

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1933-21.

BURO STAIRE MILEATA 1913-21.

NO. C. D. 255 / 2

922 East 104th Street  
Brooklyn 12 N.Y.  
February 17th 1950.

My Dear Friend Maurice,

I received your nice letter this A'M, and up to this very moment I have read it no less than three times. My reason for so doing, is that it contains the most encouraging bit of news that I have ever received, in a letter from the old 'sod'. I am really glad to hear that Jerry Mee is alive, and in good health, although I do not doubt at all, but he has seen hard times since he left the R.I.C, and no more than ourselves, he no doubt has met with many disappointments.

With Mr Kelly and myself, it was one disappointment after another. We were promised the world, but no sooner had they finished with our services, the most that we could get out of them was a hand shake, or a pat on the back. We walked the streets of New York looking for a job, we slept on Park benches at night, we did odd jobs, such as dish washing. Nobody knew, or nobody cared, it was every man for himself in those days, when jobs were at a premium. We were too proud to go on our knees, and ask those whom we had served so well, for a job. Our first job was on the front of a trolley car, where we spent six weeks working for little or no pay, learning to be motormen. The man who took us to the Railroad office to make application for this job was not a Irishman, but a jew, who the previous night, while walking through Central Park, observed us asleep on one of the Park benches.

Yes Maurice, I think your suggestion is O'K. You may send the whole paraphernalia to Jerry Mee, including the typewritten letter, which no doubt contains many things, which he Jerry already knows. It also contains information that I am sure that he does not know, I am sure that he will be more than surprised to see those old letters of the late Harry J Boland. He no doubt will be equally surprised when he sees that old paper cutting of the New Haven Register, and my statement which appears in the book entitled, 'American Commission on Conditions in Ireland; 'this book can be seen in any Public Library in the United States of America. But of course we still had to pay our nickle, 5¢, to get a ride on the subway. True, my service in the R.I.C was rather short, but it was not my fault that I was not born five years sooner. Neither was it all my fault that I was dismissed from the Dept, the leaders of the Sinn Feinn movement at that time, must accept some of the responsibility for my dismissal. Had we ignored their pleadings, and did not rely on the many promises, both verbal and written, which ~~they~~ we believed to be genuine at the time, we could have continued to serve, and become eligible for a pension, like many more of our comrades had done. As it now stands, I have been punished all those years, because I was patriotic, and got myself dismissed. You may also send this letter to Jeremiah Mee. Write soon again, please.

Very Truly Yours *John P. Mc Namara*



Dear Maurice,

Your very welcome letter received this morning, sorry to hear that you are down with a cold. I certainly hope that by the time this letter reaches you, that you will be back on your feet again.

Thanks a whole lot for the shamrock. Believe it or not, when I read your letter, and took a look at the shamrock, something gave way within me, and for a full five minutes the tears rolled down my cheeks. I cannot account for the sudden change, I guess I will have to add it up to old age. And furthermore I guess old age does bring a softness to the heart. However it could also be that I hold such fond memories of Listowel, and for the people who lived there in my time, that for the moment I thought that I was right there amongst them, and suddenly I realized that I was not in Listowel, or any where near it, but in a foreign land, more than three thousand miles distant. A land familiar known as the "Land of the Free, and the home of the Brave". It is also known as the "Land of the Free ?, and the home of the Slave".

Although I have lived here now going on thirty years, and during that time, or at least the biggest part of that time, I have been gainfully employed, still I can truthfully say that I never had the "peace of mind" here, that I had in Listowel. I guess this adopted land will always be foreign to some of us. I tried hard to get back over there. Several years ago I made application to join the D.M.P. I explained who I was, and told all about my service in the R.I.C., and why I was dismissed from the force. The Superintendent wrote me a nice letter, explaining that Ex R.I.C. men were not being accepted in the D.M.P. He did not explain the reason. I still got his letter tucked away in my trunk.

