

ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21

BURO STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21

No. W.S. 1237

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BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS.

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 1,237

Witness

Padraig O Loingsigh (Patrick Lynch),
58 O'Connell Street,
Dungarvan,
Co. Waterford.

Identity.

Q.M. 1st Battalion West Waterford Brigade;
Member of Active Service Unit do.

Subject.

National and military activities,
West Waterford, 1913-1924.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

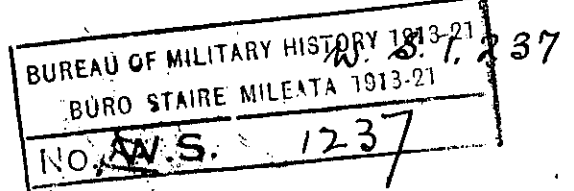
Nil

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W.S. 1,237

ORIGINAL



STATEMENT BY MR. PATRICK LYNCH,
58 O'Connell Street, Dungarvan, Co. Waterford.

I was born in 1897 at Whitechurch, Ballinameela, Cappagh, Co. Waterford. My people were farmers.

At an early age I moved into Dungarvan, Co. Waterford, and, when the National (John Redmond's) Volunteers were started in 1913, I joined the local company.

There were upwards of fifteen hundred men in the National Volunteers in Dungarvan and district. We were drilled by ex British army men, generally, and carried wooden guns when parading.

When the Volunteer movement split in 1915, practically every member remained with the Redmondite (National) Volunteers. About six of us left and formed a unit of the Irish Volunteers. Pax Whelan of Dungarvan was in charge.

When the Rising of 1916 broke out, we had no organised Irish Volunteer unit at all in Dungarvan and those few of us who were members had no weapons of any kind.

The first intimation we had of the Rising was from bulletins posted up in the local post office, giving the people news of events in Dublin, there being no newspapers at the time.

No arrests of Volunteers in the Dungarvan district were made following the Rising, but the R.I.C. were

guarding the bridges of the town during the period of the insurrection.

The reorganisation of the Volunteers in Dungarvan began shortly after the Rising. In June or July of that year, about eight of us formed the nucleus of a company. Pax Whelan was in charge. Some of the first members were George Lennon, later O/C of the Flying Column, Jimmy Fraher, Michael O'Gorman, P. McCarthy (deceased) and Paddy Power (deceased).

We had a few revolvers and a .22 rifle, and had occasional firing practice in fields on the outskirts of the town. This practice was very limited as our supply of ammunition was very meagre indeed.

As time went on, the strength of the Company increased and, when I left the country about the middle of 1917, we had about twenty men on the Company rolls.

I returned to Dungarvan early in March, 1918, re-joined the Company and took a hand, with others of our unit, in the famous Waterford bye-election of March in that year.

Much has been written about the savage assaults by mobs of Redmond's supporters on the Sinn Féin candidate, Doctor Vincent White of Waterford, and on all those who helped him in that election campaign. I was one of the many Volunteers from other counties who went to Waterford to lend a hand in stewarding meetings and helping to combat the rowdyism of the Ballybricken pig-buyer element who, with the large number of ex British army men in that city, indulged in unbridled hooliganism. It is my opinion that the power of Redmond was broken in Waterford - his stronghold - by the part taken in that March election

of 1918 by Irish Volunteers.

In 1917 we, of the Dungarvan Company, began to look around for arms, of which we had very few. Raids on houses of loyalists and on farmers' houses in general were carried out by small groups of men at night. Quite a fair number of shotguns and sporting rifles, with a revolver or two, were collected as a result. No opposition was encountered in the course of these raids.

During the year 1918, the Company strength increased considerably and, by the end of the year, there were upwards of sixty men on the rolls. George Stokes was the Company Captain, and I was 1st Lieutenant.

The acquisition of arms was our main object and our main problem. We did succeed in getting a few Lee Enfield's from local British soldiers home on furlough. A Martini Henry rifle was secured - from where I cannot remember - and a few revolvers.

By way of augmenting our meagre supply of ammunition, we made a crude type of bomb from cocoa tins filled with scrap and gun-powder (which we also made) and exploded by fuse and detonator. A supply of the latter was passed on to us by Jimmy Fraher, a Volunteer, who worked in Crotty's hardware shop, Dungarvan. This firm were contractors to the local County Council for the supply of gelignite and detonators for use in quarry blasting, and Fraher had access to stocks of this stuff.

