

## Joseph Hawes Witness Statement

### The Connaught Rangers Mutiny in India

In the following account of the Connaught Rangers Mutiny in India allowances should be made for certain facts, viz.: Firstly it is twenty nine years since the Mutiny and memory at times can be an unreliable prop; secondly an individual's opinion is very often coloured by his own experiences or the contacts he has personally made. Again at that particular time, notetaking or diary-keeping never entered our heads as most of us never expected to live through the mutiny. With all that, even though minor happenings may have been forgotten in the lapse of time, major events make an impression that one does not forget readily. Also due to the numbers that took part in the Mutiny there may be men whose names and actions I cannot recall and I have no intention of detracting from the actions of those men.

Officially the Connaught Rangers mutiny in India started in Wellington Barracks, Jullunder, at 8 o'clock on Monday morning the 28<sup>th</sup> June 1920. Actually it all began the night previous. On the night of the 27<sup>th</sup> Privates C.P. Sweeney (Paddy), Patrick Gogarty, Stephen Lally, William Daly (brother of J.J. Daly) and myself, Private Joseph Hawes, arranged to meet in the canteen. There we sat at a table and I was telling them of my experiences in Clare when I was home on holidays prior to going to India in 1919. I told them about a hurling match I had seen proclaimed by the British Forces at the point of the bayonet, all assemblies being proclaimed in Clare at the time. Some of the others spoke about what they saw in the Irish Papers and letters from home. During the discussion I put up the point that we were doing in India what the British Forces were doing in Ireland, and the next question was "What are we going to do about it?" We agreed to proceed to the guard-room in the morning and declare that we would no longer serve the King as a protest against the atrocities of the British Forces in Ireland. We left the canteen and proceeded to No. 5 bungalow where B company, to which Gogarty and I belonged, was stationed or quartered. The five of us occupied a small disused room, barricading ourselves in until morning.

On that particular night the Connaught Rangers in Jullunder consisted of B Company, D Company and a detachment of C Company. The balance of C Company was at Solon in the hills and A Company was at Jithog (or Jitaug).

On the morning of the 28<sup>th</sup> four of us, Sweeney, Lally, Gogarty and myself, decided to carry on as arranged the night before. W. Daly decided otherwise and rejoined his company.

We left the room about 7 o'clock. B Company had been paraded earlier and gone down to the rifle range, officers and men. Stephen Lally it was I think suggested that before proceeding to the guard room we give our names and home addresses to Lance Corporal John Flannery as he knew Flannery well. The reason for the addresses was that in the event of being shot out of hand that Flannery would write to our people and tell them the truth.

Lance Corporal Flannery took our names and addresses but advised us against our proposed action. Nevertheless the four of us proceeded to the guard-room, the Sergeant, an Englishman, saying "Where are ye men going to?". I answered "As a

protest against British atrocities in Ireland we refuse to soldier any longer in the service of the King". The sergeant then locked us up after some persuasion. This could be about 8 o'clock or so.

Word must have spread about the barracks because when the C Company detachment came out for their usual nine o'clock parade Tommy Moran of Athlone, who belonged to this company addressed his sergeant publicly and said "I refuse to parade and I want to be put in the guard-room with the other four men who are gone there for Ireland's cause".

The sergeant ordered two men, Cpl. Cox and L. Corporal Keenan, to put Moran in the guard-room. Cox and Keenan refused, saying "We are also in sympathy with the men in the guard room".

The Sergeant then requested Moran to go before the Company officer, Major Johnny Payne, a Corkman. Major Payne remonstrated with Moran, who still stuck to his guns, and finished up by abusing Moran in all moods and tenses. Payne ordered the sergeant to take Moran out the rere door of the Company office and "put him in the guard-room with the other four". However they were seen going out the back way and twenty nine men of C Company followed them to the guard-room and demanded to be locked up with Moran. This was done.

The duty guard on at the guard room were C Company men and one of them, seeing Moran and his comrades being locked up, threw down his rifle and equipment and marched in with them. In all there was now thirty-five men who refused to serve in the guard room together with either four or five men in for ordinary offences.

The sides of the guard room, due to the hot climate, was made of bars like a cage across which sliding doors could be pulled from the inside. These doors were never used except during sand storms or monsoons, so we could see everything outside and everybody could see us.

We started to sing rebel songs and shout "Up the Republic" and the singing and shouting could be heard all over the barracks. About 10 o'clock B Company, coming back from the rifle range, heard us and halted about 80 yards away instead of passing on as they would normally have done. Just as B Company halted the Commanding Officer, Colonel Deacon and some other officers and the acting Regimental Sergt. Major, Sergt Major Tame, arrived on the scene. The C. O. told B Company to sit on the steps of a bungalow nearby until he discussed the matter with the men in the guard room.

The C.O. and other officers then came to the guard room and he ordered the duty sergeant to let us out so that he could speak to us outside. We came out and fell-in in single rank facing him.

He then addressed us and referred to his service with the Connaughts, 33 years, and to the great history of the Connaughts as fighting soldiers, and to their proud flag, naming all the different honours in the flag. He then went on to advise us - he was actually crying - to return to our bungalows and the whole matter would be forgotten.

He had made an eloquent appeal and I was afraid he might convince the men so I stepped forward and said "All the honours in the Connaught Flag are for England, there are none for Ireland, but there is going to be one today and it will be the greatest honour of them all". I then stepped back to the rank and Pts Coman from Tipperary who was farther down the line overheard the Adjutant say to the Sergt Major Tame "When the men go to their bungalows put Hawes back under arrest". Coleman shouted "You wont get the chance of Hawes, we are all going back" and again he shouted "Left turn back to the guard room lads". We all went back and were locked up again.

The Officers then returned to the B Company men who had been listening and looking on. They ordered B Company to their bungalow but the majority refused and about a hundred came over and started talking to us through the bars. The B Company men suggested that we leave the guard room and come out and organise outside. The Sergeant of the guard was afraid to disobey the B Company men, who still had their arms, and opened the gate when asked. We left the guard room and held a discussion outside with B Company.

Up to this point D Company was not involved in the mutiny as the officers did not parade them over what happened at the C Company parade.

At the discussion outside the guard room we decided to hold a meeting in the Regimental Theatre, the men to return to their respective bungalows and wait for the fall-in, which they were told would be sounded by the bugler. The "fall-in" was sounded about half an hour later and practically all the Connaught Rangers in barracks, including D Company, assembled in the theatre.

When all had assembled in the Theatre a general discussion took place for about 10 or 15 minutes, every man chiming in to the discussion as he felt like. Then somebody proposed that we elect a committee of seven men who would act on behalf of the general body.

The committee was elected in the following manner. Each member was proposed and seconded, and a show of hands followed from the men to show their approval. Seven men were selected unanimously; Private C P Sweeney (Paddy), Cpl James Davis, Private Patrick Gogarty, L Corporal J. Flannery, Private T. Moran, L C McGowan and myself (Pr. J. Hawes).

We seven then left the general body of the men and proceeded on to the stage of the theatre, where we appointed Lance Cpl John Flannery as our spokesman. Flannery addressed the men and told them to return to their bungalows until such time as the Committee had decided on a plan of campaign. He also instructed them not to take orders from any officer in the meantime. The men then retired to their bungalows and we of the Committee went into discussion.

We decided at the Committee meeting that our aim should be to make an open protest to the World against the tactics of the British forces in Ireland. We also decided that order must be kept in the barracks, with the same discipline as if the officers were in charge. To this effect we made the following orders –

(1) That all men retain their arms.

- (2) To change the guard and replace it with a double guard of mutineers.
- (3) To put a sentry on guard at each of the two canteens, wet and dry.
- (4) That the Union Jack on the flag-staff be replaced by the Tricolour.
- (5) To put on flying sentries (roving sentries) at night time, and special night patrols.
- (6) To separate the mutineers from the men who remained loyal to the king and give the loyal men protection.

The men were recalled to the theatre by the bugler after dinner and the decisions we had made were put to them for approval. They approved. It was also decided at this juncture to inform Colonel Deacon, the British C.O. of our decisions; and any man who did not wish to take part in the mutiny was asked to leave the theatre. Quite a few left. It was also made plain to the men that orders were only to be taken from one of the committee.

Men were then detailed to put our orders into effect. Guards were placed and material was procured from the Bazaar to make tri-colours and inside of an hour the Tri-Colour was flying from the flag-staff and several bungalows; and green, white and orange rosettes appeared as if by magic on the men's breasts.

