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ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21

BURO STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21

No. W.S. 1116

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BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS.

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 1.116.....

Witness

Richard Dalton,
34 O'Neill street,
Clonmel,
Co. Tipperary.

Identity.

Member of No. 2 Flying Column 3rd Tipperary
brigade;

Q.M. 5th Battalion do,

Subject.

Third Tipperary Brigade 1917-1921.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil

File No. S. 2425.....

Form B.S.M. 2

ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 143-25

BUREAU STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21

No. W.S. 1116

STATEMENT BY MR. RICHARD DALTON,

34, O'Neill St., Clonmel.

Quartermaster 5th Battalion, 3rd Tipperary Brigade,
Member of No. 2 Flying Column, 3rd Tipperary Brigade.

I was born in the month of April in the year of 1900 at 34, O'Neill St., Clonmel, where I now reside. My father, John Dalton, was a corn and timber merchant, employing as a rule about 15 or 17 men. My mother died when I was an infant aged 2 years and 11 months. Later my father remarried and I lived with him, my two brothers, my sister and my step-mother at 34, O'Neill St., Clonmel. My step-mother died in the year 1917.

I attended St. Mary's Christian Brothers School, Clonmel, for some years and then went to the High School, Clonmel, where I continued my education until I was about 17 years of age. After leaving school I assisted my father in the family business.

When the Rising took place at Easter 1916 I was a schoolboy of 16 years of age and, naturally, I did not understand its significance, but somehow or other my boyish sympathies were with the Irish Volunteers and the executed leaders, while those of my companions were mostly the other way. In or about that time or perhaps as late as the early part of 1917, I became interested in the Gaelic League and Irish language movement, and I attended Irish language classes which were held in St. Mary's Temperance Hall, Clonmel. Our teacher was a priest of the parish, Fr. James Walsh, C.C.

Sometime during the year of 1917 I was asked by the late Mr. James Kennedy; sub Postmaster Irishtown, Clonmel, who was then Quartermaster of the local Irish Volunteer company, to join the Volunteers. I was delighted to do so and so I became a member of the Clonmel Company, which was known as 'A' Company. Thomas Halpin was the Company O/C at the time I joined it, Denis Skehan was the Company 1st Lieutenant, and Jack Quirke was the 2nd Lieutenant. We had weekly parades in the Sinn Féin Hall in Abbey St., at which we practised foot drill and also received instruction in the care and handling of rifles, shotguns and small arms.

My first weapon in the Irish Volunteers was a .45 Colt revolver, which I received from James Kennedy, the Quartermaster, and for which I paid the sum of £4. This revolver remained in my possession until the Truce in 1921. It was part of my armament when I was with the Flying Column in 1921.

On the 1st January, 1918, Mr. Ben O'Hickey, now a well-known artist and who was then prominent in Sinn Féin circles, was arrested near Clonmel by R.I.C. and taken to the R.I.C. barracks in Market St., Clonmel. It just happened that some kind of a public meeting - a Sinn Féin meeting I expect - was being held in the town that night. I was standing on the outskirts of the crowd at this meeting when one of the speakers suggested that the assembly should march in a body to the R.I.C. barracks and demand the release of Mr. O'Hickey. Still keeping on the outskirts I followed the crowd to the barracks. After a short time, during which some members of the crowd indulged in cat-cries and booing of the police

interspersed with shouts of "release Ben O'Hickey", the R.I.C. men left the barracks and baton charged the crowd down Market St., Emmet St. and into Gladstone St. Several people were severely injured in this baton charge. A party of R.I.C. men armed with rifles; then cordoned off the end of Mitchel St. at its junction with Market St.

In Mitchel St. I met a Volunteer named Michael Burke who was then on the run. Burke told me that he had a revolver with him and that he was going to make an attempt to shoot one of the policemen who were holding the end of the street. I am not now sure of the name of the policeman that he mentioned, but it was either Sergeant Brett or Sergeant Kingston; both of these policemen were notoriously aggressive towards the Volunteers. I asked him what did he mean and he replied, a bit bitterly, I thought: "Dick, you are just like the rest of them here, afraid to do anything". This remark more or less confirmed suspicions of my own that all was not well between prominent Volunteers and the battalion officers, a position which developed during the next two years and to which I will refer again in this statement. I pointed out to Burke that I had no fears as regards myself, but that I considered the time and place was most inopportune to attempt to shoot the policeman, that one shot fired now would be just the excuse the police required to open fire on the unarmed crowd, and that it would just end up in a massacre. He listened to my reasoning and came away from Mitchel St. with me. This man (Michael Burke) was subsequently arrested. He was one of our most active Volunteers. In 1920 he survived one of the longest hunger-strikes in history. I believe he was on hunger-strike for something like ninety days in Cork Prison.

Poor fellow, he died a few years ago.

During March 1918 I went with an organised party of Volunteers from Clonmel to assist Dr. Vincent White, the Sinn Féin candidate, in his parliamentary election campaign in Waterford City. Things were pretty hot in Waterford at the time and we had some brisk skirmishes in the Ballybricken area with mobs comprised mainly of ex-British soldiers who were out-and-out supporters of Captain William Redmond, the Irish Parliamentary Party candidate.

Later on in 1918, during the conscription threat period, with some fellow Volunteer members I made a house to house canvass in part of Clonmel and surrounding district getting people to sign the anti-conscription pledge. I well remember the tact and patience used by my fellow Volunteers to persuade the reluctant ones to sign.

During the general election campaign in December 1918 the Volunteers in Clonmel, who, I may say, were also more or less the driving force behind Sinn Féin there, made house to house canvasses seeking votes for our candidate, the late Pierce McCann. My father, who was prominent in Sinn Féin circles, spoke at many meetings on behalf of Pierce McCann, who, I may add, won the seat for Sinn Féin by a good clear majority.

After the Soloheadbeg ambush in January 1919 the R.I.C. became more aggressive still, and night after night they raided the houses of those whom they suspected of being members of the Volunteers. Some arrests were made by them. This increased activity on the part of the R.I.C. had the effect of stimulating activity amongst the members

of the Volunteer company. The late Seán Cooney of Clonmel, who was an extensive merchant in the town and who was the confidant of, and the contact with, the Brigade O/C, Seamus Robinson, and the Brigade Vice O/C, Seán Treacy, and with G.H.Q. officers such as George Plunkett and Ernie O'Malley when they were in the area, was appointed as Battalion Engineer. A number of us, including Jack Sharkey, the late Mick Patterson, Paddy Ryan and myself, attached ourselves to Cooney, and under his direction we spent practically all our spare time making buckshot, filling shotgun cartridge cases with buckshot, repairing arms etc. During this period, too, I took part in some raids on the mails and raids on private houses for arms.

