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ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21
BUREAU STAIRS MILITARY 1913-21
NO. W.S. 1087

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BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS.

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 1,087

Witness

Patrick Mullooly,
Kiltrustan,
Strokestown,
Co. Roscommon.

Identity.

Brigade Q.M. North Roscommon Brigade,
1918-1921.

Subject.

Expansion of his two previous statements -
W.S. 955 and W.S. 1,086.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil

File No. S.2273

Form B S M 2

ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE 1913-21

BUREAU STAIRS MILITARY 1913-21

No. W.S. 1087

ADDITIONAL STATEMENT BY Mr. P. MULLOLLY,

Lavelly, Kiltrustan, Strokestown,

County Roscommon.

The following are the names of the riflemen who participated in the Scaramogue ambush. They were all from Madden's Battalion. Five of them were 1914-1918 World War veterans who conceived it to be their duty to fight for small nations and returned to find their own more enslaved and divided than before:- John Gibbons, Joseph Gibbons (brothers), Peter Farrell, Dick Hughes, Pat Mulleady, Peter Collins, Jim Tiernan, Tom Madden, Dick Simmons.

In 1919 while working on the platform at Limerick Railway Terminus I could not for the world condescend to take tips or rewards for service rendered to passengers. This made some of the other workers grin and the travellers inquired "What's the matter?" or "What sort of guy are you?". Often I would call, if time allowed, one of the others of the Railway Staff and get him to do what I considered a menial job and inadvertently put him in for the tip - 6d., a shilling and sometimes more. These tips or rewards for service rendered to travellers often amounted to nearly a week's wage.

I would not have mentioned the above had it not been for the insistence of the old Professor or some great personage or who at least considered himself out of ordinary mould if judged by his immaculate and expensive exterior, his royally pointed beard, his snow white gloves and bespotted extremities together with his imperial gestures. With a look of disdain and one of the most imperious of his imperial gestures he beckoned to me from the window of his First class carriage. On my approach he pointed at the window of his compartment and ordered that it be polished immediately,

whereupon I pulled open his carriage door and thrust a handful of oily flock into his precious and so artistically gloved hand and told him to carry on as I had no time for the job. He almost shrieked as he jumped in terror away from the fear of contamination by the filthy rag. If surrounded by all the plagues of Egypt his countenance could not have expressed more terror than it did. I quickly disappeared from the scene leaving the old prig to his own reflections and ruminations on the courteousness, efficiency and excellence of the Great Southern Railway Staff. The incident resulted in my transfer from the Passenger to the Goods department where I was much more at home, but which for me on one occasion nearly meant the end.

I was now generally on night duty which I much preferred and which, incidentally, meant extra pay, I think about two and a half that of the day wage. Part of my duty was to extinguish the Signal lamps each morning some of which would be about half a mile out the line and away from the terminus or station buildings proper. On one such occasion on a very beautiful morning I had descended a signal ladder when suddenly I was caught between an incoming passenger train and an out goods train. If I moved an inch either side I was in imminent danger of being hit by either, especially the goods train because it was not unusual to see strained hand-brakes stuck out from the various wagons.

To achieve better balance I went on one knee. Oh! what an ordeal. The fact of the trains moving in opposite directions made it so nerve-wrecking that I do not believe it would be possible of endurance for any extended period of time. I wonder the Chinese, the English or the Russians have not long ago devised it as a form of torture. It would surely result in the cracking of any nerve in double quick time. In later years as I became, through experience, acquainted with the falsity, deceit, jealousy, treachery and deſilish

propensities of human nature. I often gravely doubted, that it could have been an attempt by my sinister superiors to get rid of an encumbrance, a danger to their gangster^{and cheap tricks}, because of my innocent independence and refusal to lick their shoes and because in my defence I reported the incident of the Frenchman and the missing £4,000 from the mails.

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General Traffic Manager Cullinan, one of Nature's gentlemen, stood by me firmly as a friend and at my request secured my transfer to Kingsbridge, Dublin. I am writing this in the hope that it may be of use to some unsuspecting youth, today or in the future, placed in a like position to mine then, and that he may learn the lesson in time to be more circumspect in his dealings with travelling dignitaries or prigs with white gloves and impressive exterior and royally-pointed beards, but especially in his dealings with corrupt officials and in the hope that he may realise that a guardian^{ANGEL} may often have his hands full and a very busy time indeed.

