

W.S. 676

ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21

BURO STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21

No. W.S. 676

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COSANTA.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 676

Witness

Liam A. Brady,
12 Waterloo Street,
Derry City.

Identity.

O/C. Derry Fianna Eireann, 1920-1922;
Fianna Eireann Organiser in Co. Donegal.

Subject.

National and military activities,
Derry, 1914-1922.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil

File No.S.1890.....

Form B.S.M. 2

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No. W.S. 676

Statement by Liam A. Brady,
12, Waterloo Street, Derry.

Derry Columcille, the fourth city in Ireland had its beginning in the year 546, when a Holy Man of Destiny set out from his home in the hills of Tirconaille in search of a secluded and suitable place wherein he and his little band of monks would found their first monastery. Of all the beautiful places Colmcille (for that was the Holy Man's name) saw in his wanderings he selected the Isle of Derry as the most suitable place wherein he and his followers could carry out their dedication to the service of God undisturbed. Derry being only a few miles from Aileach, the Castle of the Kingship of Owen, son of the Great High Nial of the Nine Hostages, that powerful family that held the Ard-Ri or Kingship of Eirn for five centuries. Colmcille with royal blood in his veins was a descendant of the same Royal Family and it was likely that he wanted to be near, so that he could preach to his brother clansmen and make known to them the truths of the Gospel. The numerous people from the Clans of Owen and the Clans of Conaille, who loved Colmcille so dearly left their homes on the hillsides and in the valleys and flocked to the Isle of Derry to be near their great Saint. Some of them settled there while others made permanent homes on the slopes of the hill facing the monastery. From this holy beginning sprang the present City of Derry. Colmcille loved this city and before his departure to spread the Gospel through the Highlands of Scotland and found the famous Monastery of Iona, he blessed Derry and its people; that greatest of Irish-born

Saints, great lover of Eirn, her people and her language, and above all, great lover of God and of Derry. From the year 546 until the coming of the English to Derry in 1566, the history of Derry was purely ecclesiastical, with its beautiful monastery and abbeys, it most certainly played its part in earning for Ireland that beautiful and proud title, Island of Saints and Scholars.

When the Royalty and the Nobility of Europe flocked to Ireland to be educated at the great universities, they were received in Derry with open arms. The Venerable Bede, that great English Scholar, wrote that the English Nobility came to Ireland and received from the Irish people, education and board without fee or reward. In 1599 when the soldiers of Queen Elizabeth had been trying to conquer and subdue the people of Northern Ireland, she received word from the Earl of Essex that until Lough Foyle and Ballyshannon were planted with English settlers and the Irish driven out there was no hope of success over the rebels O'Neill and O'Donnell. And in 1609, James I ordered the City of London to undertake the plantation of Derry and surrounding districts. £20,000 was raised for the purpose, 200 houses were to be built in Derry City for the English settlers and 300 additional houses to be built later. Irish people, living in the vicinity were to be prohibited from learning any trade, all traders were only to employ English and Scotch apprentices.

In 1617, the Walls of Derry were built at a cost of £8,357. They are 1,708 yards in circumference and completely encircle, what is now known as the Old City, leaving out portion of the

Lands used by the Columban monks for their monastery. The Walls had four gates by which the people entered to and from the city. All Irish were obliged by law to be outside the city Walls before dusk, a bell was rung to warn them and was known as the curfew bell. In 1601 the English, in one of their campaigns of mass-murder killed Doctor Redmond O'Gallagher, Catholic Bishop of Derry at Killea a few miles from the City. After the reign of Queen Elizabeth 33 monks came back to Derry as they believed the persecution would now be over. They had no sooner settled themselves among the ruins of their abbeys which had been wrecked earlier to supply stones for the building of the Walls, when the cry went up that soldiers were coming and 32 monks were battered to death, only one managed to escape and live to tell the sad tale.

The English Revolution of 1688 when King James II and his nephew and-son-in-law, William of Orange (a Dutchman) quarreled over the possession of the Throne of England. The British Garrison and their friends in Derry were in confusion, they did not know what side to take. At last they decided to support the Dutchman against the English King, James II. On August 12th 1688 the gates of Derry were shut against James' Forces. A seige ensued which lasted 105 days; famine and disease broke out and it is estimated that 10,000 people lost their lives. King James' army withdrew leaving the remnants of the City of Derry as victors. The ascendancy group, lead by the Orangemen, (followers of William of Orange) celebrate each year, the anniversary of the shutting of the Gates of Derry. Lieutenant-Colonel Lundy who was appointed Governor

of the City and Commander of its garrison before the siege, a Scotsman by birth, he had no intention of fighting against the legal King of England, he deserted when he found out there was going to be a fight that he could not prevent and made his escape from the city. It is believed that he was captured and burned at the stake. Each year the Orangemen celebrate the occasion on December 18th by burning an effigy of him with the word "Traitor" painted across his back. Those celebrations are used by the Orange leaders to prevent the ascendancy party from ever becoming Irish. They are often the cause of fierce rioting as the rowdy elements are inflamed to action by the fierce anti-Irish speeches delivered by their Orange leaders in the service of the British Government. In spite of every form of persecution the Irish people cling to the city of Colmcille and today the Nationalist People of Derry are as Irish and Republican as any city in Ireland. The English ascendancy are being fast absorbed into our great Gaelic family and some day soon, we hope, they will like the Geraldines of old become more Irish than the Irish themselves. The English ascendancy in Derry city can be divided into three classes, the first are those who style themselves British and would not let you call them Irish or English. As a group they are now defunct and only exist as separate individuals here and there. The second class are the largest group. They claim Ireland as their mother country and would feel deeply offended if told they were not Irish. The third group are the Orangemen type who claim to be more English than the English themselves. They celebrate England's war victories with the greatest pomp and ceremony as to outdo the most loyal

of Englishmen. It is this group that the British Government use to keep alive religious bigotry and to stir up trouble among the native Irish. They are used also to keep the other groups on a string, which they use to great advantage, especially at an election time.

The beauty of Derry far exceeds that of any other city in Ireland. With its elevated location it commands a magnificent view of the surrounding counties of Donegal, Tyrone and Derry, with that splendid and picturesque River Foyle winding through and dividing the Waterside from the rest of the city. Its main industry is shirt and collar making with its 35 factories which employ about 12,000 girls. The city comprises an area of 2,164 acres and has a population of 37,000. It is governed by a Mayor and Corporation. The city is divided into three wards and is so gerrymandered and manipulated as to cheat the Nationalist people, who are the majority, out of their elementary rights of citizenship. There are 29,000 Nationalists and 18,000 Unionists in the city. Yet inspite of those figures the Unionists control and have a majority in the Corporation. With such gross unfairness the British Government, through the Orange Orders, keep the Irish Nationalists from gaining control of their own beloved city, Derry.

In my early youth I was often lured away from the tender care of my parents and lost in the crowds that followed the local bands on their many tours around the streets of our city. I loved all marching tunes but O'Donnell Abu was my favourite. It made me feel that I was more than a mere spectator, for with chest out, shoulders back, I would try to keep step with the band as if obeying

orders from some officer whom I highly respected, and thus with a left-right, left right, I would parade for hours through the town. The desire for drilling and marching got into my blood and without knowing the reason why, I kept looking for somewhere where I could drill, drill, drill. At school a chum of mine told me that drilling was taught at Sunday School held by the Irish Christian Brothers so off I went at 3 o'clock each Sunday to attend those classes. A man named Seamus Cavanagh was our drill instructor and Paddy Hegarty would give lectures on Ireland's Glorious Past. He told us of Finn McCool and the daring exploits of the Fianna; of the coming of the English and their destruction of our Irish Industries, and the methods they had been using for almost seven hundred and fifty years to destroy our Irish language and culture. He also told us that the spirit of the Fianna of old was alive today in Fianna na hEireann (Boy Scouts of Ireland). At last I thought to myself, this is what I have been dreaming about. I must become a member of this splendid organisation. So after being drilled each Sunday until, I believed, I had all the commands off by heart, in high spirits I set off for Sackville Street, where the Fianna had their club rooms.

Up the stairs I went and presented myself to Joe Flanagan who was one of the founders of this organisation in the city, but when he saw me a lad of thirteen and looking rather small and puny for my age he said he was sorry I was too young and too small. "Call in about a year's time and we will see", he said. My heart fell down to my boots. I could have cried, but I kept a stiff upper lip and without saying one word left the room. My dreams had been

shattered and I never attended Sunday School again. With the boys of Waterloo Street where I lived, we would play our childish games, hide-and-seek, being very popular with us. We would go to the United Irish League Rooms at the bottom of the Street and there we would hide by mixing with the men who were gathered around the fire chatting and debating. Sometimes we forgot to return to our playing and would sit listening to the older men discussing the Irish question. They talked of Home Rule and the Redmondite Party. We did not know what it was all about. We only knew that Home Rule meant some measure of freedom for Ireland and we were for it. They would talk about the Unionist Volunteers and their leader, Edward Carson, whom, they said, had gone to Germany to get rifles and ammunition for his army. Some would say that he dined and wined with the Kaiser, who was the King of England's cousin. We heard all about the landing of the rifles at Larne. This all seemed very confusing to me as I couldn't make out whether Carson was for England or against her. I was too young to understand the political game that was being played. On other occasions we heard about the formation of the Irish Volunteers and from those conversations we learned that this organisation was formed as a counter-blast against the Unionist Volunteers and to make sure that England kept her word about giving Home Rule to Ireland.

Although I learned later that the Irish Volunteers had a far higher and nobler motive, behind their formation and that they had no intention of attacking the Ulster Volunteers. Their energy would be used against the man who had misused and misdirected the courage and sincerity of the men who now formed that body known as the Ulster Volunteers. As the months

passed the sound of marching feet could be heard all over the land. Companies were formed in various parts of Derry and soon hundreds of able bodied men were drilling openly in our city.

I loved to see the route marchers and attend the field-days and sports, when Commandant McGlinchey after inspecting his troops would ride off at the head of his army on a white horse wearing his green uniform, sam-brown belt and sword. My youthful heart was filled with excitement and the old flame of wanting to drill and parade was once more burning fiercely within my breast.

I felt very proud when I saw my Uncle William (whom I was called after) taking charge of his Company of Volunteers. He was stout and well built and his green uniform with sword attached and his commanding voice made him a most suitable person for the job. I watched Carson's Volunteers as they passed Waterloo Place carrying their Mauser Rifles on their shoulders. They looked a fine body of men and seemed to be well drilled. I also remember when the Irish Volunteers left Derry by train for Ballyliffen, North Donegal, where the Derry Battalion fought a sham battle with the Inishowen Battalion on the Ballyliffin sanddunes, facing the sea. The details of that days manoeuvres have been told with much emphasises by the individuals who took part. Each would tell his own experiences, how he and his Company crawled on their stomachs and surrounded the other section who represented the enemy before they had time to cough.

The Irish Volunteers had a large summer Training Camp at Ludden about ten miles from Derry and men were going there in large numbers to practice

rifle-shootings, and the usual Camp Drills. It was during this period that the guns of war started booming and England and Germany were plunged in a conflict that had long been foretold. In Ireland the Redmondite Party who had succeeded in getting control of the Irish Volunteers pledged their support to the British Government and started recruiting an Irish Brigade for the British Army.

This action was resented by the Volunteers and a split followed. One section remained true to the old principles of breaking the connection with England and securing the complete freedom of our oppressed land. With ^{this} high ideal in mind a small section of the Irish Volunteers in Derry left the Shamrock Hall and proceeded to their new quarters in Orchard Street. In spite of many obstacles they succeeded in carrying on. They formed a branch of Cumann na mBan and they had with them a small company of Fianna Eireann (Boy Scouts). Irish classes were formed with lectures on Irish History. Concerts were held each Sunday night and I remember the splendid ceilidhes we had. They were carried out with the greatest harmony and so conducted that everyone, young and old, thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The music was two violins, one played by Paddy Lafferty and the other by Hugh Devlin. The concerts were successfully planned by James McAuley and Joe Flanagan, the latter acting as M.C. The programme mostly consisted of singing and dancing. Paddy Hegarty would give a short lecture on some points of Irish History and the aims and objects of the Irish Volunteers. The Volunteers would drill and train under their Commandant Seamus Cavanagh, preparing for the day that was to come when Ireland would call her sons to

arise. While those few were energetically serving Ireland the vast majority of the Irish people in Derry and elsewhere in Ireland were being swept away by false promises and catchcries.

John Bull through his agents kept telling the Irish people from platform and pulpit that now they had Home Rule on the Statute Book and that they should don the kakhi and fight with England for the rights of small Nations. Recruiting Officers were set up all over the city and English Regimental Bands played all the most beautiful Irish airs, such as "Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave" and "The Wearing of the Green", and the nights were made colourful by torchlights and such was the manoeuvring of England and her agents that thousands of young Irishmen rushed to join her colours, believing that in doing so they were helping Ireland, but alas, too few of them lived to know the truth and to realise that their sacrifices were for England and not for Ireland.

Would it be said that the people of Derry Colmcille would be found wanting when Ireland stood at her blackest period in history, when the whole Irish people seemed to have become English and Nationality was reduced to a mere thread that was ready to break and plunge Ireland into an abyss of slavery for all time. With the National spirit of Ireland dead, what would happen to future generations? God alone knows! But thank God there are men, women and boys in Derry, as in the rest of Ireland, who in spite of their small numbers will keep the flame of Nationality burning, even at the sacrifice of their own lives. Those were the people who tore the hypocritical mask off the face of John Bull and showed him up for what he was, the same tyrinical, murderous

brute who for over seven centuries had plundered and laid waste the fair land of Erin, who applied the pitch-cap, wrack and gallows-tree, who robbed us of our wheat in 'forty-seven' and forced a famine on us. When the great country of France was overrun by the English hoards, they set about dividing the people and causing confusion among them. They had almost succeeded when Joan of Arc started to receive her Divine messages and finally a command to "Rise and oust the invader from your shore." This command came from Almighty God, through the instrument of his angel. We in Ireland have received no direct orders from Heaven but we know in our hearts that our cause is as just and as Holy as was the cause of France in 1428. That the foe who oppressed France was the self same English foe that was trying by every hellish device to conquer us for hundreds of years. The Volunteers lost no opportunity in telling the young Irishmen the reasons why they should not fight for England. They tried but all in vain to build up a strong Volunteer Force and things were such that they had to be content with that small group, numbering in Derry, not more than forty.

On the 22nd November, 1915 they celebrated the anniversary of the Manchester Martyrs, and for that occasion the O'Rahilly, a man who was later to give his life for Ireland, was brought from Dublin to give an oration. He arrived in Derry about two hours before he was due to speak. As I was told at the time he got out of the train in which he was travelling at Strabane, and proceeded to Derry by car, arriving at the Metropole Hotel, Foyle Street, where he got refreshments and waited the arrival of Seamus Cavanagh, the O.C., who with a small body of Volunteers, acting as bodyguard, marched along Foyle

Street and delivered the O'Rahilly safe in the John Mitchel Hall. That small group numbered no more than nine. The O'Rahilly lectured on the sacrifices of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien and he said that the day was not far distant, when Ireland would again call her sons and if the Volunteers are not successful in this fight I hope I will not live to see another he said. When lecture and concert were over the O'Rahilly inspected the Volunteers and he gave them a few rounds each, of Howth ammunition. I had the great honour of receiving my commission in Fianna Eireann that night (the organisation that I had succeeded in entering, just ten months before). As Dan Coyle the then O.C. was leaving Derry for a situation in Dublin the O'Rahilly appointed me to take charge and to act as organiser. Seamus Cavanagh, Paddy Hegarty and most of the Volunteers were present. He promised to send me a Sword when he got back to Dublin.

A Derryman whose sympathies were for Ireland found himself in the British Army and while in Ebrington Military Barracks, Derry, he manoeuvred to get some ammunition for the Volunteers. His chance came when on one of the nights when the military were having one of their recruiting meetings with all the trimmings, such as a large scale parade with torchlight procession They started from the Barracks at about 8 o'clock p.m. and the excitement was such that nearly all the soldiers went to the front gate to see the line up. At this time about six thousand rounds of .303 ammunition was being handed over the wall to the Volunteers who were waiting. They carried their parcels formed in the procession and marched with their friends the enemy through the Waterside, over the Bridge, up Carlisle Road and broke with the procession at the

top of Orchard Street. They then made for the John Mitchel Hall; from there the ammunition was sent to a safe hiding place. It eventually went to Dublin for the Rising. The soldier who was responsible for this supply is still alive in Derry. He was given £5 although he wanted no money for what he had done.

The John Mitchell Hall was divided into two sections, the lower section was occupied by the Colmcille Pipers Band. The Volunteers had the upper portion. Tommy Johnson was caretaker and a very faithful and energetic supporter of the Irish cause. He was one of the first to distribute literature for the Volunteers in the City. There was a shooting range with two small Winchester Rifles with which the Volunteers practised shooting. Cavanagh would teach them how to take a rifle to parts, clean it, and put it together again. There seemed to have been plenty of haversacks and bandoliers. The Hall was fitted with a small stage and had seating accommodation for about seventy, although at times there was twice that number present. The Sunday night concerts were great entertainment with comic farcial sketches, such as "The Egyptian Mummy", "The Returned Uncle" and "The Derry Corporation". Sharkey, who usually played the principal role of Chief Comedian and the very appearance of him on the stage set the audience into stitches of laughter. James McAuley played the role of an applicant applying for the old age pension, under the name of John Concannon, aged eighty eight, number of door eight-eight, wife's age eighty-eight, number of children eighty-eight. As he was very deaf he spoke with a loud drawl voice, always giving the wrong answers,

but could remember the details of The Night of the Big Wind. Mickey Wray was usually the man of the house and he was so perfect an actor that he played his part as if he had been in the natural surroundings of his own home. His greatest performance was in "The Lad from Largymore" as farmer. McAuley excelled all his other performances in the same play as the farmer's servant girl, being in love with a Police Constable and trying by all means to get rid of the farmer so as to entertain her lover. She succeeded and Police Constable Frank McDevitt enters. He could certainly act and he had all the antics and characteristics of the R.I.C. The "Lad from Largymore" was performed by Barney McGettigan, who gave an excellent display of amateur acting. If the same cast were in action today they would certainly make a name for themselves.