Again in 1919 there was work to be done in collecting subscriptions for the Dáil Éireann Loan which was launched in that year. In Clonmel my father was the principal organiser for the loan, and in this connection he formed what was known as a Commercial Committee with a view to interesting the business men of the town in subscribing to the loan. I gave him all the assistance I could in handling and accounting for the sums received.

Towards the end of 1919 or early 1920 a man who went by the name of Beston - Beston may have been his right name for all I know - came to Clonmel and resided for some time at the Central Hotel, which was then owned by a Miss Corbett who was a relative of my mother. From his appearance Beston appeared to be an American or a returned American. Nobody that we knew knew anything about him. He did not seem to have any occupation. It was noticed that he was keen to become associated with members of the Volunteers and, as we suspected his

bona fides, it was decided to raid his room in the hotel during his absence and to examine his luggage and papers. Six of us, including the late Tommy Smith, Mick Burke whom I have mentioned before, Seán Morrissey, now of Fethard, Tommy Barron and myself, were detailed to carry out the raid. My position was just inside the halldoor of the hotel, and my instructions were to let in anyone who came along but not to permit anyone to leave. Tommy Smith had a position further in in the hotel but on the ground floor, while the other four went upstairs to Beston's room to carry out the search. We were all armed with revolvers.

Everything went smoothly and after I had permitted about ten or twelve persons to enter I must have got a bit careless. A young man came in through the door and, before I realised it, he had caught both my wrists with his hands and forced my hands upwards. My revolver was in my right hand at the time. It was plain to me that he was trying to force me to drop the revolver from my hand. Strive as I might I could not break his hold on my wrists. Naturally I assumed that he was an R.I.C. man or a Black and Tan in plain clothes, and I tried to force my right hand down so as to cover some part of his body with the revolver and, if all went to all, to shoot him so as to break his grip on my wrists, but the last thing in the world I wanted to do was to fire a shot as there was a patrol of R.I.C. in the street outside. Tommy Smith from his position saw my predicament and came to my assistance. He recognised my assailant as a Volunteer named Willie Dunne from Tipperary Town. Dunne, of course, knew nothing about the raid. It was just mere chance that he was in Clonmel that night and came

into the hotel. Seeing me with a revolver in my hand he assumed that I was a policeman of some description and thought he would have a go to take it from me. Dunne and I were great friends afterwards.

To revert to Beston. The search revealed nothing so he was not interfered with further. He left Clonmel immediately after the raid on his room in the hotel.

During our spare time, particularly on Sundays and half holidays, a favourite pastime, if I may call it such, of Seán Cooney's, Jack Sharkey's and mine was to tap the telephone wires leading to the R.I.C. barracks and to listen on a field telephone to the conversations on the wires for an hour or two. While we often got an amount of amusement from listening to the private conversations of the policemen with perhaps their lady friends, we never managed to collect any useful information by this method.

In May of 1920 the Brigade Staff decided to attack Clerihan R.I.C. barracks. Feint attacks on Kilmanahan and Kilsheelan R.I.C. barracks were arranged for the same night. The task given to our company, i.e. 'A' Company, 5th Battalion, was to block the road from Clonmel to Clerihan at Ardgeeha with fallen trees and to mount guard on the road block. This we did but the actual attack on Clerihan barracks was for some reason or another called off at the last minute. One member of our party, the late Patrick Hickey, had his leg broken when hit by a falling tree. We took him to the County Hospital, Clonmel, where he remained until he was alright again. The fact that he was in the hospital for such a long period without the enemy becoming aware of it is a tribute to the loyalty

of the staff of the County Hospital at that time.

One afternoon late in July or early in August of 1920 the first Auxiliaries seen in Clonmel arrived in lorries and Crossley tenders. They were passing through on their way to Thurles. They stopped to have some repairs done at O'Gorman's garage, now King and Keating's garage, in Parnell St. Some of the Auxiliaries were intoxicated and were talkative. One of them in particular kept harping on the words "We are not a murder gang but we are the men who are going to get the real murder gang". Eventually he went so far as to say that they had the names and addresses of three members of a murder gang in Thurles whom they were going to get that night. He even went so far as to mention three names - Kennedy, Stapleton and, I think, the third name was O'Keeffe.

Now one of the employees in O'Gorman's garage who overheard all this was a member of 'A' Company. I chanced to meet him about 7 p.m. that night, when he related to me what had happened in the garage and what he had overheard. I asked him what he had done about it, and he replied: "Nothing, what could I do about it?". I upbraided him for delaying such vital information and then I went and consulted Seán Cooney and Paddy Ryan. We decided that our best move was to phone the information to a business house in Thurles with which Seán Cooney was acquainted and the proprietor of which Cooney knew to be associated with the movement. I regret I cannot now recall the proprietor's name - it may have been Stapleton. We got the phone message through alright from the premises of Mr. Matt Feehan (father of Lieut-Colonel Matthew Feehan, editor of the "Sunday Press"). A few days later Cooney, Ryan and myself read in the "Irish

Independent" a report of how armed men with blackened faces raided three houses in Thurles, but that the men they were seeking were not at home. We were glad to get the news that the wanted men were not at home, for we were certain that the three houses raided were those of the three men mentioned by the Auxiliary in O'Gorman's garage.

About the end of August 1920 we carried out a series of raids on the houses of farmers and others known to be in possession of shotguns. With three or four other Volunteers I raided three houses viz., McGrath's of Abbeyfarm and Bett's and Moore's in the Glenconnor district. At McGrath's we got two shotguns, and either one or two shotguns at Bett's and Moore's.

In or about this time, as a precautionary measure I went on the run to the extent of refraining from sleeping at home at night. I continued to attend to my business in the daytime but at night went to a friend's house and slept there.

