

W.S. 1,283
ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21
BURO STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21
No. W.S. 1,283

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BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS.

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 1,283

Witness

Patrick Ormand,
24 Parnell St.,
Dungarvan,
Co. Waterford.

Identity.

Member of Irish Volunteers,
Dungarvan, 1913 - ;

O/C. Republican Police West Waterford
Brigade.

Subject.

National activities,
Dungarvan, Co. Waterford, 1913-1923.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil

File No. ...S. 2592.....

Form B.S.M. 2

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STATEMENT BY PATRICK ORMONDE,
24 Parnell Street, Dungarvan, Co. Waterford.

I was born in the year 1897, about one and a half miles from the town of Dungarvan, Co. Waterford. My parents, who were native speakers of Irish, were small farmers. From an early age, I too was a fluent Irish speaker, as I am to this day.

I joined the National Volunteers on their formation in Dungarvan in the year 1913. At the time, I was serving my apprenticeship to the drapery trade in the town. I remember Eoin MacNeill and The O'Rahilly addressing a meeting in the town hall, Dungarvan, at which they asked the men present to join the Volunteer movement. Following this meeting, about five hundred men in the Dungarvan district enrolled as Volunteers.

We drilled in Dan Fraher's field, known as the "Gaelic Fields", a short distance from the town. Our drill instructors were men who had served in the British army. We carried wooden guns when drilling and on parades.

When the split in the Volunteers came in 1915, I, together with about eight or ten others, left the National Volunteers and formed a small Irish Volunteer unit. Pax Whelan of Dungarvan was regarded as the leader of this unit. Amongst others whose names I can remember were George Lennon, Dungarvan, afterwards O/C of the West Waterford Active Service Unit, Jimmy Fraher, Peter Cullinane, Thomas Parsons, Michael Morrissey

(afterwards T.D. for Co. Waterford), Patrick Croke, Pakeen Whelan, Joseph Vyse and Phil O'Donnell, all of Dungarvan.

In the year before the Rising of 1916, our small unit met for occasional drills and talks, but, so far as I am aware, we had no guns at all. There may have been a .22 rifle or a shotgun or two in the party, but I, certainly, had no gun. The Company, if such it could be called because of the few members in it, was of no value as a fighting force when the Rising of Easter 1916 did break out. I doubt if we had any contact at all with Dublin at the time. Pax Whelan, our leader, may have been in touch with the Volunteer Executive in Dublin, but I don't think he was, because the first news of the Insurrection in Dublin which reached me came from an assistant in Kiely's drapery shop, where I worked, who had heard of the fighting in Dublin.

No action was taken by our Volunteer unit during Easter Week, 1916. The only item of note which I can remember was the arrest of two Dungarvan men, Dan Fraher and Phil Walsh. These men were attending a G.A.A. Congress in Dublin which took place on Easter Sunday of that year, and, on their arrival in Waterford city by train from Dublin after the Rising, they were arrested by police and subsequently interned in Frongoch, Wales.

The Irish Volunteers were reorganised in this district in January, 1917. There were about a dozen of us in the Dungarvan Company - known as A., 1st Battalion, West Waterford Brigade - for a start, our O/C being Pax Whelan.

So far as I can recollect, we had very little arms at that time. There was, I remember, a .22 rifle with which we practised occasionally, and possibly Pax or George Lennon, the Vice O/C, had a revolver or two. There may, also, have been a couple of shotguns in the Company.

We drilled in a field outside the town of Dungarvan and received lectures on field manoeuvres and signalling. I was, subsequently, in charge of signalling, together with P.C. O'Mahoney of Kerry, who was a postal official in Dungarvan at that time.

During the year 1917, the strength of our Company increased to about twenty men.

Early in the year 1918, a Sinn Féin Cumann was started in Dungarvan which I joined, as did many others of the Volunteers.

