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BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21

STATEMENT BY WITNESS.

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 877

Witness

Lieut. Col. P.J. Paul,
4 Martello Terrace,
Bray,
Co. Wicklow.

Identity.

Officer Commanding East Waterford Brigade, 1919-1921.

Subject.

East Waterford Brigade, 1919-1921.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil

File No.. S.2177

Form B S M 2

W S 877

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ORIGINAL

Statement of Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick Joseph Paul,

4, Martello Terrace, Bray, Co. Wicklow.

I was born in the City of Waterford early in March, 1896. My father was a mechanical engineer and my mother was the daughter of a farmer in the locality. My father was engineer in the Bacon Factory of Barnes'. He was also concerned in the building of the Barrow Bridge and employed as engineer in other local firms.

I was educated at the Christian Brothers' Schools, Mount Sion, Waterford. I spent most of my earlier years with my grandparents (Mr. and Mrs. David Whittle) who were dairy farmers on the outskirts of Waterford City. An uncle, Thomas Whittle, who lived there kept hunters and so I became familiar in my early life with farming and learned to be fond of horses.

Both my parents and my grandparents were national minded and I often heard my grandparents conversing in the Irish language. They were native Irish speakers. I picked up some phrases in this way at home from my grandparents. Also, of course, I got a good grounding in both the Irish language and Irish history from the Christian Brothers at school.

I was brought up in an entirely Irish atmosphere because my forbears on both sides had suffered the loss of their property in previous generations and, therefore, the feelings of my parents and grandparents, which I absorbed as I grew up, were against the English rule that had been

responsible for the loss of the family fortunes. Of course, in later years they had begun by hard work to regain something of the property that had been lost, earlier but, as a young fellow, I often listened to the stories told of confiscations and evictions in which our family had suffered like many another.

In 1915, being then nineteen years of age, I knew little or nothing about the Volunteer movement. A lot of what had taken place before this had rather passed over my head and at this time, when I first became conscious of the Volunteers as a national movement, the Irish Party leaders were appealing to the Volunteers and to Irishmen generally to join the British Army to fight in the war then raging in France, on the side of the Allies against Germany. Waterford was the constituency of Mr. John Redmond, the leader of the Irish Party, and he was very popular there, so that what he said about such matters, that is, public statements of policy, were accepted without question by practically everyone in the constituency. The catch-cries raised at the time by the Irish Party in support of this recruiting campaign - "the fight for small nations" and "by fighting in France we were fighting for Ireland" - I accepted unquestioningly, and so I conceived it to be my duty to join the British Army in obedience to the appeals of the Irish Party leaders.

I joined the British Army in Waterford - the Royal Irish Regiment - and was sent to Dublin to undergo training. I was a member of a Cadet Company in Beggars' Bush Barracks at first and then I went to Richmond Barracks

(later called Keogh Barracks). After approximately three months' training, I was sent on active service. My Regiment joined an expedition intended originally for Gallipoli but which, in fact, landed in Salonica in Greece. The Austrians had overrun Servia at this stage and our Division, with some French troops, were sent up to stem the tide.

I was still serving in the British Army in Greece - we were in Macedonia - when news reached us of the Insurrection of Easter Week, 1916, in Dublin. We knew very little of what had happened. The information reached us through the military signals agency in camp. As most of us in camp were Irish, we were very interested and we organised a system of runners to bring us the latest tidings from Dublin as they reached camp. Notices were posted up on the notice-board as bulletins, which everyone crowded around to read as they were posted up. I might point out that some of these messages were of the briefest kind and gave no details. One such message, I remember, was to the effect, "Rebels still holding out", and the receipt of this brought about a spontaneous cheer throughout the camp. One need never have gone to the notice-board to see what the news was when one heard such a cheer; it followed from this that the latest news was favourable to the rebels. Most of the men were men who, like myself, had joined up for the duration of the war and in the belief that they were serving Ireland by doing so, and so their sympathies were entirely Irish and swung towards the Insurrection in Dublin, or the Rebels as they were called, as soon as we learned of the Insurrection.

Then when we learned of the surrender, there was a certain amount of sadness to be noticed amongst the troops and their thoughts went out to the people at home. Our sympathy with our countrymen tended to increase by reason of the fact that they themselves were in exile for the moment.

The letters I received from home, from my parents, indicated their sympathy with the Sinn Féin movement which they supported to the end. Later they instructed me how to register my vote in the 1918 election for the Sinn Féin candidate, Dr. White.