During the late autumn and early winter months of 1920 the war against British forces became intensified in many parts of Ireland and in most parts of Co. Tipperary. In the Clonmel Battalion area, however, things remained at a standstill and there was very little activity of note. I have previously mentioned that the position between a number of active Volunteers in Clonmel and the Battalion and some of the Company Officers was, to my mind, unsatisfactory. A party of about 14 or 15 members of 'A' Company, including myself, often discussed the matter amongst ourselves and with Seán Cooney, the Battalion Engineer, in whom we had the utmost confidence. The blame for the inactivity we laid on the Battalion Officers, whom we felt

had not the initiative to carry out operations or else were not keen on having activity in the area. Seán Cooney agreed with us on this point, and from him we learned that the Brigade Staff were anything but satisfied with the work being done in the Clonmel, i.e., 5th Battalion area. We decided to act on our own and our next problem was to select a suitable operation with which to begin.

At this time the village of Lisronagh, which is about 4 miles from Clonmel, was for Volunteer purposes included with the Powerstown Company - the Volunteers in Lisronagh forming a section of the Powerstown Company. Someone, whom I cannot now recall, asked Tommy Barron and myself to visit Lisronagh with a view to organising the Volunteers there into a separate company. Tommy Barron was one of the group whom I have just referred to who were discontented over the lack of activity in the area.

On the 1st Sunday in December 1920 the two of us - Barron and myself - went to Lisronagh, driving out there in my father's pony and trap. On our way we met a small party of armed Black and Tans, about five in number, marching from Lisronagh to Rathronan to attend Service in the Protestant Church there. Barron remarked: "I wonder does this happen every Sunday". We made inquiries from some of the Volunteers in Lisronagh and learned that it was a regular church parade. On our way back Barron and I discussed the question of attacking and disarming this party of Black and Tans, and as a preliminary step we decided to call a meeting of the 14 or 15 members of 'A' Company whom we knew to be dissatisfied with the inactivity in the area. This meeting was held on the following Wednesday night in the Sinn Féin hall in Abbey St. Seán Cooney, the Battalion Engineer, was

present, and it was decided to go ahead with the job on the following Sunday. It was also decided that our aim would be to disarm the Black and Tans without bloodshed if possible. The necessity for the utmost secrecy was stressed, as we were particularly anxious that the Battalion Officers would not hear of our proposal. A further meeting was arranged for Saturday night at the same venue.

Bill Myles, the Battalion O/C, by some means or another must have heard of our intention, for during the week I received a message from him that the Black and Tans at Lisronagh were not to be attacked. I discussed this with Seán Cooney, who was of the opinion that despite the message from Myles we should go ahead with our plans. In fact, he was of the opinion that not only would the Brigade Officers approve our action, but that they were anxious that activity in our area should start as early as possible. We arranged that after the action but not before it, Cooney would visit the Brigade H.Q. and give a complete report on the matter.

On the Saturday evening Tommy Barron on his way to his tea called to my residence and asked me had I heard the rumour which had just come into town. The rumour, which I had already heard, was that there had been an ambush at Lisronagh that day. As we had no further information we parted, saying that there would probably be some definite news at the meeting that night. By meeting time we had the news that there had been no ambush but that a Black and Tan while on his way home from Clonmel in an intoxicated condition had accidentally shot himself in the leg.

On the following morning, Sunday, we again met in the Sinn Féin hall after Mass. The strength of our party was

was eleven and we were armed with revolvers. In ones and twos we moved off and went out the Fethard road to a point between Rathronan Protestant Church and Lisronagh. The last members of our party were just clear of the Sinn Féin hall when it was surrounded by a raiding party of British troops. We took up our positions at both sides of the road, secreting ourselves behind the walls from any passersby. Then began a long period of waiting. At last we heard the footsteps of the approaching party of Black and Tans. They were four in number, marching two in front and two behind. One of the two in front was a Sergeant named Cooper. They were armed with rifles and revolvers.

Immediately they came opposite to our position we jumped from behind the walls out on to the road and called on them to put their hands up. The two Black and Tans who were marching in the rear turned and started to run back in the direction they had come. While some of our party were struggling with and disarming Sergeant Cooper and his companion, three of us, Tommy Barron, John (nicknamed Buddy) Donoghue and myself, gave chase to the two Black and Tans who had run away. We fired some shots after them but I am not sure whether they returned our fire or not. One of these two Tans was an exceptionally good runner and he succeeded in getting clear away. The other was wounded in the foot by one of our shots and when we got up to him he was leaning against the wall and he remarked: "Don't shoot me, Buddy". For the moment we thought that he knew "Buddy" Donoghue, but later on we realised that "Buddy" was a term used by English soldiers and Black and Tans when addressing each other. We disarmed him and then returned to our companions, who had

already disarmed Sergeant Cooper and his companion.

With our captured booty, which consisted of 3 rifles, 3 revolvers and whatever ammunition the three Tans had, we proceeded towards Ardgeea to the house of Mr. Patrick Cleary, where we proposed to dump both the captured arms and our own revolvers in the haybarn until such time as we could remove them to a safer hiding place. As a matter of courtesy I decided to inform Mr. Cleary of our intention. He was not at home and Mrs. Cleary who was present, pleaded very strongly with us not to leave them there. We then went to Haywood Lodge, a cottage occupied by a poor man named McNamara, who agreed to keep the arms for us until we could collect them next night. Taking different directions we all succeeded in reaching our homes without further incident.

About 7.30 p.m. that night I went for a walk out the Coleville road with the lady who is now my wife. All was quiet in Clonmel when we were leaving. Returning about 9.30 p.m. we met Buddy Donoghue and a companion, who advised us not to go by any of the main streets as the British forces had run amok and were beating up men, women and children all over the town. From the Gas Works Bridge I actually saw an unarmed civilian being beaten up by Black and Tans.

Next day British forces raided either the homes or the places of employment of nine of the eleven men who took part in the attack. The two exceptions were Jack Sharkey's and mine. They were accompanied by Sergeant Cooper, who, however, failed to identify any of the wanted men.

Seán Cooney, accompanied by Jack Sharkey, went immediately afterwards to Brigade Headquarters and gave a complete account of the incident to Seamus Robinson, Con Moloney and some of the other Brigade Officers. Within a week or so of his return he told me that Dan Breen was forming a No. 2 Brigade Flying Column. (No. 1 Column had already been formed and was under the command of Denis Lacey, the Brigade Vice O/C). He also told me that a number of men from the 6th Battalion had already been recruited for the No. 2 Column, and that the Brigade H.Q. required for this column a further twelve men whom it was proposed to pick and equip from the 5th Battalion. He asked me to prepare a list of 12 names for submission to Brigade H.Q. I approached the following eleven men, all of whom were agreeable to go on full time service and who, with myself, made up the twelve men from the 5th Battalion who joined No. 2 Column at the time of its formation:

Edward (Bubbles) Dalton, Clonmel.