I note in your letter that Jerry Mee has requested you to interview some old I.R.A. men, and T.D.'s, in your District, I also note that you have already forwarded my long letter and photostatic enclosures to him so that leaves you with little or nothing to work with. May I respectfully suggest at this time, that you and Jerry Mee get together on this, and draw up a petition to be signed by each and every T.D., who is now a member of the Dail Eireann. If the case is properly explained to them, I do not think that you would meet one man, to give you a negative reply. The same goes for the old I.R.A. men. Dan Breen T.D. should be the first man to sign on the dotted line. I want you and Jerry Mee to go out and hire a good automobile, with a chauffeur, if necessary, pick up Dan Breen, and ask him to accompany you, Dan is a democratic sort of man, we had many a drink together here, I am sure that he would be the last one to refuse to accompany you in a mission of this kind, and no doubt he is well known by all the other T.D.'s, and old I.R.A. men. The expenses will all be on me, win or lose, just send me the bill, or if you want the money in advance, just drop me a line, and let me know approximately how much you will need.

The expenses referred to will include payment of the automobile bill, and the Chauffeur, plus payment of your hotel bill, plus three square meals per day, plus all the stout you can consume, plus so much per day for each one of the three of you people, that is Breen, Jerry Mee, and yourself. Please remember this is not a bribe. This proposal is put forward in good faith, and I have no intention of asking either one of you three men to waste your valuable time and effort, in my behalf, without receiving just compensation therefor. After all there is a very considerable sum of

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No 2.

money involved here. Not alone do I want you people to see to it, that I be awarded a pension, but I expect if and when pension is awarded, that said pension will be made retroactive, that is dating back to the year 1922, the year all other pensions took effect.

Well Maurice, this man is expecting a whole lot, you may say to yourself, but I know that you will agree with me, when I say that I am entitled to at least, as generous a treatment, as the men who continued to serve in the R.I.C up to the time of the disbandment. That is all I want, and that is what I demand, and that is all I expect, no more, or no less, I am sure that you will now agree with me that I am not asking too much. Those were the terms, and the promises made by the late Michael Collins and the late Arthur Griffith, R.I.P. No Ex R.I.C man was ever denied a pension, because he joined the force after the 1916 rebellion. He could have joined the week following the rebellion, and still be entitled to a pension. The only resigned or dismissed man denied a pension, if I understand it rightly, was the man who did not have the required three years service. However this ruling did not apply to the disbanded man, who had at the time of the disbandment, scarcely no service at all, or did not require any, because there was twelve years added to his actual service for the purpose of pension. In his, the disbanded man's case a weeks service would suffice.

As I have already explained to you in a previous letter my case was unanimously approved by the committee set up by the late Michael Collins. It was Ernest Blythe, who was at the time Minister of Finance, who took it upon himself to reject my claim, solely on the grounds, that he was afraid that by granting me a pension, he may be establishing a precedent for other short service men. Although the short service men that he was referring to at the time, were just as much entitled to a pension, as were their comrades, with similar service, who continued to serve up to the time of the disbandment. I would like to know if this man Blythe is dead, and if so, where he was laid to rest. Perhaps before I pass on I may have an opportunity to visit his grave sometime, I would like to inject into the ground right over his head, something they say that makes the potatoes grow. Ah, you know the rest. I'd like to s--- on his grave.

I am writing Jerry Mee immediately, I am also writing \$\$\$\$ to Most Rev Dr Thomas Hughes. In the meantime you may forward this letter to Jerry Mee, and ask him what he thinks of my suggestion. The thing to do, I think, would be to leave no stone unturned. I am sure that the Irish people would not let an old friend down, especially one who had served them so well. The photostatic copies that I send you, should I think carry a great weight. You and Jerry could use a little vacation, so why not take that ride through the country, I know that you will both enjoy the trip. I will be expecting to hear from you again in the very near future, so until then goodbye, good luck and may God bless you.