About 4 o'clock, Lt. Colonel Leeds, Officer Commander of Jullunder Station, arrived followed by several of our own officers who were still hanging around the barracks unmolested. He seemed to know all about our actions and decisions and asked for our spokesman. Lance Cpl Flannery went to him and I followed and stood by Flannery's side. The Lt Colonel asked Flannery for an explanation of our actions. I remember him saying "Do you realise how serious this is?" Flannery gave a good explanation of our actions and grievance. This talk lasted about 10 minutes and the Lt Colonel then withdrew from our portion of the barracks.

Some time after this talk the officers again tried to take control of the situation. Major Nolan Farrell of B Company and acting Sergt Major Tame ordered B Company to parade with their rifles and bayonets, which most of them did. The Adjutant, Leonard W. Leader, was also present. They were telling the men that they must hand up their rifles and bayonets at the guard-room.

I was over in D Company lines at the time and on hearing what was doing I came running over. I also was ordered to fall in. I ran to my room in the bungalow and got my rifle and bayonet, came out and as I could see no other committee man present I shouted to the men that they were not to obey the Major.

I also ordered them to return to their bungalows with their rifles, which the men promptly did. Afterwards at the trial the Major Adjutant and Sergt Major swore this incident against me, stating that I threatened the Major and spoke disrespectfully to him. After this incident the officers retired to their own quarters outside the barracks.

Some time after this incident L C Flannery "fell-in", the men and we proceeded to the C. O's quarter. We were met on the way down by Major Nolan Farrell, who tried to turn us back but we ignored him. We arrived at the C. O's quarters and demanded an interview, which we got. He came out. Flannery informed him of the committee's decisions, particularly about the steps we were taking to keep order; The C/O being worried over the possibility of the natives getting at the arms. He warned us that the

natives might attack as this was a rather troubled period in India. I replied to this that, if I was to be shot, I would rather be shot by an Indian than by an Englishman. This remark, though I did not know it, was noted by the Adjutant who was present and later used in evidence against me, even that I was smoking a cigarette when I addressed the C/O.

One of my comrades also spoke at this interview but I cannot recall their remarks. These remarks were also used as evidence against them at our subsequent trial. We then paraded back to the barracks. The men were dismissed and the rest of the day was uneventful except for placing men at their various duties.

Nothing happened during the night except rumours of all kinds about forces coming to attack us, and all precautions were taken to meet any attack that might eventuate.

Next morning the 29<sup>th</sup>, Colonel Jackson (a Roscommon man according to himself) arrived representing Sir General Munroe, Commander in Chief, British Forces in India. He came into the barracks with a white flag on his car. The sentries let him pass on the orderly room, where he asked to meet the committee. We duly arrived. This conference took place by the way beneath the flag staff from which the Tri-Colour was flying.

Col Jackson addressed our committee in the following manner; he pointed out that he himself was a Roscommon man and was not afraid to come into the barracks as he knew how honourable Irishmen were. He also knew the quality of the Irishman as a fighting soldier and particularly the calibre of the Connaught Rangers. However he pointed out to us that no matter how good we were as soldiers, our barracks would have to be taken and occupied by loyal troops even if it took every soldier in India to do so; further even if it took every soldier from all over the British Empire, but overcome we would have to be. He also pointed out the serious loss of life that would entail in the event of a clash and that for us there was no retreat as we were already encircled.

His mission in brief was to offer us an opportunity to surrender our arms and that the Army Authorities would forward our protest to the proper quarters. His terms were that a party of British troops would come in to disarm us and that we would then proceed under escort to a camp on the plains which would be prepared for us. In this camp we would await an answer to our protest.

To these terms we would not agree. Our counter proposal was that a party of mutineers would collect the arms and stack them in a bungalow over which a mutineer guard would be put; also that we would march out to this prepared camp under our own Mutineer Committee and unescorted by British troops.

The discussion about terms took most of the day. Col. Jackson was in constant telephone communication with his own superiors and it was only in the evening, after we had made it plain that it was our terms or a fight to the bitter end, that he eventually agreed to our proposals. The surrender was to take place on the evening of the first of July.

The men were notified of the committee's action and agreed. We also notified the men that in future our resistance would be passive and not armed.

No other event of note happened this, the second day of the mutiny. Our patrols confirmed Colonel Jackson's statement that there was a large body of troops in the vicinity, including artillery units.

The next day, 30<sup>th</sup> June, all arms were collected except from the main guard, were cleaned and oiled, stacked in a bungalow and a special guard put over them. Col. Jackson visited us several times during the day. The same day two of our men, L. Corporal Keenan and Pr. Kelly, offered to chance getting to Solon on the hills to notify the balance of C Company of the mutiny. They slipped off and succeeded in getting there as we afterwards found out. Nothing else of importance occurred on this day.

The following day the men waited patiently for the arrival of the British troops, and the order to follow and march to the special camp. I would like to add here that, during the days of the mutiny, the men of the battalion who remained loyal were also in the barracks, and moved freely amongst the mutineers even though they had their own quarters in which they slept. Quite a number of those, NCO's and men, afterwards came forward to swear against their comrades.

About 4 o'clock on the evening of the 1<sup>st</sup> July we saw the British troops advancing, in battle order, on the barracks. Two battalions marched in the Seaforth Highlanders and the South Wales Borderers and a company of machine gunners. A battery of artillery was also in attendance. For the sake of clarity I would like to point out that Jullander was not a walled-in barracks and there was plenty of room for those troops to manoeuvre.

When the vanguard of these troops came abreast of our guards, the main guard where the Brigades ammunition and spare arms were stored and the guard over the bungalow where our arms were stacked, our guards presented arms in the name of the Irish Republic and then grounded their arms and joined the ranks of the mutineers who had already fell-in under their own committee.

We then marched out four deep, about 450 of us, led by Lance Corporal John Flannery. The special camp would be about two miles away from the barracks, and as we marched towards it British troops, who must have been specially detailed off, began to close in on us. These men were in single file and marched alongside us, and at all cross roads Lewis guns were in position.

We arrived at the Camp. Their specially prepared camp was nothing but an internment camp, pure and simple. About 200 yds square of a flat space was enclosed by barbed wire to about 6 ft high. Bell tents were scattered about this area. These were our quarters and we entered through a gap in the barbed wire over which there was an armed guard. A machine gun post covered each side of the square.

The following morning, 2<sup>nd</sup> July, sentries came into the compound and ordered us outside as there was an officer to speak to us. We were marched about 200 yds to where there was a walled-in compound and found the waiting officer was Major J.

Payne of the Connaught Rangers. With him was a Lieutenant and about 30 armed men of the South Wales Borderers.

We grouped together and Major Payne, who seemed to be under the influence of drink, addressed us in the following terms. He said he was going to call out 20 names and the men called out would line up in a particular spot he pointed out. He called out the names of the committee and 13 others, but nobody answered or left the group. He thereupon ordered the soldiers to go in and drag out Tommy Moran, whom he pointed out. They came in and we closed around Tommy Moran. There was about a half dozen soldiers came in and they got mixed up with our men who took the rifles off them and the Lieutenant, who was with them, got a bit of a knocking about. Payne ordered his men out of the crush and our men pitched the rifles and bayonets out after them.

He called the names again, but again there was no response. He then gave an order to his men "F[?] rounds stand and load". He pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket and addressed us, "I am going to shoot ye" and used a lot of bad language and was in a violent rage. He turned to his own men "When I drop this handkerchief fire and spare no man, shoot them down like dogs". Somebody shouted out to him "You can do your bloody best".

Our army chaplain, a Belgian priest, came running in between us and Payne's men. Somebody had told him at the barracks that Payne had gone down to slaughter the mutineers and he had arrived as Payne was addressing us. The Priest spoke to Payne "Major Payne in the name of God what is this all for" and Payne answered "I am going to shoot those men". The Priest turned to us and asked were we ready to die and all answered "Yes". The Belgian Priest then stepped back with us and said "Fire away Major Payne. I'll die with them".

A horseman who was coming fast from the barracks blew a whistle and the Major turned around and waited for him. This man was Col Jackson. In front of us all the Colonel shouted "Who gave you orders to do this Major"; without giving him a chance to reply he continued "Get away out of this and take those men with you", meaning the South Wales Borderers. The Colonel turned to us and said "I'm very sorry for this incident and in future nothing like this will happen", and he returned us back to our camp. We found out afterwards that Major Payne had no authority for his actions that morning, this was his own drunken whim.

We spent the rest of this day quietly, if you can call it so, in camp. Here I would like to explain that usually during this period of the year that no troops would be put under canvas because of the intense heat from the sun. Actually life was almost unbearable with the heat, even in barracks where you had shade from the sun and fans going all day; men being warned against going abroad during certain hours of the day. I am referring to this so that our position in the barbed wire camp can be understood. The canvas of the tents seemed to attract the heat, you could not stick inside and there was no protection from the sun outside so that each day saw its quota of men overpowered with the heat and taken away to hospital. During the few days we were in this camp there must have been 30 or 40 heat casualties.