John (Buddy) Donoghue, Clonmel.

Tom Kirwan, Clonmel.

Ned Dwyer, Clonmel.

Tom Daly, Clonmel.

Matt. McKenna, Clonmel.

Seán Morrissey, Clonmel, now of Fethard.

Michael Patterson, Clonmel.

Patrick Hackett, Newcastle.

John Hayes, Clonmel.

Bill Moloughney, Clonmel.

Just about this time I was given a dispatch by James Kennedy, the Battalion Q/M, to bring to Dan Breen at David Hackett's house at Newcastle. At Hackett's I met Billie

Myles, the Battalion O/C, and Denis Skehan, the Battalion Vice O/C, both of whom were then on the run. Dan Breen was not at Hackett's but David Hackett walked with the three of us, Myles, Skehan and myself, as far as the river Suir, from where Hackett continued on with the dispatch to Hickey's of Rathokelly where Dan Breen and Seán Hogan were with those members of the column who had already reported for duty. On the way David Hackett spoke in rather derogatory terms about the new column, but knowing the ways of countrymen I did not take him seriously. After a while Myles asked me what I thought about them (meaning the column, of course), and I replied that I had nothing to say as I was coming out to join the column myself within the next week. I immediately got the impression that this was the first intimation he had that any men from his battalion were joining the column.

Shortly afterwards both Myles and Skehan were relieved of their commands and were replaced by the late Denis Sadlier and Seán Morrissey as Battalion O/C and Battalion Vice O/C respectively. Myles and Skehan were then ordered to join the column, and I must say that during my service with them on the column I found them to be good soldiers and loyal comrades.

Late one evening during the last couple of days in December 1920 or the first few days of January 1921 I met by arrangement the other 10 men from Clonmel who had volunteered for the column. We met at a place called the Locker near Drohan's of Kilmacomma. Here we were issued with revolvers, rifles and ammunition by Jack Killeen, who was then an officer of "A" Company. We had already provided ourselves with good strong boots, leggings and

suitable warm hard-wearing clothing at our own expense. Under cover of darkness we were brought by a guide named Laurence Hallinan a distance of about four miles across the hills to Derrinlaur where the rest of the column with Dan Breen and Seán Hogan were in billets.

Next day the whole column, which was now about twenty-five strong, with Seán Hogan as column leader marched across the hills to Glenpatrick, which is about half-way between Clonmel and Carrick-on-Suir. Here we took possession of a big vacant residential house which was formerly the residence of a solicitor named Higgins. Here we remained for seven or eight days, and I understand that the reason for our prolonged stay here was that Dan Breen was still suffering from the effects of the wounds he received at Professor Carolan's house in Drumcondra, Dublin, and was in need of rest.

During our stay at Glenpatrick food, with the exception of fresh meat, was sent out by the Volunteers in Clonmel. To provide fresh meat we caught and killed a few sheep, first a mountainy sheep and then one from the pasture fields nearby. When these sheep were missed the owners took the precaution of removing all their sheep from the nearby fields. It must, however, be emphasised that the farmers and others who lived around this wild desolate part of the country had no idea who we were. They must have thought that we were Black and Tans for they could scarcely be expected to appreciate at that time that armed Irish soldiers had suddenly arrived in their midst. While at Glenpatrick Tom Kirwan, who was a member of the column and who had spent some time in the British Army, acted as drill and musketry instructor.

One little incident which occurred during our stay at Glenpatrick may be worth recording. Early one morning between midnight and 2 a.m. Dave Moher, who was on sentry duty on the avenue post at the front of the house, heard footsteps approaching. He challenged but received no reply. The footsteps continued so he challenged again, and again receiving no reply he fired a shot in their direction. The whole column immediately turned out, and to ensure that we were not being surrounded we made a complete circuit of the district around the house. We noticed nothing unusual and just after daybreak we returned to the house. On our way back at a corkscrew bend in the road there was a rustle of noise in the undergrowth. It was only a rabbit, but the thing I remarked most was the speed with which Dan Breen's revolver came to his hand.

The footsteps heard by Dave Moher, the sentry, were those of a Volunteer from Kilsheelan whose way home that night took him past the house where we were billeted. He was unaware of our presence and, hearing the challenge, he thought he was being halted by British forces. It was some time later - during the Truce period - that we learned this.

From Glenpatrick we proceeded over the hills to a place called Ball Alley on the Clonmel-Dungarvan road, then on to Newcastle, Ballybacon, and on in the general direction of the Galtee Mountains. We stayed for some time around the Galtee Mountains. The farmers amongst whom we were billeted seemed to be a bit cool and we felt that we were not altogether welcome. After a while, however, the air cleared and we received nothing but the height of hospitality.

The reason for our cold reception by the farmers of the Galtee Mountains, according to the story we were told, was that the East Limerick Flying Column when hard pressed by British forces of a regiment called the Green Howards, had moved up into this area a short time before. When the danger was over some members of the column, or at least so the story went, drank wines of a rare vintage from the cellars of Galtee Castle. The wine went to their heads, and while under its influence those who drank it to excess fired shots all over the place at anything or everything. Naturally the farmers did not like that kind of thing as the firing might draw the attention of the British forces to their district, and they feared a repetition of the occurrence from our column.

While in the Galtee Mountains district our principal objective was to attack police patrols entering or leaving the town of Ballyporeen. Ambush positions were selected and often occupied, but the police were either being tipped off about our presence or it was mere chance that they never came along when we were in position for them. One night the whole column went into the town of Ballyporeen and occupied a row of houses by which the police on night patrol generally passed. The occupants of the houses were, naturally, alarmed and frightened, but we managed to calm them down. Our plans were to let the patrol from the barracks pass by the row of houses until they reached the end house where the column leader and some others were in position. Here they would be attacked for the first time. We allowed that after being attacked they would retreat back the way they had come and thus, when retreating, they would come under the fire of the parties occupying the other houses in the row. With two others I was in the first

occupied house which the patrol would pass on its way from the barracks.