During the year 1917 and for the early part of 1918, there was no great resurgence of national spirit amongst the people of Dungarvan. Something was needed to set the spark of freedom alight and, as so often

happened before in Irish history, the old enemy, the British Government, fanned the flame of Republicanism, at that time dormant, in Duhgarvan and district.

The event which brought about this revival of national spirit is not of itself of much historical significance but, to us few Republicans here at the time, it marked the first real signs of national awakening amongst the people - particularly the young people in this district.

The occasion was that on which Pax Whelan and J.J. Madden were arrested and charged in the local court with the offence of being observed wearing the uniform of an Irish Volunteer. The time was May 1918.

The court was crowded with spectators at the hearing ^{of} of the case. Some daring spirit shouted, "Up the rebels!", and this was the signal for much cheering in court. The magistrate hearing the case was incensed at this insult to British authority and ordered the R.I.C. to clear the court. Hand-to-hand fighting broke out between police and spectators. The row spread to the street outside where men who, prior to this, were law-abiding citizens took up the challenge thrown down to them by the policemen's batons and struck with their fists what was, for them, their first blows against British rule in Ireland.

By a fortuitous circumstance, my brother, Jack, happened to be passing the courthouse when the tumult was at its highest. He was driving a cart laden with lump lime. The crowd seized on this welcome ammunition and hurled it through the windows of the courthouse and at the R.I.C. men on the street. The fighting continued

until the prisoners were removed to the local gaol.

Following this incident, a noticeable increase in the strength of the Volunteers in this area could be observed. Young men, hitherto somewhat indifferent, in the national sense, turned to the Volunteers for training in the more dangerous game of preparation for war.

The year 1918 could best be described as a year of training for what, we all knew, lay ahead. Regular parades were held. Night manoeuvres across country were practised, and training with a .22 rifle was carried out.

In 1919, on instructions from Brigade O/C, Pax Whelan, systematic raiding of post offices for mails was begun. Mails were captured en route from the post office to the railway station and local postmen held up and their mail-bags taken.

Any correspondence addressed to loyalists, R.I.C. or military personnel was examined for reference to Volunteer or Sinn Féin activities, and such letters passed on to the Brigade Intelligence Officer. The balance of the correspondence used be put in a sack and thrown in to some small country post office at night.

In the summer of 1919 I went, with Paddy Cullinane of our Company, by bicycle to Ballymacarbery, Co. Waterford, twenty miles or so north of Dungarvan, to hold up and disarm a party of three or four R.I.C. men who used call in daily to Ballymacarbery for mail. We were armed with revolvers.

When we arrived at our destination, we contacted five or six Ballymacarbery Volunteers, armed with shotguns. The party of us then selected an ambush position and

awaited the arrival of the R.I.C. As so often happened to us in the next few years, the object of our ambush never turned up. Disappointed at the turn of events after our long journey, Cullinane and I, with two Ballymacarbery men, raided the local post office and took away the mails intended for the R.I.C. Having read them, we destroyed them.

In September, 1919, following the successful ambush of military at Fermoy by Liam Lynch and a party of Volunteers, I had the privilege of meeting Liam when he came to this district to recover from a wound he received in the ambush.

I took him first to the house of a friend, named Cooney, of Knockroe, and later on to Kirwan's of Graigueavalla, Rathgormack, Co. Waterford. Whilst Liam was recuperating in Rathgormack, I acted as despatch courier between him and Brigade Headquarters.

Early in the year, 1920, I was appointed Battalion Quartermaster (Ours was the 1st Battalion, West Waterford Brigade.) and very shortly afterwards I underwent my baptism of fire at Ardmore, Co. Waterford.

Attack on Ardmore R.I.C. barracks:

On January 17th, 1920, plans were laid to attack the R.I.C. barracks at Ardmore, Co. Waterford.

The barracks was in the main street of the village. It was a stoutly built stone and slated building, and every means was devised to strengthen its defence against attack. Steel shutters were fitted to the windows which were loopoled to enable the R.I.C. to fire both rifles and grenades at any attacking force. The wall at the back was covered with barbed wire and firing points were

prepared in the rear of the building to repel any attack from that direction.

The garrison consisted of about fifteen men. Some of these were R.I.C. evacuated from outlying barracks in the County.