On the afternoon of the 3<sup>rd</sup> July a few Englishmen, Connaught Rangers like ourselves, who strange as it may seem had taken part in the mutiny, approached our committee. They notified us that they were now withdrawing from the mutiny, their reason being that several of our own Irish had given themselves up to the sentries at the gap in the barbed wire during the first and second nights. This was true, as any man who wanted to withdraw from the mutiny, even at this stage, need only go to the sentries at the gap in the wire and tell them so. The Englishmen further stated that they would stay with us to the end only for the bad example shown by some of our own Irishmen.

However despite this a few Englishmen, some of Irish parents, stayed with us to the last. To name the few I can recall, Sergeant Woods, Private Hughes, Private McGrath, Private Miranda who afterwards died in Dagshai Jail.

In or about this time a rumour circulated our little camp that our doctor, Dr Carney, had notified his own authorities that he could no longer be held responsible for the health of our men, owing to the conditions under which we were confined. This must have been true for after Mass on the following day, Sunday, what was left of us were marched back to No. 5 bungalow at the barracks. This bungalow had been made ready to receive us, fenced in with barbed wire and all bedding removed. At least here we had shade from the sun. Needless to state, despite the size of the bungalow which was a big one and the reduction in our numbers, we were badly overcrowded.

We spent from Sunday to Wednesday in this bungalow on a diet of black tea and dry bread, but the only thing we badly missed was our smokes.

On Monday we were visited by two Priests who claimed to be Irish. They asked for the committee and we had a long discussion with them in a small room in the bungalow. These men again referred to the seriousness of our actions and to the breaking of our Oath of Allegiance to the King. Particularly the last they stressed from the Catholic point of view. They also stated that if we did not give up the leaders would be shot and it would be a terrible disgrace for our people at home in Ireland as our people would never know why we were shot. This was a long and sometimes heated discussion. I personally put it to the clergymen that as good Irishmen it was their duty to notify our people of the reason for our execution, in the event of it occurring.

This meeting ended without any decision except to notify the men and ask their opinion. As we were leaving the room the Priests called back three of the committee and advised them to get me out of the committee. They must have considered me a stumbling block to their efforts on behalf of Sir General Munroe. Whilst these three were with the clergymen, Gogarty, Lally, Sweeney and myself were out on the veranda wondering what was this about. When the priests left we found out and I stated bluntly that every man could go back, but that I was going to stick it out to the bitter end, come what may. As I expected my old comrades, Sweeney, Lally, not of the committee but present, Gogarty and Moran stood by me saying "And we'll do the same, Joe". The other three on hearing this said "We won't let the cause down either".

We then went and acquainted the men of the happenings at the meeting with the clergymen. The men upheld our attitude.

At 12 o'clock the next day, Tuesday, the clergymen came back for their answer. They got their answer and they did not like it. We knew then that this was the last peaceful gesture on the part of the authorities and our committee decided it would be wiser to form a second committee in case the original committee was either executed or separated from the men. This was duly done but events did not shape themselves to suit this arrangement as we found out later.

About 6 o'clock the morning after, Wednesday the 7<sup>th</sup> July, a party of Seaforth Highlanders, some with fixed bayonets others with truncheons in their hands, came through the bungalow and routed us all outside. The officer in charge outside called out 47 names, amongst whom were all the leaders, and ordered them to "fall-in" in a given spot. This we did, resistance would be useless. A file of soldiers with fixed bayonets came between our two parties and we were marched out to waiting lorries and the main body ordered back to No. 5 bungalow.

The 47 of us were then leg-ironed inside in the motor lorry and driven down to the walled-in compound outside which Major Payne's "shooting" incident occurred the previous Friday. The irons were removed and we were herded into this compound, where there was no protection whatsoever from the sun, not even canvas this time, no shed, nothing only the four walls. The walls, stone built, were about 10 ft high and on one corner a machine gun was mounted, with a shade over the gunners.

We were left in this compound two days without food or water. We tried to keep the sun off ourselves by taking off our little tunics and holding them over our heads. Some of our men were in a dreadful state, by the second day some were even unable to speak.

The second evening Dr. Carney arrived and examined each man individually. He had a word of cheer for every man. To me he said "Stick it out Hawes, I'll get ye out of here soon". Where Doctor Carney's sympathy lay was plain to be seen as he had a word of encouragement every time we came in contact with him.

Immediately after the doctor's visit an officer with men came into the compound and asked us again to surrender. We refused.

Half an hour after the doctor's visit the motor lorries pulled up outside the compound gate and we were brought back to the barracks. Near the guard room and facing No. 5 bungalow, there were a number of single cells, and into these we were packed five men to each cell.

About 10 o'clock the following morning we saw a party of our own officers, the colonel and company officers, and N.C.O.s, approach No. 5 bungalow where the rest of the men were detained. We were only about 80 yards across from No. 5 and could hear and see everything that went on. The men in No. 5 bungalow were out on the verandas, top and bottom, as it was a two storied building. The barbed-wire fence was all round about 30 yards from the building and the Colonel fell in the Company officers as markers inside the fence. He addressed the men on the verandas and commanded them to fall in under their respective officers, in the name of the King. We shouted from the cells not to obey him, but they fell in like a flock of sheep, all but one man Lance Corporal Willis.

Major Payne left his position and approached Willis. "Willis" said he "You and I fought together in the trenches. Why are you so foolish ? Those men over in the cells are going to their deaths; I will give you five minutes to consider and if you fall in with the loyal men I will do everything I can for you".

There was a short interval before Willis replied. His reply was, "I would rather die with the men over in the cells, no matter what kind of death it is, than to fall in under you with this shower of bastards here". Willis was then marched over under escort and put in one of the cells whilst the rest of us cheered our heads off for him, and we "booked" our disloyal comrades.

The sergeants then took charge of the men who had ratted and drilled them up and down in front of us. These men were then dismissed and returned to their bungalows.

That same evening an escort, Connaught Rangers by the way, took us in motor lorries to the railway station and we were on our way to Dagshai jail, the whole 48 of us. The train was a special prison train, something they usually used for the natives I suppose, with bars in the windows. We got to Dagshai without incident.

The Daghsai jail they placed us in, as we found out afterwards, had not been used since 1916. It had been condemned at the time as a large number of native prisoners had died there. This prison was one big building with a high stone wall all around it. The compound between the wall and the building was rather small.

As each man entered the prison he was served out with two army blankets. Each man got a separate cell, fitted with a plank bed, no mattresses or palliases only the bare boards.

Our diet during all our stay here was, breakfast and supper – black tea and dry bread; dinner was comprised of heated bully beef. You could have bread if you saved it from your mornings ration.

Here, although we did not know it at the time, we were to spend several months in suspense. The majority of the men had only the shirt they wore on their backs, no change was ever supplied and we had no soap, no towels or other conveniences. The only concession the authorities ever made towards our cleanliness was to send in a native barber once a week to shave and hair cut when necessary. This barber was a follower of Ghandi's and spoke English fairly well when the sentries were not listening. After a short time he became very friendly with a few of us and we used him afterwards in an unusual incident.

Time dragged heavily on our hands for a few weeks and there were only a few incidents to relieve the monotony. One incident was the arrival of a Brigadier General and a staff officer to make a last minute appeal to us. He pointed out our present poor conditions and the hopelessness of our position and contrasted the good times the rest of the Connaughts were having in the barracks. From him also we got an invitation to fall in behind him and march out free men, but no man followed him.

Around the end of July or the beginning of August the authorities took what they called a Summary of Evidence. The proceedings were something similar to the taking of depositions in a District Court in Ireland. Evidence was taken in our presence from each officer, N.C.O. and private who were to swear against us, and later on a typed copy of this evidence was presented to each prisoner before his trial. These proceedings were conducted in a building outside the jail. We were marched to these proceedings back and forth under a heavy escort.

A short time after the taking of the summary of evidence the Solon men, about 40 in number, were transferred to our prison. These were the men of C Company who had been at Solon when we mutinied at Jullunder and to whom we had sent our two emissaries, Keenan and Kelly. We already knew something of what occurred there from information from friendly sentries etc. We also knew that the Solon mutineers had arrived in Dagshai and were interned in a bungalow in another part of the station.

Here is the story of Solon as I got it from Jim Daly. On the day of our mutiny in Jullunder the officers in Solon must have been notified of the occurrence. Rumours started to circulate amongst the men at Solon, probably through the indiscretion of some officer, but none of the men knew what was wrong at Jullunder but that something had happened there.