The patrol came along but due to the action of an impetuous member of the column who fired at them immediately they came in sight, our plans went sadly astray. The police got back without ever actually entering the trap which had been laid for them. I cannot say what the strength of the patrol was, but I actually saw two of them which I took to be the advance guard.

The police took up a position between the row of houses and the police barrack and covered both the front and rear of the houses with rifle fire. It was only with the utmost difficulty that we succeeded in getting out of a very difficult position, as we had to get away from the houses by the back and get across garden walls and fencing wire to do so. Of course, it was dark at the time. This incident occurred on or about the 12th March, 1921.

A few words here on the arrangements or organisation for the reception and billeting of the column in an area may be of interest. Before moving into an area the column leader advised the O/C of the Volunteer company in that area of the coming of the column. This was usually done by despatch. The late Lieut-Colonel Thomas Looby of the Irish Army was in 1921 despatch rider for our column. He was, of course, a member of the column. When the column arrived in the area the Company O/C or his deputy gave the column leader a list of the houses in the area where the column could be billeted and the number which could be billeted in each house. He also gave the column leader all the information he could about the British forces

in the area, their activities, and his opinion as to whether raids might be expected or not. The column leader, before dismissing the column to go to their billets, arranged an assembly point in the event of an alarm, and the time and place for the next parade. The local company provided scouts and, with one exception, the members of the column were then free to go to the billets for refreshments and sleep. The exception acted as a kind of orderly officer and paid surprise visits to the scouts. This procedure as a rule worked exceptionally well.

It would be impossible at this stage in 1955 to give in detail the various routes taken and the areas visited and revisited by the column in the months from January to July 1921. Sufficient to say that we must have visited almost every area in the South Tipperary Brigade. Ambush positions were time and again prepared and occupied at various places, including twice at Barren on the Clonmel-Cahir road, but the expected British forces never came when we were ready for them. I will, however, just deal with some instances which come to mind.

In April 1921 we were instructed to go to a place called Garrymore Cross on the Clonmel-Cork road near Clogheen. There we joined forces with the No. 1 Column under Denis Lacey. An exceptionally big British convoy was expected to pass this road on, I think, the 23rd April, 1921 - it was the day District Inspector Potter was captured - and the columns were brought together to attack this convoy. The ambush positions were manned all day but again we were doomed to disappointment. No British convoy came the way. Late in the evening when we were withdrawing from the positions District Inspector Potter came along with a small party in

a motor car. He was taken a prisoner by members of No. 1 Column, who held him a prisoner until his execution as a reprisal for the hanging of Thomas Traynor in Mountjoy Prison by the British. The British did not accept an offer of the release of Potter for the reprieve of Thomas Traynor.

Another incident which comes to mind is that in which a party of British cavalry made a sudden swoop on a house at Skeheenarinka in the Galtee district and captured Frank Pyne and one or two other members of our column who were billeted in the house. It happened in broad daylight. I witnessed the incident from my billet a few hundred yards away, and while I might have fired a few shots in an effort to save the situation, I must mention that the members of the column were under a strict order never to take on anything on their own.

Again while we were billeted in a group of houses in a laneway off a by-road near Ballyporeen one of the local scouts, a youth of about 20 years named Graham Fogarty, and his companion heard the sound of approaching lorries. It was past midnight and we were asleep at the time. Fogarty's companion, who should have come to alarm the column, ran away. The lorries stopped on the by-road and their occupants - Black and Tans - dismounted and proceeded on foot in the direction of the houses where we were sleeping. Fogarty was now in a quandary. If he came to the houses to warn us the Tans would be there almost as soon as he, so he permitted them to come a good distance from their lorries. He then challenged them to halt and, almost simultaneously, fired at them with a shotgun which he was carrying. The Tans, having no idea of the strength of the opposition, opened fire all around them and went back to their lorries

and drove away. Even when driving away in the lorries they kept up the fire into the darkness. The action of Graham Fogarty on this occasion certainly saved the column, of which he became a member next day.

On another occasion we went to a place called, I think, Golden Garden near Dundrum in the 3rd Battalion area. It was not far from the residence of Tom Carew, the Brigade Intelligence Officer. Here we met at least one, if not two, other columns. I cannot say what exactly the plans were, but the intention was to attack a troop train on its way to Cork. This job did not materialise and we were withdrawn from the area after a few days.

In May of 1921 the column went to the Kilmanagh district in Co. Kilkenny - which was in the Kilkenny Brigade area. We had been hard pressed to avoid rounds-up by British forces for some time previously and were resting as much as possible. One day three of us, Tom Looby, Denis McAuliffe and myself, were in bed in the same room on the ground floor in a farmer's house near Kilmanagh. Seán Hayes, another member of the column, came in and stayed talking to us. The next thing happened was that we got word that British forces were approaching the house. Hayes rushed out the front door and had barely reached cover in a shed in the farmyard when a lorry of Black and Tans and R.I.C. men entered the yard. Looby, McAuliffe and myself jumped out of bed. I went into the kitchen of the house to see if there was any way out the back, but there was only a tiny back window - altogether too small for a man to get through - so I returned to the bedroom and explained the position to Looby and McAuliffe. We dressed as hurried as possible. Through the bedroom window we could see the policemen, who

seemed to be in no hurry as they dismounted from the lorry and stood around the yard. A second lorry of Tans and R.I.C. men next drove into the yard and they, too, dismounted and stood around.

The leisurely manner in which the policemen were taking things gave us a breathing space. As the senior member of the column present, I felt the responsibility was mine to decide what action we would take. There was no way out except by the front door or the bedroom window, both of which opened on to the yard where the police were standing. We decided not to open fire unless and until the policemen came into the house, and that then we would sell our lives as dearly as possible.

After a few minutes a Sergeant walked to the front door and knocked. His knock was answered by an old woman, who was the only other occupant of the house at the time. We could not hear what conversation took place between them, but after a few seconds we saw the Sergeant go back to his comrades and hold a brief conversation with them. He returned to the door and had a further chat with the old lady, then returned to his comrades for a further consultation, and then he again approached the door and handed some kind of a document to the old lady. The policemen then remounted their lorries and drove away out of the yard.

Needless to remark we (Looby, McAuliffe and myself) were on tender-hooks while this was going on. After the policemen had gone Seán Hayes came in out of the shed in the yard. We could scarcely believe what was after happening. From the old lady I learned that her son was wanted by the police on a charge of illegal assembly, and

when she informed the Sergeant that he was not at home the Sergeant decided after the consultations with his comrades to leave a summons with her for him.