I did not see Ireland again until 1918, and then only for a short leave spell. My regiment had gone from Salonica to Egypt and Palestine, and from that to France and Belgium, and it was from France that I obtained my first leave home.

I was demobilised in the early part of 1919 and returned to my home at Waterford, where I joined the Gaelic League, having had some previous association with this organisation.

While I was with the Gaelic League, I concerned myself in studying the political situation in Ireland, particularly the growth of the Volunteer movement and details of the Insurrection of 1916 and, for the first time began to get a real grasp of the national movement in general. I wished to serve my country and wondered how best I could do this. It was as a result of thinking things out in this way that I joined B. Company of the Waterford City Volunteers. I joined just as an ordinary Volunteer and Captain Walter Curran was the Company

Commander at that time.

I was only a short time in the Company when I was appointed as a Lieutenant and, in this capacity, I superintended and directed the training of the Company. The Company Commander knew, of course, of my service in the British Army and I suppose for this reason selected me to help with the training of the Company.

The only things we did at this time were regular parades in which drill, signal and tactical training were carried out. There were little or no arms in the Company and so we did not carry arms on these parades. I had done machine gun training in the British Army, having learned the Vickers machine gun and the light automatic, but there was no scope to utilise this knowledge in the Volunteer Company as we had none of these weapons.

There was very little activity for the Volunteer Companies in Waterford at this time except their training parades. I had noticed that their chief activities and the attention of individual Volunteers were directed more in political than military lines. Perhaps the 1918 election had encouraged this, but Waterford was still a strong Irish Party centre and political opinion was even then more or less equally divided between Sinn Féin and the Irish Party. Perhaps, in fact, the Irish Party were a little stronger. The Volunteers as such were, therefore, preoccupied with the local political opposition and there was little thought or concern about anything outside this. The

Irish Party supporters were very belligerent and at different times had attacked Dr. White, the Sinn Féin candidate, and attacked his house. The Volunteers there, though they tried to protect Dr. White and his house, seemed to be unable to do so effectively because the Redmondite faction were stronger numerically and more violent in their methods. I personally had very little to do with these political fracas.

Some time about May, 1920, the Battalion Commander was arrested. A Battalion Council meeting was held following this to elect a successor, and I was nominated and appointed to the command of the Waterford City Battalion. This came as a considerable surprise to me as I was only a Lieutenant and a newcomcer in the movement and I felt that the honour of commanding the Battalion should go to some of those who were much longer in the movement. I stated these views to the Battalion Council but they all insisted, including my Company Commander, Walter Curran, that I was the most suitable man for the job and that I should take over. So I accepted the appointment.

I proceeded to examine the situation to see in what way things might be livened up and also to inaugurate a system of training in the other Companies similar to what I had working already in my own Company, B. Company. I did manage to acquire an odd rifle here and there and an occasional grenade with which we began slowly to build up our armament. Hunting round, I found that there were quite a few other men who had seen service in the British Army during the war like myself, and I arranged to take advantage of their training by having them appointed as

Instructors. As I say, we had very little arms and we were only able to acquire these very slowly, but I felt that it was necessary to have the men trained so that when we did get arms, they would know how to use them. It was a slow and tedious job under the circumstances but we did the best we could. We trained quite a number of men in the use of rifle and grenade as well as the other subjects already mentioned.

As the year 1920 wore on, the enemy was becoming more active in the arrest of Volunteer officers. Waterford City was particularly affected because of the local political conditions. The local political controversy caused the identities of the local Volunteer officers to be well known, even to the British authorities, so numbers of these were arrested or had to go on the run. Seeing the danger of establishing my own identity as the Battalion Commander, I therefore avoided all public processions, parades and appearances as a Volunteer officer. I felt that I could carry out my work, at least as well and perhaps better by concealing my identity and, in fact, I succeeded in doing this as the British authorities never suspected that I was the Battalion Commander until after the Truce.

Soon after I took up duty with the Battalion, there was some minor activity, such as, the raiding of civilian houses for arms and ammunition and the burning of income tax offices. These duties were carried out by instructions received from General Headquarters. We had also to enforce what was known as the military boycott, which was an attempt to prevent local girls associating

with members of the British military or police.

While I was Battalion Commander in Waterford, the Brigade Commander was Liam Walsh. I would like to say in this connection that there were two men named Liam Walsh in the area. The man I referred to, who was the Brigade Commander, was known as the G.A.A. Walsh because of his association with the Gaelic Athletic Association. He was a hurler and a referee. The other Liam Walsh was known as Liam Walsh, the Piper, because he played the Uileann pipes. (In more recent years I believe, he has broadcast from Radio Éireann). Both of these Walsh's were Volunteers but Liam Walsh, the Piper, lived on the Ferrybank side and was just an ordinary Volunteer belonging to F. Company.