Due to its proximity to Youghal, four miles to the east, in which strong military forces were stationed, any hope of capturing Ardmore barracks would depend on a surprise attack which would have to be carried out quickly and decisively to be successful. There was an added threat to an attacking force from a party of British Marines who had occupied the coastguard station at Ardmore in late 1919. From their lofty position which was only about half a mile south of the R.I.C. barracks, these Marines would have to be engaged and held before the barrack attack could hope to be successful.

On the night of January 17th, 1920, I proceeded by bicycle, in company with three or four other men from the Dungarvan Company, to the outskirts of Ardmore. I was armed with a rifle but had only about twenty rounds of ammunition.

Entering Ardmore on foot under cover of darkness - the time being about eleven o'clock - I was placed in position in a publichouse directly opposite the barracks.

So far as I can remember, I think the plan of attack was that a land-mine be exploded against the barracks wall and the building then rushed through the opening made by the explosion, the assault party to be covered by the fire from those of our men stationed at strategic points near the barracks.

We were quite tense waiting for the land-mine to go off when, suddenly, a single shot rang out. Immediately when this happened, the garrison opened fire through the loop-holed windows with rifles, machine gun and grenades. Verrey lights were sent up.

We were startled by this sudden development but soon settled down to a steady fire aimed at the barrack windows. Other riflemen and shotgun men went into action from positions in neighbouring houses.

The Marines in the coastguard station also joined in with machine guns and rifles. They too sent Verrey lights into the night sky. These Marines were engaged by a party of our lads detailed for the job.

To the best of my recollection, the affair lasted about three quarters of an hour, perhaps longer. It is difficult now to remember such details. At any rate, the order to withdraw was given, and not a moment too soon, in my opinion, as my ammunition was practically exhausted. I am sure the same could be said for every other man of ours present that night.

We pulled out of Ardmore, without suffering any casualties, under heavy fire from the R.I.C. and Marines.

The attack was carried out under the command of Jim Mansfield of Old Parish, the Commandant of the 3rd Battalion, in whose area Ardmore was.

I learned later that the single shot ~~was~~ heard before the attack opened was accidentally discharged by one of our own lads. It had the effect of alerting the garrison and upsetting the surprise attack planned, but, I suppose, such things are the fortunes of war.

Dungarvan - Captain King's car burned:

This was a minor episode in the struggle but it had the desired effect, so it might be worth recording.

The District Inspector of Police in Dungarvan at this time (January, 1920) was a Captain King. This man was a particularly zealous officer in hunting down I.R.A. men and his methods were, to say the least, anything but gentlemanly. Matters came to a head when he raided the house of Commandant Jim Mansfield and threatened to shoot Jim's mother if she would not reveal the whereabouts of her sons, Mick, Charlie and Jim. Needless to say, Mrs. Mansfield refused to talk.

As a warning to Captain King, his car, which was garaged in Dungarvan, was taken out by myself and three others and brought outside his residence where petrol was poured on it and set alight.

The warning, such as it was, did do some good as King was shortly afterwards transferred to another district in another country.

In February, 1920, one night as I was preparing for bed, a loud banging on the door brought me downstairs to find Captain Marshall and a party of military there.

I was ushered into a room and closely questioned about my I.R.A. connections. I was asked about my movements for some weeks previously and, judging from the threatening attitude of Marshall, I sensed that something sinister was afoot. The fact that my name was Lynch seemed to Marshall to indicate that I must be an I.R.A. man. I did not enlighten him on the point, but a suspicion dawned on me that he might have thought I was Liam Lynch, a much-wanted man then.

The party searched the house but, finding nothing incriminating, left again.

About an hour elapsed when the same party returned, and again I was interrogated with the same result. They left the house once more.

A little while later, they came back again and repeated the previous performance - more questions. They went out on to the roadway again, and I was puzzled as to what to do. The idea came to me to slip out of the house quietly, in case they might come back and perhaps finish me off or, at the least, place me under arrest.

Some second sense warned me to be careful before leaving the house, so I stole down to the hall and waited inside the front door. I thought the raiders had returned to barracks but, to my surprise, I heard whispered talking close to the door, as if they were waiting for me to make a break, in which case I would most certainly have been reported in the press the following day as having been "shot trying to escape". This was a favourite trick of the enemy.

