

22 East 104th Street  
Brooklyn 12 N.Y.C.  
April 7th 1950.

Dear Friend Jerry,

I have your letter dated March 30th 1950, and I note with interest, the very great efforts that you are making in my behalf. You rescued me once before, and I knew very well that I could call upon you again. Well I guess I will have to let you in on this little secret of mine. I am referring to that very cold morning, following the raid on the Ballybunion Police Barracks. I am sitting here, in a very quite surrounding, and more than three thousand miles away, and some thirty one years <sup>later</sup>, and I can still see your face, as clear today, as I did that morning, as you stood outside the door of the barrack, waiting to be admitted, and wondering what you were going to find inside. Believe me, I do not think that you ever realized what a relief it was to me, when I seen your very broad smile, when you were told that we were all O.K. I was more scared of the drunken blackguards inside the barracks, than I was of the marauders on the outside.

Now Jerry in a day or two you are going to receive a letter from one John Doonan of 1822 Bathgate Ave, Bronx, New York City. Mr Doonan is a very dear friend of mine, and is in my opinion, a real honest-to-goodness Irishman, who has spent a great deal of his own hard earned money, in the purchase of Irish books, magazines, etc. The collection that he has now on hand, could not I believe be found anywhere else in this wide world, and could not I am sure be purchased for any price.

Mr Doonan has done a great deal of research work, and when ever a certain book cannot be found in a Library, or in a historical Society, the person or persons making the request are in all cases requested to write to Mr Doonan, who will in ninety nine cases out of a hundred fulfil the request.

Mr Doonan has been very well recommended to me, and is indeed very much interested in our case. He will I am sure leave no stone unturned, in his efforts to secure all press reports, in connection with the Listowel mutiny. John recalls the mutiny very well, he was living over there at the time, and well does he remember paying 2/6 for a copy of the Freeman's Journal, which gave a full description of the mutiny. According to John's humble opinion, the Listowel mutiny did more to demoralize the British army of occupation, and to break England's strangle hold on Ireland, than did all the ambushes, and barrack raids put together.

I have been in touch with the Editors of several Irish papers here, in search of back copies, and each and every one of them are very anxious to rewrite the whole story of the Listowel mutiny, the thirtieth anniversary of which will come on the 19th day of June 1950. Mr Doonan is very anxious to put it into book form, and place it in every Library throughout the country. It being a very historical event, John is sure that every branch of the American Irish Historical Society, throughout the length and breadth of the United States, would be only too glad to get hold of it.

For the reasons stated above my friend Mr Doonan would like to get an air-view picture of the town of Listowel, a good picture of the Listowel Police Barracks, a picture of the late Rev Charles O'Sullivan, P.P of Listowel, in 1920, a picture of the late Jim

Society,



Crowley, one of the late Professor Patrick Green, a nice picture of Dist Insp Tom Flanagan, one of the late Col Smythe, Poer C'Shea, and one of Tudor. Last but not least, a picture of each and every man who participated in any way in that ever memorable event. Mr Doonan is very anxious to get a life size picture of our spokesman, Jeremiah Mee, also one of the late Michael Collins, and one of the late Arthur Griffith. The name of this book will be "The Forgotten Irishmen". Please let me know what you think of the idea.

Jerry, it is too bad that we did not save all those hundredths of cablegrams, telegrams, and letters, that arrived from all over the world, at the Listowel barracks, following the mutiny. It was indeed, to say the least, very thoughtless on our part, not to have put them in the hands of some trusted friend of ours in Listowel. It would have been foolish to carry them on our person, because it would have been a dead give away, in case we were ever stopped, and searched, and those papers found in our possession.

It was also very neglectful on our part, in not saving all news paper reports, regarding our activities here in the U.S.A. The only news paper report that we did salvage, was the copy of the New Haven Register, a photostatic copy of which I forwarded to my good friend Maurice C'Sullivan, and which I understand is now in your possession. However Jerry, I believe that in about a week or ten days, I will have in my possession, through the kind efforts of my friend Mr Doonan, a complete set of photostatic copies, of the different news reports, which appeared in the different newspapers, both in this country, and in Ireland also. Those copies Jerry, are really well worth while waiting for, and I can assure you Jerry, that there will be a lot of people surprised, and will I am sure ~~that~~ agree that the name selected for the book referred to above, is a very appropriate one. Of course there will always be a certain element that will condemn us for the part that we played, but their kind will be found chiefly amongst the Tories in the north of Ireland.

My friend Mr Doonan feels that the men who mutined in the Listowel police barracks, never received the recognition that they were justly entitled to, and says that our names belong up there with the very best of them. Hence his anxiety to see it put into book form, and has in fact volunteered to do all the research work, in connection with our case. Mind you Jerry, Mr Doonan does not intend to make one penny profit, in the whole deal. All he asks for is a very small fee, to cover the expense in the making of the photostatic prints, etc. I have already paid him in advance for this work.

The book he says, when complete, should contain about four hundred pages. I visited him a few days ago, and he showed me a book entitled "The Drama of Sinn Fein", written by Cathal Brugha. Now Jerry, while Mr Brugha did not mention our names in his book, he did nevertheless, give us a very nice write up. In fact any Irish book ~~that~~ of recent origin, that you pick up today, contains several references to the Listowel mutiny. I am sure <sup>that</sup> the late Harry J Boland, Envoy of the Irish Republic, meant every <sup>word</sup> that he said, when he addressed a large crowd on the Pier, on the day that we arrived here in New York. After the introduction, and when the cheering had died down, he told the assembled crowd that the mutiny that took place in the Listowel Police Barracks, following Col Smythe's speech, was in itself, of inestimable value to the whole Sinn Fein movement in general, and a much needed shot-in-the-arm, for the men who were on the run.