The East Waterford Brigade comprised two other Battalions as well as the Waterford City Battalion. Waterford City was the 1st Battalion, and the 2nd and 3rd were from the country districts outside the City. The Brigade Commander, Liam Walsh, took me around with him to inspect the Battalions outside the City, with the idea of seeing what we could do to improve their training and to organise new Companies. It was while so engaged at Bunmahon that I first came in contact with some of the West Waterford Brigade, notably George Lennon, who was the Brigade Vice Commandant, and Pat Keating who was a Battalion Commander in West Waterford and who came from the Comeragh area. He afterwards died of wounds received in the Burgery ambush.

These West Waterford officers were glad to meet me

and wanted my help and advice in a proposal they had to burn down the Bunmahon Coastguard Station. So I went with them on this job. There was nothing very much to tell about this as, having removed the families - children and so on - from the place, we sprinkled it with petrol and set fire to it. When the fire was well alight and it was evident that it would successfully burn itself out, the officers there wanted to make a quick getaway before they could be intercepted by any enemy party. They therefore commandeered a motor lorry - a one-ton truck - from a local merchant. As I was able to drive, I took this over and we drove right through the night into the Comeraghs where we stopped at Pat Keating's house.

I stayed at Keating's that night in Comeragh and the next morning Keating's brother drove me back to Bunmahon in a pony and trap. On my way I posted some notices on a telegraph pole, which I had already prepared, informing the owner of the lorry which we had commandeered where it was to be found. I was back in Bunmahon village the following day and nobody ever suspected that I had been concerned in the burning of the coastguard station. There was very little activity then other than what I have already mentioned, such as odd raids for arms, and there were also raids on trains for the destruction of military stores. I might mention that I got on fairly well with the West Waterford officers. Seemingly, up to this time, there had been some friction between the officers of the two Brigade areas, possibly due to the fact that there was little fraternisation between them,

but from the time I made contact with them we worked very much in harmony.

A further instance of this co-operation was in September, 1920, when Keating and Lennon, with a man named Power whom we called Jimmie Tomás - he was Commandant of one of the East Waterford Battalions - came to me to arrange an attack on Kill Police Barracks. Kill would be about 10 or 12 miles from Waterford City on the Waterford-Bunmahon road. There weren't very many of us engaged in this attack. We had a few rifles and I went in charge of the riflemen, while Keating and the others went in rear of the Barracks to endeavour to get some of the slates off with explosives and, in that way, set fire to the place. We had hoped to take the place by surprise and we did, in fact, capture one of the police who was out of the Barracks and held him while the attack was in progress. We thought to gain entry by knocking at the door and pretending it was this policeman returning, but someone fired a shot accidentally or prematurely and so alarmed the police and spoiled this part of the scheme. Keating sent word to me after a while to the effect that he was unable to carry out his project on the roof of the Barracks and I thereupon, with the four riflemen who were with me, opened up fire on the door and windows of the front of the Barracks from about 25 yards range, in the hope that the police might be intimidated and surrender. They did not do so and we had to call off the attack. Our primary object was to gain some much needed arms and ammunition by the capture of the Barracks and this, of course, failed but, as a secondary object, we hoped to compel the evacuation of the Barracks and in this we were successful because the police were evacuated from the Barracks a couple

of days later. By compelling the enemy to withdraw from as many as possible of such outposts, we left the area clear from our own activities.

Sometime in November, 1920, Liam Walsh, the Brigade Commander, and Michael O'Neill, the Brigade Adjutant, and some other prominent men were arrested in a general round-up by military forces and, as a result of this, a Brigade Council meeting was held towards the end of November at which I was elected Brigade Commander, and my appointment was subsequently ratified by General Headquarters Again, I appealed to the Brigade Council that they should appoint someone else rather than myself, in view of the fact that I had so recently come into the Movement and that there were so many others better entitled to hold this appointment, but they prevailed on me to accept the appointment and I eventually agreed.

From about this time I became a full-time Volunteer officer. They asked me to give my whole time to the work and from then on I occupied myself entirely by inspecting the Battalions; organising their training; trying to acquire arms and such like duties. When I say I tried to acquire arms, this does not mean that any new sources of supply became available but when I became Brigade Commander I had more information available to me and I found that there were odd rifles and other arms dumped here and there. I was able to recover these and, in this way, built up a miscellaneous armament which was, at least, some improvement on the position as it had been up to then.

