. and forwarded them to Dublin via the guards on the trains. Paddy Daly, Mick Kelly and Joe Claffey were guards on the trains and gave wonderful service in this respect, as well as carrying munitions.

In June or July 1920 our Battalion Adjutant was arrested and I was now appointed Battalion Adjutant in

his place. James Dorr now became Battalion O/C as McCormack was taken away for full time work with the County Council as Paymaster. In this capacity he handled thousands of pounds and not one penny ever went astray. The Council, of course, only recognised the Dáil and this made his work all the harder.

Seán Connolly, who had been Vice O/C of the North Longford Brigade, was sent to Roscommon about October 1920 to reorganise the county and get things moving, and to act as senior officer commanding while doing so. Connolly travelled around from company to company reorganising and gingering them up. In this work he was assisted by Michael Dockery and McCormack and I. In the end of October or early November Connolly went back to Longford for a short spell. When he was coming back, travelling on a bicycle and while crossing the bridge over the Shannon at Rooskey, he was suddenly confronted by a party of about six R.I.C. He realised he was trapped if they recognised him. He proceeded on and when he came up to the police, saluted them and said "Good Morning, gentlemen". They replied "Good morning, Sir" and let him pass through. Connolly was very well dressed and they must have thought he was someone else. In later years I met Sergeant Burke who was now retired and living in Galway, and who was in charge of the R.I.C. that morning, and told him how he had let Connolly through. He remembered the incident alright and, even then, felt sore about having made such a slip.

In November 1920 four waggons of military stores, including bedding, arrived at Carrick-on-Shannon Station for the military in Carrick. The waggons lay at the station without a guard and only one tenderload had been removed by the military. I heard about this and I proceeded to the station to investigate and satisfied

myself that they could be destroyed. I came back and collected some men of the Drumlion Company - about twenty. Much less men would have done the job, but I purposely took as many men as I could then collect in order to give them some experience. The only arms we had was shotguns and I had a revolver. I placed one man with a shotgun on the bridge over the main road, with instructions to fire a shot if he saw the military coming to give us warning, and I placed another man at the gate entrance to the railway yard. We got paraffin in a bucket from the station tank. There was sufficient for our requirements in the hose from the tank without interfering with the tank itself. We spelled the paraffin over the contents of the waggons and set them alight. The waggons and their contents were completely burned out and we all got away safely. My signal to retire was a shot fired from the revolver.

In December 1920 Connolly sent me to Dublin to try to get some arms. We had made a collection for an arms fund in the area previously. In the Drumlion Company area we got over £200, most of which was in £1 and £5 notes and it was extraordinary how the people subscribed to the fund and handed over without any compulsion their hard-earned savings. They were more than anxious to help us. Several attempts had been made to get arms in Dublin without success and £100 had been lodged with the Quartermaster-General for this purpose. Connolly told me not to come back without something. When I got to Dublin I got in touch with Martin Conlon and through him I got to Fitzgeralds in Brunswick Street - now Pearse Street. A man named Brennan took me to Seán McMahon, the Quartermaster General. McMahon must have been persecuted with people like me coming up from the country looking for arms, but there was very little available. All I succeeded in getting was four electric

batteries for exploding land mines, several detonators and a coil of fuse. The attack on Elphin R.I.C. Barracks was being planned at this time and this stuff was useful for that. General McMahon promised to forward us on some ammunition in time for that. I brought the stuff by train from Broadstone Station. Martin Conlon got me a reliable taxi-driver who left me at Broadstone. I put the stuff under the seat of a first-class carriage while I, myself, travelled third class. The train was non-stop to Mullingar where all passengers were ordered out of the carriages and searched. They must not have searched the first class compartments and my stuff was not discovered. I was travelling as commercial representative for Kennys of Middle Abbey Street and had their business cards and order books on me. I actually held this appointment. Before leaving Dublin I had wired to Feely's Monumental Works in Boyle, as arranged beforehand, that the marble had been despatched. Feely was a good supporter of ours. When Feely got this wire he got in touch with James Dorr, the Battalion O/C, and Dorr had men waiting at Drumsna Station and I handed over the stuff to them. I travelled on to Carrick-on-Shannon Station, where I got off. We had borrowed six rifles from the Longford Brigade.