Very Truly Yours

*John P. McNamara*

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BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21.  
BUREAU STAFF FILE 1913-21.  
NO. C. D. 255/2

922 East 104th Street  
Brooklyn 12 N.Y.  
September 27th 1949.

Mr M C'Sullivan  
Ennismore Listowel,  
Co Kerry, Eire.

Dear Friend,

I have your letter of July 24th 1949. No word yet from Mr Enright. Yes, Mr Kelly and myself were staying at Broderick's Hotel for some time, too bad that we had left when you called. We also worked in the Railroad, Broadway & 7th Ave Lines, later transferred to the 5th Ave Buses, was an Inspector before leaving there, to join the Police Dept. Have been a member of this Dept. since February 24th 1928. My friend was over the age limit, at the time, that he became a citizen. However he holds a pretty decent job, being a manager for the Safeway Stores, with plenty of responsibility.

While in the service of the Railroad Co, we encountered a few enemies. Our biggest ones being men who were scabs in their own right, having continued to work here in the Railroad, all during the 1916 strike. What do you think they would have done, had they been members of the R.I.C., you do not think that they would have resigned in sympathy with the Sinn Feinn movement, do you. I guess not. I know that I do not have to explain to you what a Ex R.I.C man had to contend with in those days. It did not matter much whether you were a resigned, dismissed, or a disbanded man. Although as far as I can see, the disbanded man had the advantage all along, and is better advanced today, than either one of the other two. First of all he was given preference, if I understand it rightly, at the time that the Civic Guards came into being, by not having to waive his right to receive a pension, ~~and~~ if he did choose to join the Guards, Further more he was not obliged to join up as a new man, for whatever service he had in the R.I.C., was credited in his favour, the moment he became a Garda. Nice going, a very patriotic gesture on the part of the Free State Government.

Now, let us take the case of the resigned, or dismissed man. He got no credit for the time that he spent in the R.I.C., he also had to waive all rights to collect a pension, before he was allowed to become a member of the Civic Guards. I guess Messrs Cosgrove & Co called that a fair deal too. It paid dividends in those days to be non-patriotic. Mind you, all this in spite of the fact, that it was common knowledge, that the chief duty of the disbanded man, prior to the signing of the 1922 truce, was to lead the British Military, Auxiliaries, and Black-and Tans, to the home of every known Sinn Feinn sympathizer in the country, stand and watch, and take a particular delight in seeing the torch being applied, or become a eye-witness to a back-yard execution, which were promptly carried out, many in the very presence of aged parents.

You and I, and every other member of the R.I.C well remember the many appeals, and promises, made by the Irish people in those troubled times. The cry being, resign, resign, you will never regret it, good jobs await you all. We were between the devil and the deep blue sea. If you resigned, right away you were looked upon as a coward by your former comrades, while on the other hand, the civilian population wanted no part of you. In fact you were not allowed to join a Irish organization. The net result being that a great many resigned, were forced to rejoin the R.I.C all over again.

There is no doubt, but that a great many men resigned, in sympathy with the Irish cause, that is when the duty, which was being imposed upon them, became repugnant. But I can assure you that all men who resigned were not so patriotically inclined. Many of them will tell you today, and make no bones about it, that they never would have resigned, were it not for the fact, that their folks at home were being boycotted.

The following is the story of the Listowel mutiny. You well remember that, no doubt. As you may know, Listowel was a Headquarters Station. We were experiencing a little trouble, but nothing, in comparison to other parts of the country. Well, not enough to please Dublin Castle it appears. Immediately following



appointment of the late Col Smythe, as commander of the Munster area. Word was received by us, that he, Smythe, had decided to pay us a special visit, on or about June 19th 1920, at 10 o'clock in the morning, for the sole purpose of giving us a "pep" talk. So at the appointed hour, all men assigned to the command, were ordered to assemble in the day-room.