A great stimulus was given to the Republican movement in this area in the month of May, 1918. During that month, Pax Whelan and J.J. Madden were arrested and charged in the local court with the offence of wearing a Volunteer uniform on a public parade.

The courthouse was crowded on the day of the trial. I was present on the occasion.

When the accused men were being arraigned,

the Court rang with cries of, "Up the Republic! Up the Rebels!". The magistrate hearing the case ordered the R.I.C. to clear the court whereupon pandemonium broke loose. Free-fights took place inside the building, and these were renewed outside on the street while the case was being tried. Stones were hurled through the courthouse buildings, until the magistrate was forced to leave the bench.

As the prisoners were being taken away in custody later in the evening, fighting between the police and civilians again broke out in the town.

The incidents I have mentioned, though in themselves insignificant enough, were sufficient to arouse the national fervour of the people to a high pitch, with the result that we had an increase, both in Volunteer enrolments and in the active membership of the Sinn Féin Cumann.

Prior to the affair in the courthouse, to which I have referred, a party of about twenty Volunteers from West Waterford went into Waterford City to help in election duty on behalf of Doctor Vincent White, the Sinn Fein candidate who was contesting a parliamentary

election against Captain William Redmond, representing the Irish Party, of which his brother, John Redmond, was the leader. The time was in late February and early March, 1918.

Pax Whelan and George Lennon were in charge of the party, of which I was one. These two men were, to the best of my recollection, armed with revolvers. The remainder of us carried hurleys.

The presence of Volunteers from outside Waterford city was necessary to combat the blackguardism carried on by supporters of Redmond. The latter consisted mainly of the ex British soldier element and the Ballybricken pig buyers who had a long tradition of loyalty to Redmond in Waterford.

While in Waterford city, I was on duty at the polling both situated on Yellow Road, in company with

others of the Dungarvan unit. The object was to prevent intimidation of supporters of the Sinn Féin candidate, Doctor White, who were being assaulted by the mobs demonstrating in favour of Captain William Redmond.

Our headquarters for the occasion were in what was then known as the Volunteer Hall, Thomas Street, Waterford, and was located in a district notoriously hostile to Sinn Féin. This hall was subjected to constant attacks by stones from the Redmondite supporters and a few of our lads were seriously injured as a result. These attacks were so menacing that I remember George Lennon from Dungarvan firing his revolver over the heads of the mob to frighten them off. This, I remember, had the desired effect, at least for the time being, anyway.

Our food during the couple of days we were in Waterford consisted almost entirely of black tea and dry bread. It should be stated, however, that there were upwards of four hundred other Volunteers from outside counties in Waterford city for that election and, consequently, catering for all of them was a big problem.

On the morning after the voting had taken place, Eamonn de Valera, who was present with Arthur Griffith and other Sinn Féin leaders, gave orders that all Volunteers from outside areas should leave the city as soon as possible. Reports had been received that strong British military forces had entrained en route to Waterford from military centres all over the country, and the immediate evacuation of the Volunteer units was apparently decided on, to avoid bloodshed. The

evacuation was carried out as instructed by de Valera.

I might add that the result of the election in question was a win for the Redmondite candidate which was not altogether unexpected, having regard to the violent intimidation indulged in by his supporters in the city.

During the year 1918, when the threat of conscription was made by the British Government, there was a big influx of recruits to the Volunteers in Dungarvan and we had upwards of a hundred men in our Company - A. Company, 1st Battalion - at one period. When the threat passed off, a great number of these recruits left the Volunteers and, at the end of the year, our strength was about forty men under the command of Lar Condon of Dungarvan, the Company Captain.

We had very few weapons at this time. So far as I can recollect, we had no more than two or three revolvers, a couple of shotguns and a .22 rifle.

Drilling and general training were carried on in a field adjacent to Dungarvan, and practices in the use of the .22 rifle were held. On all such occasions, scouts were posted to warn us of the approach of the local R.I.C.