Transport to X P2.

The goods train was dispatched to meet the incoming passenger train and timed to a split second. This was not my experience before or after. Had not the country greenhorn kept a cool head, for him the end had come.

Such incidents sometimes happen by accident and sometimes by design but the fact remains that they did happen in the past and shall also happen in the future, and all this ruminating has brought another incident to my mind which in the hearts' belief of all decent-minded men and women was, is, and always will be regarded as a great national disaster and also a great national disgrace.' I refer here to the death of Michael Collins. Was it intention, well premediated and according to plan or just an accident of war? Was it conceived in jealousy by former comrades, or by former comrades who feared Collins knew too much for their own peace of mind? Or was it the act of the

English Secret Service in revenge for the shooting of General Wilson by the I.R.B. in London? I fear Mick was too trusting of friend and foe alike. I will leave it at that, but the time is ripe to have the truth revealed and his mysterious death thoroughly probed and investigated while some of those who surely must be aware of the facts are still alive. I swear there would be less Anti-Partition humbug and buncombe were he alive today. Such hypocrisy would neither be tolerated or necessary.

I have not mentioned before the fact that on the suggestion of Tom McDermott, an enthusiastic Gaelic Leaguer, the Kiltrustan Sinn Fein Club was named St. Enda's after Pearse's school. And bringing this fact to mind also brings another. I was in Dublin but a very short time - I think it was about the Christmas of 1918)when Sean Bolger ("Flash") took me to see St. Enda's School. The windows were all smashed and the place bore all the marks of English civilising procedure. The plaster casts and sculpture, the work of Pearse's own hands according to Bolger, were broken into fragments and scattered about. It was pathetic to look at. The same day "Flash" also took me to Sarah Curran's supposed last resting place at Rathfarnham in view of her father's house, once an elaborate and imposing building but now alas in ruins. Many slates gone from the roof; desolation and decay everywhere. Sarah's tombstone, a flag about 6' x 3', was being chipped away by visitors and souvenir hunters, while all the trees immediately around bore the initials of countless visitors. Bolger's and mine were added that day cut deeply like the rest into the bark.

A few more everlasting impressions are:- My first, the Dublin of 1918, bedecked with Union Jacks (the English Flag). Every big business house and every big hotel flaunted it. It was to me shocking to see O'Connell Street so gaily bedecked by the hated

emblem, and yet only two years had elapsed since the Easter Week holocaust. Again, I still can see with the mind's eye Father Michael O'Flanagan being chaired from platform to platform in O'Connell Street during the 1918 election; and my first sight of Michael Collins, on the same occasion, when he spoke from a platform near O'Connell Bridge, pointing towards the G.P.O. and tossing his long hair from his forehead. And referring to the Sinn Fein Flag he declared, "It flew there once, and by God it will fly there again". I see again (about the end of 1920) Jim Larkin leaving Dublin Castle, a tall, erect grey-haired noble-looking man. Whether he had called at will or under compulsion I do not know, but I knew under any conditions it was to beard the lion in his den.

What miracles these great men have wrought for Ireland. Think on it remembering at the same time that the mighty Spanish nation is powerless so far to eject the same mighty empire from three miles of Spanish territory at Gibraltar: The greatest nation on earth, Germany, forced to witness the division of its territory, the looting and insulting of its great people by the gangsters of four countries - England, France, U.S.A. and Russia, while Poland is being hugged to death by the Russian Bear. Could any of those peoples today achieve with mighty armaments proportionately what the almost unarmed youth of Ireland achieved over 30 years ago guided by the genius of men like Collins? Would they not sing Hosannas to the Highest in thanksgiving for such deliverance or achievement.

Landlordism.

How many of the youths of today have any idea of what our forbears suffered in the past in the struggle for survival. In an effort to explain even in a small way I will give here an old man's story to me.