McCormack was arrested shortly after this by the police at Knockgrow. In December of 1920 Connolly had organised a sham attack on Elphin R.I.C. Barracks in order to find out what would be the reactions of the garrison there and from what sources reinforcements would come to their aid, so that he could plan accordingly. A sham quarrel was started in the street to see if the police would open the door and come out and when this failed, a few shots were fired at the barracks but all to no avail: the police remained inside and made no move and so did not give anything away. No attempt was made



either to send reinforcements there.

Before Christmas 1920 I went to Rooskey on orders from Connolly to get in touch with Capt. M. Murphy of the Longford Brigade and whose area was on that side of the river. I got through Rooskey and got in touch with Murphy without running into trouble. I scouted around Rooskey and discovered that the bridge was not manned by the police. As I was returning over the bridge I was held up by a police patrol on the Roscommon side. I was still doing the commercial traveller for Kennys. Sergeant Burke was in charge of the patrol. I told him I was going to Strokestown. He seemed very suspicious. He had Black and Tans with him. I then said I would be seeing Sergeant Cahill in Strokestown. He asked me what I knew about Sergeant Cahill. I said I knew him well and that he had made clothes for me before he joined the police. He then asked me where Cahill was now and I said he was in Strokestown the last time I was talking to him and I thought he was still there. He, the Sergeant, said "thats right." Actually Sergeant Cahill was in Dublin at the time, acting as a spotter, that is to say, watching for men coming up from the country and keeping tabs on them. A number of country Volunteers were shot in Dublin as a result of such men's actions, and Burke wanted to see if I knew Cahill was away on that duty. The Sergeant seemed satisfied with this and let me. Afterwards, when I was telling him how he let Connolly slip through his fingers, I also reminded him of my case. I reported to Connolly about Rooskey and the patrol operating.

On the night of the 5th January 1921 James Dorr and I took ten men armed with shotguns to Rooskey, with the intention of ambushing the police patrol there. We also had a few revolvers. Mick McLoughlin was also with us. One of our men named Carroll had served in the British

Army and was on friendly terms with the police. He carried his British Army discharge papers on him and trusted on this to get him through a cordon or hold-up. He volunteered to scout the town and bridge for us and set off while we took up an ambush position. Carroll was captured by the police and was taken to the barracks despite his protestations. The patrol of police came out and moved along towards our position. Our scout had not returned and we were at a loss what to do in the circumstances. We held a quick council and decided we could not attack as we would probably endanger Carroll's life. There were seven police in close formation in the patrol and they passed quite close to where we were concealed. When the police patrol returned to Barracks, Carroll was released and rejoined us, but all chances of a target now showing up was gone and we were obliged to retire.

We were severely criticised in many circles for our failure to attack but both Connolly and Dockery upheld our decision and said we were quite right not to attack. The patrol of police was withdrawn after that and the opportunity to ambush them did not occur again. We went to Rooskey again about a week after the incident referred to, but the R. I. C. and Tans kept in their barracks and did not show up, and after this the bridge was always clear at night time. The police probably got some information about our intentions.

In February 1921 Connolly organised an attack on Elphin Barracks which housed a garrison of about twenty-five or so R. I. C. and Tans. That night our duties were the blocking of roads and it was our responsibility to block off the Boyle and Carrick-on-Shannon garrisons from going to the aid of Elphin. We used trees and stones built as walls across the roads to obstruct <sup>THEM</sup> and when this was complete we were satisfied that no vehicles could get through towards Elphin. We could see the sky filled with

Very lights calling for assistance, but no attempt was made by either the Boyle or Carrick-on-Shannon garrisons to go to the assistance of their comrades in Elphin. The attack on Elphin was not a success.