I have already mentioned the fact that in Waterford

the Volunteers were rather obsessed by the local political struggle; that is, that local politics, chiefly the opposition of the Redmondite faction in Waterford, obsessed them and prevented the concentration of their efforts on the national and military effort required by the situation. They lacked any kind of belligerent spirit, perhaps because they had been overawed by the numbers in their local squabbles. Their morale had suffered and I wanted to do something to raise this.

Soon after I became Brigade Commander I decided that the best way of helping to get over this feeling of inferiority in the local Volunteers was to get them to do a little fighting. So, one day, with the Commander of the 2nd Battalion and a few others, we went out the road to a place called Ballyduff, where we hoped to be able to ambush a military lorry and, if possible, capture their arms and ammunition. We had no previous arrangement about this: that is, we had no special report of enemy forces being expected, but they travelled on this road so frequently that it was fairly safe to assume that some enemy forces would come along sooner or later during the day. This place is called Ballyduff Lower - not to be confused with Ballyduff Upper which is near Lismore. Ballyduff Lower would be about 7 miles from Waterford City, on the Dungarvan-Kilmacthomas road, in the vicinity of Kilmeadan. This would probably be early in December, 1920.

It was a beautiful fine morning and, having selected a suitable position, we occupied it and waited. Our position was just around a bend in the road and after

waiting some time, we observed two military lorries coming along. We could not do anything until they came around the bend. There were 6 of us in the party, including myself, and Jimmie Power, the 2nd Battalion Commander, was on my right. I knew from previous talks I had with Power that he was excessively concerned always about the safety of the civilian population. In any talk we had of projected action, Power was always worried about damage to civilian property or injury to civilians. I had observed the fact that there were cars going to the local creamery but I said nothing, knowing Power's feelings on such things, but as the military lorries approached he turned to me and said, "There is a creamery car on the road, Paddy. What shall we do?". This donkey and car with some milk churns in it had appeared in the middle of the road between us and the military lorries. Knowing it would be fatal to have any discussion on the matter with Power, I made no reply to his remark but, raising my rifle and taking aim at the driver of the first lorry, I fired and my shot was taken as a signal by the others who also opened fire. In any case, with such a fleeting target, there was no time for a discussion as to what was to be done. We just did it. We had no barricade because there was so much traffic on that road that a barricade would have given away our position immediately. Some of our shots must have taken effect because the first lorry swayed about on the road a bit and then pulled up. To our amazement, we then discovered that there were some of our own men in the lorry, being conveyed as prisoners to Kilworth Camp. We feared to injure them by continuing our fire so we pulled out

and retired from the position. I learned afterwards that one of the prisoners was Liam Walsh, our late Brigade Commander, and there were consequently rumours afloat following this that we had attempted to rescue the prisoners, particularly Liam Walsh. Of course this was not so, as we were unaware of their presence until after we had opened fire on the convoy.

As I have stated, we had to pull out then as the escort had begun to engage us with light automatic fire and our ammunition supply was very limited - about 8 or 10 rounds a man - and we did not wish to endanger the lives of the prisoners. I learned that the officer in charge of the convoy, who apparently was sitting beside the driver, was wounded and there was also a soldier wounded. I do not think there were any other casualties in the engagement as I asked Liam Walsh about this after his release. I was also pleased to learn that the officer commanding the convoy was not killed. Liam Walsh told me about this and that the officer's name was McNamara. There was also another officer with the convoy who acted very roughly towards the prisoners following the ambush. He would have given them a bad time but for the intervention of McNamara who, notwithstanding his wound, would not allow the prisoners to be ill treated. This action became known as the Ballyduff Ambush.

That night I went back to Waterford and mixed around among the Volunteers in the Sinn Féin Hall. The news of the ambush had been published in the local papers and I listened to the discussion about it, saying

nothing myself. The one thing I noticed was that everyone seemed to find it hard to believe that any East Waterford men could have been involved in this exploit. The speculation was all about whether it was some of the West Waterford or South Tipperary Volunteers who had come into the area. It never occurred to them that any of their comrades from East Waterford would have had the nerve to carry out this action on their own account. Later, when the facts were disclosed to them, they felt very proud and their morale was raised considerably.