Mrs. Cavanagh was in charge of Cumann na mBan whose numbers were small - about fifteen. They organised Ceilidhes, supplied refreshments and helped to raise funds, many of them taking principle parts in the plays and sketches. A number of them were fine singers indeed.

The Fianna were drilled in the same Hall. I received a Fianna handbook from Dublin which I still possess. We learned from it our duties and drills. The strength of our organisation in 1915 was about twenty six. We met several nights a week to carry out the primary objects of the Fianna which were the training of the youth of Ireland, mentally and physically, by teaching scouting and military exercises, Irish History and the Irish language. Each member took the following declaration:-
 "I promise to work for the Independence of Ireland,

never to join England's armed Forces and to obey my superior Officers". We learned all about the Lea-Enfield Rifle and when our members came of age they were to be transferred to the Volunteers. There were a few public meetings held in Green's field, Bogside. One of the speakers was Darrel Figgis and the other was Herbert Pim. The Fianna distributed pamphlets bearing Pim's name. Arms and ammunition were bought locally when procurable and on one occasion a Unionist sold seven revolvers to Eddie Dean, a member of the Fianna. He sold them to the Volunteers. The British were very anxious to know everything that was taking place. They had at least one spy in the ranks of the Volunteers. Cavanagh through his Intelligence Officers knew the name of one particular man but being the wise Officer he was, he used him to give false reports and sent the R.I.C. on many a wild goose chase. He was eventually dropped by his British friends as his information was unreliable. A large quantity of ammunition and small arms was procured across the Channel and sent to Derry camouflaged as "Ironware" and addressed to a Unionist Hardware Store, without their knowledge or consent. Paddy Lafferty a carter who owned his own horse and lorry was told to be on the lookout for this large case. He was to make sure that he got it. He took it to the hardware store where it was transferred to John Doherty's cart which took it to a safe place, where it awaited the arrival of Joe Doherty, who brought it safely to Dublin where it landed in good time for the rising. On Easter Thursday night, Roisín O'Doherty (Now Mrs. Murray living in Dublin) brought a dispatch from Volunteer Headquarters in Dublin to Seamus Cavanagh the Derry O.C. ordering the Mobilisation for Easter Sunday. In April, 1916, the

place among the Free Nations of the world and so much as her Star has been downcast, so much shall she be exalted and thus ended that splendid play that filled the audience with a greater love for Ireland than they had before.

That night Seamus Cavanagh notified a select number of the Volunteers to meet at John Doherty's shed at the top of William Street (which was an outer portion of Watt's Distillery) not later than 11.30 that night. Each man was to bring the heaviest top coat he had, his rifle, revolver and ammunition, with all the other equipment and enough rations to last for two days. Cavanagh told me to call off all Fianna parades for the next week and not to let any of the boys near the John Mitchell Hall. He also said he wanted to keep in touch with me. I did not suspect that anything serious was wrong. I carried out the instructions as received but there were times that some of the Fianna came to the hall, just to see what was going on. At 11.15 every Volunteer that was mobilised, after making their way through the back streets and near cuts, and camouflaged as best they could, so that no one would detect their mission, landed safely and in good time at the place arranged. It would be difficult to estimate the faith, courage and self-sacrifice of that noble band, leaving their dear wives and families behind and each man believing in his heart that before tomorrow's sun had set they would be defying the might of the great British Empire. Knowing that their chances of returning home alive were slender their trust in divine providence was such that they left in God's good keeping, their family cares and the cause for which they were now willing to give their lives. They went forth gallantly to do their best to show to the world

that the soul of Ireland still lived and to awaken in the slumbering hearts of the Gael that unquenchable flame which the might of England with all her hirelings could never extinguish. In Doherty's shed Cavanagh checked his men who numbered 17. Their equipment consisted of 5 Lea-Enfield rifles, 5 Mausers, 2 Howth and 5 Martin Henrys (Short Carbines) about 100 rounds of ammunition per man and 22 hand-made bombs. Other supplies had been sent to Tyrone earlier with John Doherty (Corney) and William McAuley. In Doherty's Shed the Volunteers settled themselves as best they could under the circumstances as everyman was keyed to such a pitch expecting fireworks to start at any minute. The place inside was in darkness. No one was allowed to smoke or to light a match. There was a split in the door with which the Volunteers could see out, as a street lamp was burning outside. There was a tense moment when two policemen put their backs against the door. They stood there for about ten minutes. Little did they know that a number of rifles were pointed at them ready to shoot if they made one false move. But they just moved off as quickly as they came.

After waiting until 5.30 the next morning the Volunteers through Denis McCullough of Belfast received McNeill's countermanding orders, calling off the mobilisation with instructions to wait for further orders.

The men were told to go home and to keep themselves in readiness as they might be called out at any time. Joseph O'Doherty, a Republican Officer who later became the Representative of Donegal in Dail Eireann, had left Derry earlier in the

day to proceed to Dungannon where he made preparations with the Volunteers en route for the Rising arrived back in Derry just half an hour late. Had he arrived before McNeill's orders the Volunteers would have proceeded to Strabane and Omagh, where they would have been joined by other contingents and the Rising would have been extended to the North.

The Volunteers who were not mobilised that night were to have other duties to perform. The bridge at Quiggs, Drumahoe, was to be destroyed. The Great Northern Railway was to be interrupted at several points. Paddy Lafferty and James Lynch were to be in charge of this work and the other Volunteers were to keep lines of communication opened.

On Monday night the Ceilidhe Mor was held and was proving a great success but the whispering went round that a rising had taken place in Dublin and that the Volunteers had taken charge of that City. Such was the excitement that the Ceilidhe broke up at 11 o'clock. We were told that all English soldiers were to report at their Barracks at once and notices to this effect were thrown on the screen of every Picture House in the city. Earlier in the day the British Military in Derry were entertaining themselves and their friends. They had a Gala Day in Saint Columba's Field near their barracks. This consisted of the usual sporting events such as running, jumping and band playing. They had a pageant of the Zula War. Troops were dressed as Zula Warriors with their native costumes and of course their faces blackened. During the height of the sport when the soldiers of the Empire had subdued and chastened the wretches who dared to rise up against British Rule, an urgent despatch arrived ordering the troops to proceed to Dublin at once. The men were

rushed to the Barracks where they received their full war kit and proceeded to the station where a special train was held in readiness for them. Some of the soldiers landed with their faces still black from the effects of the Zula War and thus gave rise to the rumour that black troops had been used against the Republican Forces. Cavanagh called a parade for Tuesday night in the John Mitchell Hall where he instructed the Volunteers in first aid. When Joe Logue and John McGilligan were proceeding to the Hall that night, they met an old friend, Mick McKay. "Hallo men, where are you going?" said Mick. "To the Hall" said Joe and John. "To the Hall", said Mick, raising his voice and looking greatly surprised. "Did you people not start enough trouble in Dublin" (meaning the rising of course). "Do you think you can fight the whole British Empire?" "Let me tell you", he continued, "You will be all killed, every one of you", emphasising the last few words. Joe and John smiled and said "We are Volunteers and we will see this fight through." Mick looked puzzled. Then he said "Men, are you in earnest," when he got the answer that they were and as regards being killed "We will have to take that chance." Then said Mick, "If you are prepared to fight and die for Ireland, I might as well go with you". So he went that night and became a Volunteer. Another parade was called for Wednesday night where further instructions were given. St. John's Ambulance books were distributed along with some bandages. I supplied strips of white cloth that night. Tom McLaughlin and Edward J. Duffy, who had brought the books and bandages had also a large first aid chart of the human body. Cavanagh had a pointer and the Volunteers sat around like school

children learning the best way to stop bleeding and how to fix emergency bandages.

That night Duffy took the first aid chart home and as the Hall was constantly under the eyes of the detectives they followed him believing that he was carrying some important plans or documents. He was arrested at 12 o'clock, being the first Volunteer arrested in the city. At midday next day Seamus Cavanagh, Joseph O'Doherty, Vincent O'Doherty, Paddy Hegarty, John Fox, Patrick Shiels and Eamonn McDermott were arrested. Raids were carried out throughout the City but in spite of all, not one rifle or one round of ammunition was found. The John Mitchell Hall came in for a great wrecking, the ceiling and walls were tore and the floor boards pulled up in a vain search for arms and documents.

The days following were dull, without hope, and the future so dimmed, that it looked as if it was the end of another chapter in Irish History but instead, it was only the beginning. The Volunteers who were left would meet in secret to discuss events and lament over the arrest and the failure of the Rising. The prisoners were all deported to England. The Derry men were interned in Wormwood Scrubs. Those men met old friends and must have talked over the events of the Rising. They would find out their weak points and mistakes. Realising their strength they started their preparations for a more effective organisation than they had before. The general release came and by Christmas 1916 the Derry men were all out. Those men had not been cowed or subdued but had been stimulated with a greater determination than before for they now bore the honoured mark of the Felons of Our Land. They prepared themselves

for the future. The fight came and they proved themselves men of courage and daring who loved justice and fair play and hated everything evil, especially the evil oppression of our dear country and they vowed never to rest until they had done their part to break the chains of slavery that bound their Motherland.

In Derry City as in the rest of Ireland Welcome Home Ceilidhes were held in honour of the returning prisoners and the men who had left Derry eight months before, despised, insulted and looked on as fools, were now returning to find themselves acclaimed on all sides. The Ceilidhe Mór was arranged by the Cumann na mBan and the success of that event will live in the hearts of all those that were present. Sinn Fein Clubs were springing up all over Ireland and the Volunteers in Derry secured the Richmond Street Hall where they organised a Branch under the name of the Padraig Pearse Sinn Fein Club. The Hall was neatly fitted out for the purpose. Forms, tables and chairs were procured. The walls were coated with a good class washable distemper of splendid shades, pleasing to the eyes. Sheila and Mary Doherty decorated the walls with Gaelic designs of exquisite beauty, thus added to the great Gaelic spirit which was to be found in those same rooms in the coming years.

Sinn Fein started functioning. The families and friends of the interned men were its first members. Soon these were followed by a large portion of the population. The Ard Fheis or Annual Convention of Sinn Fein was held in the Mansion House, Dublin. Eamonn McDermott was appointed Delegate to represent

Derry City when he arrived at the Convention he found another man claiming the same position as himself. He knew this man to be a friend of the R.I.C. and without any credentials to represent any Sinn Fein Cumann. He had him removed from the hall before any business was transacted.

The convention adopted the following fundamental provisions of the constitution. Whereas the people of Ireland never relinquished their claim to the separate nationalhood and whereas the provisional Government of the Irish Republic, Easter 1916, in the Name of the Irish people and continuing the fight made by previous generations re-asserted, the inalienable right of the Irish Nation to Sovereign Independence and re-affirmed the determination of the Irish people to achieve it and whereas the proclamation of an Irish Republic Easter 1916 and the supreme courage and glorious sacrifices of the men who gave their lives to maintain it, have united the people of Ireland under the flag of the Irish Republic, be it resolved that we, the delegated representatives of the Irish people, in convention assembled, declare the following to be the Constitution of Sinn Fein: -

No. 1. The name of the Organisation shall be Sinn Fein.

No. 2. Sinn Fein aims at securing the International recognition of Ireland as an Independent Irish Republic.

Having achieved that status the Irish people may by referendum freely choose their own form of Government.

No. 3. This object shall be attained through the Sinn Fein Organisation, which shall

in the name of the Sovereign Irish People : -

(a) Deny the right and oppose the will of the British Parliament and British Crown or any other foreign Government to legislate for Ireland.

(b) Make use of any and every means available to render impotent the power of England to hold Ireland in subjection by Military Force or otherwise.

No. 4. Whereas no law made without the authority and consent of the Irish people is or can be binding on their conscience. Therefore in accordance with the resolution of Sinn Fein adopted in Convention 1905 a constituent assembly shall be convoked comprising persons chosen by the Irish constituencies as the supreme national authority to speak and act in the name of the Irish people and to devise and formulate measures for the welfare of the whole people of Ireland.

The Volunteers in Derry were now re-organising with Cavanagh in command. They carried on with renewed energy. Pamphlets, poems and songs were appearing all over the land and the praises of Pearse, Plunkett, Connolly, McDermott, Clarke and the others were being sung from Cork to Donegal. The leaders of Easter Week were now being placed on the highest pinnacles as our National Heroes. Their names will live in the minds and hearts of the Irish people as long as Ireland will be Ireland. The Irish Republican Army or the I.R.A. as the Volunteers were now called, were growing in strength and drills and parades were taking place all over Ireland. Raids and arrests were carried out by the British Armed Forces and the I.R.A. sprung into action again but this time the warfare was

different, hit and run guerilla tactics were adopted.

The O.C. Derry City Battalion I.R.A. received instructions from Dublin that as Derry City was an ideal place as a hideout for important men who might be on the run he should refrain from any military activities other than recruiting and drilling for the present. Cavanagh carried out this order strictly but in the ranks of the I.R.A. a number of young energetic men not knowing Cavanagh's orders and anxious for some activities formed themselves into a group known as the T.F.P. or Ten Foot Pike. This group under Gabriel McGrath (A young Dublin chap) planned a raid on Nicholson's, Beech Hill Estate a few miles from the City Boundary for rifles which were supposed to be stored there. The raid was carried out but only a few shot-guns were found. Cavanagh, hearing of the raid, ordered an enquiry and a number of courtmartials took place.

Gabriel McGrath went to Dublin and had an interview with the I.R.A. headquarter staff, some of whom he had known personally. He told them that arms ammunition and explosives could be got easier in Derry than in any other town in Ireland and if he got permission to carry out raids he would show good results. He was instructed to deliver a despatch to the Derry O.C. telling him to allow McGrath to carry out such raids as the O.C. thought suitable. Afterwards Cavanagh referred to the T.F.P. as the active service unit. This group got word that Craig's Foundry, Strand Road was manufacturing Mills Hand Grenades for the British Government. They secured a number of keys for the back entrance of those premises which opened the door on the Quay

near Boating Club Lane. A number of men made several visits per night until over 5000 of those grenades were safe in the hands of the I.R.A. The Grenades were complete with spring trigger and lever but without any base plug.

The most important person on those raids was a young chap called Dan McGandy a strong well built young man who always came back with a full bag. Being a post man, this aroused no suspicions. As he entered Craig's yard not knowing that a Military Guard had been stationed there from the night previous he was immediately set upon and a fight ensued. In the struggle McGandy was pushed out into the River Foyle. Two English soldiers fell in at the same time and the struggle continued in the water. McGandy exhausted sank and the two soldiers were taken out of the water and despatched to England the next day to avoid an inquiry. Thus ended the life of one of Ireland's noble sons and the first Republican martyr of Derry city.

The T.F.P. became very active and they let no opportunity pass that would further the Republican cause and hamper the workings of the British Government in Ireland. It was the custom of British soldiers coming home on leave to bring their full kit including their rifles with them. The T.F.P. realising there was a chance of getting some handy rifles held up scores of those soldiers and relieved them of same. Some soldiers who were sick fighting England's battles handed over their rifles, deserted and joined the Volunteers. As those activities were taking place all over Ireland and the loss of rifles to the British Government must have been considerable orders were issued that in

future all soldiers must deposit their rifles in a military barracks before proceeding home.

The T.F.P. attended recruiting meetings with the main object of asking awkward questions and causing confusion. As those meetings were numerous and the people in some districts very pro British the Volunteers did not get it all their own way. There was many a scuffle and the Volunteers having to make a hasty retreat. I remember the greatest recruiting meeting held in the City. It took place in the Guildhall with R. Anderson, the Mayor, acting as chairman. Questions were asked from all parts of the house. A number of scuffles took place while some Volunteers were being ejected from the hall amid choruses of cheers and boos. The meeting was eventually cut short and the Fianna boys distributed Republican literature as the people left the hall.

Sinn Fein in Derry city became a real live organisation with plenty of pep. It attracted large crowds of intellectuals who became its most active members. The weekly meetings were well attended and so conducted that there was hardly a dull moment. They held very successful Gaelic classes and some people who hold important positions in the 26 Counties today owe their success to the Gaelic they learned at those classes.

Debating classes were formed and all good debatable subjects were debated. One which caused a lot of interest and amusement was Republic or Dominion Home Rule. The teams were well matched with a few Schoolmasters on both sides together with a number of business men. The debating was so keen

and the points brought out so skillfully that the Dominion Home Rule team won by one vote. One lady present took the debating so seriously that she thought that the people who voted for Home Rule were letting the Republic down. This caused roars of laughter. Pamphlets and poems were distributed, stating the aims, objects and advantages of Sinn Fein. Ceilidhes were held nearly every Sunday night and larger halls were taken over periodically for Ceilidhe Mórns. The planning and running of the organisation was perfect. I often visualise the fun and the happy faces in the Richmond Street Hall. If it was possible to put back the hands of time and to re-enact the happy days of 1918 when the Irish people stood as one solid block, then we would find a real tonic for all the gloom that the passing years have cast upon us, especially the people of the Six Partitioned Counties of Ireland.