During the General Election of December, 1918, I remember acting as Sinn Fein personation agent for the late Cathal Brugha who was a candidate for the County of Waterford. It was also on this occasion that four or five of the local Volunteers, of whom I was one, mounted guard all night over the ballot boxes in the local courthouse notwithstanding objections by the

District Inspector of R.I.C.

During the year, 1919, the activity of our Company was stepped up a good deal, more particularly in regard to the question of acquiring guns.

As I have already stated, this question was one which caused the most concern, and something had to be done about it if our unit was to play its part in the struggle which was now imminent. It was, therefore, decided to institute raids for arms on the houses of loyalists in the neighbourhood, most of whom had been members of the British army at some time or another. This decision had the approval of our Brigade O/C, Pax Whelan, of Dungarvan.

The raids were undertaken at night time by small parties of men - about four or five in number. In most cases, it was necessary to go disguised, with a handkerchief over our faces, to avoid recognition. One of the party carried a revolver.

These raids could be classed, on the whole, as fairly successful. We got quite a number of sporting guns and a revolver or two, but, as a rule, the guns captured were obsolete and not of much use to us afterwards. On no occasion was opposition offered. As an example of this type of activity, I will refer to one such raid in which I took part.

We received information from a servant in the house of the local sheriff - a man named Hudson - that there were guns in the house. Late one night, with four other Volunteers, all disguised as previously

described, we called to the sheriff's house in the town of Dungarvan and were admitted by the man himself. We told him the purpose of our visit, and he invited us to search the house. We did so, and found a couple of guns which could only be described as obsolete. However, we took them away after a verbal protest by the sheriff. The weapons were sporting rifles, and I believe they were subsequently in action notwithstanding the fact that they were out-of-date. It was a case at that time of every little being helpful, so poor was our supply of arms.

In addition to raiding the houses of loyalists, the houses of local farmers, known to have shotguns, were visited by us and the guns taken away. This was done to anticipate any move by the British authorities to collect these guns, and, as a result, we acquired about a dozen or so much-needed additions to our small stock of arms.

During the latter part of the year 1919 and early in 1920, raids on the postal mails were of frequent occurrence. These raids were carried out on the instructions of Pax Whelan, the idea being to obtain information from letters going to, or coming from the local R.I.C. or British military personnel in the Dungarvan area. Letters addressed to known sympathisers with the British were also examined.

The methods used were to hold up local postmen, take what letters he carried and pass whatever seemed necessary on to Brigade Headquarters for examination. The remainder of the correspondence would be re-posted by us.

I cannot say whether anything useful, by way of information, was obtained as a result of these raids, but they did compel the authorities to provide a police armed guard for mails being despatched by rail from Dungarvan. This guard was, in August, 1920, attacked and disarmed by a party of our men at Dungarvan railway station. The details of this action were, so far as I can now recollect, as follows:-

About eight of our lads under the command of Pat Keating, Commandant of the Kilrossanty Battalion, lay in wait one morning at the railway station, about a quarter of a mile from the town of Dungarvan. An escort of five R.I.C. men, armed with carbines, accompanied the mails to the station. When the police party arrived on to the platform, they were held up by our lads (who were armed with revolvers and shotguns) and disarmed. The captured guns were quickly taken to the Gaelic field nearby where they were taken over by two other Dungarvan Volunteers, viz., Phil O'Donnell and Nipper McCarthy, who removed them to a place of safety out in the country.

During the early months of 1920, our activities increased as did those of the British. For our part, attacks on R.I.C. barracks were begun in the Brigade area, raids for arms and mails intensified, while the enemy became more active in seeking out known Volunteers, some of whom were arrested and imprisoned.

One of these barrack attacks was planned to take place at Stradbally, a village on the coast, about ten miles east of Dungarvan, in February of 1920. About fifteen of us from the Dungarvan Company were mobilised to help in the attack to be carried out about nine o'clock

at night, and we had reached a place called Ballyvoile, on the coast road, midway between Dungarvan and Stradbally, when a messenger - Nipper McCarthy - arrived to tell us that the British military had surrounded Stradbally in force. In the circumstances, we had no option but to return to Dungarvan as we were so much inferior in numbers and equipment to the enemy force.