He was a grand old man, a very noble character and at 80 years erect as a pikestaff. As a youth he, John O'Connor, went to the U.S.A. and after some years there, roaming from the waters of the Hudson to the prairies of the West, he paid a visit to his home at Carnaskea near Strokestown. The Mahon family of Strokestown Demense were the landlords of that district then. Years previously especially during the Famine years they oppressed their tenants so cruelly that one of the family, a Major Mahon, was shot dead about four miles from Strokestown on the Roscommon Road on his return in his 'coach and four' from Roscommon Town. Even his coat of mail availed him little protection. As a result two men named respectively Hasty and Cummins were hanged in Roscommon town. A third man named Gardiner escaped to the U.S.A. but returning after a lapse of 21 years sought out his comrades' graves and there knelt and prayed. He then paid a visit to Major Mahon's grave and spat on it.

The incident was reported to the English Authority of the day and again Gardiner was on his keeping, but again succeeded in reaching the U.S.A. in those days known as "The land of the Free". He never could dare again visit his native place and now his last resting place is beside the waters of the Rappahanock. Pardon the digression, but to return to my story, John returned home on a holiday and shortly learned the family farm rent was refused by the Mahon agent. He explained that the tenant having recently died he required the land for his own use from the widow whom he refused to recognise as a suitable tenant.

John then took the matter in hands and, on paying a visit to the Agent with a request that he accept the rent, was ordered to get out, that the final word was said. Whereupon John produced a gun and politely informed the Agent that unless he accepted the tendered rent he would put a hole in him that a horse could jump through.

The rent was accepted and the old woman was left at peace. These and similar incidents happened before C.S. Parnell got fixity of tenure for the oppressed and downtrodden tenantry of Ireland. Some Jurists of today maintain that over the past 30 years through native Government interference the Rights of Fixity of Tenure won by Parnell has been abrogated. The State has taken the place of the Landlord. I will not argue the point. I am not so wise as those lawyer guys but I am well aware that since the evacuation of the British from this part of Ireland there has been great and unwarranted interference with the peoples' rights as free citizens. Nevertheless, I hope it will not be necessary that, like John Connor, the Irish people will be forced to take the Law into their own hands or make holes in their legislators that horses might jump through.

Partition.

Oh, it's a glorious thing to show before mankind how every Race and every Creed can be by love combined, shall be combined, but not forget the founts from whence they rose as filled by many a rivulet, The Stately Shannon flows.

(Davis).

I have heard the opinion expressed by men who have risked their all for Ireland, and the same opinion is the conviction of many in every walk of life today. It is that no Government - after Collins' death - in the 26-Counties, so far, were or are serious about the abolition of partition, for the simple reason that should Basil Brooke and his followers take their seats in an all Ireland Parliament they, automatically, would hold the 'balance of power' and could remove at will the 26 County bosses of any party from their well-feathered nests. The Irish semi-Royal Family and its satellite politicians on each side of Leinster House could then wake up to their dismay to hear a united 32 Counties acclaim the ascendancy of a Basil Brooke, or even an Edward Carson with an Irish outlook and a sensible national programme.

that would stop the present rot and make it possible for the youth of Ireland to live in decency at home.

I personally believe, as many more do, that the Powers-that-be - has been or will be - would much rather argue Partition than abolish it. As proof, take the instance of the King and the Simpson episode, and the horrible national humiliation brought about at the behest of England by our 26-County Government by so obligingly mixing up in the loves and scandals of British Royalty or foreigners' family affairs.

Even the excuse of making "a damn good bargain" was not put forward, as on an earlier occasion when again our backboneless statesmen let our people down, on Partition in 1925.

There was another instance, even more recently, a golden opportunity that a Wolfe Tone, an Emmet, an O'Neill or an O'Donnell or a Collins would have welcomed as a heaven-sent gift. I refer to our refusal to enter the breach made in the Defence of Stormount by the gallant German Air Force when it paid a complimentary visit to Belfast during World War II.

Alas, we seemingly lacked the guts and vision of 1922, when the Republic for the 32-Counties lay just across the road. If we only "scrapped the Treaty" and shot the signatories ~~and other~~ ~~others~~.

Since that day of national funk many are of opinion that our army and auxiliary units might profitably be sent on a world tour armed with only peashooters to demonstrate in no uncertain manner our very peaceable and non-militant disposition and nature, the harbinger of "Peace at any Price" to men.. of good or evil will.