Connolly left shortly after this to proceed to Leitrim and was killed ~~en route~~ <sup>shortly afterwards</sup>. At the last Brigade Council meeting before he left I was appointed Brigade Adjutant <sup>IN LIEU OF ANDY LAVIN</sup> who wanted to retire from this appointment and take up the engineering side of the work. Dockery had been appointed Brigade O/C about November 1920. James Ryan was not in good health and lacked the physique and initiative for the work. Ryan actually resigned from the position.

At the next Brigade Council meeting held, the O/C Dockery offered to give fifty pounds towards the purchase of arms to the first Battalion in the Brigade who brought off a successful attack on the enemy and also said he would organise an attack or ambush in another area to relieve pressure on the first. This offer resulted in the successful ambush at Scramogue. Pat Mullooly had returned from Dublin where he had been working and now became Brigade Quartermaster. Killilea was considered by Connolly not to be active enough and he superseded him and had Mullooly appointed. I had nothing to do with the Scramogue ambush and the whole thing was arranged by Seán Leary in conjunction with the officers of the neighbouring South Roscommon Brigade.

The Brigade O'C and I now got working on plans for an ambush in the Keadue area which was the fourth Battalion area. Tommy Lavin was the O/C of this Battalion and at the time he was courting the girl who was the assistant in the Post Office in Ballyfarnon. A man named Lynn was the sub-postmaster in Ballyfarnon. He also had large interests in the Arigna coal mines. Lavin raided the Post Office by arrangement with the assistant, and took all letters, postal

orders and so forth from it. Mr. Lynn wired the R. I. C. garrison in Keadue as expected, and a patrol of police came out from there and Lavin and his men ambushed them, killing two Constables and severely wounding the Sergeant. We had arranged all details beforehand with Lavin and the O/C went down and took part in the ambush. He refused to let me go and said I was to remain and so be there to keep a grip on things should anything happen to him. We had our first disagreement over this but he was the boss. The police party from Keadue consisted of seven or eight men under a Sergeant. Two rifles and a revolver were captured and some ammunition. The ambushing party used shotguns which were the only arms the Battalion had.

Things now became quite slack on our side. The enemy were very active but were operating in very large numbers and gave very little opportunity for attacks on our part. Commandant Lavin was experimenting with a Mills Grenade which accidentally exploded, blowing off his right hand. Lavin was rushed without consulting us to Sligo Hospital and was only there a short while when the Hospital was surrounded by enemy forces. Lavin was found and a guard was placed on the Hospital. I proceeded to Sligo to organise a rescue but finally decided that any attempt on our part would result in the death of five or six men, which would be dear for the life of one and even then that might not succeed. I arrived back from Sligo on a Sunday and attended a Brigade Council meeting held at Hillstreet where I made my report on the impossibility of rescuing Lavin, which was accepted.

At this meeting it was decided to pay special attention to the Keadue area and Ballyfarnon area, as enemy pressure was very severe there. Terence Glynn from Cootehall had been killed in an ambush in Harcourt Street,

Dublin, and Paddy Moran, who came from Crossna, had been executed in Dublin and this, with the Keadue ambush, gave the enemy the impression that that area was a real hotbed of I.R.A. Dockery decided to go to that area and counter-act the enemy activities. We now had a fair supply of arms and ammunition as a result of the Scramogue and Keadue ambushes and also counted on getting the machine gun captured at Scramogue from the Southern Roscommon Brigade. The country around Ballyfarnon area was suitable for guerilla warfare as it was both mountainous and boggy. Our first object was to get a number of suitable dug-outs constructed in the area to house a column which we hoped to get started.

On the 16th May 1921 Dockery and I proceeded to Cootehall on cycles and each carrying a rifle and ammunition. There was a mission being held in the local church there at the time. We were going to the house of a man named O'Hara whose two sons were both in the movement. He was the local tax collector but a grand type of Irishman. When we were about a mile from O'Hara's, Dockery decided he would have to get some whiskey to bring to old man, Pat O'Hara, as he liked a little whiskey. A William O'Hara owned a public house close by and we could get some there. It was now about 11.30 p.m. We knocked at the hall door of O'Hara's public house and young Joe O'Hara opened it and Dockery told him what we wanted and he let us in. Young O'Hara proceeded to put some whiskey in a lemonade bottle while we had a bottle of beer each.