We travelled by bicycle that night, and our party was armed mostly with shotguns. I carried a revolver on the occasion. When we came near Dungarvan, we crossed the causeway bridge in one's and two's, some crossing the river by boat, to escape detection by British patrols who were out that night.

I would like to refer back to September, 1919, when the successful attack on British forces in Fermoy took place. On that occasion, the late Liam Lynch, in charge of the operation, was wounded in action and was removed by car to West Waterford. On the night of the attack, I was stationed at Ballineety Bridge, about two miles east of Dungarvan, with instructions to watch out for a car containing arms, to come from the direction of Fermoy. I was armed with a revolver. Other men from the local Volunteer Companies were out the same night on similar duty. I waited during the night, but no car with arms passed my position. Liam Lynch did arrive a day or so later into our area, and was taken to the house of people by the name of Cooney at Ballyduff, three miles west of Dungarvan, where he received medical treatment. While he was there, I acted as one of an armed guard for several days and nights until he was

removed elsewhere for attention.

A minor incident occurred in mid 1920 which might be worth relating as illustrating the harassing tactics employed by us at the time. About a mile and a half north-east of Dungarvan was the estate of Sir Nugent Humble, the owner of which was in residence all during the period of the struggle for independence. This man was, as can well be imagined, a strong supporter of British rule. His house and grounds were always at the disposal of the forces of the Crown; as a matter of fact, a military garrison operated from his place from mid 1920 to July, 1921. A cattle drive, in which I took part, was organised. Upwards of a hundred men, drawn from the Dungarvan, Brickey, Colligan and Garranbane Companies, raided Nugent Humble's estate one night, and drove his cattle off into the Comeragh mountains and for miles over the countryside.

In the early months of the year, 1920, it was noticeable that police stations in isolated areas were being closed and the garrisons moved into the larger towns in the County. By reason of their location, the smaller police stations were more open to attack by our men, and indeed had been attacked in various places throughout the country; hence the move to the larger towns.

In accordance with instructions received from our Brigade O/C, Pax Whelan, I helped in the burning of two of these evacuated barracks, one at Colligan, situated about six miles north-east of Dungarvan, and another at Clashmore, sixteen miles west of Dungarvan. In the latter case, one of our lads got trapped in the

burning building and escaped only with great difficulty. He suffered severe burns but eventually recovered. The procedure in destroying the buildings was to place bundles of hay and straw inside, petrol or paraffin oil being then poured on and ignited.

It was early in the year 1920 when I accompanied about a dozen others from Dungarvan to Ardmore - eighteen miles to the west - for an attack on the R.I.C. station there. I remember being armed with a revolver. Our party travelled on bicycles. We cycled to a district called The Curragh, on the eastern outskirts of Ardmore, and went to the house of one of the local Volunteers named Hurtin. I remember remaining there until the early hours of the following morning. We were waiting, so far as I can recollect, for George Lennon, Vice O/C of the Brigade, to come with a motor, bringing rifles for the proposed barrack attack. At any rate, the car with Lennon didn't turn up, so we were ordered to return to Dungarvan. The attack was off.

Not very long afterwards - I think the time was mid January, 1920 - I was again mobilised, with about a dozen others from the Dungarvan Company, to proceed on bicycles to Ardmore for a night attack on the R.I.C. barracks there.

When we reached Ardmore, we entered the village under cover of darkness, and I was placed in a position in a house directly opposite the R.I.C. barrack. I was armed with a Lee Enfield rifle and had about twenty rounds of ammunition. To the best of my recollection, I think the idea was to explode a mine near the barrack building, blowing a breach in the wall. The barrack

would then be rushed when this breach was made. I was detailed for the assault party. I cannot remember what exactly did occur, as regards the exploding of the mine, but I do remember that no explosion took place. Instead, the R.I.C. opened up on us with rifles and grenades. They also fired up Verey lights continuously to summon assistance from the military in Youghal, only about four miles distant.