Kelly and Keenan arrived at the Solon barracks and were immediately put under arrest, but as they were being led away they shouted an incomplete message of the happenings at Jullunder. Private James Joseph Daly who chanced to be one of those on the scene overheard what Kelly and Keenan said. Even though the message was incomplete Jim Daly figured the rest for himself and took action. He immediately spread the word of the Jullunder mutiny and what had caused it. About 40 of his comrades joined him and they occupied a bungalow over which in a short time flew the Tri-colour. This was only about one-third of the force at Solon. Like the Jullunder men the Solon mutineers were also armed.

Father Baker, an Irishman and an army chaplain, advised Daly and his comrades to hand up their arms as they were only a small party and not as strong as the Jullunder mutineers. They took his advice, to fight a passive resistance, and their arms were handed over and put in the magazine. A heavy guard was then put over the magazine by the authorities. This magazine was built on rising ground.

That night a rumour spread in the barracks that British troops were coming in the morning to arrest the rebels. At a discussion in the canteen some of the hotter mutineers suggested taking back their arms and fighting the British. Daly, who was a teetotaler himself, said "I have given my word to Fr. Baker and I won't break it". Somebody said "Are you afraid?" This grieved Daly who said "fall in outside and follow me and I will show you I am no coward".

The mutineers obeyed and fell in behind Daly and Daly advanced up the hill toward the magazine. When they reached between 20 or 30 yards of the magazine, which was still on a ledge over them, a sentries voice rang out "Halt, who goes there?"

The men halted and Daly stepped forward a pace and said "I'm James Joseph Daly of Tyrell's Pass, Mullingar, Co. Westmeath, Ireland, and I demand ye to lay down yere arms and surrender in the name of the Irish Republic".

Immediately Lieutenants Walsh and McSweeney, who were in charge of the guard, opened fire with their service revolvers at Daly. They missed Daly but mortally wounded private Sears, who though wounded, rushed the rising ground and fell dying at the feet of the two officers.

Private John Egan was shot through the chest but survived to later stand trial and be sentenced to death. Private Smith, who was not a mutineer and not of the party which approached the magazine, going to his bungalow farther down the hill was shot through the head and died on the spot.

Father Baker on hearing the shooting rushed to the scene and implored all concerned to take back the dead and wounded to the camp hospital. The men obeyed and brought the two dead men and John Egan, the wounded man, to the hospital. At the hospital, after Egan's wound was attended to and it was seen that nothing could be done for the other two men, Jim Daly who had helped to bring the men back asked for a drink of water. The doctor produced a bottle of some soft drink which he offered to Daly.

Father Baker who was present, and saw something that Daly did not see, took the drink and said "I'll drink a little of it first". The doctor pulled back the drink and spilled it out deliberately. Father Baker said "Doctor, what were you trying to do?"

Father Baker accompanied Daly to the rebel bungalow and slept in the next bed, Mick Fitzgerald's, until morning in case any further attempt should be made on him during the night.

Next day Daly and his comrades were put under arrest. Some were sent to Poona Jail and the rest to Silkut until such time as a place was prepared in Dagshai. In Dagshai they were interned in a bungalow until after the taking of the "Summary of Evidence" when they were moved into the jail where the rest of us from Jullunder were confined.

Prior to the mutiny I had little or no contacts with Jim Daly but immediately on his arrival with the Solon men we became very close friends, and remained so up to the last. During the period we did in Dagshai jail a group of us were closely associated at all times and we took part in a few unusual incidents. Included in this group were Jim Daly, Patrick Gogarty, "Paddy" Sweeney, Stephen Lally, Frank Keenan, Alf Delaney and myself. One incident worth recording was the breaking out from Dagshai Jail and the raiding of Solon dry canteen to get foodstuffs, cigarettes etc for the men. This incident occurred shortly before the trials proper began.

Rations were very bad and cigarettes and tobacco non-existent, we decided something should be done about it and the only remedy was to break out of Dagshai and raid an army canteen.

The plan was that the friendly barber, who visited us every week, was to get in touch with the native who cleaned the lavatories morning and evening. The lavatories were

situated in a corner of the outer compound wall at the back of the prison. On the outer side of the wall there were five steel shutters to clean the lavatories, which were of the dry type. The native cleaner had keys for those shutters which were big enough to allow the passage of the large buckets used. This arrangement allowed the native to clean the lavatories from the outside by withdrawing the bucket which was inside each shutter.

The night we broke out everything went according to plan as far as the actual breaking out was concerned. At night up to a certain hour we were allowed to go to the lavatories in parties, under escort, usually two men armed with revolvers. After dark seven of us asked the guard to be allowed to go to the lavatory; Paddy Sweeney, Jim Daly, Gogarty, Lally, Keenan, Delaney and myself.

Outside the lavatory which was in darkness Paddy Sweeney dropped back as the rest of us entered and he proceeded to engage the two guards in conversation about the stars. This was part of the plan and kept them occupied for several minutes.

The rest of us entered the lavatory and as arranged, through the barber, one of the shutters was left open with the key stuck on the outside. We shoved the bucket out, slipped through one at a time, just enough room to squeeze through, replaced the bucket and locked the shutter taking the key with us.

We slipped off in the darkness leaving Paddy Sweeney talking astronomy with the two guards. We headed for Solon, unmolested. Solon was I believe only about 6 or 7 miles from Dagshai, and as Jim Daly knew the run of the camp there we had decided that Solon was the canteen to raid. None of us knew anything about the outside of Dagshai and we would not know where to find the canteens.

After a couple of hours walking we reached Solon, little knowing the excitement our absence was causing at Dagshai. Jim Daly led us to the canteen by easy stages, he knew where the sentries were posted and we slipped from building to building in the dark.

The canteen was locked up and I removed a pane of glass in a side door with a pen-knife. We pulled back the door and got in and helped ourselves. We had bags with us, made from old paliasses in Dagshai, each man bringing one inside his tunic whilst we were escaping. We filled these with cigarettes and foodstuffs. The canteen had everything we needed, even the candle and matches we used to rob it. Two of the lads stayed outside to keep an eye open.

Everything passed off quietly except that Jim Daly, who found a can of petrol, wanted to burn the canteen as we were leaving. I had a tough job stopping him; he saying that it would be a grand thing, as we were walking along, to look back and "see the whole bloody place on fire". I only stopped him eventually by telling him that we would be caught and that the lads in Dagshai would get no grub or cigarettes. The stuff we brought away with us included cigarettes, matches, canned sausages, tinned fruit, sardines, biscuits and even chewing gum and other things.

We were very close to Dagshai jail when daylight caught us. The prison was on a high hill, terraced by nature, and we mounted those terraces one by one and keeping under

cover. We got to the rear of the prison and to our surprise saw a sentry marching up and down. We took cover and watched. This sentry when he used get to the corner of the back wall waited until his opposite number, who was patrolling the front of the prison, showed; he would then march to the other corner of the back wall where he was waiting until the man in front showed was repeated. We were here watching the sentry for some time until one of the lads saw the lavatory cleaner hiding in the scrub nearby and watching us.

Sheltering beneath one of the terraces we held a council of war and decided there was only one way out of it.

Alf Delaney left us, climbed nearer to the sentry, and showed himself out in the open. The sentry, on seeing him, covered him with his rifle and ordered him to advance with his hands up. He then marched Delaney around to the front, with his hands in the air, and left our bolt hole unwatched as we wanted.

Delaney's orders were to walk as slow as possible once himself and the sentry turned the corner of the rear wall; to give no information about the rest of us, at the guardroom, and to generally delay everything as long as possible. He delayed them even longer than we needed as they held him at the main gate guardroom until Lt Smyth, who was in charge of the prison, arrived from his quarters to question him.

In the meantime we rushed for the shutter we came through, used the key, shoved the bucket aside and slipped in as we came out. As we were fixing the bucket inside we heard the native outside locking the shutter, we having left the key stuck on the outside.

Fortunately for us the guards on night duty inside the prison went down to the main gate when Delaney arrived there. We entered the building itself unseen from the main gate and found the prisoners locked up in their cells as was the custom every night. We distributed the loot from the canteen through the bars of the cell gates, instructed the men to hide it and sing dumb. Our cell gates were open since the night before and each man went to his own cell, entered and closed the cell gate. Not very long after Delaney was escorted in; accompanying him were the two night guards, several guards from the main gate and Lt Smyth.

Our appearance back in our cells caused great excitement. They immediately locked the cell gates and Lt Smyth questioned each man individually, as to how we had escaped but got no information. We afterwards found out from Paddy Sweeney his side of the escape.