In April, 1918, The British Government declared their intention of applying conscription to Ireland. Irishmen were to be forced into England's army and sent to fight England's battles throughout the four corners of the earth. Protest Meetings were held throughout the length and breadth of Ireland and the following resolution passed. We joined with our fellow countrymen at home and in foreign lands in proclaiming once more that Ireland is a distinct nation with a just right to Sovereign Independence. This right has been asserted in every generation, has never been surrendered and never allowed to lapse. We call the Nations to witness that today as in the past it is by force alone that England holds Ireland in her Empire and not by the consent of the Irish people. A Conference held in the Mansion House, Dublin, on April 18th, 1918, of Sinn Fein,

Irish Party, Labour and other Organisations. At the meeting delegates were appointed to visit Maynooth where the Irish Bishops were holding their annual conference. The delegation was received and the joint statement issued which runs as follows:-

"Denying the right of the British Government to enforce compulsory service in this country we pledge ourselves solemnly to one another, to resist conscription by the most effective means at our disposal."

Republicans in Derry became very active. The Volunteer Parades were more frequent and every method was used to perfect the men in the use of firearms preparing for what they believed to be the inevitable showdown with their mighty enemy. They were determined not to allow themselves to be dragged into the British Army. The Sinn Fein, Cumann na mBann and Fianna Organisations were doing everything possible to prepare the people for coming events. Anti-conscription literature was being distributed and on Sunday April 21st 1918 chairs and tables were arranged outside the City Churches, taking the signature of all who were opposed to conscription. A large and vigorous protest meeting was held in St. Columba's Hall. Hugh C. O'Doherty, Solicitor, took the chair; that grand old gentleman, champion of righteous causes, who was later destined to possess the proud title of First Nationalist Mayor of Derry City. He told that huge overflowing meeting that the people of Derry Colmcille would not stand idly by if the British Government attempted to enforce Conscription on Ireland.

The British Government became alarmed at the solidarity and determination of the Irish people and

after being warned of the consequences of such a step they hesitated and at last withdrew the threat of conscription in Ireland. The Irish people by their unity had scored another smashing blow against the British Government's plots to anglicise the Irish.

With a large number of leading Sinn Feiners in jail and hundreds on the run throughout the country a general election crops up and every ounce of energy is needed as the Sinn Fein party are fighting an uphill fight but the people of Ireland are determined they are finished with the Parliamentary Party and no longer will they wait on the crumbs that fall from the tables of Westminster. The time has come for the Irish people to show the world that they demand their Godgiven rights to live as a free people in their own Irish way without dictation from England or anyone else. Workers are flocking to the Sinn Fein Clubs sparing no pains and working day and night under the most handicapped conditions. They succeeded in perfecting one of the greatest election machines which the country has ever seen. In Derry election addresses were sent to everyone on the Register no matter what his or her political opinion may be. On Election Day Sinn Fein had plenty of cars and every booth was fully manned. The Tricolour flew freely in the city. Scores of Cumann na mBan were seen going from booth to booth with refreshments for the Republican representatives who on most occasions divided the refreshments with the other parties present. When the election was over and the results received the Republicans of Derry went into jubilation and a victory Ceilidhe was held. Ireland has shown to the world that they stand by the Republic proclaimed by the heroes of Easter Week. The election was a clear issue. Sinn Fein, the

Republican Party had an overwhelming victory over all other parties. The people turned out, inspite of intimidation, to vote. Of the 105 seats Sinn Fein won 73. No country on earth has been so united as Ireland is today and they renew their claim to Sovereign Independence. The Proclamation of Pearse, Plunkett, Connolly, Clarke and the others has been endorsed by the Irish people. In January, 1919, the first Dail met in the Mansion House, Dublin. Twenty-seven of the representatives were present, the rest being in jail or on the run. The usual Government Departments were set up and the following Ministers appointed to the various posts. The Cabinet consisted of Arthur Griffith, Minister for Home Affairs; Count Plunkett, Minister for Foreign Affairs; Professor McNeill, Minister of Industry; Countess Markievicz, Minister for Labour; William Cosgrove, Minister for Local Government; Michael Collins Minister for Finance; Robert Barton, Minister for Agriculture; Laurence Ginnell, Minister of Propaganda; Cathal Brugha, Minister for Defence and Richard Mulcahy, Chief of Staff of the Irish Republican Army. The British Government used every method to prevent the Dail from functioning but failed hopelessly, Republican Courts were set up and judges and jury appointed to carry out the law which was administered to the satisfaction of all sections of the population. A Police Force was recruited which carried out the normal duties of detecting crime, apprehending criminals and bringing them before the courts. They also traced and returned to the rightful owner, stolen property. A loan was floated to raise funds for the various Government Construction Schemes; £400,000 having been subscribed inspite of the fact that the British Government had declared Dail Eireann an illegal assembly and made it a crime to advertise,

collect or subscribe to the Dail Loan. The Irish Republican Army came under the control of Dail Eireann and the Minister of Defence. They became the guardians of the Government. While the British Government declared a state of war against the elected Government of the people, the I.R.A. could not stand idly by. Counter measures had to be adopted. Attacks on police barracks became frequent and the flames of war spread to the four corners of Ireland. The I.R.A. realising what they were up against prepared to meet the onslaught with an unflinching faith that right will triumph over might. With such a spirit they met the foe in many a battle and their courage and faith brought them victory over the enemy. All National Organisations were declared illegal by the British Government. Public meetings were proclaimed and the number of raids, arrests, imprisonments and deportations were increasing until they reached momentous proportions. Fairs and markets were suppressed in many counties and the coming of the Black and Tans added fuel to the fire. This Force was recruited from the slums of English Cities and were given a free hand. "The more you kill the better we'll like you" seemed to have been the order of the day? They carried it out without qualms of conscience. Curfew was imposed and everyone had to be indoors at night fall, leaving the Forces of the Crown free to carry out their hideous attacks on defenceless women and children. Doors were battered in and the occupants dragged from their beds in the middle of cold wintry nights, shivering, while the British Forces ransacked their homes. Innocent people have been brutally murdered and sometimes their mangled bodies were thrown into drains or ditches as if they were not human beings at all. Then we had the systematic destruction of creameries, mills and stores and the

wrecking, looting and fires that turned many an Irish City, village and town into scenes of frightfulness. On the 19th October, 1920, the Irish Catholic Bishops at Maynooth passed a resolution condemning the present British Administration in Ireland as characterised by terror and failure. They declared outrages had been connived at and encouraged if not organised, not by obscure or irresponsible individuals but by the Government. They alleged that men had been tortured with barbarous cruelty and that there are cases where young women were torn undressed from their mothers at the dead of night. They demanded a full inquiry into the facts and demanded for Ireland self-determination. The British Government have been pouring troops into the country with the intention of carrying on the war on a more extensive scale. There are more soldiers in Ireland than every before. It is estimated on good authority that Ireland now contains practically the whole of the British Home Garrison. It is estimated that there are in Ireland eleven Brigades of Infantry constituting the command of four Major Generals, together with the requisite Artillery Cavalry Engineers and departmental forces. It is even said that the staff of the First Division at Aldershot have been transferred to Ireland. Thousands of raids and arrests have been taking place. Curfew on a more extensive and rigorous scale has been imposed, while whole areas have been placed under Martial Law. Barricades have been erected and the movements of people and trade have been restricted. The number of executions and nightly murders are ever increasing and the sky is reddened at night by the destructive fires started to terrorise the Irish people into subjection and the destruction of food supplies with the main purpose of forcing a famine on us. Events have

moved swiftly and the barbaric methods of England only served to unite the Irish people more closely together and to increase their determination; come what may, they will continue the fight until the British Forces are driven from our Land. Guerilla tactics are being brought up to date and new methods of attack were carried out with great success. British Forces were being harrowed everywhere and the constant attacks which kept them long hours on duty, getting practically no rest. They were in such a nervous state and seemed ready to crack up. The Republican Forces inflicted heavy losses upon them. Ambushing of patrols and convoys became a constant occurrence. Surprise attacks were carried out with such thoroughness and great courage on the part of the Republican Forces that Crown Forces were surrounded and disarmed after a short fight. Prisoners were sometimes taken and were well treated by the Republican soldiers who released them in a few days, as was the case of Brigadier General Lucas, captured near Fermoy. But when the British Forces captured prisoners they were court-martialled and executed for waging war against England's King. The British Government used all classes of tricks in their effort to blacken Ireland's name among the Nations of the Earth, but inspite of their vast propaganda net, the truth of their doings leaked out and their own friends condemned them for their methods. Mr. Asquith, addressing a meeting at Leicester last night of the National League of Young Liberals, referred to the huge army of occupation in Ireland and the enormous cost. He said they had heard a great deal about provocation, hot blood, about the Police acting in self-defence and of passion being caused by seeing their comrades done to death.

If that were a true description, said Mr. Asquith, we would have indulgence and consideration but that is not the true description. Outrages have been committed in the name of, or at any rate, by the Officers of the law in the uniforms of soldiers and policemen; outrages not committed in hot blood but calculated, planned and organised, of which the victims have been, not those who had committed the murders or maltreated policemen and soldiers, but absolutely innocent unoffending citizens who had no part of any kind in the matter. The favourite apology of the members of the Government is that this came from what are called tainted Sinn Fein sources. Nothing is more untrue. It rests upon the evidence of perfectly independent, honest and responsible correspondence, not only of the English but the American and European Press, who are in Ireland, have seen with their own eyes what is going on and have no motive or inducement to pervert or distort the truth. It rests upon the testimony of friends of our own, Englishmen and Scotsmen of undoubted veracity and responsibility, who also have seen with their own eyes things which have taken place. It rests also upon the sworn testimony which has been given in the Irish courts themselves by witnesses who have appeared in claims made for compensation for malicious injury. There can be no shadow of a doubt that there is an overwhelming and irrefutable case of systematic and calculated outrage on the part of officers of the Crown. Mr. Asquith referred to the case of Balbriggan, where he said, two men were taken out and murdered in cold blood. That was not denied. When he asked the Chief Secretary if any attempt was made to bring the offenders to justice because they must

have been perfectly well-known as members of the police force. The answer was given that nothing had been done. Can you asked Mr. Asquith, conceive an occurrence more calculated to bring the law into disrepute, to cast shame and dishonour on the uniform of the Officers of the Crown, and to deepen, intensify and embitter the already predominant hostility of the great masses of the people to the administration of the law. Then there was the destruction of the creameries maliciously by the Police and Military in the alleged execution of the law. Sir John Simon speaking on the sack of Cork to a peace with Ireland meeting, held at Hampstead, England, said, "Our civilization is made an absurdity and our boasted British name dragged in the dirt." In the British House of Commons on Monday, March 7th, 1921, Lord Henry Bentick declared that he could not see that the Auxiliary Police had any connection with law and order. They were not engaged in maintaining it. They were used mainly as an instrument for terrorising the Irish people into accepting the Government of Ireland Act. From the Evening Telegraph, March, 8th, 1921.

Dublin Castle, the centre of British activity in Ireland was in confusion. Suspensions, dismissals, and resignations were taking place in an ever increasing scale. Eyes of suspicion were cast in all directions as valuable information was leaking out to the Republican Forces. The Royal Irish Constabulary were on the run. They had been driven from hundreds of barracks throughout the country by economic pressure while numerous attacks had driven them from others. The Castle was the heart of the British administration in Ireland. The R.I.C. were the Arteries through which flowed the information the plots, the schemes and the conniving which were

used to keep Ireland in subjection. The I.R.A. cut the arteries wide open and the Castle was bleeding to death. Events were moving swiftly to a climax. The British Government were at their wits end so they prepared a plan of mass murder. Seventeen members of the I.R.A. were taken from their homes and brutally murdered. The I.R.A. General Headquarters Staff received information through Collins that he had definite proof that a group of British Intelligence Officers were responsible for the murders. The I.R.A. determined to put an end to this state of affairs before their Officers all over the country would be wiped out. They secured a full detailed list of the British Intelligence Staff, their movements, and the addresses where they were living in Dublin under assumed names; a photo group was also secured. On the 21st November, 1920, after having tried them in their absence and sentenced them to death, their execution was duly carried out and 14 members of the authorised murder gang were no more. Events were moving fast to the inevitable conclusion.

Income Tax Offices had been raided and documents burned in practically every county in Ireland. There was only one more blow needed and that was struck when the Customs House, Dublin, was destroyed with all its files and documents. Thus British Civil Administration had come to an end. The Republican Forces had scored a great victory but not without loss for in the battle which followed some of Ireland's bravest sons fell.

From Derry Journal.

On her homeward journey from Christmas holidays with friends in County Donegal, Mrs. Pearse mother of P.H. and William Pearse, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Pearse, spent the week-end in Derry. On Sunday evening (January, 4th, 1918) both paid a visit to the P.H. Pearse Sinn Fein Rooms, Richmond Street, where a great crowd had gathered, cheering as they entered. Joseph O'Doherty who presided said the name of Mrs. Pearse was renowned not alone through the length and breadth of Ireland but in every land and in every clime where the spirit of sacrifice is appreciated, where fortitude is admired and bravery worshipped. Her example of self-sacrifice established an ideal difficult for even Irishmen to excel. That her attitude through all the agonising days of Easter Week was that of a martyr thoroughly reconciled to the Cross.

Mrs. Pearse, when the enthusiasm accorded to her subsided, thanked all present for the very kind reception given to her daughter and herself. She was very proud and pleased to know that the Club was called after her son Patrick and she concluded that the lessons of his life were enthroned in the hearts of the men of Derry. Personally she felt the proudest mother in Ireland and though her sacrifice might be termed great in having lost two sons, she was sure there were hundreds, nay, thousands of Irish mothers capable of offering similar gifts on the altar of Irish Liberty.

Musing as she often does on the almost miraculous change that has come over the country since Easter Week and seeing how perpetuation of her sons work was being so promptly and so wholeheartedly adopted as a duty by the Irish people, she felt doubly proud of the part allotted to her in bringing about the transformation. Any suffering she underwent was thoroughly recompensed by that splendid devotion and the glorious consolation of witnessing a reborn Ireland. Cheers.

Having referred to Derry's good record in supporting the National Aid Fund. Mrs. Pearse then gave some interesting and touching details of incidents of a National character on the career of her sons from the mutual vow made in childhood, pledging to stand by each other, to work and fight for Ireland, until the morn of Easter Monday when at the gate of St. Enda's she bade them farewell with a blessing, a prayer and a hope to meet, if not again on earth, in Heaven.

A concert programme began with "Who Fears to Speak of Easter Week" and ended with the Soldiers Song. On Monday both ladies were shown around various places of interest in the City before their departure by train to Dublin.

On Sunday, February, 10th, 1918, Commandant De Valera and Sean F. McEntee landed in Derry at the Lough Swilly Railway Station at 7.30 p.m. They were escorted from the platform by a guard of honour of Irish Volunteers under the command of Seamus Cavanagh

the O.C. of the city and escorted to the place where a procession was lined up waiting for them lead by the Colmcille Pipers Band, wearing their Celtic Uniforms of kilts and saffron shawls tied with large Tara brooches. Four Fianna Boys with green blouses green slouch hats and short pants, carried the martial poles and as the band moved off playing "Who Fears to Speak of Easter Week" they were followed by Paddy Kienan dressed in Irish Kilts and carrying a large tricolour. With him were De Valera, Sean McEntee and Seamus Cavanagh surrounded by a bodyguard of Volunteers carrying hurleys on their shoulders. Then came a number of torch bearers followed by a company of Fianna Eireann under my command and in the rear were the members of the Red Hugh Hurling Club, Cumann na mBan and the general public. There was no cheering or flag waving but the warm rousing martialling tunes of the band broke the stillness of the evening as the procession marched through the principal streets to St. Columba's Hall where Eamonn De Valera was to address the people of Derry for the first time and expounded to them the policy that was fast spreading throughout the land under the name of Sinn Fein. The Hall was filled to overflowing

The membership of the Padraig Pearse Sinn Fein Club had so increased that it became necessary to form another Cumann. The Owen Roe O'Neill Band whose members had always been of the Irish Ireland type decided to let their hall for part of the week and a new Sinn Fein Club was formed under the name of "The Tomás Ashe Club". Hundreds of people from the Bishop Street area flocked to this club and it

and it soon became the most active Sinn Fein Club in the city. Robert McAnány was an outstanding Chairman and James Gallagher a most efficient Secretary. The Committee had an ingenious method by which the work of the Cumann became interesting and enjoyable thus succeeding in spreading the doctrine of Sinn Fein more successfully than many other Cumanns.

During this time the active service unit of the I.R.A. (T.F.P.) were very active. They carried out raids on dozens of Estates owned by ex British Officers where shotguns and various types of rifles and revolvers were found. A raiding party left Derry by cars and visited the residence of Sir R. Anderson, Unionist Mayor of Derry, at Moville, County Donegal (on 27th August, 1918). A raid was arranged for the residence of Mr. Hardress Waller, Troy House. Five men went by the Moville Road and were to enter the grounds of the Estate by the front gate at a given time, while five others were to proceed by rowing boat and enter the rear of the grounds at the corner of Rosses Bay. These men took charge of a rowing boat which was tied to the wharf near the Great Northern Railway Station. Getting into the boat they were soon rowing with ease as a fast edding tide bore them along. Everything was going well until one of the boys noticed that the boat was filling with water. At this time they were well out and nearing Rosses Bay. They tried to bail out the water with an old hat which one of the boys was wearing but their efforts seemed in vain as the water was coming in faster than they could bail it out. They realised that it would not be long until the boat would sink. It was getting dark and there was no way that they could get help and to add to their plight not one of them could swim. The two at the oars pulled with all their might in the direction of the shore while another bailed as fast as he could. At last they found themselves within wading distance of the shore.