Meanwhile, a party of our men engaged British Marines who were in the Ardmore coastguard station, which was situated on a hill overlooking the village and only about three-quarters of a mile from the R.I.C. barracks. The idea was to prevent the Marines coming to the assistance of the R.I.C. The Marines replied with heavy rifle and machine gun fire. They too sent up Verey lights, but they were contained in the coastguard station by the fire of our men during the barrack attack.

When the R.I.C. became aware of something strange happening and commenced firing, I too opened up on the barrack windows, and general firing by all our lads in the vicinity took place. This went on for almost an hour, when it was obvious that the attack was not going to prove successful. For one thing, the barrack building had steel-shuttered windows, with loop-holes, and was not vulnerable to an attack by rifles, and secondly, our supply of ammunition would only allow of intermittent shooting and was quickly exhausted. In the circumstances, the order to retire was given, and we pulled out without suffering any casualties. I do not know whether we inflicted any loss on the R.I.C. I returned, after the action, by bicycle to Dungarvan in the early hours of the morning.

The attack on Ardmore barracks, to which I have referred, was in charge of George Lennon, Vice O/C of the West Waterford Brigade. Jim Mansfield, Commandant of the 3rd Battalion, in whose area Ardmore lay, was also there. At a rough estimate, I would say that there were upwards of fifty men of ours in Ardmore that night. Many others were on outpost duty, blocking roads and suchlike, but I cannot say what number.

It was about June or July, 1920, when I was appointed O/C, Republican Police, for the West Waterford Brigade. My job was to organise a Volunteer police force to take the place of the R.I.C. who dared not carry out their ordinary duties as they did formerly. Unfortunately, I never got down to the job properly. I did effect some arrests for larceny, but my time was mostly occupied with other Volunteer activities, and I acted only on cases reported to me.

In the month of August, 1920, an R.I.C. man, named Sergeant Morgan, was fatally wounded by one of our lads in Kilmacthomas, Co. Waterford. Following the shooting, it was anticipated that the Black and Tans would proceed to burn the town, by way of a reprisal. To meet this possible danger, about ten of us from the Dungarvan Company were taken to Kilmacthomas - fifteen miles to the east - by lorry the night after the shooting of Sergeant Morgan. Nipper McCarthy of Dungarvan drove the car. I was armed with a rifle on the occasion. A few more of our lads were similarly equipped. The majority had shotguns. I was placed in position on the railway bridge which overlooks the main road at the eastern end of the town and would cover any enemy approach from the east (Waterford) side. We waited all

night for the Tans to turn up, but they did not do so. Early in the morning, we returned again to Dungarvan. Kilmacthomas was not burned subsequently.

On the occasion of the successful Piltown ambush of November 1st, 1920, I was on duty during that night seeing that the men of the 1st Battalion were in position, covering the roads which lead from Dungarvan, Ring and Clashmore to Piltown. The roads were blocked by fallen trees. Telephone wires were cut with a view to hampering any relieving enemy forces who might approach the ambush position at Piltown, or go to the relief of the British garrison at Ardmore. The latter was the subject of a feint attack by our men earlier the same night, to draw the military out from Youghal.

Men of the Brickey, Ring, Old Parish and Dungarvan Companies, to the number of about eighty, (all members of the 1st Battalion) were detailed to do the work of obstruction. About a third of these were armed with shotguns, with orders to stop, at any cost, military moving out westwards from Dungarvan. It was considered that the strongest British force sent to relieve Ardmore would come from Dungarvan.

Piltown Cross, where the ambush took place, is about two miles north-west of Youghal and three miles west of Ardmore. It is sixteen miles west of Dungarvan, on the main Dungarvan-Youghal road.