Jerry I would like to say a good word ~~\$\$\$~~ in behalf of Head Const Plover, who was one of the high ranking officers in charge at Listowel, at the time of the mutiny, and a short while later transferred to Cork City. After you men left, Kelly and myself became rather unpopular, shunned by our comrades, frowned on by the bosses, and ended up by being sent on all kinds of escorts. So where do you think we found ourselves on the night of July 17th 1920,



Those two words, Dear Tom, were really meant, or used in terms of endearment, and not for any other reason. There certainly was no offence intended, in their use. I am at a loss to understand why neither one of those three letters were ever acknowledged. I always admired Tom, and more especially for his true christian spirit, and clean living, and regardless of whether he likes it or not, he will always be Tom Hughes to me. I am going to write him a long letter in a day or two, and tell him all about it. Perhaps he was in Ireland at the time. I notice that his present address is somewhat different to the address that I put on my letters to him.

Jerry I have been trying hard to obtain a copy of the book entitled, American Commission on Conditions in Ireland, and so far I have not been very successful. I have written to a few friends of mine, and I expect to hear from them in a day or two. On yesterday afternoon I visited the American Irish Historical Society at No 99I-5th Ave, this city, and asked to be shown the above book. Within a matter of seconds the Librarian had it on the table in front of me, and what I did not know before, was that said book was published in two volumes. The first volume is large, while the second one is somewhat smaller, and carries the same name as the large volume, but with an additional title, Interim Report. The small volume is the one that carries our report, Kelly's and mine. Your name is prominently mentioned in both these reports. I also asked to be shown back numbers of old newspapers. I was then taken up to the third floor of the building, and that was where I spent the rest of the afternoon.

I was shown copies of the Gaelic American, dating back to 1920 and 1921. I had always been under the impression that the Freemans Journal, and the other Irish newspapers, had given very prominent space to the Listowel mutiny, until I read the Gaelic American yesterday. Believe me when I tell you that from the way that the story appeared in the papers here any normal person would naturally have to come to the conclusion, that the Listowel mutiny, was in itself of inestimable value to the whole Sinn Feinn movement in general, and was a much needed shot-in-the-arm for the men who were on the run, and was at the same time a thorn in the side of the British Government, a dagger pointed at the very heart of the British authorities in Ireland. Honest Irishmen everywhere will gladly admit all those statements to be the truth, and the whole truth.

The Society referred to above, will not under any circumstances, allow any record to be removed from the building. So that is that. Did my friend Maurice O'Sullivan send you the photostatic copy of the New Haven Register, dated 1921, wherein appears a photograph of both Kelly and myself. The original of that copy was illegally removed from one of the Public Libraries here, several years ago. This act was a crime in itself, inasmuch as that if the culprit, was apprehended, and tried before a competent court, and convicted, he would be liable to a term of two years imprisonment, five hundred dollars fine, or both.

Well Jerry some years ago I met one of the disbanded men, whom I had never seen before, or since. So he says, is'nt your name McNamara, and I said yes it is. Oh, you are one of the Listowel men, are'nt you. I said yes, that is right. Well he says, is it alright if I ask you a personal question, I said sure, go ahead. He then asked me if I was receiving a pension, and I said, no I am not. Well it serves you right, he says, that's the thanks that you got for selling your former comrades down the river. Well I says I got something home that I value more than any pension. Well he says I would like to see it. I headed for home, and returned immediately with all my credentials. After looking them over, he says, do you know what you can do with those things, you can w--your a--with them, they never got you anything, or they never will. I have been taunted plenty believe me, and I have worried so much over the cold treatment accorded me by the Irish Govt, that it has already made me an old man. Gee, I have often said to myself, If they, the Irish Govt would only give me a certificate, similar to that which I received from the late Harry J Boland, then at least I would have something to throw back in the faces of my enemies. You will hear from me again in the very near future. Very best regards, I am

Very Truly Yours  
John P. McNamara



922 East 104th Street  
Brooklyn 12 N.Y.  
March 15th 1950.

Mr Jeremiah Mee  
46 Whitethorn Road  
Clonskeagh, Dublin.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21.  
BURO STAIRE MILEATA 1913-21.  
NO. C. D. 255 / 3

Hello Jerry,

Hello,hello,hello.Long time no see,long time no hear,as the man from Italy says.How are you anyhow,and how is Mrs Mee,and all the little Mee's.If I remember Rightly,just before we left Dublin,Kelly and myself,you were about to get married,or you had just got married then,which \$ @ one it was,I cannot remember clearly,but it was one or the other of the two I distinctly recall that you,Kelly and myself,went to a photographer in one of the side streets off O'Connell Street,and had some pictures taken.Maybe you still have those prints,if so perhaps you could forward one to me.I would also like to have a nice picture of you,and the whole Mee family.There is no particular hurry about either one of those two requests.