Sweeney and the two guards were chatting about 15 or 20 paces from the lavatory entrance. He kept them talking as long as he could until eventually the guards got impatient and entered the lavatory to rout us out. Finding us missing they got excited and Sweeney suggested to the guards that we must have walked by them in the dark and gone back to our cells. The guards brought Sweeney back to his cell, locked him up and searched for us inside the building; not finding us inside they searched thoroughly the compound between the building and the outer wall and eventually notified the guard at the main gate. The guard notified Lt Smyth who again had the

whole building and compound searched. Lt Smyth had of course to notify the Camp Commandant.

During the whole investigation into this incident nobody ever suspected the method we used to get out or where we had been. Neither did the authorities ever suspect nor find out the parts played by Paddy Sweeney, the barber, or the native cleaner. We were brought before the Camp Commandant who returned us for a Courts Martial which never came off; the only disciplinary action taken was to be separated from the rest of the prisoners, whilst on exercise, for a few days.

Afterwards when the trial itself was over and we were going back to jail in England, Lt Smyth tried to coax from us how we had got out, just for his own information, but we never even gave him that much satisfaction.

It might be wondered why we did not make a break for freedom that night or any other night, but you must remember that we were in an alien country, thousands of miles from home, even unable to speak the language. Every man would be our enemy, both the King's men and the native Indians to whom none of us could explain our position over the language barrier. If the Authorities had only realized it the guards at the prison gate were unnecessary as we had nowhere to go, even if we escaped; everyman's hand would be against us as soldiers were not popular in India at the time.

Eventually the trials came off. The Jullander men were tried in two separate batches and the Solon men in one. The trial of each batch of prisoners took a week. The first batch of Jullander men came up for trial as far as I can recollect on Monday the 23<sup>rd</sup> August. This batch consisted of men whom the Authorities considered as having played a minor part in the mutiny at Jullander. The men were brought from the prison to the court room twice daily under a heavy escort.

The sentences the men of this batch received were not made known to them for several weeks afterwards. Some of these men got from one year's hard labour to three years penal servitude, but quite a share of them got off free being eventually returned to their units. The second week beginning Monday 30<sup>th</sup> August I believe, the remainder of the Jullander men, sixteen of us all told were brought to trial. Here are the names as far as I can recall them –

L.C. John Flannery, Pr. Patk. Gogarty, Pr. C.P. Sweeney (Paddy), Pr. Stephen Lally, Pr. Thos Moran, Pr. Alf Delaney, Pr. Lynch, Pr. Maher, Pr. Scanlon, Pr. Coman, L.C. McGowan, Pr. Kelly, L.C. Hayes, Pr. Miranda, L.C. Lynnott, and self (Pr. J. Hawes).

The Court consisted of a board of officers, General Sir Sidney Lawford presiding. The General was flanked on either side by three officers, majors and captains. There was also a prosecuting Counsel, Major Lloyd of the Connaughts, and a Judge Advocate, Major Tucker. Here is a small sketch of the positions in the courtroom.

Diagram here (page 36 of the original).

The atmosphere of the courtmartial, except for the uniforms, was something like an ordinary court room. Witnesses were brought to swear against each and every one of us, both individually and collectively. The witnesses ranged from the C/O Colonel

Deacon down to private soldiers. Practically all the witnesses who swore against us were our one-time comrades of the Connaught Rangers, all Irishmen except for a few.

The procedure was that a witness took the stand and was questioned by the Prosecuting Counsel as to the part any particular mutineer played. When the Prosecuting Counsel finished the mutineer or mutineers in question could cross examine the witness if they so wished. Some of our lads cross examined some of the witnesses, more of us ignored the court altogether.

The witnesses who swore against myself were Colonel Deacon the C/O, the Adjutant Lt Adj. Leader, Major Nolan Farrell, Serg. Major Tame, Sergt Sheehan, Corporal Murphy, two military policemen McCormack and Salmon, Sergt Shaw, guard sergt at Jullunder 28/6/20, and others. Different officers, N.C.O.s and men from the different companies swore against the prisoners as our batch included men from several companies.

Part of the evidence against Delaney was the writing of a letter to Solon which was intercepted. This was quoted as an attempt to incite mutiny at Solon. This letter as far as I can remember was written on the first day of the mutiny at Jullunder, and was addressed to a pal of his up in Solon. The witnesses also swore hard against Gogarty and Moran.

The evidence of the witnesses took up the greater part of the week. Like the first batch we were returned twice a day to the jail, for a meal, and in the evening after the Court adjourned about half past four. From this until 8 o'clock we were locked separately in our cells.

On the evening before the last day of our trial L C John Flannery was seen writing in his cell with Private Connolly. Some of us wondered that evening what was he writing about, as any time we approached his cell he stopped writing. We found out the next day.

The last day of the trial each prisoner was called by name and asked if he had anything to say. Lance Corporal John Flannery approached the witness table and handed up a written statement to the Court. This statement was handed round to each member of the Court, and after consultation between the members, was read out before us all. On hearing its contents we rushed at L C Flannery but the escort drove us back from him at the point of the bayonet. For the remainder of the sitting an armed man stood on either side of Flannery for protection.

In his statement, Flannery claimed that he only accepted the part of "spokesman" for the mutineers for the following reasons, firstly to keep in touch with the leaders of the mutiny so that he could inform the officers of our actions and secondly to keep us from doing anything extreme if it came to a show down; and he also stated that the actions of the original four of us who started the mutiny, particularly Paddy Sweeney, were not the actions of loyal soldiers. He further told of our action in giving him our names and home addresses as we four expected to be shot, but stated that he had no intention of acceding to our request.

But his attempt to turn “Kings Evidence” was of no avail, because the Judge Advocate in summing up said “I hope the Court will not accept the statement of L C John Flannery because it is obvious that he is only trying to lighten his own sentence at the expense of his four comrades”.

The trial finished and we were marched back to the jail minus Flannery who was kept in the guard room outside the main gate. About an hour later Lt. Smyth, who was in charge of the prison, entered the prison with an attache case in his hand and accompanied by a sergeant. He came to my cell and handed me an envelope, stamped O.H.M.S., and said “I’m sorry Hawes to be handing you this”. He also handed one to Gogarty, Moran and Delaney, with a similar remark. The envelopes contained our death sentences. We found out later that the same “postman” had visited L C Flannery in his cell outside the gates. From this on the death sentence prisoners in the jail were segregated during exercise from the other prisoners, each man separately received about an half hour’s under escort in the jail yard.

The following week the last batch, the Solon men, came up for trial. This batch included the two Jullunder men, Kelly and Keenan, who had brought the news to Solon. These two were tried with the Solon men as the authorities charged them with causing the mutiny at Solon. The trial followed the same lines as our own, except that the court took a more severe view of their actions on account of the two lives that were lost in the magazine incident.

Major Lloyd the Prosecuting Counsel asked the court to hold Jim Daly responsible for the lives of the two men, Sears and Smith, otherwise Lt. Walsh and Lt. McSweeney should be put in the dock and charged with the deaths of the two men. All men whom the officers recognized and swore against, as being involved in the magazine incident, were sentenced to death.

On the evening of the last day of this trial “postman” Lt. Smyth again did his rounds. This time the “mail” was heavier; the death envelopes going to Jim Daly, J Gleeson, John Oliver, Pk Kelly, John Egan, Hynes, M. Fitzgerald and the two Jullunder men Keenan and Kelly (John?).

A month dragged by in the usual prison fashion. Nobody knew their sentences for this month except the thirteen men, and J Flannery, who had been sentenced to death. About the 13<sup>th</sup> or 14<sup>th</sup> of October the whole body of prisoners were assembled in the prison yard and the sentences were read out by the Camp Commandant of Dagshai garrison. I was absent on this occasion being in the camp hospital, under escort, with a heavy cold. The Camp Commandant announced that the death sentences of the men present were commuted to penal servitude for life, with the exception of Jim Daly who was informed that his sentence would be duly carried out in twenty one days. Other sentences ranged from one year to twenty years. One of the twenty year men was “Paddy” Sweeney and as far as I can remember M. F. Kearney, Stephen Lally got fifteen years. In all 61 men were sentenced.

A couple of days later when I returned from hospital my own sentence was read. Mine was also commuted to penal servitude for life. When I returned from hospital L C Flannery was back in his old cell inside the jail. Next day I demanded from Lt Smyth to have Flannery removed, which he did and I have never seen Flannery since.

Time now dragged very heavily on our hands as every man was worrying over Jim Daly, who was a great favourite in the jail. During the three weeks after the reading of the sentences all prisoners in the jail, including Jim Daly, were allowed to exercise together. The gayest man in the place, either in the exercise yard or in his cell, was Jim Daly. Daly always joined in any bit of merriment there was. "40" Walsh composed a song of the mutiny whilst in Dagshai and nobody sang it better nor louder than Jim Daly.