As I have already mentioned, there had been something like friction or, at least, very little cooperation between the East and West Waterford Brigades, and therefore I made a special effort to work in harmony. I got every assistance, particularly from George Lennon, the Vice-Commandant of the West Waterford Brigade, and also from Pat Keating, one of the West Waterford Battalion Comdrs. up to the time he died of wounds he received in the Burgery ambush. The three of us consulted between us as to what might be done and we were conscious of the fact that an increase in activity was necessary to keep in line with the other active areas in the country. South Kilkenny was almost completely inactive but places like Tipperary and Cork were very active. I had been in South Kilkenny earlier giving advice to some local Volunteers on military matters. I do not think they had any formal Volunteer units but there were some good men in the place and they wanted me to stay there to train them. They did carry out some small operations like burning evacuated barracks, but there was nobody there to

direct or command them. The same conditions existed in South Wexford because I was down there at one time with Seamus Hughes who came down as a G.H.Q. organiser to South Wexford. Seamus called to me in Waterford on his way to Wexford and took me with him to see whether anything could be done in South Wexford. (Seamus Hughes, now dead, was in more recent years attached to Radio Éireann Broadcasting Station, at the beginning of Irish broadcasting).

I remember calling to a man named Sullivan, who I think afterwards became a doctor, and I remember discussing the prospects in South Wexford afterwards with Seamus Hughes, and he said that he had gone down one day and taken a shot at a police inspector himself as a means of livening things up there, but it did not seem to have had much effect.

South Tipperary was, of course, a very active Brigade and on one occasion I met the South Tipperary column under Denny Lacey in the Nire Valley, when the Tipperary men were resting there. It must have been sometime in 1921 when we met Lacey's column. I remember that they had a hotchkiss gun with them which they had captured somewhere or other. We discussed matters with Lacey there and assured him of our willingness to co-operate and help them out in any way we could, and that if they wanted to come into our Brigade area either to rest up or for any other reason, they were very welcome.

I should mention that in the general arrest of Brigade officers about the end of 1920 or beginning of 1921, the Brigade Quartermaster, Seán Lane, was also arrested and Matthew Knox (?), who afterwards served in the National Army

as a Captain on the Q.M.G."s staff, became the Brigade Quartermaster and remained in this position until after the Truce.

The next incident of any note which I remember is the Tramore Ambush which took place on the 7th January, 1921. This was arranged as a night attack. Like all similar attacks, this had as its primary objective the securing of much needed arms and ammunition and, secondly, the drawing of attention away from more hard pressed areas. The Waterford area was regarded as a quiet area and therefore any military action we could undertake would be of assistance to the more active areas in distracting the enemy forces. In any case, as a matter of local pride, we wanted to show the enemy that the Volunteers in East Waterford were by no means a dead organisation and we hoped that if we had any kind of success we would attract the sympathy of a lot of civilians who were politically opposed to us in the area. Such attacks would serve to combat experience to the local Volunteers and, in so doing, would heighten the morale.

In planning this Ambush at Tramore there were a number of considerations involved. To begin with, I wanted to have this action in the heart of an area which was regarded by the enemy as absolutely quiet and safe. The terrain thereabouts was, however, absolutely flat and unsuitable for our operations in daylight and this fact, therefore, compelled us to adopt a night attack, although I realised that night operations are always dangerous because of the inability to control forces and the likelihood of their becoming scattered and detached. There was also a very good road network in this area

which made it an easy matter for the enemy, equipped with motor vehicles, to surround us, and difficult for us on our part to avoid this if we carried out the operation in daylight. It was these considerations which influenced the carrying out of the Tramore Ambush as a night attack owing to the location of the enemy posts. It would therefore have taken a very big and well-equipped force to attack the enemy barracks and to sustain an attack for any length of time without being cut off and surrounded by enemy forces. As the Brigade Commander, I had to assume the responsibility of deciding to carry out the ambush and arranging the details for it, but as I wanted the co-operation of the West Waterford men I consulted Keating and Lennon about it.

The general plan was to get the enemy out of barracks in a position on the road where they could be boxed in and attacked from four sides at close range. Most of our men present were men who were at work all day and would not be available until evening and would have to be back to their work in the morning, so we had to arrange things accordingly as far as the timing was concerned. The ambush party were arranged in four separate parties, each occupying one position on one side. The first position, which we shall call the No. 1 position, was on the Ballynattin road. Practically all the men from the Waterford City Battalion, together with a couple of men from the Dunhill Battalion were in that position. The idea was that if we had to withdraw from the position, these men could fall back on their home territory in Waterford City and the same thing applied to the men in the other positions. The Ballynattin Road linked up with the road junction connecting the old and

new Tramore roads. We had a few riflemen manning the position on the road junction between the old and new roads. These men would be in a position to bring infilade fire to bear on the rear of the enemy troops, presuming that these came into the position as we had it arranged they should. The men at this road junction were also Waterford City men. We also had a position on the railway embankment between this road junction and the railway bridge. This bridge is often referred to as the Metal Bridge. This position on the embankment is overlooking the road, and it was manned by men from the Dunhill Battalion who were armed with shotguns. The shotgun cartridges were loaded with buckshot and the amount of ammunition available was limited. These men were instructed to pour whatever number of shots they could into the lorries as they came near enough to them and then withdraw. They also were so placed that when they withdrew towards their rear, they withdrew into their own part of the country where they were familiar with the lie of the land and would be able to find their way across country.