Well Jerry,to return to the Dublin scene again,I will never forget the night that we left Dublin,in the night boat,for Liverpool,I can still see poor Simon Kane,or Keame,standing there on the dock,waving his white handkerchief frantically in the air,until the old boat pulled out of sight.As we boarded the boat poor Simon started to cry out loud,and we could not pacify him no how.

Simon was a native of Kilkee,Co Clare,or some part of the west of Clare.I do not recall what kind of work he done in Dublin,and I can not say whether you ever met him or not,but he was a grand fellow.I certainly would like to see,or at least hear from him again.If you know his whereabouts,would you kindly ask him to drop me a line.Maybe he is dead and gone who knows.God only knows.

The trip to Liverpool was indeed very rough,we got an awful tossing around,and arrived in Liverpool a few hours late.We made our way to the Union Hall Hotel,in Union Street,and stayed there for a day or two,but there was scarcely no sleep.One of our pals,a Co Galway boy,whose name I can not remember just now,and who was also on his way to the U.S.A suddenly became ill,became temporarily unbalanced,but thank God he snapped out of it,before the ship sailed,and we were able to pass him through.

All went well until the good old S'S Megantic pulled into Queenstown harbor,a small tender,or boat drew up alongside of our ship,and a couple of old damsels started selling souvenirs,including green handkerchiefs inscribed "Erin go Bragh",etc,Shortly thereafter the horn of the big ship sounded,which indeed was the signal that we were about to leave.Thereupon those old damsels turned from selling their wares,to the singing of old Irish songs,the words of one of the songs went something like this,"And when you are out in the Ocean,It will run in your mind,God be with you old Ireland,I am leaving you behind".Well believe me Jerry,if I could get hold of a brick,or a rock,at the time,I would surely have conked one of these old damsels,right on top of the head with it.

Everybody on ship,including myself was crying,especially the emmigrants who were sailing for the first time.There was no restraining of them.I know I was no good for at least five hours,after the ship had left Queenstown.It took the ship thirteen days to make the crossing from Queenstown to New York,a trip that should have been made in six days.We encountered very bad weather,and to make matters worse,the ship lost a part of the rudder,or propeller,causing it to go several miles off its course,hence the thirteen days.

I could write a book on my experiences since I set foot here in New York.I can very truthfully say that in all those years,that I have never done anything,that would in any way reflect on myself,or my race,I



No2.

have ~~#####~~ always tried to play fair, and treat the other fellow, as I would wish to be treated myself. I often wonder does it pay. I have indeed met with many disappointments in my time, but the straw that really broke the camels back, was the time that the Irish Government denied me a pension, and refused to put me on the same footing, as the lowly Black and Tan, and the other men who continued to serve in the R.I.C up to the time of the disbandment. Those very men who led both the Auxillaries, and the Black and Tans, to the home of every leading Sinn Feinner, throughout the country. I do not have to explain to you just what went on in those days, you no doubt know more about it than what I do, because you were right in the thick of it. How you ever escaped alive, the good Lord only knows.

Although we Jerry, both you and me, and the rest of the boys at Listowel, positively refused to obey the orders of the late Col Smythe at Listowel, on that ever memorable day, June 19th 1920, you can rest assured that his very orders were carried out to the bitter end afterwards. Just think of it Jerry, those very men who later carried out his, Smythe's orders, were all awarded pensions, and no questions asked. But a great many poor fellows who resigned, or were dismissed like myself, because of our national sympathies, had to answer all kind of questions, and were still turned down because we did not happen to have the required three years service.

As far as I know, neither Collins, or any other one the Irish leaders in those days, never asked what service I had. It was not a question of service then. The big question at that time was, is he with us or against us, or can we use him, or can we depend on him. You know only too well how much you, yourself depended on me to back you up, I did not shirk my duty neither did I go back on my promise, to back you to the very last, and I was not one of those men who asked Sgt Byrnes to assign me to special duty, and I had no girl friend that I could spend a few days with. Paddy Sheeran was very lucky in that respects. He had some time coming to him, and being very well thought of by Sgt Byrnes, who did not hesitate to put in a good word for Pat, with the Head Constable, who promptly excused Pat for I think it was for four days, effective 8 A'M June 19th, some two hours prior to Smythe's arrival. As far as I can recall there were a few others, who got a like assignment. I know Micky Lillis was one, the others I am not rightly sure.

The real battle took place right after you men had left we were really put to the test then. Three nights a week, the little English Sgt Major, and ten of his men who were at that time stationed in Ballinrud-dery, would come marching into the barracks, and ask that four of us be assigned under his command, for the purpose of patrolling the town, and three nights a week that same Sgt and his men, were obliged to leave the barracks, and again march back to his digs in Ballin ruddery, without his request being granted. We positively refused to do duty either with the Auxillaries, the Military or the Black and Tans. We demanded to be accompanied by our own officers, and nobody else, otherwise there was no patrol, and no patrol there was. And last but not least, I personally objected to the carrying of a rifle or a shot gun, or a gun of any kind, so I there and then withdrawn from patrol duty altogether, and a short while later I was transferred to Ballylongford, where I remained, until Kelly and myself was courtmartialled in Listowel, and promptly dismissed. Kelly and myself were indeed very lucky to escape from Listowel on the night of our dismissal. You know Deputy Inspector Sullivan and his henchmen from Limerick was in command at the time, and it was only by the grace of God that we escaped.