Prior to Smythe's arrival, we held a few secret meetings of our own. It was at one of those meetings that we decided to appoint a spokesman, to speak in our behalf. Const Jeremiah Mee was the man selected to do the honours, the vote being unanimous. So what do you think happened. Panic struck the great majority of the old-timers, and before the rest of us realized what was happening, they, the old-timers had resorted to every trick in the cards, in order to avoid being present on the morning of June 19th 1920, to hear what Col Smythe had to say.

Some of them were sent on outside details, while others reported sick. Patrick Sheeran took a few days vacation for himself, went to Knocknagoshel to see the girl friend, one Miss Morrissey, I believe her name was, no doubt she later became his wife, good luck to them both. Mr Sheeran did not return to the Barracks until he was sure that he, Smythe had left the town.

Immediately after returning to the Barracks, he, Sheeran, packed his bags, and left for home. He was accompanied by Tom Hughes, Jeremiah Mee, John Donovan, and Michael Fitzgerald. The latter four were all present at the Smythe pep talk. Neither one of those men ever gave notice in writing, of their intention to resign, and they were not dismissed, for no trial was ever held.

It appears following their departure, they went immediately to the office of the Freeman's Journal in Dublin, and gave a full account of what had taken place in the Listowel Barracks, on the morning of June 19th 1920. Shortly thereafter a reporter for the said Freeman's Journal, came to town of Listowel, in order to verify the story told by those men, and to obtain more signatures to the already signed statement of Hughes, Mee, Donovan, Fitzgerald, and Sheeran.

I received word that Dr James Crowley, R.I.P wanted to see me in his office, as soon as possible. That same night, I sneaked out the back way, and headed for the Doctor's office, where I was introduced to the Journal reporter. After the reporter had explained his mission, he handed me the signed statement, referred to above. He advised me to read it over carefully, and if I believed it to be the truth, and the whole truth, to please sign my name under that of the other ~~of the~~ five men.

I promptly signed my name as directed. We, the Doctor, the reporter, and myself, discussed the situation, pro and con. Finally the reporter asked, how can the signatures of all the other men in the Barracks be secured; Seeing that it was not advisable at the time, to have all the other men report to the doctor's office, I volunteered to take the document into the Barracks, and procure the rest of the signatures. Although I had considerable difficulty, in obtaining the added signatures, the document was returned to the reporter the following afternoon, with eight more names added. Michael Lillis was one of the eight men to sign, although I remember distinctly, that he had himself assigned to special duty at the Listowel Railroad Station, on the morning of June 19th 1920, and I doubt very much if Michael would know Smythe from a hole in the ground.

Before leaving for Dublin, he, the reporter left a copy of the document, with the parish priest, one Rev Charles O'Sullivan. Some time later the Auxiliaries and the Black-and-Tans carried out a raid on the priest's residence, and discovered the signed document, among the priest's personal effects. Every man whose name appeared on that document, unless he had already resigned, or was dismissed, was promptly called into the County Inspector's Office, and told to resign. Those were the circumstances under which he, Lillis resigned, and no doubt he must have been more than embarrassed, because Mr Lillis received a promotion, right after we, Mr Kelly and myself were dismissed.

After the story of the Listowel mutiny had been broadcast to the world, and had caused consternation among the British Authorities, and heated discussions in the House of Commons, resulting in the exchange of several blows, followed by a mutiny of no small proportions, in India, among the crew of a British ship docked thereat. The late Michael Collins, R.I.P sent a special messenger to us at Listowel, (ex Const Jerry Mee, if still alive, will verify this statement, for he was the man that carried that special message, try and locate him please),



with a written message, signed by both, Collins, himself, and the late Arthur Griffith R.I.P. pleading with us for Ireland's sake, to continue to serve to the last, and to show a good example to the other men. The message further stated, that as soon as hostilities had seized, that we would not suffer, neither financially, or otherwise, in no matter what part of the world we migrated to. Many such messages were received by us at that time. Some were cablegrams, while others were by letter and telegram, and a great deal of those messages came from distant lands, including Sydney, Australia, U.S.A. India, etc, etc. Each and every one of them congratulated us in the stand that we had taken, in refusing to do England's dirty work.