On the 29<sup>th</sup> of October, I think it was, Jim Daly was taken away from us under a heavy escort and confined in a guard room not very far from the prison itself. On the evening of the 1<sup>st</sup> of November he was brought down to the guard room directly outside the prison gate. We afterwards found out that an area of several miles square around the prison was put under curfew that night. The authorities feared a rising of the natives or attack from some other source, but their fears were groundless. A special watch was kept inside the prison also.

Jim Daly spent his last night alive, we afterwards found out from the guards, as jolly and as lively as ever. The sergeant of the firing squad, Royal Fusiliers, which was to execute him in the morning, visited Daly in his cell. The sergeant told Daly he was sorry he was chosen for the job, being an Irishman himself, but Daly said "You are only doing your duty. I forgive you". This must have been an awful strain on Jim, this visit, but he never cracked as he proved in the morning.

Jim, we were informed, slept soundly during the night and had to be called on the morning. He washed, shaved, and cleaned up generally to the surprise of the guards; and ate a hearty breakfast. Finished, he lit a cigarette out of a packet, supplied the night before by one of the guard; and handed the cigarettes around saying, with a smile, "I wont need the rest of these".

Unlike Jim Daly, the majority of the prisoners in Dagshai scarcely slept at all that night. In the early hours of the morning, whilst it was still dark, I heard a certain amount of activity in the prison yard facing my cell window. This window overlooked the rear of the prison yard, the exercise yard, and even though I did not realize what the noise was about at the time I was listening to the preparations for Jim's execution. When light came I saw two long tables, with sandbags on them, facing the rear compound wall; and a chair placed facing the tables, about 5 or 6 feet from the wall.

About ten minutes to eight o'clock I saw a party of men taking up positions behind the tables, 12 men and a sergeant. These men laid their rifles down on the sand bags. At this stage the prisoners, a share of whose cells overlooked the yard, started reciting the rosary out loud. An officer and another sergeant arrived and took up positions to the left of the tables as they faced the chair.

Almost on the stroke of eight a procession filed into sight, led by Lt. Symth and Fr. Baker; Father Baker had come down from Solon to be with Jim at the last. Jim Daly marched between the two first armed soldiers; about eight more followed, as far as I can remember, two abreast. Jim Daly was dressed in his Connaught uniform; tunic and shorts, puttees etc. He wore a green handkerchief tied loosely round his neck and

was blindfolded. To this latter, we heard afterwards, he strongly objected before he left the guard room, but at the request of Fr Baker he agreed.

When Daly's file came abreast of the chair Lt Smyth gave the order "Halt, right turn". This left Jim Daly with his back to the chair and facing the firing party. He was also facing us and I noticed a round disc on his left breast. Jim Daly then put up his hand, removed the bandage over his eyes and placed it on the ground under his foot, and saluted the firing party, saying "Good morning men. Is it here it's going to be done?"

The sergeant who was assisting the execution officer ordered Daly to sit on the chair. Daly refused "When I'm shot I want to be shot like an Irishman and fall to the ground". The execution officer intervened and ordered Daly to obey, but Jim still refused to sit.

Father Daly then spoke to Daly "Jim will you make another sacrifice?" and Daly answered "What greater sacrifice can I make than what I'm doing?" Fr Baker placed his arm around Jim's shoulders saying "Jim you'll do this for me". Daly answered "Father I will for you but don't let them tie me". There were ropes beside the chair.

Jim turned to the firing party "Ye men don't know my mind, ye might think I'm afraid to die. I'm not and some day the men in the cells over there may be free, and ye might meet them somewhere and say I died a coward, but there is one thing ye will never be able to say, unless ye tell lies, that ye ever put a bullet through Daly's shirt". He then took off his tunic and singlet, leaving himself in shorts, boots, and puttees, and the handkerchief round his neck. He sat down on the chair, folded his arms and said "Now, I'm ready" and looked up.

The firing part took aim almost as he sat down. The execution officer dropped his hand which held a white handkerchief, and the volley rang out. Jim Daly fell over sideways, but remained on the chair which was weighted down by two half cwts roped to the front of the chair. Father Baker rushed in and anointed him, having got special leave to do so. It was all over for Jim Daly.

A coffin striped black and white, a traitors coffin according to British army law, was brought on the scene almost immediately and the mortal remains of Jim Daly was carried from our sight forever. The remains were interred in a cemetery outside the prison. Even when we were leaving for England we did not get the opportunity to visit this cemetery, which I believe was quite close.

About half an hour after the execution Lt Smyth came to me in my cell and gave me Daly's rosary beads and an envelope on the back of which was written Daly's last message, which I still possess. Lt Smyth said "I'm very sorry over this, but ye should be proud of the man who died; he died like a hero". Fr Baker told us afterwards that day, that the execution officer said he had witnessed several executions in France, but never one like this where a man died so bravely.

Before Lt Smyth left my cell he said "I have a very hard ordeal for ye now but I know you and your comrades would not like my men to do it". It was to remove the blood of Jim Daly from the ground where he had died. He told me to ask for whoever I liked to do the job.

Keenan, Gogarty, Lally, Sweeney, Delaney, "40" Walsh and I proceeded to the spot where Jim was shot. Jim's blood was in a congealed mass on the ground. He had been hit by thirteen bullets so he was almost cut in two. There were bits of his flesh and even fragments of bone stuck to the wall. We gathered everything into two small boxes, made of timber, and gave them to the Lieutenant who stated he would see they would be handed to Fr. Baker to be interred in Jim's grave.

Later in the day we were allowed out for exercise and M. F. Kearney got a stone flag, cut out Jim Daly's name on it and placed it on the ground where he had died. This flag was afterwards plastered into the wall near the spot.

Some time after Jim's death Private Miranda was taken ill, shifted to the camp hospital but died in a few days and was buried in the same cemetery as Jim. Miranda's death was due solely to the bad conditions prevailing in Dagshai jail.

About the end of November there was a change of prison guards. These new guards were regular military prison warders, with an officer in charge. These new men tried to run the prison on very strict lines.

The evening they arrived, two of them entered my cell and asked me to hand them the papers lying on my plank bed, these were the courts martial papers etc. I turned and bent down to do so and woke up in the punishment cell in the dark, my hands cuffed behind my back. I had been hit on the head by a baton. When I woke up I was lying on a flag floor, nothing else in the cell. Even though I did not know it several more had got the same treatment, Gogarty, Sweeney, Delaney, Moran.

The outgoing guard, it seems, had named us as likely trouble makers and this was their way of introducing themselves to us. After one day in the punishment cells we were taken singly before the officer of the new warders and the law was laid down to us. I had an argument with him, refusing to comply with new regulations he wanted to enforce. The others were allowed back to their usual cells but I was returned to the punishment cell, on bread and water, and with the handcuffs still on. Due to the position of the handcuffs, behind my back, I had to be fed, "40" Walsh coming along with the guards to feed me. I also had to be helped to relieve nature in my cell as even for this they would not take the handcuffs off.

After three days I was brought up again before the same officer and we still disagreed, and I went back for three more days bread and water, handcuffs and all. On my second last day in the punishment cell Father Correa, a Portugese priest who acted as prison chaplain, visited me in the punishment cell. I am sure this visit was at the instigation of the officer because the priest gave me a bit of advice, telling me I would not have to take military orders during exercise, etc. This was one of the new regulations; previously we had exercised in whatever manner we liked.

When my six days were up I was allowed back to my own cell and left pretty much on my own during the periods we spent out in the exercise yard.

About the middle of December 14 of us were shifted from Dagshai under escort, down to the port of Bombay. During this journey we were chained but the journey

was uneventful. On arrival at the boat we were handed over to an officer of the Shropshire Light Infantry, a Colonel going home. We were placed in 14 specially prepared cells under the focsle deck. The usual military guard was on the job, with Provost Sergt. Nolan, a Corkman in charge.

The Colonel came down the first night and spoke to us through the bars. He told us we would get one hours exercise every day on deck, that we would have to walk six paces apart and no talk. We refused to agree to this and he sentenced us on the spot to three days bread and water. Some of us abused him and he shouted "Leg-irons" which were put on us by Nolan the provost sergt.

The following morning we were brought on deck to wash with our leg-irons on. This was a troop ship going home, some civilians also, and a lot of them were on deck at the time to see the mutineers. Some of the lads showed their leg-irons and shouted "This is our thanks for fighting in France", others shouted "Freedom for small nations" and the like. The only result of this was that we were not allowed on deck again for three days.