You no doubt recall paying us a visit at Listowel, shortly before we were dismissed. I am sure that you also <sup>remember</sup> what your mission was, and the message that you brought us, from Michael Collins himself, "Quote, for god and Ireland's sake, tell them to serve to the very last, and show a good example to the other men". Are not those Collins very words. The question of service was not mentioned then, so I cannot see why it should be allowed to show its ugly nose now, or at any time, after that message was delivered. Immediately following your expose ~~in~~ the Freeman's Journal, a representative



CITY OF NEW YORK — DEPARTMENT OF HOSPITALS

HOSPITAL

History No. ....

PATHOLOGICAL SHEET

Name ..... Date ..... 194 ..... Acc. No. .... Ward .....

LEAVE BLANK FOR BINDING



of the said Journal, was dispatched to the town of Listowel, in search of additional signatures for the affidavit which was already signed by both you, Tom Hughes, John Donovan, Michael Fitzgerald, and Patrick Sheeran. Who do you think was the first one to sign on the dotted line, that's right, you guessed it, I was. Michael Kelly was the next one to sign, but from there on we ran in to a mess of trouble. Several meetings were held in the Listowel Barracks, and were largely attended by men from the outlying station houses. I recall big John Toughy, and Mr Markham were present from the Tarbert Police Barracks. Neither one of those two gentlemen were a bit bashful, when it came to criticizing us, for the action that we had taken. Every man whose name appeared on that affidavit, was roundly condemned. Even Tom Reidy, R.I.P wanted to know who authorized me to sign the affidavit. Tom felt that I should have approached either himself or Mike Lillis, and ask them for their advice before putting my John Hancock on that paper.

Poor Tommy Burns was shocked, no end, he was blasting everybody. I never heard such cursing in all my life, he used to smoke himself to sleep. As for the poor Sergeants, Byrnes, Micky Ryan, Billy Watson, and John O'Connell, they were out of their feeling altogether, they did not know whether they were coming or going, or night from day. May God have mercy on their poor souls, I guess they have all passed on to the great beyond. Likewise Tom Flanagan, and Head Const Plover.

Others that I would like to be remembered to are, John Donovan, Michael Fitzgerald, John Sinnott, whom I believe was a Co Waterford boy. I guess Maag Coolahan, and the 'Head, that is Head Mulvihill, the old J.P., and Johnny Ford, are all dead. Likewise Paddy Breen, and Jim Crowley, the vet. About eighteen years ago, I was directing traffic at the intersection of West 181st Street & Wadsworth Avenue, in this city, and who do you think stopped his automobile, and asked me to direct him to Canada; Mr Markham, the gentleman from Tarbert, and Julia Wolfe, the girl that used to attend bar at Paddy Breen's shop on Church Street, just above Police Barrack, and two children.

I was not immediately recognized by Markham, but poor Julia Wolfe almost collapsed, and as soon as she came to, she flung the car door open, and jumped out on to the roadway, and ran in my direction, and very nearly took me off my feet, with a flying tackle. She hugged and kissed me, shook my hand until it almost became numb, patted me on the back, and as a crowd of people was about to collect on the corner, I decided that it was about time for me to move, so I walked her to the corner drug store, and walked inside, where we both chatted for some time. Markham never left the car. After a while I started to worry that poor Markham and the two children, would have to head for Canada without Julia, so as luck would have it, there was an accident down the street, and I told her that I would have to head down there, that was the last I saw of them.

Well Jerry, I just wrote to my friend Maurice Sullivan, and I asked him to forward my letter to you. In my letter to Maurice I suggested that you both go out and hire a good automobile, with a chauffeur if necessary, and personally interview each and every T.D, and I.R.A leader in the twenty six counties, and have each and every one of them sign a petition in my behalf. I also suggested that the notorious Dan Breen accompany you on this trip. Dan I know personally, met him here in New York several times. He is the man who very strongly advised me several years ago to safeguard all those very valuable credentials of mine. Now if you men decide to follow the suggestion of mine, please remember that all expenses will be borne by me, regardless whether or not we are successful.

Jerry I just finished reading your very welcome letter, which I received this A.M. I am cutting this one short, so as I can get started on this other letter, which you can expect in the very near future. That sworn statement which appears under appendix E, in the photostatic enclosure is my, statement, given before the American Commission on Conditions in Ireland, and taken from the book so named; we arrived here just before the Commission adjourned. I will now close, so for the present, I will say good bye, good luck and may God bless you.

Very Truly Yours

*John P. Markham*



CITY OF NEW YORK — DEPARTMENT OF HOSPITALS

HOSPITAL

History No. ....

PATHOLOGICAL SHEET

Name ..... Date ..... 194 ..... Acc. No. .... Ward .....

LEAVE BLANK FOR BINDING



No 3.

night of July 17th 1920, the night that Smythe was shot in the Cork County Club. Well believe it or not, we were in Cork City on escort duty, having arrived there in the early morning of that same day. But luckily for us, our presence was immediately observed by Head Const Plover, who at once strongly advised us not to make it known to a soul either inside or outside of the barracks, that we had come from the Listowel Barracks.