When I reported this incident to the column leader he said that I should have fired on the police. I stressed the point that there was no way out of the house except by the front door, and that by adopting the action we did three members of the column were saved for another day. As he persisted in saying that we should have fired on the police, who, by the way, outnumbered us by at least seven to one, I asked Seán Hayes (later T.D. and now Senator) who was present at the time what he would have done in the circumstances. He replied that in all probability he would have fired, but that he was not as cool a man as me and his action would have been inspired more by panic than by cool reasoned judgment. I thanked Seán Hayes for his opinion.

While in the Kilmanagh district we took up positions in the village itself to ambush a lorry of British military which was expected to pass through on its way from Callan. I believe this lorry did actually start on its journey from Callan but that on the way it was stopped and its occupants tipped off that the I.R.A. were in ambush for it at Kilmanagh. Be that as it may, large British forces from Kilkenny, Callan and Castlecomer concentrated on the area in the early hours of the following morning and commenced a round-up.

Now on that particular night the column was billeted in houses on both sides of a road. This same road was used by the British forces as a jumping-off point in their round-up, which resulted in the column being unintentionally

and unexpectedly divided into two parties, one outside the ring of British forces and the other inside the round-up cordons. I was one of the party outside the round-up forces. The column leader and about 20 other members of the column were inside the network of British forces.

The first intimation our party received of the enemy activity was when we heard shooting. We were in bed at the time, so we dressed hurriedly and assembled in a nearby bog. We had no scouts, none of us were familiar with that particular part of the country, nor had we the foggiest idea of what the position was like, so we remained where we were for the greater part of the day awaiting developments. In the evening-time we crossed the hills towards Ballingarry, which we reached late that night. Here later that night or early the following morning we were joined by the other members of the column, who had successfully fought their way out of the round-up without casualties to the column. Two Kilkenny Volunteers, Captain Patrick Walsh of Dunamaggin, and a Volunteer named Quinn, both of whom had come the previous day to assist the column, were killed that morning by the British forces.

Back again in the Skeheenarinka district, I was asked by the column leader to go to Clonmel to get some important dispatches which he said were awaiting him there. It was on a Sunday morning. Securing the loan of a horse and a back-to-back spring car, I set out for Clonmel accompanied by Thos. Mahony and two girls, Daisy Fox and Helen Prendergast. The set-up, two boys and two girls, looked like a small party out to enjoy a drive for the day. We reached Clonmel without incident, and leaving the horse and car on the outskirts of the town I went and collected the

dispatches. It was after lighting-up time when we reached Ardfinnan on our way back. Here we were held up at the bridge by an R.I.C. Sergeant and some constables. The Sergeant was very perturbed because we had no light on the car - I believe he was a stickler for this part of the law. We pitched him a cock-and-bull story, gave him fictitious names and addresses, and continued on our journey.

Reaching the houses where we were billeted for some days previously, I was surprised to learn that the column had moved off during the day, and more surprised still when I found that the column leader had left no directions for me. It was now about midnight hour and, naturally, I felt annoyed, especially as when I was going to Clonmel he (the column leader) had stressed the importance of the dispatches. About 2 or 2.30 a.m. I located the column leader with some members of the column at a dance in a house in the Ballyporeen district. I gave him the dispatches and, still being annoyed, I said something to him about no directions having been left for me when I got back from Clonmel, and added: "Seán, I came into this dance to-night without being challenged, and if I could come in anyone else could come in as easily". In an angry voice he told me that I was billeted at such a house and to go there at once.

That same morning began one of the most critical and momentous days in the history of the column, and only sheer luck or a miracle prevented us from being wiped out. I had been in the billet about two hours when word was received that British forces were massing in the vicinity. The column assembled and moved off across country, using every available bit of cover, in the direction away from

where we understood that the British were massing their forces. It was now about 6 or 6.30 a.m. on a summer morning. Some British Army aeroplanes made their appearance over the area and, to avoid being detected by them, we had to lie down flat in the ditches or under any cover that chanced to be available. This happened several times during the day and, naturally, impeded our progress. We suffered from a lack of scouts, and as we moved from one district to another, more or less crawling along by the walls of the fields, we were hampered by lack of information, as when occasionally we passed near a farmhouse they were all empty and nowhere did we see people working in the fields. In fact, all the residents of the area had earlier that same morning been rounded up by British forces and were held some miles away, but this was something which we only learned that night.

All the time we were aware that the British forces were coming in extended order across country behind us, and we could only presume that we had avoided detection by the aeroplanes which every now and again circled overhead. As the day wore on we observed that the British forces were also on both our flanks some fields away, and the only course open to us was to keep going on as far as possible in a straight direction.

Towards evening, still crawling along by the ditches, we entered a field (where or on whose farm I cannot say). At one end of this field and running alongside the wall there was an open shallow drain. It may have been the dried up bed of a small stream, and in this we lay down and took cover. We were now surrounded on all sides by British forces and it looked as if we had come to the end

of our tether.

It must be appreciated that by this time we were in an exhausted condition. Most of us, if indeed not all of us, had neither food nor drink since the previous day, and we had tramped many miles since we started in the morning. Many had scarcely any rest the previous night. Our position as we lay cramped up in the drain was deplorable. We dare not move for fear of attracting the attention of the British forces so close were they to us.

The party directly in front of us was a cavalry party of, I think, Lancers. As they approached the field in which we lay one of them jumped his horse over the fence. This act may have been the saving of us, for the horse landed in a marshy part of the field and sank almost to his belly. The lancer and his companions were busy for some time extricating the horse from his difficult position, and they must have decided in view of the marshy nature of the field not to proceed further. To them at any rate the field must have appeared to have been empty. The remaining parties of British forces had also come to a halt. Those who were in our rear all day now occupied the fields behind us and were within easy earshot.

We lay in the drain for some hours awaiting the next move. The tension was terrible, and so cramped did we become we could scarcely move either arm or leg. Eventually British officers entered the field from the side opposite to where we were and scanned the area with field glasses. They must then have decided to call it a day, for soon afterwards the troops commenced to move away. We remained in our position for at least an hour after the last of the troops had departed and then the column leader sent one of

the column to a nearby farmhouse to make enquiries. He found the farmhouse deserted, but from one of the outhouses, a hen-house, a man appeared. He was one of the occupants of the farm house and had been hiding in the hen-house all day, and it was through him that we learned of how the British had rounded-up all the civilian population during the previous night and early morning. This was, I should say, about the biggest effort made by the British forces to capture the column. Actually they rounded up every person in the area except the column and the man who was in hiding.