Thinking this over, I decided to remain in the house and hope for the best, so I went to bed. I was not troubled again by Captain Marshall and his gang, but I did note particularly, in the morning papers, that two men named Lynch had been shot "in mysterious circumstances" the previous night. I was definitely lucky not to have been the third Lynch murdered.

Dungarvan and Lismore Income Tax Offices raided:

In April, 1920, orders were issued from Brigade Headquarters that all Income Tax offices be raided on a

certain night and that correspondence and official documents be destroyed. The idea was part of a nationwide plan to hamper British administration.

On the night appointed, four of us, armed with revolvers, with George Lennon, the 1st Battalion Commandant in charge, successfully raided the local Income Tax office in Dungarvan and then went on by car to Lismore, arriving there about two o'clock in the morning.

In Lismore, as we were breaking a shutter to get into the offices of the Tax Collector, an ex British army officer, living opposite the offices, heard the noise and, seeing us, fired a revolver shot to alert the local police and military. I was inside the house filling sacks with documents when this shot was fired. I think there were three others with me while Lennon remained outside.

Lennon came in to us for a moment to assure us that everything was all right outside but to hurry with the job. We completed the task in quick time and brought the sacks of papers out the country where we burned them. We returned safely to Dungarvan.

Dungarvan - raid on office of Petty Sessions Clerk:

On New Year's Day, 1920, seven of us carried out a raid on the office of the Petty Sessions clerk, George Lennon being in charge. Three of us (including myself) were armed with revolvers.

We broke into the offices at night and seized all the documents relating to court work and any correspondence from the R.I.C. We took a few sacks of these documents out on to the Square, Dungarvan, and burned them.

The incident is of little military significance, but it had the effect of hampering very considerably the administration of British justice (alleged) in Co. Waterford for a long time to come.

Bonmahon Coastguard Station burned:

In August, 1920, a party of six men from the Dungarvan Company, in charge of George Lennon, cycled over to Bonmahon (about ten miles to the east) to destroy the coastguard station there, to prevent its occupation by the British military or marine forces. I carried a revolver as did Lennon. I do not remember if the others were armed.

Arriving about nine o'clock at night, we were joined by about a dozen other men from the Bonmahon and Stradbally Companies.

The walls of the station were scaled without much difficulty and a coastguard on look-out duty was overcome. We then helped to take off the belongings of the few men who lived there and, having thrown petrol through the buildings, set them on fire.

There was no opposition encountered on this raid, which may appear of little military importance. Actually, the destruction of the Bonmahon station removed a possible centre for military or marine occupation, which may well have proved a menace to our men in the days ahead, as happened at Ardmore and other places in Co. Waterford.

Formation of Active Service Unit:

In June, 1920, the West Waterford Active Service Unit (more popularly referred to as the Column) was formed. The personnel, at its formation, was as follows:

O/C, George Lennon, Dungarvan; Jim Bagnall, Paddy Cullinane, John Riordan, Patrick (Pakeen, not Pax) Whelan and John (Nipper) McCarthy, all of Dungarvan; Mick Mansfield of Old Parish, Pat Keating of Comeragh, Rody McKeown, Bonmahon, Paddy Joe Power of Glen, Stradbally, Gerard Kiely of Kilmacthomas and myself; total, twelve.

We had about five rifles to start with. The other weapons consisted of shotguns, some six revolvers and a few home-made bombs. Ammunition was very scarce indeed.

Our headquarters - if we could be said to have a base at all - was in the Comeragh area near Kilrossanty, but, generally speaking, we were moving in the area between the Mahon River, Kilmacthomas, westward to Youghal bridge and north to the Nire Valley in the Ballymacarbery district.

All of the men on the Column were much wanted by the British because of their known I.R.A. activities.

Brown's Pike ambush:

The first engagement with the enemy, in which the Column as a unit took part, was at a place called Brown's Pike, about four miles north of Dungarvan on the main Cappoquin-Dungarvan road.

A Crossley tender of Black and Tans had been seen driving out from Dungarvan towards Cappoquin and it was decided to ambush them on their return journey.

We lay in wait for a long time behind a hedge and, about four o'clock in the evening, caught sight of the Tans coming back to Dungarvan at great speed. As the Crossley approached within range, we opened fire with

rifles and shotguns. One of our lads hurled a home-made bomb at the car which exploded; with what effect, I cannot say. The speed of the British car was so great that I am afraid we did not record much success. The tender dashed by at high speed and continued on into Dungarvan.