On the third day the leg-irons were taken off and we were ordered on deck for exercise. The railings were all lined with armed soldiers and we were ordered six paces apart and no talk. On hearing this we walked down again to our cells and were locked up. We were ordered three more days bread and water.

We defied this "bread and water" order and went on hunger strike. On the first day of this hunger strike we were visited by an army doctor who informed us he was in charge of our well-being. This man was only interested in the state of our health and had nothing to do with discipline, as he stated. After listening to our side of the story he promised to see the Colonel.

The doctor's visit was evidently fruitful as the following morning we were served with an ordinary ship's rations. Afterwards we were instructed to go on deck for exercise and the 'six paces apart and silence' rule was not enforced. The remainder of the voyage back to England passed off almost uneventfully.

On arrival at Southampton we were handed over to a batch of prison warders from Portland convict prison. The warders chained us in two batches aboard ship and took us ashore. Jim Davis was separated from us here and sent on to Petershead prison in Scotland, his sentence being two years hard labour, whilst the rest of us all long term men went on to Portland. I would like to add here that all long term men, three years and upwards, duly arrived in Portland prison; both Jullunder and Solon men, the only exception being ex- L C John Flannery who as far as I could find out went solo to the prison on the Isle of Wight. All the short term men, less than three years, went in batches to various hard labour prisons in England and Scotland.

In Portland our treatment was similar to that of ordinary convict prisoners with the exception of our clothing. The material of our clothes was darker in colour than that worn by the ordinary convicts; and whereas the ordinary convict wore a type of knee breeches and long stockings, ours was of the ordinary 'slacks' type. Both types of course were stamped with the broad arrow. Again we were allowed to converse in pairs during exercise whilst the convicts were not.

These rules were not specifically framed for us but were in operation for all service men sent to Portland prison during the war. We got the benefits of the rules that other soldier prisoners had fought for whilst there.

Our batch arrived in Portland in January 1921, and other batches followed shortly after. There was a large number of Irish political prisoners in Portland at the time including Robert Barton, afterwards one of the Treaty signatories. Also here, was John Dowling of Casement fame. Dowling was himself a Connaught Ranger, captured in France by the Germans and afterwards a member of the Irish Brigade in Germany.

Our stay in Portland was brief, a matter of a few weeks. I'm sure we were shifted because the authorities did not like our mixing with the Republican prisoners from Ireland. Our record by this time was a bad one, according to the authorities.

Without any preliminary warning we were shifted to Maidstone Prison, chained as usual in batches for the journey. Here we were to finish our terms of imprisonment. On the night of our arrival we were visited by the Assistant Prison Chaplain, Fr Jennings, a Northern Ireland man. Fr Jennings himself was most sympathetic but warned us that our arrival would not be welcome to the Governor of the prison, Mr Cavendish. He told us that Cavendish was a kinsman of the Cavendish who was executed by the Invincibles in the Phoenix Park. We soon found out Fr Jennings was right. In the morning the Governor saw us all, one at a time, and made his attitude to us very plain.

In Maidstone we were divided up into small working parties and mixed with the convict prisoners during working hours. At night we were housed in a separate wing, jerry-built during the war. This wing was a two-storyed building. The outer wall was concrete, usually damp in wet and frosty weather. The dividing walls between cells, and cell doors, were of thick galvanise tin; flag floors in the upper cells and concrete floors in the lower. The cells had no heating accommodation of any kind, even in winter. Instead of ordinary beds we had a type of hammock, slung across the cell from one galvanise wall to another, and about 2 ft from the ground.

One morning, shortly after arriving in Maidstone, on leaving our cells to go on exercise before work, we noticed that one of our numbers was absent; Private Lynch of Roscommon. We asked where was Lynch but got no information, and we thereupon refused either exercise or work until we should get information about Lynch. We were marched back to our cells and locked up. We were held in the cells all day and brought before the Governor the following morning, separately as usual. The Governor returned us for trial before a board of prison magistrates for refusing to obey orders.

After about a week this board sentenced us to fifteen days bread and water, and three months separate confinement in special punishment cells. The board also deprived us of all privileges such as writing home, etc. We were shifted from our own wing to the special punishment cells and did our fifteen days "solitary" on bread and water. Whilst on punishment our footwear was taken from us; we got light canvas slippers instead, usually the right slipper size 6 and the left one 11 or 12, or vice versa, no

means of tying or lacing those slippers. Rubber utensils, a cup to eat and drink from; even the 'cell-pan' was rubber.

After the fifteen days came the three months separate confinement. Each man was in his cell for 23 ½ out of 24. The half hours exercise was taken separately in special punishment yards. There were seven of those in all, measuring about ten ft. square and a wall about twenty feet high all round; they were more like shafts or pits than exercise yards. We never could see one another only on Sunday, when we were paraded to go to Mass. Going to Mass was now a treat for the "Devils Own" Connaughts.

The food during this period was: Morning, a pint of "skilly" or very light porridge and four ozs of bread; Dinner was two potatoes, one always unfit to eat, a lukewarm liquid supposed to be soup and now and again you would find enough meat in the soup to bait a mouse trap, if you were lucky; two days a week you got the usual potatoes and suet pudding; to eat this "pudding" was an ordeal and it was religiously left alone. Supper consisted of four ozs of bread with a tiny sample of margarine on top of it, and a pint of blackish cocoa, unsweetened.

We afterwards found out that Lynch, the unwitting cause of it all, had been taken away and charged for talking during work the previous day. He received three days bread and water for this and finished up in "solitary" with the rest of us.

After the three months were up, we were sent back to our own wing in the prison and things went quietly for a short period. We then decided to "strike" for the privileges that we had lost and for other privileges. We arranged to refuse to work on a special day. On the appointed day we went out as usual for our morning's exercise before work; and after exercise we were ordered to "fall-in" in our usual working parties. This we did, but when we got the order to "move-off" a number of Connaught Rangers fell out and came together in a body. Some of the Connaughts moved off as ordered and took no part in this particular protest. The rest of us stood fast and refused to work.

All the other prisoners, except our little group, were then marched back to their cells and locked up, leaving us in the exercise yard guarded by a large number of warders. The Governor, Cavendish, was in the yard during all this, and ordered us to our cells also but we refused to move. He left the yard and in less than half an hour was back with a military officer, whose rank I don't remember. The officer also ordered us to our cells saying that he would bring in a military party and compel us. We still refused.

The next on the scene was the chaplain and his assistant Fr Jennings. The chaplain addressed us and said we would have to obey orders. "40" Walsh pushed to the front of our ranks and spoke at length to the chaplain. He told him all about India, what happened there, and that we were no more afraid of firing squads in England than in India. The talk or conversation between "40" Walsh and the chaplain continued for about ten minutes and eventually under persuasion from the chaplain we went back to our cells. The governor had this incident in for "40" Walsh and shifted him to another prison in Scotland shortly afterwards.

We were tried by a prison board of magistrates for this affair also. The sentences this time were twenty eight days bread and water and six months separate confinement. We completed every day of this sentence under the same conditions as we had already experienced. During this period a small number of us arranged to go on hunger strike; this was arranged at a "Mass" parade on a Sunday. In this hunger strike were the following as far as I can remember, Mick Fitzgerald, Jack Gleeson, Alf Delaney, John Oliver, M. F. Kearney, myself and there may have been a few others that I cannot recall.

This hunger strike lasted eleven days in all. After a few days they took us to the hospital cells and started to forcibly feed us with salty milk, and allowed us no water. Even the washing water in the morning had carbolic soap in it since the night before, so that we could not drink it.

On the eleventh day Fr Jennings came to my cell. We were by this time in a bad way, some of us even vomiting blood through forcible feeding. The procedure was to knock you down in a padded cell to which each man was taken in turn, handcuff you hands behind your back; one warder would hold you by the feet, a cloth twisted round your legs; another held a cloth across your forehead and knelt on each side of to keep your head steady; a medical orderly forced some kind of "jack" between your teeth and prised your mouth open; the doctor then put a tube down your throat and on top of this tube was a funnel and into this was poured the salty milk.

Fr Jennings told me that the other hunger strikers, as well as myself of course, were in a deplorable state. He even suggested there was a danger some of them might lose their reason if the strike were continued. He appealed to me to give in, saying that if I did the others would also; he further put it up to me that the onus would be on me if any of them died. I agreed with his suggestion to go around to the other hunger strikers and if it was their wishes to end the strike I would be agreeable. This he did, and all agreed, and so ended our biggest protest. We went back to the separate confinement cells and finished our six months.

By the time that our six months punishment period was over we were all in a miserable condition; nobody would believe that we had ever been soldiers in any army. Practically all the strikers were just skin and bone. Some picked up reasonably on the ordinary prison diet, others did not; John Oliver after our release in 1923 died shortly afterwards from T. B. This I am sure was due to the treatment received in the punishment cells as Oliver had always been a robust man and very athletic.