The succeeded in landing and although they were wet up to the waist, they proceeded to the

place arranged, carried out the raid and took away some shotguns and ammunition.

A daring one man raid was carried out on the General Post Officer where Telephone Apparatus was taken. This was later used to tap the Telephone wires leading to Victoria Barracks. Valuable information was received.

One day the Naval Destroyer "Briscot" was towed into Derry Shipyard for repairs, having struck a mine off Innishowen Head. While in the dry dock she was boarded by members of the T.F.P. who took away seven rifles and some ammunition.

On another occasion an armed fishing trawler came to Derry and was berthed at the upper part of the Quay facing Brown's Foundry. A number of workmen who were members of the I.R.A. were sent to work on this trawler and when there they cut the bolts which held the gun in place. They had made preparations for the removal of the gun when the whole gang was shifted to another job. About the same time another trawler was raided and her supply of 18 inch shells taken away. November 1919 members of the T.F.P. threw a hand-grenade into the stores department of Derry jail from the corner of Bennet Street. The loud explosion caused consternation among the Governor and the Warders and alarmed the people of the surrounding district. The damage was not stated by the Jail authorities.

November 1919 a member of the Fianna whose father was an English soldier and he himself had lived with his parents in the married quarters in Ebrington Military Barracks knew every nook and corner of the place. He told me that it would be easy to get some

ammunition. After explaining all the details and drawing a plan of the place everything seemed quite feasible to me so I told Gabriel McGrath. He and Sean Haughey decided to come along. They carried revolvers and were to protect us, while we forced our way through a wooden fence into the hut on the grounds used by the Military for rifle practice. Six Fianna boys came with me. We all carried haversacks which we wore under our top coats. The weather was cold and suited the occasion. We went to the end of the Barracks at the bottom of Browning Drive and had succeeded in cutting through the wooden fence into where the small wooden hut was situated. In this hut the ammunition was stored and this was where we intended to fill our haversacks. We were to send each Fianna Boy away as soon as he had got a supply. On the side of the hut was the place where a window had originally been. It was now covered by a thick wire mesh. It did not take long to cut through this and one of the boys was preparing to climb up into the hut when he got the whisper that a sentry was coming. We all lay flat. As he came to the edge of the hut he gave the usual click of the heels and returned. He hadn't got far when we realised that there was a second sentry on the same post. One of the boys made a noise and in the next second the sentry not knowing where the noise came from was shouting halt. We succeeded in getting out to the wooden fence, running crouched, over to St. Columba's field where we ran with all our might until we got into the safety of the trees. In the distance the sentry blew his whistle and fired a few shots. We realised now that the whole Military Guard were being called out. Making for the open road we crossed in the direction of the old trench road.

in a short time we found ourselves at the head of Dungiven Road. Keeping our eyes skinned to see if the Police or Military were holding anyone up. Everything seemed quite normal, so we proceeded over the Bridge in groups of three.

I told the boys to go straight home and not to mention a word to anyone. We enjoyed listening to the rumours next day that a large party of the I.R.A. had attacked the soldiers in Ebrington Barracks.

On the 13th February 1919 a Gaelic class was in progress in the upper portion of the Sinn Fein Hall, Richmond Street. About 70 people were present. In the lower room nine or ten men sat round a big torching fire. Some yards away five men sat at a table playing a game of Dominos. There were several other people scattered throughout the Hall, when a bomb came crashing in through one of the windows and landed near the men at the fire. Someone shouted "a bomb" and all made for the door and down the stairs. I grabbed hold of Andy McDermott, the caretaker, who was totally blind and took him into the street. The alarm was raised and the people upstairs were hurried down. There was no panic but no one seemed to have the presence of mind to throw the bomb out of the window again. Everyone expected to hear an explosion at any moment but Frank McDevitt coming on the scene and seeing brownish thick clouds coming near one of the windows, realised that the misle was a smoke bomb. He climbed up to one of the windows and succeeded in breaking the glass and opening it. He then opened several other windows and in a short time the smoke bomb had burned itself out and things came back to normal.

A few men were posted at the corner outside

to prevent a re-occurrence. Had it been a time bomb or a hand grenade the consequences would have been disastrous for the explosion most certainly would have taken place before any of the people would have had time to get out of the Hall.

Many a good Presbyterian came and offered their services to the Irish cause. Those men who had the spirit of Tone, Henry Joy McCracken and William Orr could not stand idly by and see the country that gave them birth being trampled on by the English Wolves. They tried to teach their co-religionists the truth of Irish Nationality and to try to kill that English invented bogey that Irishmen of different religious beliefs could not live together in peace. Those men were successful to a great extent, but England's agents saw what was happening and fearing the unity of the whole Irish people, tried all the naivish tricks possible to conceive so that they could apply that maxim with which they built their Empire "Divide and Conquer".

The English controlling Orange Lodges, received instructions from their Grand Masters that Sinn Feiners and Catholics were to be attacked. Paid agitators were put to work and religious bigotry fostered to such an extent that miniature riots between Unionists and Nationalists broke out periodically. This consisted of stone-throwing, catch-cries and party songs such as God Save The King and The Soldiers Song. There were usually a number of shop windows broken and sometimes the pilferring of their contents took place. The Royal Irish Constabulary played the part of restoring order after some damage had been done.

All this was part of the plan that was to prepare the way for coming events. On Thursday June, 18th, 1920, a Protestant gentleman sent word to a Republican Officer that the Dorset Regiment were handing over rifles and ammunition to a certain section of the Unionists so as to create trouble and if possible a civil and religious war. The Republican Officer thought that the story was too fantastic and dismissed it as such. But on Saturday night June, 20th, 1920, about 8 o'clock a drunken squabble took place between two men at Bishops Gates. Naturally this attracted a small crowd but when the fight was over and most of the people had dispersed a group of Orangemen numbering about twenty, armed with British Service Rifles, started firing down Fountain Street and Albert Street into Bishop Street and Long Tower Street, which was purely a Nationalist district. Their first shots struck John O'Neill, wounding him in the leg near the knee and killing an old man named John McVeigh, who received a very nasty wound on the neck. The Rev. Father O'Neill was just in time to administer the last rites of the Church after making his way through a barrage of bullets. John Farren who had just come from the Long Tower Church where he had been to confession, received two ricketed bullets in the stomach. He must have died in great pain. Another man called Mallet, who was to travel to the U.S.A. the next week was hurrying home when he received a bullet in the back and died a short while afterwards. While this was taking place another section of armed Orangemen came marching over London Street, down Bishop Street, firing shots, one of which struck and killed a Mr. Price, who was stopping at the Diamond Hotel. The Orangemen were lead by an ex-Army Sergeant, taking

up positions in the Diamond they started firing down Butcher Street and into Waterloo Street, killing a man named McLaughlin and wounding a woman who came to his aid, waving a white apron.

Four armed Policemen who were on duty moved away leaving the centre of the City in the hands of the Orangemen. Those attacks lasted from 8 till 11 o'clock, killing 5 people and wounding 24. No police or soldiers came to the assistance of the Nationalists although there were a Battalion of the Dorset regiment and hundreds of police in the city at the time. Those attacks were only a test to see what resistance they would receive from the I.R.A. and the Nationalist people in general. Seeing there was no attempt to counter attack or even to defend the British controlled Orangemen thought that the time was ripe for the taking over of Derry City.

The next day was Sunday and everything was peaceful except for the wild rumours that flooded the city. Most people thought that the worst had passed and prepared to go to their work as usual on Monday morning but when the Nationalist dockers and coal porters started their work at the Quay they suddenly came under a hail of bullets, fired at them from the otherside of the water by at least 20 rifle-men. Factory girls and all other class of workers found their way blocked by snipers who had themselves placed on the most strategic points throughout the City. The snipers on Sam Taggart's flat roof, John Street, controlled a commanding position of the Bridge, John Street, Foyle Road, Abercorn Road, foot of Bridge Street, and part of Foyle Street. The snipers on the roof of Frew's Hotel, Carlisle Road, controlled

Orchard Street, part of Bridge Street, Market Street and a large portion of Derry Walls. The Snipers on Walkers Monument, the Protestant Cathedral, Bishop Street, the Orange Hall and the Mosonic Hall, Magazine Street, and had a commanding view over most of the Nationalist area of the city and things were such that for a time the city was completely in the hands of the Orangemen.

In the Waterside district a similar state of affairs existed. Attacks were made on the Nationalist Districts of Cross Street, Irish Street and Chapel Road. A group of armed Orangemen took up positions at the head of King Street about a hundred yards from the British Military Barracks. No attempts were made to remove them. Communications between Derry and the Waterside were carried out by expert morse and semaphore signalers. All this proves that a well thought out and highly organised plan had been carried out by the backing and approval of the British Government and not as some people thought the work of a number of irresponsible youths.

After Saturday night's events, a mobilisation of I.R.A. took place in the Owen Roe Hall, off Bishop Street, on Sunday night, to consider means of protection for the Nationalist population. The Volunteers were lined up and all members who had any firearms with them or at home were told to take one step forward. About 15 stood out, two having rifles and the rest having revolvers, some of which were out of date, and without any ammunition, thus proving beyond all shadow of doubt that the I.R.A. had not expected the sudden outbreak of the Orangemen and were not prepared for it.

After an investigation into the cause of the shooting, when all the facts were made known it was evident that the Orangemen were being used by the British Government to start trouble between the different religious groups in the North of Ireland. The I.R.A. were ordered to take stern measures against the armed Orangemen and at the same time they were to protect the lives and property of all citizens, even the Unionists. This order was carried out to the best of their ability and on Monday morning about 11 o'clock Patrick Shiels, a Republican Officer, who later became O.C. of the City, came marching up Waterloo Street with a group of armed men, numbering 12. Three had rifles and the rest had revolvers. When they got to Butchers Gate, each man fired a shot in the direction of the Diamond where armed Orangemen had installed themselves. Believing they were being attacked by a large number of I.R.A. the Orangemen, without returning the fire, retreated up Bishop Street, over London Street and into Fountain Street which was their main stronghold.

It is true that a large number of Protestants were ignorant of the cause of the attacks and showed their disapproval of the whole dastardly affair. In the meantime the Nationalist population had reached the end of their endurance and small sections were preparing to attack Unionist shops but the I.R.A. sent men armed with hurley sticks to guard all Unionist shops and people who would be likely to be attacked, while in the Unionist districts no such protection was given to Nationalists. Many Catholics were driven from their homes and had to seek shelter with friends in other districts.

attack on all armed posts the local authorities immediately sent to Belfast and the Queen's Regiment was dispatched within a few hours. In the meantime the Catholic Clergy of St. Columba's College begged of the I.R.A. Officers to call their attack off as they feared a lot of innocent people would be killed. After some time the Officers agreed to call off the attack and wait events.

The Queen's and Dorset Regiments started taking up positions in various parts of the City. They had a great display of machine guns, armoured cars and full equipment, including their field kitchens. The I.R.A. ordered their Forces to disperse quietly and to take up their usual occupations as they were not going to let the British trick them into a full scale attack where they would be outnumbered both in men and material. Their arms and ammunition were collected and taken safely back to their dumps while a few men with revolvers were stationed at the various points for the protection of Churches and Streets that were in the danger zone. After a few days the British soldiers started their usual activities of raiding for arms but, remember, only in Nationalist districts. In spite of their searching they only succeeded in getting an odd revolver here and there. Thus started the campaign of horror that was to be used to keep the Catholics and the non-Catholic people from ever uniting. Britains plans succeeded and the flow of non-Catholics into the I.R.A. was halted.

The Derry Magistrates called for Martial Law to stop the June fighting. In the British House of Commons Mr. R. Cecil said "May I ask whether it is true as reported today that the Magistrates of

Derry have made serious complaint as to the management of the troops." Mr. Bonar Law said he would not answer that. Replying to questions in Parliament regarding Derry Mr. Bonar Law stated "We have received information from the County Inspector in Derry that nine civilians have been killed and from fifteen to twenty wounded. Brigadier General Carter Campbell the Commanding Officer has gone from Belfast to Derry with full discretion to deal with the situation. I was in communication with him today and he confirmed the view that they had an adequate force in the city."

A Parliament was later set up in Belfast and on the 22 June 1921, the British Government sent over their King to give it an official opening. The Orangemen were to be organised by Battalion into Battalion areas and armed by the British Government so as to always remain a stumbling block to the unification of Ireland.

When the I.R.A. took over the Shamrock Hall Brigade, 21st June, 1920, they formed four Companies A, B, C, and D. Each Company was up to full strength and everything was carried out in real military fashion. Each Company had four sections, each with a Section Leader. They were drilled and trained in the most up to date British Army pattern. An Engineering Company was formed with picked men. Charles McWhinney took charge and had his men well trained in the whole sphere of Military Engineering, especially the derailing of trains, the blowing up of bridges and the type and quantity of explosives to use. They also learned the dangers and the safe-handling of same. On many an occasion they proved themselves capable and a credit to their instructor. A police force was also formed with a head constable in charge. This group carried out the normal duties of policemen,

keeping the peace of the city, detecting crime and arresting criminals and seeing that the decrees of the Republican Courts were carried out. Paddy Hegarty one of the Officers of Derry I.R.A. received a special commission to buy arms and ammunition. He formed a small group of people whom he could thoroughly trust. This group was to store, handle and deliver the supplies which Hegarty would receive. None of them were to reveal any of the ir activities even to the O.C. or other officers of the I.R.A. Those people carried out their work with such secrecy and skillful manoeuvring that the British Forces never got an inkling of the vast quantities of ammunition and arms that passed through the hands of this group into the ordinary rank and file of the Republican Organisations. It is estimated that over 1,000,000 rounds of ammunition came through the Hegarty group. Paddy Hegarty was in touch with a man from Buncrana, Co. Donegal, named Williams Donaghy, known locally by the nickname of William Black as he was a blacksmith by trade. He came to Derry with a horse-drawn van periodically and delivered large quantities of .303 ammunition to Hegarty's Tobacconist Shop, Foyle Street. It was immediately repacked into parcels containing 500 rounds; most of those parcels were taken by me to John Doherty's, Lower Road, James Lynch's, Sloan's Terrace, Leonard's, William Street and lots of other places where they remained until they were required. It is now interesting to reveal that a very large quantity of .303 ammunition, at least one machine gun, several rifles and some small arms, came from Dunree and Leenan Forts, Inishowen, where British troops were stationed.

Another man whom Hegarty was in contact with was a Norwegian named Oscar Norby who travelled across the Channel as a seaman on the coal boat Carrick Lee. He managed to bring good quantities of small arms and blasting gelignite. Those supplies fanned out to County Derry, Donegal, and Dublin. General Owen O'Duffy and Pearse Beasley had received some of those supplies and McCafferty a Labour Delegate on his frequent visits to Dublin brought supplies of gelignite, small arms and dispatches.

There were other people and routes by which supplies went but those were only known to Paddy Hegarty whose work was so important that if arrested he was not to stay in jail if it was at all possible for him to get out. This organisation came into being in 1917 and continued until the Truce 1921. The exploits of the Hegarty group are so sensational that it would take volumes to give the details and to do justice to them. Owing to the strict secrecy with which the work was carried out they were able to continue throughout the years without attracting much attention or bringing suspicion on themselves. Their work was known only to that small circle although every member was trusted with the utmost confidence. We were waiting on the day when the Crown Forces would sweep on us and cut the life-line that kept the Republican Forces in Derry and the surrounding country alive for without rifles, ammunition and explosives our forces would be helpless when called on to defend themselves against the well armed forces of Britain.

Risks had to be run and everyone of us, realising the chances we were taking took them with a determination. Come what may the supplies must get through. John Doherty received the largest supplies

which he took to various districts outside the city and from there large supplies went to Dublin and other centres. I had been carrying supplies to his house and shed almost weekly for the last three years.

One day while making my usual visit after walking a distance of a good half mile with a parcel which must have contained over 500 rounds of ammunition every few minutes I had to change the parcel from one arm to the other and lean it on my hinch bone, thinking I could never make it as the parcel was frightfully heavy. At last the shed was in sight and within a short time I was standing at the door. The place was packed with straw and other supplies and the small space on the floor looked dark. I had only gone a few steps when John Doherty roared at me like some demented person "What do you want snooping there" he shouted. "Get out to hell out of it" he continued. I nearly fell through the ground. I was dumbfounded. Never before had I seen John in such a mood and was just about to ask what it all meant when my eye caught a glimpse of a police Sergeant sitting on a large wooden trunk. I made off without saying one word, wondering what I should do next. My arms were starting to give way under the heavy load and to walk back to Hegarty's shop was out of the question. Walking over Frances Street, down Great Jame's Street and over the Lower Road, I took one more look in the direction of Doherty's Shed and I saw John standing at the door waving on me to come over. Looking in all directions to see if the way was clear a few paces brought me across the Street "That was a narrow shave", says John, reaching for the parcel and putting it into the wooden trunk which the policeman had been sitting upon some minutes before. "He has gone and although he is friendly with me, I

would not trust him as far as I could throw him. If you had handed me that parcel in his presence our game would have been up. We would be all under lock and key and the boys would be left without any supplies. I am sorry I had to be rough with you but I was afraid you would not see him in the dark. We can't be too careful".