Word had not yet been received at the Cork City barracks, that Smythe had been shot dead in the County Club. So the very moment that word had been received of his death, all hell broke loose in the barracks. Head Const Plover immediately approached us again, and called us aside, and said, for God Almighty's sake, hide yourselves someplace. If it ever becomes known in the barracks here that ye are two of the Listowel men, he says, ye will never leave here alive, ye will be carried out of here in two wooden boxes. As sure as God is my judge, he says, ye will be blamed for putting the finger on Smythe. What in God's name he says, took ye down here anyway. We then explained to him that we were sent here on escort duty. My God, he exclaimed, where can I put ye up. I am here only a short time myself, he says, and I am not acquainted on the outside. He then put his hand in his pants pocket, and pulled out the key to his own room in the barracks, here, he says, take this key, and go up in my room, and lock the door from the inside. Take the key out of the lock, and do not open that door for anybody, and remain there until ye hear from me again. I have an extra key here, and I will open the door myself when I return, he says.

So that is where we stayed for the next two days, until we left, for the return journey to the Listowel barracks, which was uneventful. The moment that we returned to the Listowel barracks, our comrades started a whispering campaign against us. They could be observed in every corner of the old barracks whispering to each other, and believe it or not there was some of the boys that you could not convince, but Smythe was fingered by both Kelly and myself, right up to this very day, they will tell you that it was a very strange coincidence, that Smythe was killed the very day that we arrived in Cork City.

Mr Doonan would I am sure like to secure a picture of Head Const Plover, and his background, and where he is today, if alive or dead. Here is another instance where we, Kelly and myself proved our metal. We were sent to Limerick City, also on escort duty, and remained or put up, in the William St Barracks, for three full days. Each and every day for the three days, and three times a day we were sent to the railroad station, and ordered to board outgoing trains. We went to the railroad station alright, but never boarded a train, and refused point blank to do so, on the ground that there was no crime being committed, or attempted in our presence.

We thought that we were getting away with it, until the day of our trial, or courtmartial, you might as well say, when we were charged with conduct unbecoming to an officer, and so on, and so forth. Of course Jerry I am putting all this information into my main report that I intend to have completed in a very short time. So Jerry may I ask you at this time, to please be patient with me, until I find out what Mr Doonan can produce in the matter of old records, etc. Jerry I am forwarding to you a duplicate copy of a letter of recommendation dated March 29th 1934, which I received from the Hon John P Barry, who was State Secretary of the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic, for the State of Connecticut, in 1921, the year that we came to United States of America. The original copy of this letter I attached to an application for a pension, and which I forwarded to Mr DeValera, way back in 1934, all of which were ignored, believe it or not. As the letter should speak for itself, I have no further comment to make on it, at this time. This is all for the present Jerry, you shall hear from me again in the very near future. So for now, I will say good bye and good luck.

VERY TRULY YOURS

John P McNamee



BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21.

BUREAU STAIRS MILEATA 1913-21.

NO. C. D. 255/3

922 East 104th Street  
Brooklyn 12, New York City.  
April 30th 1950.

Dear Jerry,

I am in receipt of your letter dated April 22nd, 1950, and this is to advise you that I am awfully glad indeed that you received the first batch of documents that I forwarded to you a short time ago. I also send you a cablegram, advising you that the documents were being forwarded, and to safe-guard the same. You have not mentioned anything in your letter about the receipt of the cablegram. However it does not matter much, so long as the documents arrived safely.

May I call your attention to the stamp of the New York Public Library, which appears on the back of each document. In a very short time Jerry, I am going to forward to you, photostatic copies of papers, not printed in English, but in German, French, Italian, Spanish, and in many other foreign languages, all of which gave very prominent space to the story of the Listowel mutiny, believe it or not. All of which goes to prove Jerry, that the echo, which you created, when you threw your cap, belt and bayonet on the day-room table, in front of Smythe, was heard throughout the world.

I may also be able to secure copies of some of the Australian papers, which I am sure must have given a good account of the Listowel mutiny; judging from the number of cablegrams that we received at the Listowel barracks, from Australian sources, following the mutiny.

A short time prior to our arrival in this country, a very nasty situation had developed here in this side of the Atlantic, that is between the Irish themselves, and those of Irish descent. It appears that DeValera, who was here at the time, was grabbing a great deal of the lime-light, away from some of our Irish American politicians, namely Judge Coholan, and John Devoy, who it is very reliably reported offered DeValera the enormous sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars, to pack up and leave the country. It was then that DeValera started a new organization, namely the AMERICAN ASSOCIATION for the RECOGNITION of the IRISH REPUBLIC, while both Coholan, and Devoy carried on under the banner of the old organization, the FRIENDS of IRISH FREEDOM.

The late Harry J Boland, R.I.P of course belonged to the camp of Eamonn DeValera, and it was ~~that~~ this camp that we, both Kelly and myself stepped into, when we landed in New York. Had we stepped into the opposing camp, of Messrs Coholan and Devoy, we would I am sure be wined and dined in the best hotel in this city, free of charge, of course, and would at the same time, have saved ourselves the humiliation of sleeping in a Park bench, which we did on many occasions, believe it or not, having no other place to rest our weary bones, and no funds with which to buy even a cup of coffee. Jobs were indeed hard to be found in those days. I believe I have already told you in another letter, how we washed dishes, just so as we could eat, and keep a little nourishment in our bodies, and how a complete stranger, not an Irishman either, but a man of the Jewish faith, took pity on us, and escorted us from the Park bench, to a nicely furnished room, and helped us to secure our first decent job in this city.