After this six months punishment ended discipline relaxed a little, probably due to the fact that they could not break us. The most of the year 1922 was uneventful except for minor incidents. Individual mutineers were occasionally up on charges for breaking prison rules, but we made no effort at any organised resistance to Authority until the latter part of 1922.

As 1922 dragged on we were continually hearing of the release of political prisoners. We heard all about the truce in Ireland from Fr Jennings and the signing of the Treaty. Most of us had no privileges at all, such as being allowed to write letters, so we had to rely on hearsay for our information. We also were expecting to be released as the year

wore on, but eventually got tired of waiting and decided to make a final protest for our release.

We decided to make this protest a real one; on a given date we were going to cause as much damage as we could inside the prison, such as breaking up machinery in the workshops and things of a like nature. This plan never came to anything. The Authorities got wind of it, how I don't know; probably it was through careless talk on the part of some of the mutineers, in the presence of other prisoners whilst at work.

In the height of our preparations for this protest three of us were shifted to a different wing of the prison one night, Jack Gleeson, Mick Fitzgerald and I. The following morning I had breakfast early in my new cell. I was brought to the governor's office. Cavendish had been replaced by a Mr. Steevens some time previously. This man had three large official envelopes in front of him; I saw one with my own name and the other two bore the names of Fitzgerald and Gleeson; this was my first knowledge that Fitzgerald and Gleeson were in trouble as we had been shifted separately the night before. Here I was outfitted with a civilian overcoat, cap and a pair of handcuffs and taken to the railway station by two warders.

I was brought to Shrewsbury hard labour prison and the other two sent to different prisons. I arrived in Shrewsbury that night and was left very much alone there. I was there about six weeks until our release and I was never asked to work during that time. Except for not being asked to work I was treated the same as any other prisoner; I also exercised alone. Here I found the prison Chaplain, Canon O'Doherty, very sympathetic.

Late on the night of the third of January 1923, I was informed in my cell by the Chief warder that my release had come through. He took me to the Governor who informed me that I was released, unconditionally, and could go right away or wait until morning. I left the following morning after an argument with the prison steward about the clothes I was to wear.

I arrived in Holyhead that night, 4<sup>th</sup> Jan, feeling rather lonesome. I was sitting on a seat on deck aboard the mail boat when John Oliver came along. It was a happy re-union. He rushed me off the boat again on to the docks where all the Maidstone mutineers were together, including Gleeson and Mick Fitzgerald. We all travelled back together, there was no sign of L. C. Flannery.

On our arrival in Dublin a reception was given in our honour and we were treated royally, and our people notified by wire of our release. After the reception we went our separate ways. Here is a list of the names, as far as I can remember them, of men who played a prominent or active part in the mutiny : P. Gogarty, Sweeney C. P.; S. Lally, T. Moran, Scanlon, Lynch, Delaney, M. Fitzgerald, Eugene Egan (John), F. Kearney, L. Corporal McGowan, D. Kelly, Frank Keenan, Coman, Maher, Devers, J. Gleeson, Willis, Sergt. Woods, Cpl. J. Donoghue, "40" Walsh, J. Buckley, Hynes, John Kelly, Scally, Prendergast or Pendergast, Moorhouse, Conlon, Connell, Regan, Lynnott, L. Corporal McGrath, L.C. Hayes, L.C. Flannery, Corporal J. Davis, Cpl. J. Murray, John Oliver, Private McGrath, L.C. Hueston, Kerrigan, Devine, Cpl. Kelly, Mannion, Kearns, Coote, L.C. Lopeman, Hughes, Connolly, Pr. Donoghue, Miranda,

Burland, Private Moran, and self (J. Hawes); not forgetting Jim Daly who paid the extreme penalty.

(Signed) Joseph Hawes. 13/6/1949

Moore St, Kilrush, Co. Clare.

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The following is included with the witness statement (on page 58):

Mr. Joseph Hawes, Moore Street, Kilrush, County Clare, called at the Bureau this morning and brought with him Mr. Stephen Lally, and Sergeant Patrick Gogarty, National Forces.

Mr. Lally and Sergeant Gogarty were comrades with Mr. Hawes and took part in the Mutiny at Jullunder Barracks, India. They have read Mr. Hawes' account of the Mutiny in India, and they agree with it in every respect. They are signing this certificate as evidence of their agreement.

Signed: Stephen Lally

Signed: Patrick Gogarty

Date: 27 June 1949.

Witness: S. Connolly.

Certificate

I, Mr. C. P. Sweeney, 111 Mangerton Road, Drimnagh, participated in the Mutiny at Jullunder Barracks, India, and I agree with the account of it given by Mr. Joseph Hawes in this statement of Evidence.

Signed: Christopher Patrick Sweeney

Witness: Sean Connolly

Date: 26 August 1955.

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The following poem, in the handwriting of Joseph Hawes, is appended to his account of the mutiny:

Here is the song or poem composed by "40" Walsh in Dagshai Prison, about the mutiny.

"It was on the 28<sup>th</sup> June, I never will forget  
They tried to subdue us, but they have not succeeded yet,  
We fell-in outside the guard room, our officers mess to go  
And to those loyal officers, all due respect did show.

I hope that you will understand when this to you I'll tell  
We had our leaders with us and our officers knew them well  
We marched off to see our Colonel, the likes was never known before  
When we put in our protest concerning our native shore.

Our Colonel being an Irishman our case he then did hear  
And under a burning Indian sun, he shed many a bitter tear  
Then we handed in our arms, saying we'd soldier here no more  
Until the Black and Tans be withdrawn from our native shore.

Then we waited quite contentedly, no man did act the scamp  
Till we fell-in July the first and marched out to the camp

Now Major Payne an Irishman with troops at us did race  
But to die for Ireland's noble cause we thought it no disgrace.

With our clergyman in front of us we were prepared to fall  
And like true sons of Paddy's Land put our backs against the wall  
We were asked if we were willing to die and all answered as one man  
'With our backs to the wall, ready to fall, shoot us to a man'.

Our doctor an Irishman he said it was a disgrace  
To have such brave and noble lads in such a deadly place  
He got us shifted from that camp, a death trap as you know  
And after Mass on Sunday, back to barracks we did go.

We were packed into a bungalow, where we lay upon the ground  
With Gunners, Seaforth Highlanders and South Wales Borderers all around  
They then cut down our rations our spirits for to break  
If we had to live on bread and water, no difference did it make.

On the following Wednesday morning, our bungalow they did surround  
And marched off 47 of us to what they call a compound  
No bedding here we were allowed, so we lay upon the sand  
Inside the wall where one and all, already made a stand.

Two days of torture we suffered there, but nothing could be done  
Till our doctor got us shifted from under that deadly sun  
They marched us away from this deadly place, though we had done no wrong  
And sent us off to Dagshai jail, where "40" Walsh composed this song.

On the 19<sup>th</sup> day of August, three days before our trial  
The boys that were in Dagshai jail, they fought in Irish style  
But we had a traitor in our midst tho' this we did not know  
For if we did before our trial we'd have proved his overthrow.

One special hero in our midst James Daly was his name  
And manfully he stood his trial and thought his crime no shame  
The court they found him guilty and Sidney Lawford to him did say  
On the 2<sup>nd</sup> of November will be your dying day.

Twelve of Daly's comrades were also condemned to die  
But got pardon while waiting in the prison in Dagshai  
But Daly's pardon never came tho' it was expected one afternoon  
And at 8 o'clock the following morning this lad met his doom.

He was like a living angel when walking out to die  
This gallant Irish martyr, no tears did dim his eye  
Altho' he died in Dagshai jail, twas for a noble deed  
So I hope you'll pray for Daly from the county of Westmeath.

Now here's to the truth and to those youths that upheld Ireland's cause  
Success attend you Sweeney, Gogarty, Lally and that gallant Josie Hawes

Who always held Ireland's cause at heart as we could plainly see  
For it they were betrayed in Dagshai by the informer Flannery.

Now our trial is over and our punishment it starts  
Altho' its penal servitude it wont break our Irish hearts  
And if Ireland gets her Freedom some day we may go safely home  
But I'll never forget that gallant crowd they call the "Devils Own" ".

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A letter written by Joseph Hawes, regarding some articles, which had come into his possession, including photographs of the graves of James P. Daly and Pt. Miranda, is included in the witness statement (see witness statement pages 63 – end: <https://www.militaryarchives.ie/collections/online-collections/bureau-of-military-history-1913-1921/reels/bmh/BMH.WS0262.pdf>), but are not transcribed here.