No. 4 position was occupied by a party from the West Waterford Brigade. Pat Keating and George Lennon were there but I am not sure whether Pax Whelan was there or not. At any rate, I do not remember seeing him there but I did see the other men. Keating was a Battalion Commander of one of the West Waterford Battalions; Pax Whelan was the Brigade Commander of the West Waterford Brigade. They occupied a position on the Tramore side of the Metal Bridge in the vicinity of a road called the Pickardstown Road. Their position was in rear of a barricade which was

erected on the Tramore side of the Metal Bridge. The barricade consisted of a donkey cart, or something like that, turned upside down. It was erected for the purpose of halting the first lorry so as to hold up the convoy when the attack was launched. There were something between 16 and 20 of the West Waterford men present that night and they were fairly well armed. The West Waterford men would be able to bring a very effective enfilade fire to bear on the enemy at a range of 30 yards or less. The choice of this position for the West Waterford men also served to enable them to withdraw, if necessary: falling back on their own territory which lay in their rear. This part of the business being arranged, the next problem to be tackled was how to induce the enemy to come out from the City and enter the trap we had set for him. One suggestion was to shoot one of the Tans stationed in Tramore who had made himself particularly offensive in the neighbourhood, but this fellow did not appear round the town that night.

A few of us went up to Tramore, which was about a mile from the ambush position, and began an attack on the R.I.C. Barracks there. This attack was merely a feint to induce the Tans inside to call for reinforcements and, for this reason, we did not cut any wires. We left the telephonic communication intact so that they could ring up Waterford. A few men went in rear of the Barracks but I don't think they were able to do anything there. Myself, Keating and another West Waterford man opened up fire on the front of the Barracks. We could not get close to the door of the Barracks because of the barbed wire which was in front of it but when our fire opened, the Tans inside

returned it and after a while began to throw grenades out at us. The grenades came fairly close to us but in the position we were, we had cover from them. In the dark we could not even see them coming to us. The first intimation we had was when each one exploded, and, concerning this, I would like to say here, as a matter of interest, that the other man from the West Waterford Brigade became so alarmed when the first grenade burst that he ran off up the hill and we had to call for him to come back. This was his first time under fire from grenades, and the noise of the burst or the shock of it close up to him threw him into a panic until he realised that we were not so alarmed and that the explosion had done much less damage than he imagined. He came back then and, afterwards, took his part in the fight and was very reliable. I just mention this to show the effect of fire, and particularly the bursting of grenades upon men unused to such things.

After some time we concluded that it was time now to return to the ambush position so as to be ready to receive the enemy reinforcements when they arrived. Going down the road we met some of the men from the ambush position coming up to enquire about us. We came first to the position of the West Waterford men where I said "Goodnight" to George Lennon and the others and left them there, going on to rejoin my own men at the position on the other side. I had to walk towards the road junction before I could turn on to the Ballynattin Road. As I had almost reached the road junction, I saw the headlights of about 5 cars, which I recognised as Crossley tenders, approaching the ambush position and which were then quite close to it.

I should have explained before that the orders were that no shot would be fired until the first car had reached or struck the barricade. By that time, all the cars would be within the ambush position and they could be attacked from front and rear and flanks. I could not reach the position of my own men on the Ballynattin road and I jumped the fence on my right to go across the field. I fell in the ditch on the other side of it and had to scramble out of this as best I could. As I made my way across the field I was suddenly caught between two fires - the fire of our own men on to the enemy lorries and the enemy fire from the lorries towards our position. However, I made my way over to the Ballynattin Road position which was held by the Waterford City men and I found myself on the extreme left flank of that position. Making a quick survey of the position I realised then that something had gone wrong because only the men on the Ballynattin Road and the men at the road junction were engaged. The enemy lorries, or some of them, had not come into the ambush position and I could see some of them on the road in rear of our position. They had really only come in on the fringe of our position. It was clear to me then that somebody had either accidentally or otherwise fired a premature shot or in some such way alarmed the enemy before they had got right into the ambush position. As it was now, we were in serious danger of being surrounded by superior forces, so I passed the word on to withdraw towards the position in which I then was. I had a good Lee Enfield rifle, whereas a number of these men had only shotguns: I hoped to be able to cover their withdrawal. We were in very close contact with the enemy most of the time and as I waited to