The youths of over thirty years ago, later the pawns and playthings of opportunists and politicians and who from 1916 to 1921 spread Myxamatosis to the "English Pest" in Ireland, have received scant recognition for work well done, from the "Irish Pest" who replaced the English. Many of those men have neither requested or sought recognition. They asked for nothing and received something similar. Their comrades, whom the Gods smiled on or favoured, are in the great majority comparable only with Charles J. Kickham's "Patrick Sheehan".

A quotation from Michael Doheny of '48 fame is not out of place here, and aptly applicable to all our men, especially the forgotten ones.

"T'was hoped from thee the world around,
 T'was hoped from thee by all
 That with one gallant sunward bound
 Thou would'st burst long ages thrawl
 The moment came alas and those who
 all for thee
 Were cursed and branded as thy foes
 Achusla gal machree.
 I have run the outlaw's brief career and borne
 His load of ill,
 The troubled rest the ceaseless fear
 With fixed sustaining will.
 And should his last dark chance befall
 E'en that will welcome be.
 In death I'll love you most of all
 Achusla gal machree".

Comrades think on it. If only today some Irish leader, let him be a Dev. or a Costello, could get the evacuation of the English troops from the Six Counties by merely the act of signing a "scrap of paper" in Downing Street with Churchill and Co., how gladly he would avail himself of it. Yet those who achieved exactly the same and more for Twenty-six Counties have been contemptuously referred to by some "sea-green incorruptibles", as traitors, "God Bless the Mark".

Again, to quote Thomas Francis Meagher - "I am not one of those tame puritanfs who say the freedom of this nation is not worth the shedding of one drop of blood." Would to God we could capture every barracks in the 6-Counties today and purchase with our blood the complete national independence of Ireland. Even though that pathway

be lined with gibbets and hedged with bayonets, it leads to deliverance. Even Churchill respects the men who dare tread it.

A freeman never doffed his hat to a tyrant. There are examples in plenty. History teems with them - William Tell, The Maid of Orleans and our own MacSwiney and Kevin Barry with countless unrecorded comrades.

Education.

While we witness our countryside being depopulated, let us for a moment examine the educational aspects. In our primary schools both teachers and pupils are continuously at sea with so many and so varied subjects - more perhaps than the mind of any child is capable of mastering in one language - must be taught and taught in a dual language.

All must admit that a nation without a language is but half a nation, but at the same time we are afraid to admit that the English language, though but a conglomeration of all languages having its roots in various languages, is spoken over a greater part of the earth's surface. And the English people's aspirations are universal as well as national. They have not achieved the status acquired by cramming facts down their children's necks in a dual language, with one of which they were quite unfamiliar. And they are not today, as we are here, prepared to stuff in this manner the Arithmetic, Geography and Catechism down the necks of poor children in the primary schools, being possessed of the certain knowledge that these poor victims leave the Primary schools, as here, with a perfect aversion to the extra language that was the source of their mental torture and their muddled and dwarfed childhood. At 14 they leave school, unfit for aught unless to become the "hewers of wood and drawers of water," masters of neither Art or Languages. To my mind the proper method of developing the minds of the young so as to fit them for the highest usefulness in after

years is to avoid a process of education which is a perversion from first to last. The child, when put to school instead of being led along the path marked out for him by nature to walk in in his pursuit of knowledge, is set to work in a manner the most remotely removed from the natural order. The learner at the outset should be taught to observe thoroughly and accurately. Instead the teacher imparts instructions parrot-like, while the child can see no natural relation between the knowledge imparted and what it is supposed to represent. Thus his mind becomes dwarfed by improper methods and his body injured by unnecessary confinement. He may at best emerge an educated dolt or, perhaps through natural brilliance of intellect, he may break away from the fetters forged around him and begin to think for himself and so at last begin to learn. Realising the fact that the majority of children do not enjoy school life because learning's made hard work for them, when it ought to be made play and if instruction could be imparted to them through methods which would be to them play, a great step forward would be achieved. Letters of languages could be taught, conversations in different languages carried on, forms of animal life classified, the surface of the earth made clear, history told as a story, and a number of truths instilled without ever forcing a child under seven years of age to touch a book, or read a lesson.

Instead of being taught how to study and think to the best advantage, how to investigate for himself, how to originate ideas and to become mentally independent, the student is continually discouraged, by methods employed by his instructors, from any attempt at originality or independence of thought and thus becomes a dogmatic mental dwarf.