There was no light in the house but it was a very moonbright night. I spotted what I took to be the peak of a policeman's cap passing by the fanlight glass over the door. I tipped Dockery and said "Whats that?" Young O'Hara said it was one of the local people "Larry Joe". Nellie McKeown, who was a relation of O'Hara's,

took our rifles and put them under the table lying on the ledge. There was now a gentle knock on the door which lead into the kitchen part of the house from the street. There were three doors into O'Hara's house. Nan O'Hara opened the door which was a private entrance and was confronted by an Auxiliary and in walked a number of enemy. They were a mixed force of R. I. C. , Tans, Auxiliaries and Military. An R. I. C. man recognised Dockery. This man had been stationed at Croghan at one time prior to the evacuation of that barracks.

I now recognised by the questions I was asked that they did not know me and I told them my name was Molloy. They took us outside and put us against a wall and some soldiers were put guarding us, but were quite decent to us up to this. The remainder of them, except some men who were on guard around the area, started to drink and loot the public house. I could see a chance to make a break and get away. The soldiers were lax and it was quite evident that they were anxious to get into the publichouse too. At that moment Dockery made a dash for it and succeeded in getting to the top of the wall on the opposite side of the road and was actually across the wall when he got a bullet in the heel of his boot which knocked him right over, but did not wound him and they captured him again. The two soldiers who were guarding us originally now left me and went over to the wall to look at Dockery where he was. I now decided to move off and did so very slowly so as not to give any indication that I was escaping. I had got about twenty yards when another soldier walked out in front of me and asked me where did I think I was going. I said I was going home. He said "not yet, Paddy" and hit me with the butt of the rifle on the chest, knocking me down. I got up and went back to my original position where Dockery was now standing with his

back to the wall. They had found our rifles in the publichouse by now and out of there came an R. I. C. man swearing by so and so look at Dowling's rifle." Dowling was one of the police who had been killed at Keadue. I don't know how he recognised the rifle except by a piece of cord attached to the swing swivel which may have been on it when Dowling possessed it. However, he was right - it was Dowling's rifle.

They now decided to bring us down to the village and shoot us there. A big Auxiliary and another fellow continually hit us with the flats of the butts of their revolvers as we went along. I was black and blue all over next morning. This Auxiliary, I could see, was intent on doing us in. An R. I. C. Sergeant appeared as it were out of the blue and asked me my name. I gave him my correct name as by that time I was convinced that it was only a matter of minutes until I would die. The R. I. C. Sergeant told the Auxiliary to stop illtreating us and said "These fellows will not get a soldier's death. We will have greater satisfaction in having the - hanged". As the Auxie moved off, he fired a shot from his revolver and I found the heat of the bullet through my hair as it passed my head. The R. I. C. Sergeant now shouted at the Auxie "Do not shoot again; if you do, you know what will happen to you", and to us he said he would do his best for us and would stand by us. We could now see that the enemy force had all arrived on cycles.

Regan's Ford truck was now commandeered by our captors and driven by their workman. I was handcuffed to Willie O'Hara by one hand, and Mullarkey, O'Hara's workman, on the other side. Dockery was handcuffed similarly to Joe O'Hara by one hand and a soldier on the other. A number of cycles were now put up on the lorry and we were bundled or thrown up on top of them and the

lorry moved off towards Boyle. A man named Finn, who worked for Regans, was driving the lorry. I do not know if he was a Volunteer and it would not have made any difference anyway. He would have to go with them. An R. I. C. man named Lynch kept insisting that I was not from Croghan. The big Auxiliary who fired at us with his revolver was also one of our escort and he had very big hands, and it seemed to give him great pleasure to tear his nails down through the skin and flesh of our faces. We received terrific abuse on our way into Boyle - Dockery received as bad as I got. He had given his right name by now also.