One day I was asked by Paddy Hegarty to bring a small parcel of ammunition and 100 detonators to Ned McDermott's Tobacconist Shop, Strand Road. After receiving the parcel I went to get my top coat which was hanging up in the back room and as I was leaving the shop, Paddy called me back and handed me a parcel of Tobacco asking me to deliver it to the Canteen of the R.I.C. Barracks, Strand Road, telling me to be sure and deliver Ned McDermott's parcel first. I went on my way and meeting a few chaps that I knew, I got into conversation. We walked and talked until we came to the gate at Victoria Barracks. Then without thinking I walked in and delivered what I thought to be the parcel of tobacco. The two parcels were about the same weight and tied with a string across. When I came out and moved away from the Barracks something urged me to open the parcel which I had with me, and I got a shock to find that I still had the tobacco and that the parcel containing the ammunition and detonators was lying in the R.I.C. Canteen. I had no time to loose; I had to make up my mind quickly. Should I run away from the place or should I take the risk of going back for the parcel? I turned and made for the open gate once more, walking down the yard. After being questioned by the policemen at the door when I landed at the Canteen, Constable Brennan asked me what I wanted and I told him I had left the wrong

parcel by mistake. He reached to the shelf, handing me my parcel of ammunition and I handed him his parcel of tobacco. Coming out the gate again I hadn't gone far when my whole body started shivering and I could feel my knees getting weak. After a few minutes I became all right again and as I delivered my parcel to Ned McDermott he asked me what was wrong with me, or did I see a ghost as my face was very white. So I had to tell him the whole story.

From this time onwards I promised myself that I would not make another mistake while delivering Republican supplies. James Lynch, another member of our group, was a good soul with a quiet unassuming disposition. He had been keeping supplies from a very early period. In fact he was instructed by Seamus Cavanagh, the O.C. to keep himself away from all Republican gatherings including all drills and parades of the Volunteers as he wanted him to be free from all suspicion while he kept supplies of ammunition and small arms for the Volunteers. I was sent at various periods to his house in Sloans Terrace with heavy parcels of supplies. On other occasions I spent days sorting out bags of mixed ammunition which he had. Paddy Lafferty, another member of the group, handled large supplies of ammunition, handgrenades, rifles, and small arms. He had an arms dump made at the back of his yard. During numerous raids on his home the police and military walked over those supplies without finding them.

Parcels for County Derry were delivered by me to a former Unionist Yard in Spencer Road, Waterside. Leonards, William Street, was another store-house for the Movement and numerous parcels were kept there until required. Joe Logue, Waterloo Street and

John McGilligan also kept supplies for the Republican Forces. Paddy Hegarty seemed to live for the Republican Movement. Republicanism was his main topic and his every activity was directed towards the same end. The risks he ran and the narrow escapes, seemed only to inflame his spirit to greater achievement. He had a knack of picking his men as he seemed to look into your very soul. Once approved by him he trusted you with the utmost confidence and never had he to regret his decision. Several former Unionists received his confidence and were entrusted with the keeping of Republican supplies. On one occasion when a large case had arrived at his shop with the usual supplies, Paddy was debating the Irish question with a British Officer while I was checking the ammunition in the next room.

One day a friendly policeman told Paddy that his shop would be raided in a few hours time. He had a number of heavy parcels containing mixed ammunition and some blasting gelignite. He asked me if I could find a hiding place at my home for this stuff. I took the parcels, making several journeys for them. They remained with me for a little over two months. Paddy Hegarty's son, Sean, carried parcels to and from the houses already mentioned.

The Royal Irish Constabulary were the main collectors of information for the British Intelligence Staff. They or their agents attended all meetings of a National character. A report of all present together with the business transacted was made out and handed in at the Victoria R.I.C. Barracks, Strand Road, or sent through one of the secret channels used for such

information. Two policemen who were specially appointed were in charge of this Department where they compiled and sorted the information after putting it in code held it for future reference. A duplicate copy was sent to Dublin Castle. The telephone exchange held a special line open for more urgent type of information each night at 10 o'clock.

As the Republican organisations developed and became more active Dublin Castle required a more detailed account of those activities. In fact they wanted to know the quantity and the quality of arms and ammunition in the possession of the I.R.A. where they had come from, who brought them and the names of persons who were supplying the I.R.A. with information especially about troop movements and police activities. This was the class of information the British Intelligence Departments were seeking but those were the most guarded secrets held by the I.R.A. and British Agents were never able to penetrate the small circles of trusted men who carried out their plans quietly but effectively. In fact the most innocent looking people were used at times for the toughest jobs. The British used every device possible to attain their ends. One little item which shows their method of approach is - A Republican soldier called Joe, who had spent a term of imprisonment and was known to be an active member of the I.R.A. was met one day by a man who was a complete stranger to him. This man got into conversation with Joe and talked as if he had known him all his life. Before he left he had arranged to see him again and within a month they had become very good friends. The stranger told Joe that he knew he was pressed for money. Joe admitted the fact that he and his people were living on a very scanty income. The stranger

thinking he now had Joe on a string told him that he knew how he could get some extra money. All he would have to do was to report small items about the I.R.A. which would do no one any harm, but would get him a good weekly sum. Joe got a shock at first as he had grown to like his new friend but he kept cool and the agent thinking he had scored a hit arranged to meet him the following night at the Rialto Cinema. He told Joe that he would be sitting in the last row of seats on the ground floor at the second house and that if he (Joe) would turn up everything would be all right. In the meantime Joe told his whole story to a Republican Officer who advised him to meet this man as arranged but Joe, being afraid, of becoming entangled in a net which he might not easily get out of, decided to stay away. The British Agent knowing that his plans failed and that he could not be identified left Derry and was not seen by Joe again.

The R.I.C. had a number of spotters and touts on their pay roll. The touts mostly consisted of the unfortunate type of people who were getting into trouble now and again through drink or occasional thefts and were supplying information to have their sentences reduced or suspended.

From the formation of the Volunteers the procuring of arms, ammunition and explosives was one of the most important problems confronting the general staff. The Officers throughout the country used every conceivable effort for the procuring of same. Arms were landed at Howth and at Galway but the quantity needed to equip an army was large. British Agents were kept busy watching every available avenue so that it was difficult if not impossible to get supplies on a large or comprehensive scale. The Volunteers had to be satisfied with the small trinklings that landed

now and again. Arms were captured from the enemy in battle and there were always a few soldiers and police who were always anxious to sell all the arms they could lay hands on but the war for Independence could not be won by rifles alone. Explosives were required and plenty of them. Some gelignite came across the channel, mostly from Scotland, but the quantity arriving was not sufficient for the big task the I.R.A. had before them. There were bridges to be destroyed, police and military barracks to be attacked with something more than rifle fire. There were land mines, hand grenades and bombs to be filled, and the explosives must be got. The scientific minds of the Organisation got to work and small munitions factories were established throughout the country. Bombs and explosives were made and new discoveries perfected. Powerful explosives were made from such simple substances as rosin, oatmeal, and sugar. Potassium chlorate explosives were numerous. The I.R.A. also manufactured blasting gelignite. Large size handgrenades and egg bombs, theromite bombs which were to be used to attack armoured cars were in the course of manufacture.

On June 24th 1920, Curfew was imposed in Derry City for the first time. Everyone with the exception of the Crown Forces and a small number of civilians who were privileged to have passes were ordered to remain indoors between 10.30 p.m. 5.30 a.m. During those hours patrols of military cycled through the various streets of the city halting everyone they found there. Those not possessing passes were arrested and brought to Victoria Barracks where they spent the night. Later they were brought before a magistrate and fined. Those refusing to halt were fired at. Many narrowly

escaped with their lives. For the first three or four weeks the civil population took the whole thing as a huge joke. People were making pranks about it and describing their narrow escapes with an air of lightness and carefreeness but as the weeks went by the seriousness of the situation dawned on them. The Curfew patrol ordered lights out in all windows. If they were not extinguished immediately a volley of shots were fired in their direction. The number of people receiving bullet wounds together with the number killed outright by the Curfew Patrols was ever increasing. The civil population became greatly disturbed. Resentment to Curfew and the presence of British soldiers was becoming more marked even among the so-called loyalists.

The youth of the city started taking things into their own hands and carried out counter-manoevres against the Curfew Patrols who had become so snobby, thinking that they had cowed the Irish people of Derry City into subjection. Groups of boys could be seen at night, a few minutes before curfew, tying strong thin black rope across the various streets and scattering broken glass and barbed wire which they had cut into lengths of about 1 foot, so that Military Patrols would run into the ropes or puncture their tyres on the broken glass or the prongs of the barbed wire. And as the nights grew darker those same lads removed the lids of the manholes of the City sewers especially in Lecky Road and Rosville Street. The soldiers became greatly annoyed and started shooting in all directions. Owing to the number of obstructions placed in their way and the number of punctures they were receiving nightly the soldiers had to discard their bicycles and patrol the streets on foot.

One night a number of youths placed a coat and hat on the iron cross which is erected over a Holy Well in St. Columba's Wells. The Military Patrol approaching this street saw in the distance what they thought to be a tall man standing. They called on him to halt, put up his hands and advance to be recognised but he did not move. The soldiers started shooting and after about 15 minutes they turned and went in the opposite direction, apparently afraid to go and investigate. Raids were carried out in numerous houses especially the homes of noted Republicans. Rooms were ransacked, bedclothes pulled off beds and pictures taken down from the walls and on occasions metal detectors (Electric Magnets) were used in search for arms. Over one hundred men in Derry City were on the run and lying in strange beds at night was a common occurrence.

On the gable of Watt's Distillery, Abbey Street, a large Tricolour crossed by the Stars and Stripes was painted on the wall. The Dorset Patrol became very annoyed. They went to a nearby yard and procured a ladder and a pot of tar and proceeded to disfigure the two flags. The next night a youth repainted the flags and added the following lines:-

This is the flag the Dorsets hate,
 It drives them all insane,
 But every time they wiped it out,
 It blossomed fourth again.
 The English failed to tame us,
 With their guns and armoured car
 So of course they sent the Dorsets,
 With their little tin of tar.

But let the Dorsets understand
 It sure would give us pain,
 To waste an Irish bullet,
 On such dirty English swine.
 Our flag shall wave forever,
 In spite of threat or scar,
 For we defy the Dorsets and,
 Their little tin of tar.

they started firing into Charley Breslin's (Sinn Fein) Book Shop. The Breslin family, not knowing the cause of the attack succeeded in getting over the back wall and away to safety before their home was consumed in flames. The gallant defenders of peace and order not being content with the damage they had done proceeded to John Doherty's Sheds at the top of the same street, setting them on fire. The Sheds burned fiercely as they contained large quantities of straw, a chesnut horse and seven pigs were trapped in the flames together with a Ford motor car, 3 side cars, 1 cart and 3 complete sets of harness. Residents in the locality could hear the agonising screams of the animals but no one dare venture out. At last the screams died down and the air soon became poluted with the smell of burning flesh. When their job was complete the police went in the direction of Michael O'Doherty, Creggan Street (father of Joseph O'Doherty T.D. for Donegal) where they started to smash the door and windows, throwing a hand grenade into the house, which, luckily, failed to explode. The Doherty family were in the house at the time but none of them were injured. Their butcher shop in Sackville Street was next for attack. The servants of the Crown visited other sections of the town where they terrorised the people by their conduct. Collins Painter Shop was set on fire and about 14 other premises were singled out for attack. A Tobacconist shop in Foyle Street owned by Paddy Hegarty (well known Republican) was attacked. The large plate glass window was smashed and an attempt made to set the premises on fire but the incendiary bomb burned itself out and only succeeded in setting fire to one section of the window. Had the culprits succeeded in their wild scheme it is feared that a lot of

innocent people would be burned to death. Hegarty's shop which was all sheeted with wood, contained large quantities of matches, walking sticks and other inflammable material and if properly set alight would burn fiercely. Built between the Northwestern Hotel and the Criterion Hotel those two places were bound to suffer and as the Fire Brigade was engaged putting out fires in other parts of the city there would be nothing else to do but let the fire take its course.

Three policemen were wounded in Foyle Street that night. Why they were there and how they received their wounds my readers can decide for themselves, after I have given them all the facts. At the inquiry held in the Infirmary on Constable Hugh Kerns one of the policemen who were shot in Foyle Street and had died, evidence was given by Constable King that at midnight on Saturday when in Victoria Barracks, he learned that policemen were lying wounded in Foyle Street. Witness arrived there about 10 or 15 minutes past 12 o'clock and found Constable Kerns shot, lying on the footpath at the Criterion Hotel in pools of blood. Constable Kerns was able to speak but was moaning badly; both men were in plain clothes. Lieutenant Rowley, Dorset Regiment, who was in charge of a military party of 15 escorting the Fire Engine said when passing through Foyle Street and opposite the Butter Market he noticed the fire on the left hand side of the street and a number of men near the East Wall steps. Shots were being fired. He shouted to the driver to pull up and ordered his men to get down. The noise was so great that his orders were not heard. Witness got down himself and in doing so slipped and fell. When he got up the engine with his men had proceeded. Witness ran to the other side of the street from where the civilians

were firing. The soldiers returned the fire of the civilians and witness saw a man fall. Witness ran to the police barracks and while he was running the firing by the civilians continued. He rejoined the escort at the junction of the asylum and Strand Road and found that they had fired 24 rounds. Replying to Head Constable Donoghue witness said all the men he saw in Foyle Street were in civilian attire. He did not notice any of the men with revolvers. He noticed some of them with rifles.

J. Trimble, Fire Brigade Superintendent said that when passing the butter market he noticed a number of men some distance ahead running across the street from left to right. When opposite the Criterion Hotel he noticed three or four men standing on the footpath facing towards the engine. One of the men was dressed in dark clothes and had a white handkerchief or mask tied across the lower part of his face and had a rifle in position ready to fire at the engine. Firing then commenced. Witness believed that the men on the street opened fire at the Engine and that the military replied. There were no marks on the engine and no one on it was injured. Witness did not see any person in uniform on the street.

Let us consider this evidence which appeared in the daily papers. First, who attacked and set fire to Paddy Hegarty's shop? Being a trusted Republican Leader in the city it is not likely that Republicans could have done it. Seeing that Republican houses were attacked and burned by members of the Royal Irish Constabulary that night, is it not likely that the same forces were responsible for the fire in Foyle Street?

2nd, When Lieutenant Rowley of the Dorset Regiment reported the shooting in Foyle Street at Victoria Barracks, he must have told them that policemen were lying wounded in Foyle Street? For we see by the evidence of Constable King that he learned in Victoria Barracks that policemen were lying wounded in Foyle Street and that he went with a party of men and found Constable Kerns and Detective Constable Short lying on the footpath (near Paddy Hegarty's shop) they were in plain clothes and it was 10 or 15 minutes past 12 o'clock.

3rd, Lieutenant Rowley said that he with 15 men was escorting the Fire Engine to fires in William Street and when passing through Foyle Street he saw a fire on the left hand side of the Street (Paddy Hegarty's shop as there were no other fires in Foyle Street that night). The Officer gave orders for the Fire Engine to stop and his men to get down. He said his orders were not heard and that he got down and slipped and fell and that the Fire Engine proceeded. Are we to take it that the Officer tried to get off the Fire Engine when it was proceeding at full speed and that the confusion on the Engine was such that none of the soldiers or Firemen saw the Officer fall off or did they seem to miss him? and that the soldiers opened fire at men in plain clothes, whom they thought had fired at them or were likely to fire at them. Twentyfour shots being fired by the military who had left their officer lying in Foyle Street and proceeded to the Asylum Road, a distance of almost half a mile. The Officer getting up, started running the long track and stopped only to notify the police that some of their members were lying wounded in Foyle Street.

The Dorset Regiment which carried out the usual Curfew Patrols did not appear on the streets on their nightly patrol that night, leaving the way clear for the Police to carry out their reprisals.

What conclusions are we to take from all this evidence. First that the Fire Brigade seeing a shop on fire in one of the principal streets of the city where there was danger of a full block of important buildings being destroyed speeded past it and left the flames to do their worst. Second, that the 15 soldiers were afraid of a few armed men and after firing a number of shots proceeded at full speed to the Asylum Road, far from the scene of the shooting. Third, the soldiers were to escort the Fire Brigade to fires in William Street, but after the shooting in Foyle Street the soldiers without any officer, made the Fire Engine take them to the Asylum Road, a long way off from the scene of the fires, the fire engine having to proceed to the fires without any escort.

At a meeting of the Corporation the Mayor said he was surprised to find that the Derry Sentinel (a tri-weekly Unionist paper) tried to saddle one section of the community with the shooting of the policemen. He was not going to follow their example and saddle any section of the community until the responsibility had been fixed. He challenged an inquiry into the shooting of the three policemen and said prominent and influential Sinn Feiners informed him that they repudiated and disowned any responsibility in connection with the matter and asked him to point out the unfairness of the local papers in dealing with the matter. Three policemen were shot in Foyle Street, he understood, a considerable time after Curfew, when no civilian could be about.

I was attending a meeting of the Thomas Ashe Sinn Fein Club held in the Owen Roe Hall, off Bishop Street; on January, 1921, when the Dorset Regiment accompanied by members of the R.I.C. carried out a surprise raid. Everyone present was searched and questioned. A number of men were picked out, arrested and marched from the Hall with the Military. I happened to be one of the five. We were paraded through the City Streets with the Curfew patrol. The Dorset Officer let us know we were hostages for he said, "If anyone fires on the Military tonight, we will fire on you", so we resigned ourselves to our fate and paraded quietly with our foe. They took us up Bishop Street, walking at a slow march and keeping five paces apart. We were not allowed to speak or smoke. The same rule applied to the soldiers, who wore rubber soles and heels so that the tramp of their feet could not be heard. The prisoners kept in good spirits inspite of their peculiar position. A few jokes were cracked between us but the Officer ordered in a stern voice "No speaking". As we saw the nervous state of the soldiers expecting to be attacked at every corner we thought it better to keep quiet. So we spent the night parading the streets in the Nationalist quarter of the city. The night was very cold but dry. In the excitement I forgot to take my top coat from the Owen Roe Hall and was now feeling the effects of the cold. I tried to weigh up things as I saw them and I may tell you I felt sorry for the soldiers parading night after night under such gruesome conditions. The Officer seemed to have no thought for his men. He only allowed them four or five minutes rest at different periods throughout the night and not once did he allow them to sit down. They had been walking and halting

from 10.30 until 2.30 o'clock when we were allowed to go home. The Officer told us when he was letting us go that if we ran into any of the other patrols we could tell them that the Bishop Street patrols had released us. We all managed to get home without meeting anyone.