The methods followed in our secondary schools fill young boys and girls with facts and pack their heads with the ideas of men who lived 2,000 years ago, and then graduate them and send them out to the world, destitute of even one ounce of practical knowledge and without

the ability to use the facts which they have gained. No amount of theoretical knowledge can avail when its owner is not able to put it to practical advantage.

A score of so-called learned imposters are of less practical value to the world than one practical man whose fund of information is almost naught. The times call for practical men and as "the child is father to the man" our system of education should be along practical lines. What good in Hell is a knowledge of Shakespeare, Milton's Paradise Lost or Regained (his Beatrice saved or damned) or the Trojan War (result of Helen's prostitution) The Lady of the Lake or The Lady of Shallot, to a child on leaving school. A knowledge of shallot onions and how to cultivate them should and would be more beneficial in a practical world.

Again your secondary pupil, apart from the above nonsense, is being compelled to memorise and recite parrot-like St. John's Gospel. What's the Big Idea?

I imagine the Bible, Old and New Testaments, is or should be the exclusive preserve of theologians or those whose business it is to teach and preach the Gospel as a profession of means of livelihood. Human life is not long enough, even if the capacity of the brain were sufficient, which it is not, to master all that is known in the various subjects of study. The best any individual can do is to become thoroughly conversant with one or two Arts or Sciences. And being aware of this fact why are our children of today compelled to learn Mathematics in English and Irish? (unless to qualify for a Government appointment.) Was this so when Ireland was acclaimed an "Island of Saints and Scholars". If it is to be English it should be English. If Irish it should be Irish. With knowledge imparted in both languages simultaneously, especially in our Primary schools, the child becomes muddled and he leaves school scarcely able to

discern between a square and a circle.

The flaunting of the Irish Flag suits our various sets of politicians and opportunists as a vote-catching business or in any other to hoodwink the common people into the belief that they really care for the prosperity of the Irish Nation. Do they really care once their own prosperity is assured?

It would be interesting to learn of what practical use to him is President O'Kelly's knowledge of the Irish Language. At how many of his Receptions is it spoken, and how many foreign Diplomats address him in the Irish tongue or understand him if he attempts to carry on a conversation through its medium? Or again, is it the daily spoken language of the household at the Viceregal Lodge? I wonder how *MUCH* *IT IS* generally used in the family circles of our Government and bosses over the past thirty years.

I assure the Powers-that-be, that their narrow-minded dual educational system has so tortured the young minds and handicapped their future and has so crazed their teachers, that the Native Language is regarded as one of the greatest stumbling blocks on the hard road of life. The youth realise this and are learning more and more to decry, if not actually despise, their statesmen and their language. Therefore it is time that the responsible people wake up before more harm is done and try and evolve some system other than the present of imparting the Native Tongue as a spoken language. It is long enough hanging suspended by a hair like the Sword of Democles over the children's heads at school.

For goodness sake make a genuine effort to save the Language. It is long enough degraded as the "expense for Government patronage and jobs". Thus shall be proved your regard for true Irish nationhood.

I fear I am but one of the many voices crying in the wilderness and am not so vain as to hope to have my opinions regarded by the Luminosities of Government or the pompous know-alls known as Educationalists. Many of whom, I suspect, to quote Charles S. Parnell, have the vanity of the Peacock and about as much brains.

Remember Russia's great Czar never stood secure o'er Poland's shattered frame until he trampled from her heart the tongue that gave her name.

Burning of Strokestown Courthouse.

Tom Flanagan of Cloonfree I.R.A. Company, one of those who helped to carry the victims of the Courthouse episode from Hunt's of Bunnamucka to the Hospital attached to the Strokestown Workhouse, a distance of over a mile whence they had blindly made their way before collapsing - and one of those who did guard duty day and night for over a period of 15 weeks while the patients were at the hospital, has a story to tell of a man named Trotter whom he, Flanagan, and Tom McCoy, Company Captain, met by accident in Strokestown and from whom they succeeded in purchasing a revolver for £3.10s. for which they paid for out of Company funds. Shortly after Trotter contacted them again and returned the £3. 10s. and asked for their good offices should he ever fall into the hands of the Shinnners. He said he and his best pal came over for a good time and a real holiday and were instructed that they had only to shout loud enough and ^{THE} Shinnners would run away. "But Paddy" he concluded, "the bloomers told us all lies. The Shinnners did not run away and my best pal is dead, shot in Cork, poor -".