So far as the operations, for which we were responsible, were concerned, everything went without a hitch. From the time the British relieving force from Youghal ran into the ambush at Piltown Cross, about

11 p.m., until the action finished, about midnight, no enemy troops approached the position held by the men on outpost duty, with whom I was. Our lads at Piltown captured the enemy, bag and baggage, and, when they had finished the job, word reached us to disperse, which we did, without encountering any opposition from the British.

About two weeks after the Piltown ambush, approximately twenty men (of whom I was one) lay in wait one night at Sinnott's Cross, about a mile and a half north-west of Dungarvan, in the hopes of ambushing a convoy of Tans, or the English regiment, known as The Buffs, which were in occupation of Dungarvan at that time. We were armed with rifles and shotguns. Although we waited for hours, the enemy did not put in an appearance and we dispersed before dawn.

It was early in the month of December, 1920, when I became ill with influenza and came home to Dungarvan. I was in bed very shortly after my arrival, when the house was surrounded by military who entered and came up to my bedroom. An officer, with drawn revolver, ordered me to get up and dress. I was taken prisoner to Dungarvan barracks where I was closely questioned about my connection with the I.R.A. by an officer, named Captain Thomas, of The Buffs regiment. (This same man was captured by our lads less than three months later, in the Burgery ambush of March, 1921.) Needless to say, I gave no information, so I was promptly thrown into a cell, with nothing on which I could lie. The walls were weeping water, which did not tend to improve my very low physical state at the time.

At this period in the fight, the British began taking out in lorries, with troops engaged in raids, I.R.A. men or known sympathisers of ours who were in custody. These hostages were carried to avert an ambush en route. Invariably, such hostages were threatened that they would be shot if, by any chance, the car in which they travelled was ambushed.

For the three weeks or so of my imprisonment in Dungarvan, I was repeatedly taken out with raiding troops as a hostage, both by day and by night. On each occasion, I was handcuffed and warned of the consequences, should the convoy in which I travelled be attacked. The British seemed to take a delight in parading me in this fashion on a Sunday morning in Dungarvan when people were out, going to Mass.

On one occasion, I was taken as hostage on a raid in the Old Parish district of Dungarvan. The house being raided was that of the Mansfield's at Crobally, Old Parish. The three Mansfield boys were prominent members of the I.R.A. Jim was Commandant of the 3rd Battalion, Mick was Vice O/C of the Active Service Unit, and the youngest brother, Charlie, was a member of the Old Parish Company. The lorry, in which I was, stopped near Mansfield's house, and all the military got out, with the exception of two Black and Tans who remained with me. One of these Tans was named Poots. About a month prior to my arrest, I and another Dungarvan I.R.A. man had held him (Poots) up one night when we got him alone in the town. We searched him for a gun, but he was unarmed, so we let him go.

The military advanced on the house in extended

formation and suddenly opened fire into the building. I saw three young fellows run out and try to escape. The military fired again, wounding one. The other two civilians were chased and caught. They turned out to be Charlie Mansfield, Tommy Mooney from Ardmore and a chap named Power, a clerical student home on leave, who was wounded in the leg. The three prisoners were put into the lorry with me and handcuffed. The car drove on further, for a mile or two, when young Power was released. The others were brought on to Ardmore with me, where we were left in the barracks while the military were raiding in the village. We were then brought back, still handcuffed, to Dungarvan barracks again.

About the end of December, 1920, the three of us - Mooney, Mansfield and myself - were again handcuffed and marched under heavy escort to Dungarvan railway station where we entrained for Fermoy barracks.

We were in Fermoy for a week or so when we were transferred to the British military camp at Kilworth, Co. Cork.

We were in Kilworth about a fortnight when, one night, about thirty of us prisoners were bundled into a lorry and taken under armed escort to Cork gaol. I remember seeing the city smouldering after being set on fire by the Tans as we passed through.