On December 29th, 1920, I was asked by the O.C. for the city to bring twenty Fianna Boys to Brees Lane and to arrange them by extended order that they would reach almost to Holywell Hill. Each boy seeing the other from a distance, they were to keep watch and on the approach of enemy forces, they were to make a sign or whistle. In this way the full length of the road was carefully watched. While the first column, known as Peadar O'Donnell's Column was making their way out of Derry up the old brick field and through fields until they reached the Letterkenny Road which they crossed in the direction of Newtowncunningham and on to Manorcunningham where they were met by the local scouts who had refreshments ready for them.

The column consisted of fourteen men who had volunteered for active service as a full time job. Each man was fitted out with a service rifle, one hundred rounds of ammunition and there were twelve handgrenades. After a short rest they proceeded in the direction of Letterkenny where the local guards escorted them. They bye-passed the town and landed at the Oldtown, where they received refreshments and a rest at Duddy's and McGrath's after walking a distance of almost thirty miles. Doctor McGinley and William McKay came with cars to take the columns

in small groups to Glendowan. The cars could only proceed as far as Churchill Sign Post as trenches had been dug and bridges blown up by the local I.R.A. The first groups to land waited on the rest of the Boys. Then they all set out on foot for Glendowan, a distance of five miles. After a short rest they proceeded over the Glendowan Hill one of the most picturesque and renowned beauty spots in all Donegal and landed at Doochary after walking a further ten miles. Most of the men were wet to the skin as it rained very heavy during this journey. At P.H. O'Donnell's food and clothes were provided and the boys stayed the night at Derryhanny. Cars arrived the next day which took them to Dungloe and they landed at Peadar O'Donnell's house where his mother greeted them in the real old Irish style. A meal was soon prepared which everyone thoroughly enjoyed Billets were arranged and the Cead Mile Failte which the Boys received everywhere showed the warm hearts of the kindly people of Donegal. The next few days were days of rest and reconnaissance. They made the White House their headquarters and from there they set out to investigate the state of the surrounding districts. Doran's, Croveigh, Annagry, was one of their district billets where they were always received with open arms. McGill's and McKelvey's of Brockagh were other houses used by the Column. The local people of Cummeen Glen spared no pains to make the members of the Column comfortable.

The Columns activities in West Donegal were so numerous that to give the details here would require some extra volumes and would take away from my book the purpose I had in mind, mainly to give the activities of the Derry City Battalion within the Battalion Area. I will leave the activities

of Peadar's Column to someone more fitted than I. Enough will be said when I tell you that the Column took part in the following attacks on Crown Forces. A train carrying British Troops was ambushed at Crolly, Co. Donegal where a stiff fight between the two Forces took place. Another attack on a Troop Train, leaving Burtonport for Derry took place at Kincasslagh on February, 14th, 1921. Several R.I.C. Barracks were attacked and Lieutenant Bracen of the Dorset Regiment was arrested in Sweeney's Hotel, Dungloe.

A second column was formed in Derry City under the command of Charles McGuinness. They were despatched to South-West Donegal, where they were to carry on the Guerilla War tactics which was causing so much anxiety to the British Forces. Soon the West and South-West were completely controlled by the Republican Forces and the last remnants of the Crown Forces found themselves isolated and locked up in their barracks. The British General Staff, seeing they were losing their grip on the most Northerly County in Ireland decided that they would use every ounce of force at their disposal to regain what they had lost.

In May, 1921, British Troops started moving from all angles in the direction of West and South-West Donegal in one of the most extensive circular movements ever experienced in that County. Eighteen Crossley Tenders of the Rifle Brigade came from Letterkenny while special trains of the Queen's Regiment were despatched from Derry. A Destroyer Crew landed at Burtonport while aeroplanes were scouring the hills and mountains looking for the Columns. As British Troops moved in whole districts were combed out and every able-bodied man arrested. Some of the Donegal Divisional Staff, I.R.A. were suddenly

surrounded in Sweeney's Hotel and captured. Peadar O'Donnell escaped the dragnet but got a severe wound while making his way from John Mullan's house in Glendowan. Con Boyle was also wounded by the same volley but owing to profuse bleeding was unable to get away and was captured. The Commandant of No. 2 Flying Column was also wounded and captured as stated in other pages. The Columns were forced into hiding but as soon as the British main operation was over they restarted their activities which they continued until the signing of the Truce.

In the meantime the I.R.A. General Headquarters Staff created Divisions in Northern Areas for the first time. Peadar O'Donnell, the Flying Column O.C. was appointed Brigadier. Frank Kearney who was well known for his activities in South Donegal, was appointed Divisional O.C. Paddy Shiels, the Derry City Battalion O.C. was appointed Divisional Intelligence Officer and Charles McWhinney, who had been acting O.C. during Shiels' absence was appointed O.C. Derry City Battalion. On April 1st, 1921, Brigadier O'Donnell landed in Derry and ordered the Derry City Battalion to carry out the following raids that night: an attack on the Lecky Road R.I.C. Barracks, the Rosemount R.I.C. Barracks and the Strand Military Post. Plans were hurriedly made to put this order into effect.

One of the most sensational and daring exploits of the I.R.A. in the city was the rescue of Commandant Frank Carty from Derry Jail. On January, 30th, 1921, four Volunteers, Captain Charles McGuinness J. Sheehy, B. Doherty and Dom were told to call at No. 4 Chamberlain Street. When they arrived there

they found Paddy Shiels and four senior officers, Joe McKelvey and Dick Barrett were present? They were told that the job they had volunteered for was a very tricky and dangerous one. They were to carry out a scheme which had already been planned for the rescue of Frank Carty, a Republican Officer, who was lying wounded a prisoner in the hospital in Derry Jail. He had been shot on the shoulder in a fight with Tans and R.I.C. at Tubercurry, County Sligo. Carty had received, according to plan, some hacksaw blades and a ball of strong cord. He succeeded with the help of some other prisoners in cutting the bars in such a way that they could be pushed out at any time. The hospital building was situated at the lower end of the jail and only five yards from the outer wall in Harden Street, off Abercorn Road. The four men were told to go to Heeney's for which they had secured a duplicate key. The Heeney family being on holidays at the time, they were to get in touch with Jim and Lizzie McLaughlin of the same street. When they arrived at McLaughlin's they had with them some strong rope and oak rungs. They started making a long rope ladder. The houses on the left hand side of this street had their back yards built against the jail wall and the whole district was purely Unionist, so the work had to be carried out with the greatest caution. From one of the yards a rope with an S-hook was thrown to the top of the jail wall which was 40 feet high but failed to catch and after numerous attempts the scheme had to be abandoned. The prisoner was kept informed with what was going on outside and in four days time the four men planned to meet again. A short time before curfew hour the four Volunteers landed in Harden Street, but to their great dismay they found that they had forgotten the

key which was to let them in to Heeney's still unoccupied house. They could not turn back as the Curfew Patrols were already on the streets and most people were indoors. Captain McGuinness broke the front room window as quickly and as quietly as he could, pushed over the snatch, opened the window and Dom Doherty climbed in. He opened the front door and let the rest of the boys in. They proceeded to make preparations and went to the yard where they arranged themselves waiting for the cord that was to come. One end of the ball was to be fastened securely and the rest thrown from the hospital window over the outer wall into the backyard in Harden Street. They waited patiently for four long hours and crawling from one Unionist Yard to another, searching for the cord, taking the greatest care not to make any noise, as one false move might spell disaster. Three members of the R.I.C. had their homes in this same street and the Volunteers did not know if the yards they were prowling through contained any dogs. They had to take all the risks. At last Dom while groping on the wall in the dark discovered the long waited for cord. McGuinness gave the required tugs. The rope ladder was fastened and pulled up the wall and over to the hospital window where it was securely fastened with some of the bars removed. Carty, a man of 15 stone, climbed across the gap which separated the hospital from the outer wall. He knew that one slip and he would fall 40 feet into the prison graves below and that his chance of escape would have been lost. He also realised that he might occupy one of those cold plots as the British Government were determined to execute Republicans caught in a fight with their Forces.

The four men below were holding the rope ladder with all their might to prevent it slapping. They became excited and ready to shout with joy when they saw Carty having reached the outer wall, moving fast towards them. When he landed they embraced each other while tears of joy streamed down their faces. They climbed over a number of yards until they arrived at the house. They went inside, wrung the water from their stockings, put on their boots and waited until curfew time was over when they came out into the street. Dom was ordered to go in advance and see if the road was clear. The rest followed him up Abercorn Road, across Bishop Street and Barrack Street and into Long Tower Street, where two Volunteers were waiting at the Church railings to take Carty to a place of safety. The four Volunteers after shaking hands with their rescued friend went home. After spending a few days in the City Carty was taken to the Waterside where he was put aboard the coal boat "Carrick Lee", which was ready to sail across the Channel. In a few hours Carty was safe and far from Derry on the high seas. Scores of houses were raided and numerous people held up and the whole British forces in the City were used in a fruitless search for Carty.

About 6.30 o'clock on Thursday evening, April 1st, 1921, Charles McWhinney, O.C. sent for Dom and Jim Taylor and asked them if they would volunteer for a dangerous and tricky job. The bombing of the military sandbag post at the Electric Light Station Strand Road. They agreed and were told to visit the spot, get a bird's eye view and make their own arrangements. The hut must be bombed at 8 o'clock

that night. They were warned to do their planning carefully and make sure of their getaway.

Setting out on their tour of inspection, they viewed the hut of sandbags and steel shutters built against the wall. They came to the conclusion that the place could only be bombed with safety to themselves from the inner wall of the Mental Home which was on the other side of the street. How could they get inside without causing suspicion? After a thorough search they came to a spot on Laurence Hill where they could mount the outer wall without being seen. They went back to the Republican Hall and reported their plan. After getting something to eat they took the four hand grenades which were supplied to them and made off in the direction of Laurence Hill. Seeing no one in the vicinity they climbed the wall and dropped into the Mental Home Grounds, a distance of over 20 feet, landing on a green patch and surrounded by thick shrubbery. Walking cautiously and keeping out of view of the main building so that they would not be seen by any of the keepers or inmates, moving around the grounds, and keeping close to the wall, they arrived after great difficulty at the selected place. About 25 yards away was the Military Post and although there was a wall which saved them from view they could hear the soldiers chatting around an open fire. There were still 15 minutes to spare which seemed like hours. At last the Guildhall clock struck eight and Jim Taylor fired the first grenade which burst with a shattering noise. The other three were fired as quickly as possible after, one striking the fire and sending showers of red-hot cinders in all directions.

The two men now thought on their method of

escape and realising that the place where they came in was impossible to get out they made for the entrance of an old tunnel, which led to Doctor Harrington's house on the Northland Road outside the Mental Hospital Grounds. They were very fortunate that the entrance to this tunnel was not locked. They entered it and in a few minutes time they found themselves safely on the Northland Road. They started walking in the direction of William Street and had only gone a few hundred yards when they were halted by 12 policemen who asked them where they had been and they said they were just coming from a walk in the country. After being searched and nothing found they were allowed to proceed. Turning down Great James's Street over Little James's Street into William Street they stopped at Wall's fruit shop where they bought a few oranges and had just come out of the shop in time to see a Company of Soldiers making haste in the direction of the Strand Post.

The second Flying Column left Derry at the end of April, 1921. Charles McWhinney picked the Volunteer. They consisted of Charles McGuinness who was in charge of the Column, Paddy Moore, George Doyle, McGrotty, Ginger Callan, Tom McGlinchey, Dip Kennedy, Dom Doherty. They went to Letterkenny where they met the local guides, Ned Kelly and McGrath. They proceeded on foot to Glendowan where they met Joe Duffy and John Mullan. Refreshments were prepared which were greatly relished after their long and tedious walk. Each man received his rifle, ammunition and some hand grenades. In twos they were billeted by the local people. Next day they started to block roads. Kennedy and Dom were ordered over the hills to Dunlewey where they called with a man

named O'Hanlon to find out if any Military or Police activity was taking place in the district. When they got back to Glendowan they found that the Column had gone in the direction of Doochary which was about 12 miles away so they started out to follow them. When they reached Loughbarra they were greatly exhausted and called at Jimmy John Rua's (McCormack's) where they were put up for the night. Next morning they were awakened in a hurry by the woman of the house who told them that the Military were coming down the Glendowan Hill. They just had time to pull on their trousers and run out in their bare feet. They hid their rifles under a big rock and made up the hill intending to hide until the Military had passed, but they hadn't got very far when the first Military lorry appeared. Suddenly a burst of rifle fire made them realise that they had been seen and when they looked around for a way of escape their eyes caught another detachment of Military coming down the hill. Realising they were surrounded there was nothing to do but surrender. Kennedy had maps, which he hid in the heather. After being marched down the hill they were brought before an English Colonel who showed his usual gentlemanly nature by breaking his stick over Dom's back. Kennedy was shoved into one lorry and Dom into another. They were each questioned where they had come from, what they were doing there and where their clothes and boots were. They were then driven in the direction of Doochary and up the Corkscrew Hill. Their lives were threatened if they did not tell where the rest of the boys were. They refused to talk and Dom's toes were trampled upon until they burst their skin and bled. This regiment was the Rifle Brigade. The Officers used a lot of dirty talk.

direction of Ardara where they were joined by the local O.C. and some of his men. Various districts were visited with the intention of making it tough for the British raiding parties, by blowing up bridges, trenching and blocking the roads and other types of obstruction. A large force of police and Military were drafted into the district. Every attempt to encircle the Column failed until one day when they were resting at the Sand Dunes at Rossbeg the local members who were away at their usual occupations and only six members of the Column were sitting quietly watching the sea when they were surprised by a party of Military and R.I.C. They put up a fight and the sound of their rifles could be heard on the breeze at the same time retreating to better positions. McGuinness the O.C. seeing that his men were outnumbered by 20 to 1 gave orders for his men to scatter while he and Hughie Martin kept the enemy at bay until their comrades were safely away. McGuinness turned to speak to Martin when he got struck by two bullets, one in the side which was only a skin wound and the other a severe laceration of the hip. He continued firing and shouted for Martin to get away. In spite of the pain of his wounds and loss of blood, being determined to hold the fort, he did so until Martin got safely away. The Military and Police returned the fire but were afraid to advance as they expected the return of the rest of the Column and they were taking no chances. Seeing that all had got away but McGuinness they advanced slowly in a circular movement, surrounding him. He surrendered. He was taken to a nearby house where his wounds were attended to. He and another prisoner named O'Reilly were brought to Glenties. When there a

short time they were transferred to Donegal town and eventually to Derry where they were lodged in Ebrington Military Barracks together with 30 other prisoners.

McGuinness was arrested under the name of Hennessy and raids were being carried out in South-West Donegal for the Column O.C. The Military not knowing that they had him under lock and key; the prisoners realising that McGuinness and O'Reilly would be court-martialled and probably sentenced to death, prepared hurriedly for their escape. Two members of the Cumann na mBan, Miss McGuinness and Miss Doherty, brought some hack-saw blades baked in a cake which they had with them on a visit to the prisoners. Work was soon commenced and wooden posts at the corner of the hut near the wall were being sawed while a course of singing was continued to drown the sound. The next day work had been carried out in such a way that by pressing against the side of the hut it was possible to squeeze a man out. When night came after timing the Military Guards paces, McGuinness slipped out, climbed the wall and away. O'Reilly came next. After climbing the wall he fell and hurt his back and had to be pulled into the hut again for in the next second the guard would be on the spot. McGuinness made his way to the Railway lines which he crossed. Then seeing a rowing boat anchored about 30 yards out in the water he dived in fully clothed, swam to the boat, cut it adrift and succeeded in getting across the River Foyle. He landed alongside the coal boat "Carricklee, which he managed to board and was a great surprise for his uncle who was Captain of the boat. He was rushed to the City Hotel where he received a good glass of brandy and waited the arrival of a Clergyman's Habit (which was to be used as a disguise). A car took him to a

place of safety and after remaining several days in hiding he was taken to South-West Donegal again where he reorganised his Column. During this time the Military and Police were scouring the City for the escaped prisoner whom they knew as Hennessy. Numerous people were held up. Scores of houses were searched but all was in vain.

Charles McWhinney the O.C. sent for me and asked me if I would go to Mrs. Mellon's, Kildare Terrace and get in touch with George Doyle, one of the Volunteers who was stopping there. I was to escort him to the Oldtown, Letterkenny, a distance of about twenty two miles and leave him at Mrs. McGrath's, which was a noted house of call for Republicans who were proceeding to join up with the Columns which were now operating in the Donegal area. Doyle who had taken a very active part in the June fighting in the City was one of the first to Volunteer to go to the relief of Cross Street, Waterside, which was completely surrounded by Orangemen who were attacking it from several angles. Doyle with a few other chaps braved the rifle fire from the Bridge as they rowed a small boat across the River Foyle with the small arms and ammunition needed for the defence of the area. They succeeded in making their way through the Orange Snipers and landed safely with the much needed supplies. When the week's fighting was over the Orangemen did not forget Doyle. They sent several letters to his home threatening to shoot him on sight. It was for this reason that the O.C. of the City thought that Doyle would be safer in County Donegal.