Out of all the messages that we received, there was one that impressed us very much, and that was one that we had received from Dublin, and which read in part, "Magnificent Listowel, all Ireland at your back", and signed young Ireland. Now as far as we could make out at the time, the signature, Young Ireland, was really that of an organization, or paper, run or edited, by none other than his Honor Eamonn DeValera. You recall the many public statements made by the late Michael Collins, in which he said, that the men who resigned, or were dismissed, because of their national sympathies, would be no less generously treated, than the men who had served up to the time of the disbandment.

A short time after the signing of the treaty, he, Collins appointed a special committee, to inquire into the many grievances of the resigned and dismissed members of the R.I.C. Ex Constable McCormack was secretary, while Ex Constable T.J. McElligot, of Ballymagelligot, Listowel, was also a member, also known as (pro patria). This said committee inquired into many cases of men with short service, and I was later informed by Mr McCormack, the secretary, that my case, was the only case, that had met with the hearty approval of the whole committee. However when my case was sent to Ernest Blythe (who was at the time Minister of finance) for his approval and signature, he, Blythe rejected it. The only excuse that Mr Blythe could offer for this action, was that he was afraid, that by granting me a pension, he would, or maybe establishing a precedent for other short service men.

In keeping with the wishes of the late Michael Collins, we, Mr Kelly and myself, continued to serve up to November 1st 1920, when we both were brought to trial, courtmartialled in fact, and promptly dismissed. At the trial were several Military personnel, and a few County Inspectors. During all that time between June 19th 1920 and Nov 1st 1920, we, Mr Kelly and myself, steadfastly refused to do duty with either the Auxillaries, the Military, or the Black and Tans. We also refused to carry arms of any kind, and the only weapon we carried while on duty, was a baton. We did not anticipate any trouble from the local I.R.A. men, who had already received instructions from the late Michael Collins, to the effect, that we were, at all times, to receive every assistance and cooperation. All this is no hearsay, for it may be cooperated by any living member of the Irish Republican Army, who was at the time active in the town of Listowel.

Immediately following our dismissal, we were continuously ~~on the~~ on the "run". Our exit from the town of Listowel was a rather hasty one, in fact we were very lucky to have escaped with our lives. The occupation forces, (auxillaries, Military, and Black and Tans) who were solidly entrenched in the town, had just received instructions, (confidential) that we were to be shown no mercy, but placed under immediate arrest, and if we made any attempt to escape, we were to be shot in the ~~spot~~ spot. But, thanks to the local I.R.A. men, who had in the meantime given us refuge, and assisted us to escape, the very same fate that befell many a I.R.A. man, "shot while attempting to escape".

A short time after leaving the town of Listowel, we found ourselves in the City of Dublin. While residing thereat, we found it necessary to move from place to place. I recall moving as many ~~times~~ as five times in one week, and being just a step ahead of the forces of the British Crown, who, incidentally, were led by none other than two of our former comrades in Listowel. Luckily while this drama was taking place, urgent appeals were being made to the Dublin Irish Leaders, by the leaders of the Irish cause in the U.S.A, requesting the presence of at least two-eye witnesses to the Listowel mutiny, to appear and give testimony, before the American Commission, who were at the time sitting in Washington, inquiring into conditions in Ireland. ~~the~~



The late Michael Collins summoned both Mr Kelly and myself to his dug-out, and advised us to prepare immediately, to leave for the U.S.A, in order that our testimony would be heard by the said commission. He, Collins made all the necessary arrangements, down to the last detail, even went as far as to pay both our passages, and all our other travelling expenses. So on the morning of January 8th 1921, we boarded the good ship, S.S. Megantic at Liverpool, and thirteen days later we arrived in the good old U.S.A. In a secret compartment of our luggage, we carried two sealed envelopes, each containing strictly secret messages; those envelopes were entrusted, in our care, by the late Michael Collins, for delivery to the late Harry J Boland, who was at that time Envoy of the Irish Republic, here in New York, with offices at 500-5th Ave.