When we reached the R. I. C. Barracks in Boyle we were placed in the lock-up, still handcuffed in threes and a guard was put on the door. We were searched and re-searched but they found nothing on us. I had a web bandolier of ammunition on me but they never found it. It was the military who discovered it the next day when I was handed over to them. The D. I. Kearney now came in dressed in pyjamas and had a look at us, and smiled. He was supposed to be friendly towards the I. R. A. Kearney went away without saying anything. Sergeant Tanning now appeared and took the handcuffs off the soldier, thus relieving Dockery somewhat. Now in comes another Auxiliary. By this time we had managed to sit down on the boards of the plank or wooden bed. The Auxie just mentioned stood in front of me and urinated on me, and then went out and returned with a mug, the contents of which he threw on Dockery and O'Hara. The handcuffs were kept on us until morning but we were allowed to lie down though this was not easy. In the morning we were taken out to the day room.

After the Keadue ambush they had taken a lad from that area into the barracks. His name was Finnegan and



he was partly deformed and not fully normal. They did not treat him as a prisoner but gave him the liberty of the barracks. I think he had come from an Industrial School and was working for someone around Keadue. Finnegan was now brought into the day room and he identified Dockery and I as having taken part in the Keadue Ambush, although, as already stated, I was not near the place at the time.

We were now handed over to the military - the Bedfordshire Regiment - still handcuffed, and brought across to the Military Barracks. The Military Provost Sergeant, Sergeant Buggy, spotted the bandolier of ammunition under my coat and pulled it across my neck and brought it off with him. There are stone steps leading to the cells in the Military Barracks in Boyle and before we were brought down these, our handcuffs were removed. There were two soldiers on the top of the steps who now proceeded to kick us down them. One man was an officer and Sergeant Buggy took a hand in that pastime too. We were put in separate cells and when I got into mine Buggy hit me with the flat of his revolver butt on the head and anywhere else he could hit me. Dockery got the same treatment. It was terrible. The State Solicitor who called to see us told me afterwards that when he returned to his office he had compiled a minute describing our condition and said it made brutal reading. About 10 a.m. that day we were allowed to wash ourselves and we were then given tea and put back in our cells. On the Wednesday the O'Haras were removed from the cells to the miniature range which was being used as a compound for prisoners.

Jim Hunt and McGoff now arrived as prisoners and were put in cells also. Conditions now were not so bad;

they allowed us exercise each day and took us a bucket of water to wash in. Dockery and I were always handcuffed to another prisoner from the compound when taken out for exercise. The other prisoners would volunteer to go on exercise with us in handcuffs and, in this way, they were always able (the compound prisoners) to get the right man with us and to communicate to us what was happening. Our blankets were taken away daily and the trouble in this respect was that you seldom got the same one's back and they were very dirty. Dockery was in a cell opposite to me. We soon discovered that by using a two-foot rule you could put your hand through the loophole or spy-hole which was in the wall on the side of the cell door and push back the bolt of the cell, and get out into the corridor when everything was quiet at night and converse with one another. This could have been very useful in planning an escape. The bolts on the door were of the spring type and automatically locked when the cell door was closed. I am afraid we overdid the opening of the cell doors, because one night when we were out on the corridor we heard a step coming and immediately made into our cells. It was Sergeant Buggy and he must have heard the door bolts springing into position, because he returned and put padlocks on each of them and so ended this brief bit of liberty.

We were now paraded for an identification parade along with a number of other prisoners. Sergeant Reilly of Keadue who was wounded in the ambush and the stool pigeon, Finnegan, were inside a window. We were told to mix up and move around, but Dockery and I stood still. We knew the thing was only a farce. Sergeant Reilly came out and put his hand on Dockery's shoulder. He now went back but returned again and identified me. Finnegan also identified both of us. We were now brought to another

room and charged with the wilful murder of Constables Devereux and Dowling and the attempted murder of Sergeant Reilly. We were stripped naked and examined for marks on our body - there were plenty but they had made them. I had a small tattoo mark on my left wrist which I had put on when I was very young and they paid great attention to this and photographed it - also a straight finger I had. When this was over we were returned to our cells.