Now Jerry, strange as it may seem, while we were wined and dined by the members of the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic, we were on the other hand, boycotted by the Coholan-Devoy clique, who incidentally happened to have the big money behind them. We received little or no publicity, and although we made many friends, still we were poison to a great many others, all because we boarded the bandwagon of Messrs DeValera and Boland. It was in the year 1922, shortly after the signing of the treaty, that he, Boland, met his death over there, in some kind of a skirmish. I am indeed sure, had God spared him, that he, Boland would be only too glad to say a good word in our behalf.



In fact I know that he would be in there fighting, with sleeves rolled up, and ready to take on the first man, who dared to criticize the Listowel mutineers. Boland was one man who really appreciated, and thoroughly understood, the significance of our actions at Listowel, prior to, during, and following the mutiny. God rest his soul in peace. I am still at a loss to understand the action of the other gentleman, DeValera. The very man that we upheld, through thick and thin, never let him down, even spoke very highly of him at each and every meeting, which we had the honor of addressing, both here in this city, and throughout the State of Connecticut. Why he gave us the cold shoulder, by ignoring each and every plea, that we made to him since 1922. All we ever asked him for, was that we be accorded the same treatment as the men who continued to serve up to the time of the disbandment. But all to no avail. I guess we will never know the reason.

But let us take the strange case of Mr X, (last name will remain anonymous for the time being). Mr X was a member of the R.I.C with long service, a native of Caherciveen, Co Kerry. During the troubled times, Mr X went home on leave, and while there some of the local I.R.A men paid him a visit, and escorted him to a field, or bog, adjoining his home, disarmed him, and put him down on his knees, and made him promise them, that he would resign immediately. Did Mr X resign, indeed not, instead Mr X returned to his barracks, and continued to serve in the R.I.C right up to about one week, prior to the signing of the treaty. What do you think was his reason for resigning then, not national sympathies of course, but the extreme amount of pressure that was being brought to bear on his folks at home. After his resignation, Mr X made his way to the U.S.A, and while here he made an application for a pension. His application was held up for a little while, but not for long, thanks to his honor Eamonn DeValera, who very promptly interceded for him. Strange, but true.

Well Jerry, in a few days you can expect a visit from a very popular priest, the Very Rev Father Bane, a Co Galway boy. He is on the S.S. Britannic, which sailed from pier 54, New York, at 12-01 A.M, on Friday, May 5th last, and is due to arrive at Liverpool on Saturday May 13th, or perhaps earlier. I have never had the pleasure of meeting the Rev gentleman, but I made a gallant attempt. I was on the pier on the night that the good ship sailed, but got there just a few minutes too late, as the gangplank was being removed. I did not know of his presence in New York, until the last minute, although my friend Mr Doonan, who was also on the pier that same night that the ship sailed, sent me a message the previous day, through my barracks. The message was taken down by a Dutchman, and a Free Mason at that, who failed to deliver same to me. So Jerry, when you see the Rev Father tell him to say a prayer for the Free Mason, who was the cause of it all. I send him a radiogram on board ship, ask him if he received same.

Father Bane, who was a College class-mate of the Rev Bishop Hughes, and under whose jurisdiction he is, I understand, at the present time, took a very active part in the fight for Irish Independence, prior to his joining the priesthood. So I think that it would be advisable for you to lay the whole case before him, for I should think that a word from him would go a long way. I understand that he may return to the U.S.A again before heading for Nigeria. I very thoroughly understand contents of your confidential note, and have seen a copy of the letter that the gentleman wrote you. As I have already explained to you, he is without a doubt a very good research man, and while he may have had the very same thing in mind, that you have, believe me he is not financially able to do anything along those lines. Accept with courtesy, anything, and everything that he may send your way. I have a big bundle of photostats, which he procured, and which you can expect to receive in a very short time.

Father Bane was telling someone here that one of the Listowel men is now a resident of Boston, U.S.A. Who is it, do you know. Can you get book entitled 'Life of DeValera, written by McManus, it tells all about the split between DeValera, Coholan and Devoy. Also book written by Col Crozier, our names prominently mentioned therein. Let me know please.

Very Truly Yours

John A. McManus

P.S. Please try and contact Father Bane. He may have a good many other contacts to look after. See Newspaper Reports. Re Ship's Arrival. He will no doubt get off in Liverpool. A ship may not touch Leich port (GP.Mk)



BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21.  
BURO STAIRE MILEATA 1913-21.  
NO. C. D. 255 / 3

922 East 104 Street  
Brooklyn 12, New York  
May 27, 1950

My dear friend Jerry:

Received your letter a few days ago, glad to hear that you are well and that you are making progress in my case. I note that Rev. Hughes is going to pay you a visit. Well Jerry before I forget it, Kelly and myself would like to have a photograph of both you and him taken together, and sent on here. I would then be able to have one each taken of Kelly and myself, and combine all into one group, just for old times sake. I understand that to publish anything about the Rev. Hughes in reference to the Listowell incident, may or may not prove a little embarrassing to him. I believe that the English Government is, at the present time, and has been for some years past, granting subsidy, or allotment to the Africian Missions, with which Rev. Hughes is connected with. The money grant is for the erection and maintenance of the missionary school, which Rev. Hughes has built, and is at the present time under construction; and amounts to something like two thousand pounds per school per year. So the pictures will be for our own personal use, and not for publication. Although there are a great many people over here in the U.S.A. that would be only too anxious to publish both yours and Rev. Hughes life story. Especially the important part you men played in the struggle for Irish freedom. Too bad that Rev. Hughes did not head for the shores of America, instead of to the wilds of Africa. He would have just as many pagans to convert over here, as he would over there.