On our arrival in New York, he, Boland was the first man to greet us at the pier. I recall very well, some of Mr Boland's remarks at the pier, when he introduced us to the extremely large crowd that had assembled. In his brief speech, he said, may I introduce to you at this time, two ex R.I.C members of the Listowel police force, who refused to obey the orders of the late Col Smythe, in the Listowel police barracks, when he, Smythe, asked each man present, if he was prepared to carry out his, Smythe's scheme, of wiping out the Sinn Feinn movement. He, Boland, further explained to the crowd, that the mutiny that took place, in the Listowel police barracks following the Smythe speech, was in itself, a much needed shot-in-the-arm for the men that were on the "run", and was of inestimable value to the whole Sinn Feinn movement in general. In concluding his remarks, he, Boland told the crowd, that he regretted very much, to have to admit, that there was not to be found in the R.I.C, enough men of the same calibre, as that of either, Mr Kelly, or Mr McNamara.

Following Boland's remarks, we, both Mr Kelly and myself, were lifted off our feet, and carried shoulders high, to a waiting automobile. A short while later Mr Boland appealed to us, to go on a speaking tour. We accepted the invitation, and addressed overflowing meetings, at the following locations, New Haven, Bridgeport, Hartford, Ansonia, Naugatuck, Seymour, etc, etc. A great drive was on at the time for funds, for the Irish cause, and the amount collected at each and every one of those meetings was tremendous. I understand that it was more than three times the allotted goal. It was really amazing the reception that we received. In some of the places at which we appeared, the response was so great, and the enthusiasm so wild, that we were again lifted shoulders high, and carried around the different meeting halls.

Everybody present at those meetings, appeared to be of the same mind, and were in full agreement, that ~~the stand~~ by the stand that we had taken in the Listowel police barracks, we had rendered a great service to the cause of the Irish Republic in Ireland, and had at the same time delivered, what appeared to be, a staggering blow to the British authorities everywhere. After giving testimony in Washington, before the American Commission, and touring the country, pleading Ireland's cause and enriching the Irish Relief Fund, perhaps to the tune of several thousands of dollars, we, both Mr Kelly and myself, volunteered to return to Ireland to further serve our motherland. I am forwarding you documentary proof of this statement.

Referring again to the men who resigned not because of national sympathies. I know one ex R.I.C man, now a resident of this great city of ours, who steadfastly refused to resign from the R.I.C, although while home on leave during the troubled era, he was met by a party of the local republicans, put down on his knees, disarmed, and made promise that he would promptly resign. But, did he resign, no he did not. Following his release, he made his way back to his station house, and continued to serve right up to about one week prior to the signing of the treaty. This same man will very frankly admit today, that he would have continued to serve right up to the last, were it not for the extreme amount of pressure, that was brought to bear on folks at home. His pension was held up for some time, but was later granted, when DeValera, himself, interceded for him. Mr DeValera's action in this case appears rather strange, inasmuch as that he, DeValera, completely ignored, several appeals that were made in my behalf. However, I firmly believe that the ex R.I.C man referred to above, all things considered, was just as much entitled to a pension, as the disbanded men were, I feel likewise about ex Const Michael Lillis, and Ex Const Patrick Sheeran. Anything that either one of those three men done, was not, I am sure any more revolting, than what some of the disbanded men had done.

At one time a question was put to the Chairman, at a private meeting, held here in New Haven, away back in 1921, where a little jealousy had cropped up.