One of the prisoners - Molloy - had escaped through the wash-house window and we soon learned that plans were being made outside to effect Dockery's escape. We learned this from the prisoners in the compound. A soldier, Lance-Corporal McGlackin, was paid to open Dockery's cell door. On the evening arranged for the escape McGlackin came in and opened the padlocks on Dockery's and my cells. He had to steal the keys out of the guardroom. We lay quietly while he was doing this and he never spoke to us. Unfortunately, someone had given Sergeant Buggy a message to deliver to Jim Hunt - tobacco or something - with the result that when he, the Sergeant, came down to deliver the message, he found the padlocks open and he then locked them and our hopes were dashed. Afterwards, that same evening, Dockery's padlock was again opened but not mine. I believe that this was done by another soldier who was also in the plot and Dockery went out that night led by McGlackin or his assistant to the washhouse where he escaped through a window into the river and got clean away.

I would not say that Corporal McGlackin did this out of any sympathy for Ireland or its people. He was one of the type that would do anything to get easy money, and I understand he was paid a good sum to get Dockery out. He was subsequently put under arrest and courtmartialled but they failed to prove their charges against him and after

spending some time in prison he was discharged from the Army. The D.I. of the R.I.C. interviewed me and tried to wheedle out of me how Dockery escaped but he got no information from me. Shortly after Dockery's escape I was transferred to Mountjoy Jail, Dublin, by train. The O'Haras were also brought to Mountjoy but were only kept for a short while there and then released. When I arrived in Mountjoy the Clerk of the Prison refused to take me over until I was medically examined. I was handcuffed all the way en route to Mountjoy. I remained in Mountjoy until after the Treaty was ratified when I was released and never was brought before any court on the charges they had preferred against me.

It was a different country that I came out to. Green shirts and green collars and breeches and leggings were to be met with everywhere. It was now fashionable to show you had been in the movement or to pretend that you were anyway. All the same, it was great to feel free again and to be able to go around without hindrance and not to be on the alert always, even if it did take some getting used to.

There was very little done in the area during the period prior to the Truce about making munitions. The making and filling of cartridges with buckshot or slugs and the construction of concrete landmines and the making of a crude type of bomb out of the steel boxes of cart-wheels were all the work that was carried out of this nature.

There were no spies or informers dealt with in this area and I have no reason to believe that any of our people were assisting the enemy in this respect. The people were, with the exception of a few Loyalists, one hundred per cent behind the I.R.A. and the Loyalists were glad enough to save their skins by keeping their mouths shut. The enemy

did, of course, get a certain amount of information about us but I considered that the most of this was the knowledge the R. I. C. had already about us, and loose talk on the part of our members and friends which was always a bogey. Garrison towns and the families of the R. I. C. were always dangerous aspects.

Intelligence sections were organised and operating within our Brigade and Battalions and did useful work in keeping a check on suspects. Inside the R. I. C. we had some useful contacts. Constable Beirne in Carrick assisted as best he could. When possible, he tipped us off about pending raids and so forth. Constables McGloughlin and Mulqueen and another Constable Beirne were also sympathetic, but they resigned from the police. The post offices in the area were generally not of much use and could not be tapped. The people I would say who manned the post offices were not hostile but were afraid to indulge in such work. Ballyfarnon Post Office was alright as was also Killina and a girl in Elphin used to help in this way also.

I was also a member of the I. R. B. and there were a few men from the area members also. The centre was Elphin and meetings were usually held after Brigade Council meetings. I never could see much use for this organisation except, perhaps, to keep backbone in the Volunteers and they never did anything except talk.

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NO. W.S. 964

Signed

*Sean Glancy*  
(Sean Glancy)

Date

*June 25th 1954*

June 25th 1954.

Witness

*Matthew Barry*  
(Matthew Barry) Comd't.