On Sunday last I called at the home of Frank Hughes, here in New York who I understand is Tom's oldest brother, and believe me a good time was had by all. I saw a few pictures of Tom, and believe it or not, I got the surprise of my life, as the Rev. gentlemen could pass me on the street and I would not know that I ever laid eyes on him before. Such a change, his hair looks snow white, but he still parts it in the middle. His face looks drawn, but I understand that he had a bad attack of arthritis some years back, and the African climate did not help him any. Please convey to him our very best regards. Kelley and myself request him to remember us in his prayers.

Now as regards that report of mine, which you have so patiently waited for all this time. You can expect this report on or before June 5th, just prior to Rev. Hughes's arrival. Look it over good, you never read anything like it in your life. I am also sending you several photostatic copies taken from book "Ireland Forever", Second Edition. This book was published in London and Toronto, Canada, some years ago, and was written by Col Crozier, of the famed Black and Tans, and also a mutineer. A great book to read.



If you can't procure a copy of this book, will you be kind enough to send it on to me, and don't forget to read it yourself. I went to great pains to get those photo-prints. The man who owns this book, picked it up in Ireland several years ago, while on a visit. Do you know that he would not let that book out of his sight, and accompanied me to where I had those prints made. There is another book, and one which I have not yet been unable to get a hold of, entitled, Michael Collins and the making of Ireland, or, some such heading. It is written by Pearse Beasley.

is  
The Gaelic American Prints/being sent to you, so as that you will read and understand what I said in my last letter, about being denied publicity, etc. (here in New York) Kindly note what was published in this paper, about the late Harry J. Boland, R.I.P.

By the way Jerry, your last letter was mislaid. I would appreciate you sending me an exact copy of the same next time you write. Oh yes, I am also sending you a photostatic copy of a letter I received from the late Professor, Patrick Breen, several years ago. The Professor was very active in Sinn Feinn circles in Listowel in our time. I am also sending a copy of a letter I received from Mrs. Crowley, widow of the late Jim Crowley, T.D. I had a very nice letter from Jim, but foolishly enough I forwarded it with the application I made for a pension several years ago and it was never returned to me. Do you know Mrs. McCormack of 75 Russell Ave., Drumcondra, formerly Sec. of the Resigned and Dismissed Members, if so write him if he is alive, and ask him to turn over to you any papers of mine that he may still have in his possession. Mr. McCormack can tell you that my case was the only one that was unanimously approved by the said Committee, that is of the cases of the short service men. Why this Committee turned down any resigned or dismissed men's case, is beyond me. I am sending you a copy of the Treaty signed in London. Please read Clause #14, which has to do with the granting of pension to former members of the Royal Irish Constabulary. This was the same treaty that was signed and accepted in London by the former heads of the Irish Government.

I am also forwarding to you photostatic copies of the following letters, received from different sources a good many years ago:

1. Blythes letter dealing with my pension.
2. One from the Sinn Feinner.
3. One from the Benjamin Franklin Bureau.
4. One signed by Frank Gallagher, DeValera's Sec.
5. One from Mr Fawsett, the Irish Consul.

You may find those letters to be of some use. Look them over and let me know what you think of them. There is a lot more stuff that I know that I can get, but it all takes time, and plenty of patience. Oh yes, it has been suggested that I send you a picture of Kelly and myself, for insertion in the Cork Examiner or some such leading Irish newspaper, coming on the 30th anniversary of the Listowel mutiny, June 19th next. Good propaganda, I think. Just have the pictures inserted, on top would be the words, "Thirty Years Later", and underneath, a short story, of say thirty words. If you think it advisable, put the whole thing in. This is all for now, so please have patience for a few days.

Kindest Regards to all

*John P. McNamara*



BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21.

BURÓ STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21.

NO. C. D. 255/3

922 East 104th Street

Brooklyn 12 N.Y.C.

Monday June 26th, 1950.

Dear Jerry,

I have your letter dated June 26th 1950, and was indeed glad to hear from you, and to know that everything is going along smoothly, as can be expected, under the conditions.

In my search for the truth, and in order to obtain the several copies of old records, that I mailed to you several days ago, I have had certain obstacles to overcome. First of all, I work everyday myself, which through no fault of mine, has become more or less a handicap. Secondly, I have to depend on somebody else, to seek out the records referred to above. This is a rather slow procedure, because the gentleman that I have employed to do this work for me, has to do it in his spare time. I do not know of any person better qualified than is this man that I have employed. So far, in my estimation, he has done a very fine job. Through this man's efforts, I am now in a position, to inform you, that at no time, in the past, has my application for a pension, been discussed in the Dail Eireann.

While the names of many resigned and dismissed members of the R.I.C (many of whom had become destitute, or were in great distress, due to being unable to secure suitable employment, having being refused admittance to the Civic Guards), was frequently mentioned in the Dail, not once was my case, or that of any other Listowel Ex R.I.C man, even remotely referred to.