A lone disgruntled member had cast a doubt, as to our loyalty to the Irish cause. So it was there and then decided to appoint a special committee, to call on the late Harry J Boland, and ask him for his opinion in the matter. During the course of the debate in Mr Boland's office, this disgruntled person, who was a member of the special committee, referred to above, specifically mentioned my <sup>NAME</sup> to Boland, as having joined the R.I.C after the 1916 rebellion. Mr Boland's answer to that question, was, quote, I am personally acquainted with Mr McNamara's record, and I know that he is a descendant of a long line of patriots, and further more, I know, that he, Mr McNamara did not become a member of the R.I.C until Nov 5th 1918, some two and one half years after the rebellion of 1916. So in all fairness to him, how can it be said that he, Mr McNamara assisted in any way in the putting down of the rebellion; when it is a matter of record, that those brave men who had taken part in the rebellion, were overpowered, and forced to surrender, through the combined efforts of the British army of occupation, and the men who were at the time members of the Royal Irish Constabulary. Mr Boland then asked this man who had brought up the question of loyalty, if he was a veteran of the last war, meaning of course, if he was a veteran of World War No 1, yes, says he, I am a veteran, I was fourteen months overseas. Well says Boland, don't you realize, that the service that you, and thousands of other Irishmen, rendered in the fields of France, many of whom never returned, was that kind of service that made England the victor over the German army. By your action, and the action of each and everyone of your comrades, you afforded England the opportunity of placing in Ireland, the notorious Black-and-Tan Army, the net result being that poor old Ireland, is at this very moment, fighting for her very life.

Continuing his lecture, Mr Boland had also this to say, quote, "I very firmly believe, that we the leaders of the Sinn Feinn movement, made our one great mistake; in fact, he says, I believe that we may have missed the boat, on that very day, when we denied the young men of Ireland, the right to join the Royal Irish Constabulary. I am convinced now, more than ever, that the young men of Ireland, should not have been denied that right, but instead, should have been organized, given the proper training, and instructions, and have each and everyone of them pledge allegiance to the flag of Ireland. As soon as all this had been accomplished, they should then, have been allowed to join the R.I.C. Please remember that I mean men of the McNamara calibre, he says. A day would very soon arrive, when each and every police barracks throughout Ireland, would have among its members, at least three such young men. Continuing Boland says, had we adopted this course, I can assure you that the Irish Republican Army, would, overnight, be in possession of each and every police barracks, throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, with little or no blood-shed. All this could have been accomplished, and more with it, through the close cooperation of these same young men. To my knowledge, a number of R.I.C barracks have recently been surrendered to the Irish Republican Army, mind you, says Boland, without a shot having being fired. How, he says, was this great feat accomplished, of course in no other way, than through the cooperation of some young R.I.C men. Further more, he says, I have never known of an instance, of where a R.I.C barracks was surrendered by one of the old R.I.C men. In each and every instance, where a R.I.C barracks was taken, we found that the old R.I.C men did fight to the very last man, and to the very last cartridge. Now, says Boland, as regards those two men, Mr Kelly and Mr McNamara, they both came here with the very highest of recommendations. I can assure you, says Boland, that both those young men must have proven their metal, before they reached the shores of America, in order to be so highly recommended, by both Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith. The services rendered Ireland, by both those two men, Kelly and McNamara, says Boland, will I am sure some day, go down in history.

Yes, my friend, Boland was indeed a stalwart friend of ours. So also was the late Michael Collins and the late Arthur Griffith, may God have mercy on their souls. There is no doubt at all in my mind, but, that if either one of those men were alive today, I would not be sitting here, perhaps wasting valuable time and effort, writing a long letter of this kind, appealing for justice. I have made many appeals in the past, all of which fell on deaf ears. Those appeals were made to men, who it appears, were more interested in getting jobs for their friends, than seeing to it, that each and every man got a square deal.



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Yes, indeed, appealing to men who were representatives of the Irish Government in Ireland, a great many of whom, during the troubled era, gave nothing better than lip service to the cause of the Irish Republic, having spent the biggest part of their time under the bed, I guess. But those type of patriots were to be found in every part of Ireland, in those days, and my home town was no exception.