Seán Connolly.

Sean Connolly's death in Leitrim steeled the hearts of many of his Roscommon pals, North and South Brigades, and so it was that very soon Madden and his men had ample revenge at Scaramogue. I well remember the bitter sorrow of those who knew him best especially in the Ballyroddy, Ballinameen, Killina and Halstreet and Kilmore districts. They only prayed and hoped to be avenged. And seemingly my personal disposition was not so sweet at the moment either as the following attempt at expression of my feelings in rhyme at the moment goes to show. I have just got it amongst some old papers and if I remember aright the lines were written in John Loughnan's of Ashfort. Such as they are, here they are:-

"The news has come from Leitrim Sean Connolly is slain.
 He fighting fell for Ireland; he has not died in vain.
 And when I received the doleful news I swore what e'er betide,
 I'd meet the foe and have revenge or die as he had died.
 When I met you first in Dublin, Sean, war-stained from Ballinalee,
 How my pulses went athrobbing, when you spoke of Ireland Free",
 And proud was I in later days to call you friend of mine,
 But prouder far to see the foe for mercy to you whine,
 And I had hoped by your brave side to strike each caitiff down,
 And route the craven hirelings of false ~~England's~~ perjured Crown.

But now alas it may not be, you are sleeping with the Brave,
 A hireling's bullet laid you low by Shannon's rushing wave.
 But I am left and vengeance too is left for me to seek,
 And it I'll have or by thy side a cold cold corpse will sleep.
 And now farewell the Foe's without,
 My watchword Ballinalee,
 The spot that gave your Spirit birth
 Immortal Ballinalee."

In conclusion I reiterate the ideas and opinions I have expressed
 in the foregoing pages are entirely my own so that if any^{one}/be hurt they
 know where the blame lies, and I further solemnly declare that there is
 not now nor has there been any animosity in my heart towards any pre- or
 post ^{TRUCE} enemy, apart from or excepting the individual members of the British
 Forces who were guilty of murder and rapine. Even to this day and hour
 I would show no mercy to one of those. I would have an eye for an eye
 and regard my mission as holy.

I also knew that no man or power under Heaven and no argument however eloquent could or can ever convince me other than that Mick Collins and Arthur Griffith in signing the Treaty of '21 did aught else than wrest from British tyrant the kernel of freedom and the only flaming brand left from the embers of the fire of the smouldering De-Jure Irish Republic, surrendered and abandoned long before they ever crossed the Irish Sea as Plenipotentiaries to negotiate with the crafty enemy.

Again, I am convinced that jealousy of those men's great genius, jealousy and, might I add hatred of long standing by some members of the Irish Cabinet brought about the disaster of the Civil War which, in turn, was responsible for the surrender by the politicians of the Six Counties in 1925. By Collins' death and the general homicide of the Civil War we lost the respect and sympathy of the world, and deservedly so, and we earned the contempt of Orangeman and Britisher alike.

With all due respect to De Valera, he will always remind me of the story of the good cow that overflowed the pail of milk and then kicked it over.

For the 'Trucer' who fought on either sides during the Civil War I have no respect, and never had. But speaking for the Roscommon I.R.A. in each camp, I am proud to say they were not vindictive towards each other and to my knowledge they played a straight soldier's game.

I am also proud to say that not one man from Roscommon pre or post Truce died with his hands up. They stooped to nothing mean as I have heard and read occurred elsewhere - and would to my own knowledge have happened in Claremorris in Mayo had it not been for the intervention of Luke Duffv, Frank Simons and I, led by Pat Madden. Suffice it to say that the Torture Room established by Kerry men to extract information from prisoners was very quickly dismantled and the bluff called.

To the youth of today I say. Do not be easily led away
by fire-eating revolutionaries who would fain send you into danger
while they, themselves, keep at a safe and respectable distance.

God save Ireland!

(Signed)

Patrick Mullooly

(Patrick Mullooly)

Date:

2. 2. 55

Witness

Matthew Barry Comd't.

(Matthew Barry) Comd't.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21

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