cover the withdrawal of the others. I was, at one point, at hand-to-hand distance from the enemy. I could plainly hear the talk of the enemy soldiers and their officers and from their talk I gathered that the soldiers were very nervous, but they seemed to be well led by their officers who rallied them and encouraged them to pursue us. Baker Morrissey, the Vice-Commandant of the City Battalion, came along to me at this stage. He was armed with a shotgun and when I looked at him I saw that he held the barrel in one hand and the stock in the other. He said to me "What shall I do, Paddy?" - to which I replied, seeing his predicament - "The only thing you can do is to clear off out of this as quickly as you can while I hold off the enemy for a while". Then it came to my notice that one of our men was wounded and I instructed him to make his way back and that I would follow him later. I gave him the general direction to follow in our retreat and told him to inform the others that they should rally at a point which I gave him and where I would meet them. The enemy kept up their fire on our position but did not seem very anxious to follow us up. Naturally, they had no idea how many of us were there or what kind of further ambush they might walk into in the dark. They contented themselves with standing us off and the hot fire was kept up for some time. I realised afterwards that I had had a rather narrow shave when I discovered that a bullet had struck my rifle and lodged between the muzzle and the woodwork. Bullets had also punctured my coat and I had hurt my hand in the course of the encounter, but otherwise I was uninjured. I later rejoined the Waterford City men at the appointed rendezvous and, finding the wounded man

there, I did what I could for him and helped him across to a farmhouse where he could be taken care of. Actually, the house belonged to people named Corcoran, and they were some kind of relatives of the wounded man. Michael Wylie was the name of the man who was wounded. The remainder of the men were instructed where to dump their arms in a safe place from where I would have them collected the next day. These men had to make their way back into the City and be ready to attend their places of employment in the morning, and it was now after midnight. I was not aware at the time that we also had another casualty - a man named Nicholas Whittle, who had made his own way to a farmhouse of a relation of his in the vicinity. Still later I learned that two of our men were killed - namely, Michael McGrath of the Waterford City Battalion and Tom O'Brien of the No. 2 Dunhill Battalion. We never discovered what casualties the enemy suffered. I believe they must have suffered some casualties, but under the conditions, it was impossible to discover what these were except that the particularly offensive Tan, to whom I referred earlier, was missing for a long time after this and it was believed that he was wounded in the course of the Barrack attack. Our wounded men had to be looked after and I remained in the area where they were to do what I could for them. Dr. Purcell from Waterford City, who has since died, was a very good friend of ours and he came out to attend the wounded men and, through him, we arranged to get them to a place of safety. It was suggested that the Mental Home on the outskirts of the City would be a good place to hide them, where they could receive medical attention. One of these men was wounded in the leg: the other had a bullet

through his lung. Before they were long in the Mantal Home we heard that the enemy had learned of their presence there and intended to raid the place, so we had them moved at once to South Kilkenny to the house of a Mrs. Walsh, near Mooncoin. Nicholas Whittle was in pretty bad shape for a long time and when he had recovered he went to England to convalesce, where he stayed with a brother of his who was a priest over there. The other man - Michael Wylie - came back to Waterford when he recovered and when we formed a column shortly before the Truce he was one of the men who joined it.

Having, as I mentioned already, met the members of the South Tipperary column, I had in this way formed in my mind the intention of starting a column in our own Brigade area but before doing so I believed that it was necessary to so organise all the units and make them all active in their own way that they would provide assistance and a background necessary for a column to operate in East Waterford. I do not remember getting any instructions on this matter from G.H.Q., but I do remember that when eventually I had formed the column and had notified G.H.Q. of the fact, I got a letter from the Chief of Staff, Dick Mulcahy,, congratulating me on having formed the column and hoping that it would do good work.

Concerning the two men who were killed in the Tramore ambush, one of these - McGrath - was a relative of mine and, discussing the matter afterwards with the Brigade Adjutant and some of the other men who were near O'Brien and McGrath in the withdrawal, it seemed to be established that neither of these men had been wounded when they were captured by the

enemy forces. It is quite possible that they misunderstood the order for withdrawal or, perhaps, withdrew in the wrong direction because the other men could hear the voices, both of these men and of the enemy soldiers who apparently captured them. Both our men and the enemy forces were in very close contact. It seemed that having captured the men, they subsequently shot them out of hand.