The Tans replied to our fire but we suffered no losses.

Following the Brown's Pike affair, it was noticed that the military and Tans, when out the country raiding, invariably travelled in tenders with protective wire on the sides and top of the cars.

On the 6th October, 1920, about six of our lads from the Dungarvan Company held up Captain Marshall's servant and took a travelling bag which was being brought to Dungarvan railway station. This was more in the nature of a nuisance raid than anything else. It was thought that Marshall might have a gun in the travelling bag. Nothing of any military value was found but the bag and its contents were destroyed.

A local man, not a member of the I.R.A., was later arrested in connection with this incident. He pleaded not guilty, being quite innocent, but was sentenced to a month in gaol.

Piltown Cross Ambush:

It is with pleasure I give details of the successful attack on British troops which took place on the night of November 1st, 1920, at Piltown Cross, Kinsalebeg, about three miles north-east of Youghal.

The plan was to stage a feint attack on Ardmore

R.I.C. Barracks, three miles to the south-east, with a view to drawing the military out of Youghal, the latter force to be ambushed en route to Ardmore at Piltown Cross.

The night was dark when the Column reached the ambush position - about eight o'clock. Men from other Companies were present, some to take part in the actual attack, others to act as scouts and outposts.

Giving a rough estimate, I would say we had about thirty men in ambush at the Cross. There were about six or eight of these with rifles; the remainder had shotguns. A few of us also carried revolvers. I was with the rifle party under George Lennon, the Column O/C, who was also in charge of the whole operation.

I cannot give accurate details as to the disposition of our force but, for my own part, I was about forty yards distant from a trench dug in the road to act as a sort of barricade or obstruction to any military vehicle which might come along.

At about ten o'clock, the sound of shooting could be heard coming from the Ardmore direction which indicated that the feint attack by some of our lads over there had begun. Verrey lights, sent up by the R.I.C. in the barracks being attacked, were plainly visible.

The time was, approximately, eleven o'clock when our scouts reported that military were leaving Youghal and approaching our position.

Not long after this report, a lorry of soldiers came into view and, as it reached the trench in the road, we opened up with rifles, while our shotgun men poured a

volley in from their position opposite to us.

The lorry stopped and pandemonium broke loose amongst the Tommies. The driver was killed by our first burst of fire and several soldiers wounded. The other soldiers tried to leave the lorry; a few did and ran, terror-stricken, through the fields.

Meanwhile, George Lennon, noticing the enemy panic and seeing that their reply to our fire was negligible, ordered us out on to the road to charge the military at close quarters.

We got on to the road and shouted to the soldiers to surrender. They shouted, "We surrender", and our group moved closer to the lorry. Suddenly a shot was fired by one of the military - whether in panic or not, I could not say - but a few of us dived for cover in under the lorry and began firing up through the floor.

Pandemonium again broke loose amongst the Tommies who ceased firing.

Eventually the lot of them, approximately twenty-five (a few had escaped in the dark) were lined up on the roadside. It was then discovered that we had killed two of them and wounded about half a dozen.

George Lennon was looking for the British officer in charge when he (the officer) suddenly appeared as a prisoner, taken by some of our shotgun men. It happened that the officer got out of the lorry immediately the first volley was fired and scrambled through a hedge, for safety, right into a position held by some of our lads. They promptly disarmed him.

Our first attention was directed to the wounded soldiers who were given first-aid treatment by us. The remainder of the British party was disarmed and a dray procured to enable their dead and wounded to be taken into Youghal.

When the British had removed their casualties, we made a tally of our captures. To the best of my recollection, we got up to thirty rifles, a revolver, some grenades and a few thousand rounds of ammunition plus military equipment. Each man on the Column took a rifle and a quantity of ammunition, and moved off towards Ballymallala, a hilly district, three miles to the north of Piltown.

As I was leaving Piltown, carrying two rifles, the chain of my bicycle was giving trouble and it was some time before I got it fixed. I then found I had lost touch with the rest of the Column, so, rather than proceed alone, I slept in a haystack for the night.

The following morning I pushed on to Villierstown, a few miles to the north of Piltown, and called to the house of a friend who sent his son out to try and contact the Column. The lad did so, with the result that I made contact with the boys that night in Ballymallala.