There was a touch of comedy attached to the

whole affair. . . As I landed at Mrs. Mellon's, I was surprised to see what I thought to be a nice young girl but when the face was turned towards me I recognised Doyle in the disguise that his friend Mrs. Mellon thought most suitable for his protection. As we were leaving the house and getting on our bikes I was handed a parcel to be delivered to the Letterkenny Company. Then we proceeded on our journey. We hadn't gone far when I shouted to Doyle, "Get off your bike quick and fix yourself". It was then Doyle looked and saw that the legs of his trousers had fallen below the edge of the skirt and were quite visible to the people who were moving about in this thickly populated part of the City. Doyle refused to dismount and paddled like lightning along Lecky Road. I tried to keep up with his pace and it wasn't long until we reached the Letterkenny Road where he got off his bike and fixed himself with safety pins. Then we proceeded on our journey to Letterkenny.

When we arrived within sight of the town we heard what we thought to be singing or shouting. Looking in the distance we saw Crossley Tenders moving in the turn of the road. We put our bikes over a ditch and had just succeeded doing so ourselves when two Crossleys of British Military speeded past still singing and shouting. We got to the main road again and hadn't gone far when we met some members of the Letterkenny I.R.A. who had been looking out for us to take the parcel of hand grenades which we had with us. Dan Mulligan was in charge of this party. After a short time we proceeded on our journey and I brought Doyle around the back of Letterkenny and left him safely with Mrs. McGrath, who supplied us both with a good meal - tea and ham and eggs. After about an hour's

rest I proceeded on my journey home.

A Republican Intelligence Officer reported the arrival of British Army supplies by sealed wagon from Belfast. A party of Volunteers was despatched by road, one in charge of a spring horse van and a number of men went by rowing boat. They all arrived simultaneously and proceeded to the Quay at the Midland Station, Waterside, where a number of men were engaged in Railway shunting. The Volunteers proceeded to hold the men up and break open the sealed wagon. It was intended to take away as much of the Wagon's contents as possible. The job was to be carried out with the greatest caution as British troops could arrive from the nearby Barracks within ten minutes. Everything was going to schedule when one of the Volunteers who was over anxious tripped and fell, at the same time discharging a shot which wounded one of the shunters. In this way the alarm was given and the Volunteers had just time to empty part of the contents of the wagon into the nearby river before their hurried retreat. In this way the plan of a daring and dangerous job was frustrated.

In the beginning of 1921 the forces of the Crown had occupied the principal buildings of our City and turned such places as the Courthouse, St. Columba's Hall, St. Patrick's Hall, Waterside, into fortresses, with sand-bag machine gun posts at their main entrances. Brees Lane, the Letterkenny Road, Strand Road, and both sides of the Bridge which connects the Waterside with the rest of Derry all had their machine gun posts, built of sandbags and steel shutters. Streets were cordoned off frequently and pedestrians held up and searched. While this was happening the I.R.A. were drilling, training, especially in the handling of

of firearms. Big events were expected in the City and large quantities of rifles, explosives and bombs were being accumulated. A select number of the Engineering section got orders to start work on a special job. A number of steel plates cut and punched to specification were procured in the Derry Shipyard together with bolts, nuts and screws, so that when put together they would form the cover for an armoured car. Paddy Lafferty had given his motor lorry to the I.R.A. for this purpose. The engine and lorry had got a complete overhauling and the work was soon commenced. Large quantities of explosives had already arrived at the Shamrock Hall.

An incident that would have been disastrous to the whole movement in the city was averted by my timely entrance into the Shamrock Hall, Bogside. This Hall had two apartments, the upper portion was used by the I.R.A. for drills and meetings also as a courtroom for the Republican Courts. The lower portion which had a small kitchen attached was used by the Engineering section for the manufacture of revolver springs and other types of work and instructions. One day as I entered this room which I had a right to do, as a member of the Engineering Section attached to A Company, I was horrified by the sight which caught my eyes, for on the floor were three large barrels; one was filled with a high explosive, known as Irish T.N.T. Another was filled with Irish Cheeder or Warflower, another very high and dangerous explosive. The third barrel consisted of blasting gun powder (kidney shaped). In the room were two young Volunteers who had been placed there as guards. What horrified me was to see one of those lads take several grains of black powder, place it on the table and light it. They seemed to enjoy the fun of seeing

it scoot with a hissing noise to different corners in the place. The lads seemed to be unaware that if one spark had fallen into any of the barrels, disaster of one of the largest scales which ever hit the City would have occurred instantly. I shouted on them to stop and I rushed breathlessly up the stairs and notified Charles McWhinney who rushed down and ordered the two lads to clear out of the rooms immediately.

The Bridge which spans the quarter mile broad River Foyle and connects the Waterside with the rest of the City was measured and preparations made for its destruction by explosives. The Bridge on the Buncrana Road known as the Tunnel was also measured and the amount of explosives for its destruction was calculated. Other work and plans were nearing completion when a Truce between the British and Irish Forces was announced.

Fianna Eireann:

The Fianna, knowing that they could not meet in the John Mitchell Hall owing to the action of the police in partly wrecking the place on Easter Week 1916, were invited to seek Club Rooms elsewhere. I visited Mr. McKimm, Orchard Street and succeeded in renting the large cellar which was under his house. The door leading to this was in Orchard Lane. We held our usual weekly meetings and ran a sports club. Eddie Deane supplied the boxing gloves and the first night's sparring resulted in I getting a black eye. Our members had greatly decreased in number as the boys' parents refused to let them attend after the news of the Rising. Phil McLaughlin was Adjutant and Hugh Deery was Quartermaster. We started recruiting through the schools for a boxing club. From this we picked boys for the Fianna. At last our numbers

started to increase and by the end of 1917 we had 35 members. When De Valera came to Derry for his first visit the members of the Columcille Pipers Band asked if they could have four Fianna boys with their full uniforms to act as martial pole bearers for De Valera's reception. I picked from our ranks four of the tallest boys. One of the Band members told me that Mr. Arbuckle of Bridge Street had a large shed to let which was right under their Band shed, so the Fianna left McKimm's and went to their new quarters in Bridge Street where they remained until the latter end of 1918. Then they went to the Richmond Street Hall. I gave my permission that the Fianna would be at the disposal of all Republican organisations. This was taken advantage of and the boys were used in all classes of work such as posting up bills on the hoardings of the City, distributing pamphlets, handbills and selling songs and programmes. They also helped with all election literature. The F.F.P. (which was the Active Service Unit of the I.R.A.) used the Fianna on most of their activities, and the hand-grenades that they captured were stored in the home of a Fianna boy. During the fighting in Derry in June, 1920, the Fianna boys carried out very valuable work, risking their lives at times to bring ammunition into areas where fighting was in progress.

In the summer of 1920 I received a commission from General Headquarters, Dublin, appointing me as Fianna Organiser for County Donegal. While I still retained my officership as O.C. for Derry City, in my spare time I formed a Branch of our Organisation in Letterkenny and appointed Eunan Coyle as O.C. for the district. Other Branches were formed. In Moville Gerard Loughrey was in charge. In

Greencastle I appointed Leonard as O.C. and Paddy McFadden was made O.C. for the Gweedore district. Murlog and Raphoe also had their Companies. During the summer 1920-21 a large section of the Boys went to Camp at Fahan, County Donegal, one of the most beautiful spots in the county overlooking Lough Swilly and with a panorama view of the hills of Inishowen, Fanad and West Donegal. The Boys had free access to the nearby shore and enjoyed daily bathing to their hearts' contents. McCaul with his concertina and McClafferty with his mouth organ kept us in music and our community singing could be heard echoing through the hills of Fahan. Those were the days when the Fianna Boys enjoyed a good healthy vacation which was not interrupted, we were glad to say by the intervention of Crown Forces. The Boys who could not stay for the full term of the Camp (one month) would come and spend the week-end. The Fianna had a concert party with some very successful performers. The play "Fianna Never Fails" was our masterpiece and "The Fake Doctor" was in great demand. Our plays were performed in the Shamrock Hall, Strabane, Moville, Raphoe and several other places. The funds we collected were spent in the procuring of Uniforms. During the Belfast Boycott the Fianna Boys were used for the distribution of the black lists. They also helped the people who were printing same and when the printing office could no longer carry out their work the lists were typed by D.J. Shiels. I ran them off on a rotary duplicating machine in a house in Upper Magazine Street.

When the Truce came and the Anglo Irish Treaty was signed I was asked to come and bring a delegate

with me to the Fianna Ard Feis which was arranged to be held in a house in Parnell Square, Dublin. My 2nd Lieutenant, William Deeney was selected by our Derry Committee to come with me. He represented Derry City while I represented County Donegal. When we landed off the train at Amiens Street we were met by a number of Fianna Boys in Uniform. When we showed them our invitations they brought us to the Galway Arms Hotel which was only a few doors from where the Ard Feis was to be held. About 40 other Delegates were stopping in the same Hotel. After being introduced to one another we went for a walk around. Being Saturday night and our meeting which was arranged for Sunday evening this gave us plenty of time. On Sunday morning we all had our photographs taken in a group at the Green near the Plunkett Printing Works. When we went to the Ard Feis an elderly lady was giving a lecture. After the lecture we sat down to more important business. The main item on the agenda was whether the Fianna as an organisation would accept the Treaty or not. After some discussions a vote was put to the house and it was unanimously carried that Fianna Eireann reject the Treaty and reaffirm their allegiance to the Government of the Republic. After this decision word was sent to the Four Courts that the Fianna Organisation was fully behind the Army Council. Other business was proceeded with. Then suddenly a burst of rifle fire was heard and bullets came whistling through the windows. Someone shouted for everyone to lie flat on the floor but before doing so one of our members was wounded.- a small chap from Cork. Luckily it was only a skin wound. In about 15 or 20 minutes the shooting died down and our Ard Feis came to an end. As we were leaving the

building and making for our Hotel we suddenly heard a voice from the outer balcony of one of the houses calling on us to halt. We were asked who we were and where we had come from and when we said "Fianna Ard Feis" we were told we could proceed on our journey. I later learned that this was Republican Headquarters for the district and that the cause of the shooting was that a part of the advance guard which was escorting Michael Collins from a meeting which he held in Sligo that day had fired across the Green at the Republicans in Parnell Square and that they had retaliated by returning the fire. When the car carrying Collins came on the scene two Volunteers had left the house in Parnell Square and made for Liberty Hall with the intentions of commandeering a car which was outside the building. They were to go to report to the Four Courts when they were arrested and it is believed that one of the men was carrying a hand-grenade.

The next day we visited Barney Mellows at the Fianna Headquarters. He issued me with a pass to get in to the Four Courts and I had with me a 2 lb. sample of a new explosive known as Bradyite. I intended to give the formula along with the sample to Liam Mellows who was in the Four Courts. When Willie Deeney and I arrived at the side gate we handed in our pass and were waiting to be admitted. The streets were packed with onlookers watching the work of the I.R.A. fixing sandbags and other forms of fortification. Suddenly a shout from some women that the "Staters" were coming caused a stampede and in the melee which followed we were pushed away from the gate and lost in the crowd in some part of Batchelors Walk. We moved around until

we got sight of the first tram heading for the Pillar which we boarded. We then went to the Fianna Headquarters again and reported what had happened but they had all the details before we arrived. It appears that an armoured car came across the Bridge with "Defiance" painted in white on its sides. It made a tour around the Four Courts and then disappeared. I left my sample with Barney Mellows and next day Deeney and I went on our journey back home to Derry.

Numerous stories could be told about Fianna activities in the Derry District. The following has a touch of comedy. John McLaughlin was a well mannered and tidy lad who could be relied on at all times. Punctuality was one of his main characteristics. As a member of the Fianna during the 1920-21 period he became a very efficient scout. He was fond of parades and I picked him regularly as one of the four Fianna Boys who accompanied the Colmcille Pipers Band on their many excursions during the summer months. One Sunday as the Band was preparing for an excursion to Merville by Paddle Steamer they suddenly discovered that only three Fianna Boys had arrived. John McLaughlin went outside the Band Shed and seeing his pal who was not a Nationalist but the son of a strict Orangeman who lived in Wapping Lane he told him that the Band was short of a Pole Bearer and that if he wanted a cheap run to Merville now was his chance. This young lad seized the opportunity and went with McLaughlin to a nearby house where he donned the uniform of Fianna Eireann and went with this Republican Band on their excursion to Merville. Some years later I was stopped in the street by a tall young Policeman who asked if I was Liam Brady. When I replied that I was, he asked me

did I not recognise him. I could not recollect having met him before but when he told me he was Willie who had worn the Fianna Uniform I shook hands with him and he laughed heartily as he told me of his enjoyment and fears while parading the streets of The Maiden City as a Sinn Feiner.

No sooner was the Anglo Irish Treaty set in motion when the Six County Government received instructions from their Imperial Masters that all noted Republicans living in the Six County area were to be arrested and interned irrespective of whether they were Treaty or Anti-Treaty supporters. Word was received through secret channels and the Republicans of the North discovered the plot. In Derry City scores went on the run. Others crossed the Border and were absorbed in the two opposing camps which the Treaty had created. There were those who had been warned but had not heeded the warning with others unaware of what was in store^{for}/them. They were dragged from their homes in the middle of the night in hundreds and lodged in Belfast and Derry Jails. Others were shipped to the old obsolete cargo ship Argenta. While this was going on the Orange Special Constabulary, otherwise known as the A.B. and C. Specials, carried out systematic raids everywhere and all organisations of a national character were suppressed. Religious discrimination became more evident and liberal minded protestants were forced to become members of the so-called Police Force by the threat of losing their employment and being ostracised from their friends and to make sure that the Orangemen would make no slip up in their suppression of the Nationalist people.

In the late summer of 1920, trusted members of the Fianna were picked to go to Holywell Hill about four miles from the City for rifle practice on Thursday and Sunday evenings. One day while thus engaged after every member of the party had fired his course at a target from a small Winchester Rifle, we were preparing to go home when suddenly we saw five men with shot guns coming towards the Hill. Thinking that they were hunting rabbits we didn't take much notice until one of the lads said "Those men are coming in our direction". At that a burst of fire from their guns made us realise that they were after us.

The British Government sent in thirty thousand troops to augment the Forces already in the North East corner of Ireland known as the Six Counties. Curfew order was re-imposed and the B. Specials paraded the streets at night in large numbers trying to outdo the work of the Black and Tans. Any of the local authorities who protested against the systematic terrorism and deliberate assassinations were severely dealt with as you will see from the following extracts from a letter sent by Mr. R.D. Mcgeew K.C. M.P. to the Antrim Unionist Association held in the Protestant Hall, Ballymoney, on Friday, June 30th, 1922, as reported in the Belfast Telegraph, 1st July, 1922.

"Local Authorities challenged our Government. We took them in hand and such as persisted were quietly but firmly dealt with. They have had their day and ceased to be." In other words they were exterminated.

In another portion of the same letter he states -

"No service, when we took over, was more disorganised than the jail service. It was honeycombed with disloyalty and irregularities. The task of restoring discipline has been successfully solved and prisoners are now subject to ordinary prison rules and discipline." Let us now examine what the ordinary prison rules and discipline in the Six County Jails consists of. The Internees are subject to every form of hardship and privation. They are practically in solitary confinement, being locked alone in their cells for twenty hours each day, the other four hours being devoted to walking exercise from 10 a.m. until 12 noon and from 2.p.m. until 4.p.m. when each is locked in his cell until 10 a.m. the following morning with the lights turned out on week nights at 8.30 p.m. and on Sundays at 7.30 p.m. Those cells average

9 ft. x 6 ft. and are badly lighted and ventilated with totally inadequate heating. The walking exercise consists of a single file parade around the jail yards on concrete paths 18 inches wide and to let your foot slip off this path and touch the grass even by accident is punishable by 3 days bread and water with solitary confinement. The food is of the worst possible description and served under the most revolting conditions without knives or forks, while the beds and bed clothing are of the hardest and commonest character - boards with a rough fibrous mattress and two rugs for blankets without sheets or pillows. Parcels were not permitted. Newspapers were never seen and the internees knew little of what was happening outside as the letters they received were so mutilated by blackened lines or cut outs that they looked more like jigsaw puzzles at times. The Orange B. Specials were posted all over the place. They occupied the balcony overlooking the yards, during exercise hours and paraded with rifles through the corridors at night. On numerous occasions they turned on the gas which was connected to each cell of the old fashioned burner type without mantle and nearly succeeded in gassing a number of internees in their cells. The internees had to make arrangements that as soon as any prisoners smelled gas he was to hammer on the so-called hot pipe and shout until the chorus was taken up by all the other internees. In this way they attracted the attention of the Governor and Night Warders who after some time would turn off the gas and the internees would settle down for the rest of the night. This was the kind of discipline which was restored to the prisoners that Mr. R.D. McGow K.C. M.P., had been so pleased to tell his Orange Brethern.

Items of Interest in connection with activities in Derry 1916 - 1922, some being quotations from "The Derry Journal".

On October 29th 1920 a party of Troops of The Rifle Brigade landed in Derry Quay this morning off the Destroyer Waverley.

Ten members of the Auxiliary Police Force and known as The Black and Tans arrived in Derry this afternoon and proceeded to Victoria R.I.C. Barracks 28th October, 1920.

Another party of Black and Tans arrived in Derry today, October 29th, 1920.

General Tudor, Chief of Police, visited Derry during the week end and inspected the City Police Force on May, 7th, 1921.

November 22nd, 1920. Troops of the Queen's Regiment are taking charge of the Military Posts in the City. A part have already gone to Victoria Barracks and during next week they will replace the Dorsets in the Courthouse and the Posts in that area.