Well Brother, listen to this. In my town, we had men who were considered the leaders of the Sinn Feinn movement, and do you know that during the whole Black and Tan regime, neither one of those men, ever spent a day in gaol, although they did not go under-ground, still they were never molested. Strange but true. Those very men played a very clever game, during the civil war, between the republicans and the free-staters. Just burned the candle from both ends, and remained on the side lines, did not take either side openly. However, they did organize the young men of the neighbourhood, and after supplying those young men with dynamite, they directed those same young men to go out and blow up the railroad bridges. Every bridge within a radius of ten miles was destroyed, or rendered useless, by the dynamite supplied by those very leaders, who were at the time in the building line, erecting new homes.

A short time after hostilities had seized, the Free State Government asked for bids for the repair, of and replacement, where necessary, of said bridges. Those very leaders, (black guards I would call them) submitted their bid, and were promptly awarded the contract, believe it or not. Yes indeed, they got well paid for replacing those bridges, the very structures that they themselves were mainly responsible for blowing up, while not one cent was paid the parents, or next of kin, of the young men, who had met with a sudden death, during the blasting operations, of the bridges. The name of one of those poor boys was O'Halloran. His father was a teacher in my home town, and was rather popular.

I could go on and on Mr O'Sullivan, but where is the use. I guess it is all water over the dam. However I do hope that you will find the time, to read this very long letter, and try to place it in the hands of the proper authorities, with a view to having my case reopened. I am sending you along, under separate cover, a photostatic copy of two letters, dated 1921, that I received from the late Harry J Boland, together with a photostatic copy of the New Haven Register, also dated 1921. You will also find enclosed a photostatic copy of a letter, in the form of a petition, signed by three prominent citizens of this great republic of ours. Each and every one of the enclosed copies, should I think, speak for itself. All those papers have already been reviewed, by none other than the notorious Dan Breen. This inspection took place in Dan's place of business, on Columbus Ave, behind closed doors, in this city. During Dan's short stay in this country, he ran a rather profitable business, but the only trouble with it was, each and every prospective customer, had to be scrutinized, through a peep-hole in the front door, before being admitted. Now my object in describing Dan's place of business, is not to be critical of the man, but just to refresh his memory, that is in case he denies having seen all those papers. Dan's advice to me at the time, was to hold on to all those papers, and in fact he very strongly advised me to put them in a Bank vault, for safe keeping. Some day, he says, you will find that those papers will have real value, and I do hope that the day will never come, he says, when you may feel ashamed to \$\$\$\$ \$\$\$\$ \$\$\$\$\$\$, and \$\$\$\$ \$\$\$\$ \$\$\$\$\$\$ \$\$\$\$ \$\$\$\$ \$\$\$\$\$\$. display them in front of both your friends, and your enemies as well.

I am wondering what advice Dan would give me today. Perhaps he \$\$\$ would ignore me, just as DeValera himself has done in the past. Yes indeed, DeValera the man who was the author of the telegram, sent to the Listowel police barracks, immediately following the mutiny, and which read, "MAGNIFICENT LISTOWEL, ALL IRELAND AT YOUR BACK". It looks from here, now that he, DeValera, failed to warn us that the people whom he claimed, at that time, to be at our back, were at the same time ready to sever our jugular vein, and sink the dagger, to the hilt, between our shoulder\$ blade.

No, I withdraw that statement, in so far as it pertains to the people, because if you ask the average Irish citizen today, if he knows what became of the Ex R.I.C men who took part in the mutiny in the R.I.C barracks at Listowel on June 19th 1920, he will tell you that to the best of his knowledge and belief, that they were all very well taken care of, being awarded pensions, and good government jobs. Little do they know that the disbanded men, regardless of their length of service in the R.I.C, have received much better treatment, than has any one of the men who resigned, or was dismissed because of their national sympathies.

Very Truly Yours  
John P. McNamee