Sometime in April or May of 1921 we (the column) spent a few weeks in the Nire Valley, which is on the Co. Waterford side of the Comeragh Mountains. Here the people were all very friendly and loyal and we were able to relax to a certain extent, for the British forces never came into this area. They were never known to have come nearer to it than the Steel Bridge near Ballymacarberry in Co. Waterford. Our object in going there was to prepare dumps for a cargo of German arms which G.H.Q. were expecting to be landed shortly near Dungarvan. Actually this cargo of arms did not arrive until some time during the Truce period, when it was landed at Helwick Harbour near Dungarvan. Whilst engaged on the preparation of the dumps I was billeted with two or three other members of the column in a farmhouse owned by people named O'Donnell. The residents of the Nire Valley were under the impression that the reason for our visit was to test explosives, and to confirm them in this belief small quantities of gelignite were exploded from time to time.

As a precautionary measure whilst on the column we rarely, if ever, went to Mass on Sundays. On the first

Saturday we were in the Nire Valley the column leader instructed us not to attend Mass next day. As there was no danger of a round-up by British forces, and thinking of all the Sundays I had missed Mass, I decided to take no notice of his instruction, and during that evening I mentioned to Mick Patterson that I would go to Mass in the morning. He told me that he would call to O'Donnell's for me next morning and come with me.

When Patterson called next morning there was still an hour or so to spare before Mass time. Patterson was a bit of an authority on small arms drill, so I took up an empty revolver - the cartridges belonging to it were lying on the table in the bedroom where we were at the time - and aimed at a knot in the door, just for a bit of aiming practice, and asked Patterson would I hit the knot. He said I would, and just then my attention was diverted for a few minutes by something which was happening in the yard. Patterson loaded the revolver whilst I was looking out the window, and when I turned around I again picked up the gun, aimed again at the knot in the door and pulled the trigger. Fancy my dismay when the shot went off, the bullet piercing the door and going into the kitchen where Mrs. O'Donnell and a number of children were. What a relief it was when Mrs. O'Donnell came into the room and inquired to know if we had heard a shot. I knew then that no one had been injured. She put the blame on Patterson, saying nothing happened until he came to the house. When it came to time for going to Mass Mrs. O'Donnell took down her coat to put it on and there were four gaping holes in it. The coat had been hanging on the other side of the door. The good woman, however, took it in good part, saying that she hoped some of us would buy her a new coat when we

got the Republic. I was reminded of this incident a few years ago when a priest home from the Foreign Missions called into Seán Cooney's and related it. At the time it happened he was one of the O'Donnell children playing in the kitchen.

About the end of May 1921 when the column was in the Clonmel district the column leader took a small party from the column into Clonmel, with the object of attacking some particular members of the R.I.C. there. On reaching the outskirts of the town they engaged a military patrol near the military barracks at a place called the Barrack Field. In this engagement the late Tom Looby (afterwards a Lieut-Colonel in the Irish Army) was wounded and captured. He was sentenced to death by the British authorities, but the Truce intervening at the time saved his life.

The column was disbanded some weeks before the Truce and the members were told to return to their own battalion areas and act as an Active Service Unit there. With the other members from the 5th Battalion area I was told to go to Quinn's house at Killurney, where we would be taken over by Denis Sadlier, who was then the Battalion O/C. On reaching Quinn's we learned that Denis Sadlier was killed that day. We assumed that he was killed in action, and fearing that he might have a dispatch on him relating to his meeting with us at Quinn's we left there and went to Cahill's of Ballyknockame. Here with the inmates of the house we offered up the Rosary for the repose of his soul. Actually he was accidentally shot.

One of our first duties as the Battalion Active Service Unit was the execution of a spy. I cannot tell you very much about him. My impression is that he was handed

over to the Grange Company from another area. He was tried and sentenced to be executed. He received the consolations of the Catholic Church before his execution, which took place in an old empty house on a farm near Grange. I was one of those who formed the firing party, and the execution was carried out under the supervision of Patrick Dalton who succeeded Denis Sadlier as Battalion O/C.

Another incident which occurred just before the Truce comes to mind. We received information from the Battalion Intelligence Officer in Clonmel that a certain train would be carrying a large supply of provisions for the British military at Cahir or some of the other military posts along the line. The provisions filled two or three wagons, and the intelligence service gave us the printed numbers on the wagons containing the military supplies. We flagged and stopped the train at a place called Nicholstown between Clonmel and Cahir. Contrary to our expectations there was no military guard on the train. As we had no handy available transport we had mobilised the Newcastle and Grange Companies of Volunteers, who carried away the stores - chests of tea, sides of bacon etc. These provisions were divided amongst a lot of the people who had fed and harboured the column, and in this way we made some recompense for their many kindnesses to us.

About this time, too, we (the 5th Battalion A.S.U.) destroyed (by burning it) a large furnished but unoccupied mansion, the property of an ex-British Army Officer named Perry. This was done as a result of a brigade order and, I believe, the reason for its destruction was to prevent it being occupied by British forces. Pak (Patrick) Dalton,

the Battalion O/C, was in charge of the operation, and we were assisted by members of the Newcastle Company, in whose area the mansion was situated.

While in the Ardfinnan district we (the A.S.U.) fired some shots at a party of three or four Black and Tans who were bathing in the river near Ardfinnan R.I.C. barracks. The range was long as we fired from a height overlooking the river, and none of the Black and Tans were hit. Personally I was not disappointed, for I felt that on this occasion we were taking a rather mean advantage of the enemy.

During my time with the column I was appointed Quartermaster of the 5th Battalion. I cannot say on what particular date. One of my duties as Quartermaster was to deal with the 'Levy' funds collected by the company officers. This levy was a fixed charge on each householder according to his valuation, and was used for the maintenance of the I.R.A. Most householders paid up willingly but in some cases cattle and property had to be seized and sold to secure payment. Two-thirds of the amounts collected were handed over to the Brigade Quartermaster and one-third retained by the battalion. I sent the amounts proper to be retained by the 5th Battalion to Jack Sharkey in Clonmel, who arranged for their lodgment in a bank.