From Cork gaol about sixty prisoners, including myself, were brought to Cobh in lorries and then, by tender, out to a British destroyer called "Waterhen".

After fifteen hours at sea, during which some of us had to sleep on the gun deck, we were landed at

Belfast where we were "greeted" with showers of bolts, nuts and stones from the Orangemen working in the Belfast shipyards.

We were transferred by lorry to Belfast gaol, and the next day were handcuffed in pairs and sent by train, under armed escort, to Ballykinlar Camp, Co. Down, where I started a year's internment. The date was January 29th, 1921.

At Ballykinlar, we were housed in army huts. Twenty-five men occupied each hut. The camp was organised on a military basis. Leo Henderson of Dublin, a G.H.Q. staff officer, was Commandant of No. 2 Camp, where I was. A line of six huts constituted a Company. My Company was known as F. Company, with Louis McDermott of Dublin as Captain. We had a Company Adjutant and hut leaders, the latter being responsible to the Company Captain who looked after the discipline, food and recreation of the men in his Company.

In Ballykinlar Camp classes in Irish, engineering and mathematics were held. I attended an engineering class conducted by T.D. Sinnott of Wexford who had been a science teacher in a secondary school. He lectured us on explosives.

There was a special hut in the camp known as the "old men's hut" where elderly internees were housed. Amongst those in that hut, whose names I now remember, were Dan Fraher of Dungarvan, Co. Waterford, and Seán Milroy of Dublin.

Conditions in the camp were reasonably good. We were permitted to receive one parcel from home each week, and one letter.

On one occasion when a party of internees were leaving the camp on parole and were outside the encampment in a lorry, some of our men, remaining behind, approached the barbed wire surrounding the camp to wave goodbye. One of these men, named Tadhg Barry, from Cork, was some distance away from the barbed wire when, in the act of waving farewell, he was fired on by a British sentry from a pill-box nearby and shot dead. An inquiry was held by the military authorities into the tragic occurrence, but I cannot recollect the outcome.

Abortive attempts to escape were made on at least two occasions, to my knowledge. The escapees were captured before getting far away from the camp.

I was released in the general release of prisoners from Ballykinlar in December, 1921, and returned to my home in Dungarvan, Co. Waterford.

After some weeks at home, I reported to Brigade Headquarters, and, on the outbreak of the Civil War, I took the Republican side.

I acted as despatch rider in Co. Waterford and at Divisional Headquarters at Fermoy where the late Liam Lynch had his headquarters as Chief of Staff.

After the siege of Waterford, Free State troops, advancing westwards from that city, forced us to fall back on Dungarvan from which we retired under heavy pressure northwards to Coumarglin, at the foot of the Comeragh mountains. We remained there for some considerable time.

I was sent to Ballylemon, West Waterford, early in 1923 to arrange transport, the blocking of roads and

suchlike, in order to hamper the advance of the Free State troops. It was on February 3rd, 1923, when close to a road-block at Ballylemon, I was fired on from a lorry of Free State troops, accompanied by an armoured car. I tried to escape to the shelter of Ballylemon wood, but was badly wounded in the right leg and unable to move.

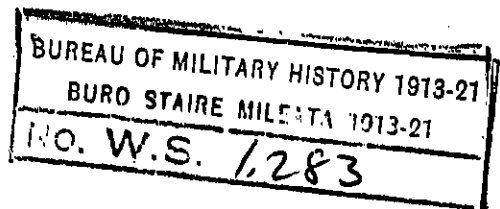
The Free State troops made an improvised stretcher from a barn door, placed me on it and brought me to Dungarvan hospital where I was a patient for ten months.

After leaving the hospital, I returned to my home in Dungarvan. Since then, my right leg has been three inches shorter than my left leg. I am permanently incapacitated and able to walk only with difficulty.

SIGNED: Patrick Ormond
(Patrick Ormond)

DATE: November 10th 1955.

November 10th, 1955.



WITNESS T. O'Gorman
(T. O'Gorman)