Charles McWhinney appointed Paddy Johnson as District Police Officer. Johnson then picked fourteen men from the Volunteers and formed the first Republican Police Force in Derry City. Dan Doherty and George Doyle were made Sergeants.

When the Belfast Boycott was formed a man named Lynch was in charge of the whole North. The Derry Committee which consisted of P. Hegarty, Chairman, D.J. Shiels, Secretary, James Gallagher, J.L. Mourne, William Hegarty. This Committee

appointed John Fox in charge of Belfast Boycott in the city. He had a salary of £3 per week. While acting in the above capacity he was arrested after coming out of Austin's Flour Mills, Foyle Street, (About June, 1921) and interned until the General Release at the Truce. Paddy Johnson was then appointed in charge of the Boycott and John McConnlogue his assistant. Dan Doherty was then appointed O.C. of Republican Police.

I did not remember seeing any submachine guns in the Derry District until the Truce.

In 1917 John McGilligan formed the first Volunteer Company in Raphoe, County Donegal.

On Easter Week 1916, Seamus Cavanagh, had a pair of Binoculars.

The names of the men who went to the Diamond on Monday of the June fighting 1920 - Patrick Shiels, John McLaughlin, Peter Caulfield, Ned McCourt, Toney McColgan.

The shooting of Sergeant Maroney, was not the work of the I.R.A.

P. Hegarty bought rifles from British soldiers at £2 each.

The Police collection raised about £96 for P. Shiels. My Uncle, Hugh Brady, received a bullet through the arm for not extinguishing the light in his bedroom, by the Dorset Curfew Patrol.

The third Sinn Fein Hunger Striker in Derry Jail was removed to the Workhouse Hospital yesterday 4th December, 1918. He was Mr. Kitterick, Westport.

During the time Seamus Cavanagh was in prison Joseph was in prison Joseph O'Doherty became O.C. of the City for about three months. During that time the Custom House and Tax Office jobs were ordered all were a failure except the Bishop Street one. The burning of the Carrigan R.I.C. Barracks took place about April, 1920. Joe Doherty was in charge of the operation.

The Custom House Shooting -

James McCann, Alfie McCallion, Mick Sheerin, James Taylor, James Molloy, George Doyle.

Peadar O'Donnell arrived in Derry on April, 1st 1921 and ordered the attack on the Lecky Road Barracks Rosemount Barracks, the shooting of Policemen and the attack on the Military Post, Strand Road. Sergeant Higgins, R.I.C. was killed that night. Constable McLaughlin received a shrapnel wound on the forehead. Private Albert Todd, Private Cecil Kearns and Private J. Gordon of the Queen's Regiment received shrapnel wounds. Constable Michael Kenny and two civilians were also wounded.

Two attacks were made on the Lecky Road Barracks which was afterwards burned.

The getting of the Rifles in Sergeant Brennan's house.

The I.R.B. had about 40 members before Easter week. Nearly all members of the Pat's Band were sworn in but not one were members of the Volunteers.

Bob Turner, Derry, was the driver of the train that was ambushed at Crolley. Peadar's Column remained in Donegal for about three months.

Dom and Dip arrested on 12th May, 1921.

I was asked by Gabriel McGrath if I could make something that would break up a British Recruiting meeting without injuring any of the people present. I made a chemical mixture which could be wrapped up in blotting paper and suspended by thread to the cork of a long neck sauce bottle which was half full of acid water. By holding the bottle upright the blotting paper remained dry but when turned on its side the acid water soaked through the blotting paper and the Chemical action commenced. Sulphurated Hydrogen which is rotten egg gas was produced and when enough pressure was made it pushed out the loosely inserted cork and filled the place with a horrible stench. Armed with one of those bottles Gabriel McGrath, Sean Haughey and I set off for the A.O.H. Hall, Strand Road, where a Recruiting Meeting was in progress. When we got to the head of the stairs the Hall was filled with people. We managed to get inside the door. I slipped the bottle to the floor and pushed it along with my foot. Then I notified the other two and we left the Hall. We had no sooner got to the street when people started rushing from the Hall. The meeting was brought to a speedy close and we went away satisfied that the bottle had done the trick.

Members of Derry Company of the Irish
Volunteers in Easter Week, 1916.

Seamus Cavanagh, Orchard Row.	Dead
Paddy Shiels, The Bogside.	
John Fox, Walkers Square.	
Frank McDevitt, The Bogside.	Dead
John Adams, Frances Street.	Dead
James McAuley, Abbey Street	
Tommy Johnson, Saint Columbas Wells	Dead
Joe Logue, Waterloo Street	Dead
Patrick Hegarty, Westland Avenue	Dead
John McGilligan, Orchard Row	
Andy McDermott, Bogside	Dead
Paddy Lafferty, Bishop Street	
James Lynch, Sloans Terrace	Dead
Joseph O'Doherty, Creggan Street	
Tomas McLaughlin, Waterside	Dead
Eamonn McDermott, Westland Avenue	
Paddy Cullen, Nailors Row	Dead
Joe Flannagan, Waterside	Dead
John Cullen, Nailors Row	Dead
Dan Cullen, Nailors Row	
W.J. Carlin, Nelson Street	Dead
William McAuley, Alma Place	Dead
John Doherty, Lower Road	
William Sharkey, Saint Columbas Walls	Dead
Vincent Doherty, Creggan Street	
Hugh Devlin, Stanleys Walk	Dead
William Hegarty, William Street	Dead
James McGuinness, Chamberlain Street	Dead
Barney McGettigan	Dead
Phil Doherty, Lecky Road	Dead
Mickey Wray, Lecky Road	Dead
Charley Breslin, William Street	Dead

Mick McGrory,	The Bogside	Dead
Denis MacIntyre,		
W.J. Duffy,	Foyle Street	Dead
Dan Coyle,	Foyle Road	
Joe Murray,		
James O'Neill,	Nailors Row	
John O' Donnell		
Andy Barr,	Park Avenue	
	Mullan, St. Columbas Wells	
Charlie Duggan,	Nailors Row	Dead
Barney McKenna		
John Keyes O'Doherty		Dead

Members of Cumann na mBan, 1916.

Mrs. Cavanagh
 Mrs. Mary J. Wray
 Mrs. McDevitt
 Annie Smith
 Mrs. J. McDaid
 Miss Keenan
 Annie Martin
 Patsy Durante
 Mrs. O'Neill
 Mrs. J. Fox
 Miss Fox
 Mrs. W. Sharkey
 Miss Tilley Cullen
 Miss Rose O'Doherty
 Miss Gibson, Park Avenue
 Miss Gibson
 Miss McDaid, Rosemount
 (Frances MacIntyre) (Cousins)
 (Lizzie MacIntyre)
 St. Columbas Wells
 Mrs. P. Hegarty Dead

Derry Fianna Eireann.

Liam A. Brady, Waterloo Street
Jack McDaid, Rosemount
Jack O'Driscoll, Westland Avenue
Paddy Fox, Walkers Square
Frank Carlin, Nelson Street
Phil McLaughlin, Waterloo Street
Neil McLaughlin, Waterloo Street
Packie McLaughlin, Waterloo Street
J. McLaughlin, Harvey Street
Hugh Deery
Paddy Devlin, Walkers Square
Tomas Cooper, Rosemount
Paddy McKearn, Foxs Corner
Edmund Burke, Waterloo Street
Eddie O'Reilly, Bridge Street
Willie Smyth, Orchard Street.

At the Truce 1921 Patrick Shiels was appointed Liason Officer, for Derry and County Donegal. Patrick Lynch from Maghera, County Derry, was later appointed Liason Officer for Derry and P. Shiels for County Donegal only.

I appointed J. Loughrey of Moville in charge of the Fianna for that District, and Leonard as O.C. for the Redcastle District (He is now Rev. Father Leonard in Canada), O'Donnell, Murlog, County Donegal, Paddy McFadden, Gweedore, Eunan Coyld, Letterkenny, Raphoe.

Eamonn Burke, Republican Organiser came to Derry where he got in touch with Paddy Haggarty who arranged with Miss Mullan, North Western Hotel East Wall, Derry for his staying there for five or six weeks as he was wanted by the British Authorities. His stay had to be kept very secret. I believe I was the only one allowed to visit him. I brought him smokes and daily papers and we sat talking at the fire in the big front room. He left in a hurry, leaving behind him a lot of Irish Books, including John Mitchell's Jail Journal.

Names of First Flying Column

Peadar O'Donnell	Column O.C.	Donegal
Alfie McCallion		Derry
Seamus McCann		Derry
Jim Welsh		Cork
Tim O'Sullivan		Cork
Frank O'Donnell		Donegal
Con Connelly		Monaghan
James Taylor		Derry
James McKee (Ginger)		Armagh
William Dohney		Tipperary
Con Boyle		Donegal
William Cullen		Derry
Frank Shiels		Derry
Pat McCallion		Derry
Frank Martin		Derry

Colum McGill left Derry same day as the Column, Sunday, 29th December, 1920, and brought the following supplies in his Ford Car: -

3,000 rounds of ammunition, 2 Colt Machine Guns and 500 hand grenades. This supply went to William Holmes, O.C. for the Manorcunningham District of Donegal.

Names of Second Flying Column

Charles McGuinness,	Column O.C.	Derry
Paddy O'Reilly		Donegal
P.J. McHugh		Donegal
Frances Henry Gallagher		Donegal
Hugh Martin		Derry
Mick Sheerin		Donegal
Owen Callan		Donegal
Joe Harkin		Donegal
Jim Harkin		Donegal
Dan McGill		Donegal
James McGill		Donegal
Paddy Moore	Waterside,	Derry
Domnick Doherty		Derry
Dipp Kennedy		Derry
George Doyle		Derry

10th October, 1920, Frank Carlin and I arrived in Shamrock Hall.

John Clifford, 19, Sugarhouse Lane, age 17 years, was shot dead by the Curfew Patrol on Wednesday, (night) 6th October, 1920.

Tomas Henry Moore, Glebe, Glendermott, was shot dead by a Military Patrol, age 22 years. At a Military Court of Inquiry, Captain Nesbit represented the Military and Head Constable O'Donoghue represented the Crown.

Gabriel McGrath wanted me to go to Dublin to one of the Republican Munition Works as I had a fair knowledge of explosives but Paddy Hegarty said I was doing far more important work here and wanted me to stay.

Staff Officer Frank Martin came from Drumboe Castle, County Donegal, shortly after the Free State was formed, to me in Derry and offered me a job as they were looking for someone who had a knowledge of explosives. I told him I was on the Republican side and could not accept his offer. I was later made Battalion Chemical Engineer by Sean Hegarty, the O.C. of the Derry City Battalion, then operating in County Donegal.

Dick McKee and Peadar Clancy came to Derry on Friday of the June Fighting 1920.

Roger Casement's last inspection of the Irish Volunteers took place in Celtic Park, Derry, about August, 1914, before he left for the U.S.A. and from which he later went to Germany.

British Intelligence Officer Igoe whose father was a Sergeant in the R.I.C. came to Omagh and Derry with a car and party of men. They were all members of the Murder Gang. Igoe drove the car.

I delivered the Revolver and ammunition to Hugh C. O'Doherty's house after he had received a letter threatening his life while Nationalist Mayor of Derry.

List of Names of Persons who were useful
for Intelligence about British and R.I.C.
Movements.

Mick McDonagh
George Reeves Ryan
Mrs. William Hegarty
Miss Roddy
Miss Doherty
Brennan
Miss Horner
William McAuley
James McAuley
Frank Dorothy
Dan Kelly
Fianna Boys
Policemen
Paddy Kelly
Sherlock
Ned Higgins

"The Hugh and Cry" was always got in Derry. Tom McLaughlin, Egg Merchant, had charge of the two Winchester Rifles.

The shooting of Constable John Flaherty 16th October, 1920, was not the work of the I.R.A.

The attack on police in Foyle Street was not the work of the I.R.A.

Mr. Renolds, Breadman, was wounded when the I.R.A. tried to prevent a distribution of Ingliss Belfast Bread in Derry City.

Captain Allen's residence, Northland Road, Derry, was to be taken over by the B. Specials as a district billet. Eight members of the I.R.A. were sent to burn the house and prevent its occupation. The scheme failed and the caretaker was wounded.

<u>June 1920:</u>	20th	Many wounded - 5 deaths
	21st	7 deaths
	22nd	9 deaths
	23rd	12 deaths
	24th	17 deaths
	24th	Derry Peace Committee meets
	24th	Curfew imposed in Derry City.

The shooting of Detective Sergeant Denis Moroney on the Quay at Fish Lane, Saturday, 15th May, 1920, was not the work of the I.R.A.

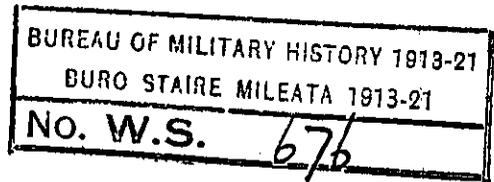
The shooting of Constable Peter Henley, through the left leg and the shooting of Constable Richard McLaughlin, Saturday night, 1st May, 1920, was not the work of the I.R.A.

A special train took prisoners from Mountjoy
Prison, Dublin, to Derry, 7th February, 1920.

Signed: Liam A Brady
(Liam A. Brady) ✓

Date: 1st May 1952.
1st May 1952.

Date: John McCoy
(John McCoy)
1/5/52.



The lorries then proceeded in the direction of Dungloe. When they arrived there the prisoners were taken from their lorries and kept in an old gateway which was used for cattle on Fair Days. The Cumann na mBan of the district got to know and soon they came with clothes and boots for the prisoners. Dom's feet had swollen so much that he had to get Size 10 boots, while his usual size was 8. They also brought plenty of food and after some hours the prisoners were taken to the local school where 30 other prisoners were. They recognised some of the boys and feared that most of the General Staff of the Donegal Division I.R.A. had been captured. Barney Sweeney, Danny Sweeney (brothers), John Sweeney, Frank Kearney, Frank Martin, Yankie Collins and a number of others. After a few days all were transferred to Boyle's house. The Rifle Brigade who were in charge had come from Letterkenny. The Queen's Regiment had been landed by destroyer at Burtonport. Almost a thousand soldiers had taken part in one of the biggest round ups in Donegal during that period. After three weeks stay in Dungloe while the British Military scoured the country the prisoners were marched to Burtonport Pier under strong Military Guard, a distance of about six miles, where a destroyer was waiting to bring them around the Northwest Coast to Buncrana. While the soldiers were grim and unfriendly the sailors chatted freely with the prisoners. It was after midnight when they arrived in Buncrana. A fleet of Military lorries were waiting to take them to Ebrington Barracks, Derry. Hundreds of people from Buncrana and district turned out and cheered the prisoners. On arriving at the Military Barracks, Derry, they were put into a large wooden hut. During this time McGuinness and his Column had gone in the

Another little verse we add,
 To this rhyme of ours,
 To let you know the Dorset's work,
 Here each night for hours.
 They gained another victory,
 Without scratch or scar,
 For they wiped out this rhyme of ours,
 With their little tin of tar.

On November 8th, 1920, 5 Volunteers were detailed to go to the Customs House on the Quay and to hold up the two policemen who were there on guard and relieve them of their rifles. Two Volunteers were told to stand guard at the General Post Office corner to prevent the approach of enemy Forces until the job was completed. The other three proceeded to get the rifles but as the policemen refused to give them up some shots were exchanged and Sergeant T. Wiseman and Constable George Waters were wounded. The Guildhall Clock was just chiming 8.30 p.m. The five Volunteers made off, carrying with them one of the police rifles. Soon the alarm was given and a large force of police and military rushed to the scene. The wounded men were taken to hospital and a search of the district was made. Pedestrians were held up and searched and after an hour of fruitless activity the soldiers and police withdrew.

The rumours that reprisals would be carried out was justified when groups of the Royal Irish Constabulary dressed in mufhti, some of them with their faces covered by handkerchiefs and armed with rifles, hand grenades and incendiary bombs, appeared on the street a few minutes before curfew time firing in all directions. They were greatly under the influence of drink. A few people who were on the streets at the time scurried home as quickly as possible and the police proceeded on their errand of destruction. When they reached William Street,

At 3 o'clock on Monday evening St. Columba's College was taken over by the I.R.A. Seamus Cavanagh and Patrick Shields were in charge. A section of Cumann na mBan acted as first-aid nurses, while others looking after the catering supplied refreshments etc. Orders had been issued for rifles, machine guns, revolvers, bombs and ammunition to be brought into the City. Men were sent to the various districts where the arms dumps were kept and by Tuesday morning the I.R.A. had all the arms they required. Two machine guns were brought into play on the Orangemen who had thrown a barricade across Bishop Street connecting Abercorn Road with Barrack Street. Fierce fighting was not taking place, in the Nationalist area. Several houses were turned into armouries where supplies of guns and ammunition were handed out after being thoroughly inspected. Johny Fox', Patrick's Street off Howard Street, was one of those houses. I witnessed the silencing of the snipers on Walkers Pillar by a well known Derryman, who fired a few rounds from the corner of this house. The Fianna acted as dispatch carriers and brought ammunition to the various districts where shooting was in progress. The fighting was now at its height and as one ex-soldier remarked it reminded him of Hill Sixty. Prominent citizens had appealed earlier to the local authorities to have troops brought in to stop the fighting. They were told that troops would be sent from Dublin as soon as possible but while the Orangemen had the upper hand no troops arrived.

On Wednesday the I.R.A. had driven the Orange Snipers from most of their posts and when it became generally known that the I.R.A. were planning to advance on all Unionists districts with a hand grenade