At the same time Mr McCormack, and Mr McElligott, was writing to me, letters of encouragement, and high praise. You may ask yourself, how does he know all this. Here is how I know it. I have both McCormacks, and McElligotts letters, and I have also access to the minutes of the Dail Eireann, from 1922 on. So Jerry I ask you at this time, to please have patience, for my bat-



tle for justice, has only just begun. Now Jerry in your last letter to me you said, quote, "You are becoming every day more mysterious". Had you said, instead, Dear John, I am becoming every day, more and more impatient with you, then I would really believe you, because you would have expressed your true feelings. On or about June 1st 1950, I mailed to you one large envelope, and a card-board container, and for safe delivery I thought, I registered both. Cost of registry being \$2-50 cents. Several days later, both were returned, with a notation, registered "written matter" must not be sealed. This in spite of the fact, that at the time of registry, I explained to the man at the post office window, that both pieces of mail contained photostatic copies of old papers, etc, etc, they were accepted by him. However I have found out since that it is O'K to send them as first class mail.

I am indeed glad to hear that you have started on your book, and I know that you are anxious to insert both Kelly's and My experience. We are both particularly anxious that you do just that, and wish to inform you at this time that we would be very sadly disappointed, if you neglected to do so. You know Jerry, how the old saying goes, "in unity, there is strength, and that was one of the chief reasons why the Listowel mutiny made world head-lines. It could very well have been a failure, if you did not have brave men like Hughes, Kelly, Donovan, Synnott, Fitzgerald, and myself to back you up. I doubt very much if you would be alive today, to write about it, had you taken the same steps, ~~if~~ the majority of the men in the ranks, that morning in the Listowel barracks, were of the same calibre as Mike Lillis. I certainly hope that you will always keep this thought in mind.

The report of our activities, Kelly's and mine, is all but finished and should be in the mail very shortly. Some time ago I wrote to you and asked you, if you thought it would be advisable, to have inserted in some of the leading papers over there, a life-size picture of yourself, Kelly and me, with a caption, "UNSUNG HEROES OF THIRTY YEARS AGO", and a short story stressing the main points. How about it. Nothing to be said re suspension, etc, etc.

Write soon again.

Very Truly yours John P. McNamara



Rhly 11-4-50

922 East 104th Street  
Brooklyn 12 N.Y.  
March 19th, 1950.

Dear Friend Jerry,

I mailed you a Letter a few days ago, and I forgot to tell you that The letter that I sent to you had been started a few days prior to the receipt of your letter. That same letter which was intended to be several pages in length, was abruptly ended, so as that I may get started on the report which you have requested.

Now Jerry in order that my report and your does not conflict in any way, I would suggest at this time, that you send me a copy of the report that you have just made to the Tribunal of Military History, provided that you have a copy available. Your report will include everything that took place prior to Smythe's arrival, and what occurred during his short stay, and after he had left. Did you mention about visiting us in Listowel, and conveying that special message from the late Michael Collins, in which he told you to tell us; "quote, FOR GODS SAKE? and for IRELANDS SAKE as well, tell them to CONTINUE TO SERVE TO THE LAST, and SHOW A GOOD EXAMPLE TO THE OTHER MEN. Give me all the dope you have on Lillis. Kelly and myself understood that he got some kind of a promotion right after we were dismissed. Is there any truth in that rumour. Did he resign, or did he continue to serve up to the time of the disbandment. I think that John Sinnott should know a great deal about him. I forgot to mention in my last letter that John Sinnott willingly signed that affidavit, right next, or below Kelly's name. John did not leave with us, but I believe that he left shortly after.

About those despatches regarding the transferring of all men to the outlying stations, with the exception of Lillis, etc. Would it be alright to say in my report that the despatches in question, were of a confidential nature, but that the information contained therein, was secretly divulged to us, by both District Inspector Tom Flanagan, and Const Tom Hughes, the latter being assigned to clerical duty, in the District Office at the time. Was the increase per week 14 shillings or twenty one shillings.

O'K on what you say <sup>AS</sup> regards Sheeran, but I still say that we needed his assistance that morning. It is news to <sup>ME</sup> about his being married, and having two children, at the time. Neither did I know the relationship between himself and Frank P Walsh, R.I.P. Mr Walsh was a very prominent lawyer here in this city, and I am pretty sure that he did not lose anything by being Chairman of the American Commission on Conditions in Ireland. I called on him several years ago, when his office was located in lower Broadway, this city, and asked him to intercede for me. I showed him the certificates signed by the late Harry J Boland, R.I.P, and all the other papers as well, including the book containing my statement before the American Commission. So after reading my statement, he remarked, oh, I had a very close relative of mine, who took a very prominent part in that mutiny in Listowel. I said, is that right. Yes, he says, his name is Patrick Sheeran. He did not detain me very long, because he was indeed very quick to tell me that he was sorry that he could not do anything for me, that he was out of touch with everybody. He made me feel that I was wasting his very valuable time. He did not suggest the name of anybody whom I could call on, or neither did he, tell me to call again.

About four or five years ago I wrote to Tom Hughes on two different occasions, but I am still waiting for an answer. I also wrote to Hollymount, Co Mayo, his home town, this time I addressed the letter to the relatives of the Very Rev Bishop Thomas Hughes, and explained that I already sent him two letters to Nigeria, without receiving an answer, I also advised the relatives that in writing to him that I had addressed him thus,  
Dear Tom. X