A night or so later, all the captured stuff was brought to Pat Keating's house in Kilrossanty, at the foothills of the Comeragh mountains. Pat - a Column man - was Commandant of the Kilrossanty Battalion.

Very shortly afterwards, Keating's house was raided by the military but we had removed all the guns and ammunition just prior to the raid. There was left behind,

under a heap of coal, the web equipment of one of the Tommies who was killed at Piltown. The webbing was torn by bullets. Luckily for the women of the Keating family who were in the house at the time of the raid, this was not discovered or they would, most certainly, have been shot.

After the Piltown ambush, the Column was ordered to disperse for a week or so, as enemy activity was very much increased in our area.

I came into Dungarvan at night - mid December, 1920 - with some message for Pax Whelan, the Brigade O/C. I eventually located Pax in the house of Dan Fraher, The Square, Dungarvan, a man well known for his republican sympathies. When leaving Fraher's, I suddenly found myself surrounded by a military patrol in charge of Captain Marshall. I was unarmed at the time.

The soldiers ordered me to put up my hands. I was then searched and marched away to Dungarvan barracks.

I was there for a week and was taken by lorry, with a heavy escort, to Fermoy barracks. From Fermoy I was removed to Kilworth military barracks, from there to Cork gaol and finally, in company with fifty or sixty other prisoners, by a British destroyer to Belfast.

In Belfast we were handcuffed in pairs, loaded into lorries and were pelted with bolts and nuts by the shipyard workers before the convoy moved off to Ballykinlar Camp, Co. Down, where I was interned until June, 1921.

About a dozen prisoners were released with me, five of whom travelled to Waterford city with me where we put up for the night in the house of Miss Murphy, Gladstone

Street, Waterford, a member of Cumann na mBan.

During the night the house was raided by a party of the Devon regiment under a Lieutenant Yeo, a notorious blackguard. Yeo questioned us and then beat me savagely with the butt of his revolver. I was not arrested.

After a few days, I returned to Dungarvan, stayed a day or two at home, went out to the country and returned home again, in time to see a military raid on my house. I got out of town quickly and made contact with the Column again at Knockboy.

Some short time after this, I was instructed by George Lennon to attend a Brigade Council meeting at which Pax Whelan presided. At that meeting, I was appointed Vice Commandant of the 1st Battalion, Waterford Brigade. A Dungarvan man named Cashin, a fellow prisoner in Ballykinlar, who was released with me, was appointed Adjutant of the 3rd Battalion, Waterford Brigade.

Before the Truce of July, 1921, I was instructed to visit the Companies in the 1st Battalion area and tighten up their organisation. The area extended roughly from the bridge at Abbeyside, Dungarvan, to the bridge over the river Suir at Clonmel, a distance of twenty-five miles or more. It also included the mountain district north-west of Dungarvan.

During the Truce period, July to December, 1921, I spent some weeks at a training camp for Brigade officers which was conducted by Paddy Paul of Waterford city. Paul was an ex British army man who subsequently became an officer in the Free State army.

In September, 1921, I remember being with the Column at Killongford, on the road to Helvick, when a cargo of arms from Germany was expected to be landed. Our job was to prevent any British interference with the landing. Actually, no arms were landed on that occasion, nor had we any encounter with the enemy.

In March, 1922, when the British evacuated Cappoquin and Dungarvan barracks, I took them over on behalf of the Irish (Provisional) Government and was put in charge in Cappoquin which was regarded as the headquarters of the 1st Battalion, Waterford Brigade.

On the outbreak of the Civil War in June, 1922, I fought on the Republican side.

During the siege of Waterford by the Free Staters, we brought supplies to the city for the Republican troops fighting there, and, on the capture of the city following which Free State troops moved over to our area, we burned the barracks at Dungarvan and Cappoquin. Pax Whelan, the Brigade O/C, and I then joined up with a party of our lads operating in the 1st and 7th Battalion areas, i.e., between Dungarvan and Clonmel.

We had several engagements with Free State troops in west and north-west Waterford, and every effort was made to hamper their movements by trenching roads, destroying bridges and suchlike.

When the Cease Fire order was issued in 1923,

we dumped our arms but, even though unarmed, we were continually being harried from pillar to post by Free State troops. As a result, I was unable to return with safety to my home in Dungarvan until April, 1924.

SIGNED: Padraig O Loingsigh
(Padraig O Loingsigh)

DATE: Sept 6th 1955

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WITNESS [Signature]