When the Truce was signed it was considered unsafe for the men who had been on the column to return to their homes, so we remained out in the country. Later during the Truce period when a training camp was organised we went there. Our camp was situated at Glenpatrick, the place I have already referred to as being where we stayed for seven

or eight days after the column was first formed.

Amongst incidents which occurred during the Truce time one was the capture of arms, ammunition and shells from a temporary magazine used by the British forces in Fethard, and I include as a conclusion to this story an account which I wrote of the Fethard magazine raid.

"Early in the Truce period while we were still confined to the country, it being considered too dangerous to make an appearance in town, information was received that the regular magazine in Fethard was undergoing repairs and in the meantime its contents had been removed to a temporary storehouse.

Mick Burke, of hunger-strike fame, was the person who secured this information from a soldier out of the Fethard garrison whom he interviewed in a publichouse in Clonmel.

The back wall of the temporary magazine adjoined the Munster and Leinster Bank gardens, to which we had easy access. Pak Dalton was our Battalion O/C at the time, and he with Mick Burke and officers of the Fethard Battalion went to work out plans to acquire the contents. The use of explosives was, of course, out, so eventually a plan to bore through the wall, which was part of the old Town Wall and 3 feet thick, as noiselessly as possible was evolved. I did sentry duty in the garden about 10 or 15 feet from the wall during the operation. It took three nights; the first night the lads worked for about three hours picking out the mortar between the stones to loosen them, but no progress to speak of was made. While the work was in progress the least noise made

was the subject of strong language, used, of course, in undertones. The hush hush all the time was nerve-racking. Considering that I could plainly hear the sentry on his beat just beyond the wall, it can be appreciated how necessary this caution was. In an endeavour to speed up the work a local mason named Byrne was secured for the second night, and he came very well equipped for the job with a hefty hammer and chisel. I am sure he said to himself that the crew the previous night were indeed a stupid lot. He did not last long on the job because, of course, he could not be permitted a free hand. About a quarter of an hour after he started I encountered him on the way off the job and he said to me: "I was in a queer lot of places in my life but this is the worst I ever experienced; this hush hush would get on your nerves and drive you crazy. Let me off, I am for the nearest pub to get drunk like I was never drunk before". He did not come back. The boys continued the job as on the previous night, got through the wall but then discovered that there was something within which seemed to make for as big an obstacle as the wall itself. On examination this obstacle proved to be cases of some description, eventually proved to be cases of 18 powder shells placed on top of each other against the hole.

They had to abandon the job. Next day after a lot of deliberation some one produced the idea of endeavouring to move the cases by the use of two motor jacks to prise them back. Even if this was successful there was the danger that in the process one of the cases overhead would fall, and the shells having percussion caps it would have been just too bad for us as well as the

sentry nearby.

However, on the third night this was tried and worked lovely. All the cases moved together. When enough space was cleared to allow a very slim person to squeeze up between the wall and the cases, volunteers were asked for and the two slimmest present jumped to the job. They happened to be Jack Fennessy, Clonmel, and Sidney Rowell, Clonmel. (Sidney has been with the British Mercantile Marine since; he joined it a few years after this). I thought at the time, since we had been working at the job for three nights if the military had got wise and would be waiting inside, what a fate awaited the two boys. They got in safely, took down the upper cases and made way for the handing out of the stuff. The first object that appeared was a Lewis machine gun. We got two of them - that was a sight for sore eyes. Buddy Donoghue knelt down and solemnly kissed it. This was the first machine gun we ever had in Battalion 5. Cases upon cases of stuff were pushed out containing thousands of rounds of .45 revolver and .303 rifle ammunition, and last of all came the boxes of 18 powder shells.

The stuff was carried by relays of the lads to the yard of McCarthy's Hotel, where cars were waiting to take it to various prearranged dumps.

With the cold and the excitement I got an attack of toothache, and when the crowd collected together to load the cars (I think it was on the Tullamore road), Pak Dalton had a bottle of whiskey to give each of the lads a sup as he felt they earned and needed it.

Up to that time I had not taken any intoxicating liquor and this Pak knew, and he was the kind of individual whose conscience would trouble him very much if he thought he'd be responsible for giving anyone his first drink. In the dark he handed me the bottle and I put it on my head. It is difficult to get much out of a bottle like that, but I got little chance anyhow. He realised almost immediately that it was I had the bottle. He snatched it back from me, saying "Is it possible that you are drinking"? I said no but I was cold and had toothache. No good, but the little drop I got gave me relief after a short while. I was detailed to accompany Mick O'Keeffe's car and, with Mick driving, we headed as directed for Newcastle. We were to dump the stuff at Burgessland (Mulcahy's place - now divided).

We got there without encountering any obstacles. There is a short tree lined avenue to this place which turns sharply to the right just beyond the point where you leave the view of the road. Just around the bend the wheel of the car fell out. However, we were landed. These 18 powder shells caused the military at Fethard a great headache. Apparently they found it hard to account for the deficiency and they afterwards offered an exchange of ammunition for the shells, but the offer was refused. The only use that was made of the shells afterwards (as we had no gun to fire them) was that the boys broke them up to get the cordite, which they never made use of either."

As an appendix to this statement I attach herewith a list of the names of the members of No. 2 Column, South Tipperary Brigade. See Appendix A.

Signed: Richard Dalton
(Richard Dalton)
Date: March 10th 55

Witness: John Grace (John Grace)
(Investigator).

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APPENDIX A.

List of names of the members of No. 2 Flying Column,
South Tipperary Brigade.

Seán Hogan, Column Leader.

Jack Nagle, Vice Column Leader.

Ned Mulcahy,	Tom O'Gorman
Jack Butler,	Dick Dalton (self)
Thomas Kirwan,	Billy Mulcahy
Billeen Keating,	Billeen Brien
Thomas Taylor,	Ned Dwyer
Bill Moloughney,	Ned Dalton
Dave Moher,	Tommy Ryan
Dave Fitzgerald,	Paddy Hackett
Frank Lyons,	John O'Donoghue (Buddy)
Frank Pyne,	Thomas Looby
Seán Morrissey,	Thomas Mulliney
Maurice McGrath,	Denis Lonergan (Sniper)
John Fitzgerald,	Thomas Daly
Mick Patterson	Matt McKenna
Jimmy Doherty	Jack Power
Seán Hayes	Graham Fogarty
Gabriel McGrath	

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