Although the Tramore ambush had seemed to be a failure, it did serve the purpose of showing the enemy that there was a real live Volunteer Force in the area and that they could no longer count East Waterford as a quiet area. Soon afterwards, martial law was declared in the area by the British authorities. The enemy garrisons were reinforced and, in this way, a considerable number of enemy forces were tied up and were not available for operations elsewhere. There were about 40 men engaged in the Tramore ambush from the East Waterford Brigade, about half of these being from the City Battalion. In addition to the 40 from East Waterford, there were some 16-20 men from the West Waterford Brigade.

Following the Tramore ambush, nothing very important happened for a long time except minor raids on enemy supplies and communications. We had an intelligence service working at this stage and a man named Slattery, the father of Comdt. Jimmie Slattery, presently stationed at Clancy Barracks, was in the Post Office in Waterford and he brought out bundles of messages and such like information every day. He copied all telegrams going to or from police or military posts which, of course, were always in code and not having the code we could make little of them, but we sent them on

to Dublin immediately where the G.H.Q. Intelligence broke down the cypher. The G.H.Q. Intelligence people told us they were very glad to get some of the information we were able to send them in this way.

I realised at this time that we could not rest upon our effort at Tramore and that other operations would have to be undertaken. On several occasions about 10 or 12 of us went out 'on spec' to take up positions to ambush any military or police party which might come along, but nothing turned up while we were there. Early in March, 1921, therefore, I made up my mind to undertake a large scale operation. In fact, an operation which would involve the whole Brigade at once. This, I reasoned, would have a better chance of success than any smaller action, because one post would be unable to reinforce another. The idea was to attack every military post in the area at once. Some of these attacks might be merely holding attacks for the purpose of containing the enemy garrison, whereas others could go ahead with the object of capturing the post attacked. It was also intended, in case any garrison did break out, that their progress would be impeded by trenched roads and fallen trees and, if the attacks could not take place simultaneously that at least they would be carried out on the same night. Part of the scheme in the 2nd Battalion area concerned a train which - we had information - was bringing military reinforcements from Cork. The arrangement was that a man of ours would board the train for Waterford at Dungarvan or Kilmacthomas and when he had ascertained whether or not the military party were aboard the train, he would give a signal to an ambush party at Carroll's Cross. Carroll's Cross is the next station

to Kilmacthomas, coming towards Waterford. The men of the 2nd Dunhill Battalion under Jimmie Power were to open fire on the military party when they got the signal at the station. But, although the military were, in fact, aboard the train, the signal was never given by our man and the explanation he gave for this afterwards was that he could not get to the window in order to give the signal. The train passed on towards Waterford and nothing happened there, but I also had made arrangements to ambush this party in Waterford, and the mission had been given to "F" Company which belonged to Ferrybank. When the Cork train reached Waterford station (which is on the Kilkenny side), the troops had to de-train and march across the Waterford bridge in order to reach their barracks. I had arranged to intercept them by having the drawbridge raised and some of the machinery necessary to operate the bridge thrown into the water, so that it would take some hours to lower the bridge by hand. Revolvers which I had got from Dublin had been supplied to the members of "F" Company and they should have opened fire on the military party when they were held up by the raised bridge, but, for some reason, this operation also failed. The troops were stopped at the bridge but nothing else happened.

In Waterford City itself I had given instructions that a military patrol which usually moved around the streets was to be attacked on that night, but in this case also nothing happened. I was, naturally, annoyed about the failure to carry out my orders on this occasion and, on enquiring into the matter subsequently, it transpired

that the Brigade Vice-Commandant - a man named Keane - had advised the Unit Commanders to disregard my instructions. I was told that he said to them - "Why should you get yourselves killed for Paddy Paul?" I removed this officer from his appointment and replaced him by Michael Bishop (known as Stan Bishop in the Army 1922-28) who, up to then, had been with the Tramore Company of the 2nd Battalion. The plans, therefore, for a general Brigade operation on that night were rendered abortive and the only shots that were fired were fired at Dunmore Police Barracks. The subsidiary activities of blocking roads and isolating the various posts were carried out and, in fact, the daily papers the following day carried big headlines - "Mysterious Happenings in Waterford". This was in view of the widespread blocking of roads, and the fact that this was not followed by any large scale attacks on enemy posts. I was, of course, very disappointed about the failure of this operation. I had intended this to be a test of the Brigade training and organisation, and I attributed the failure to a lack of offensive spirit amongst the officers. As far as the attack on the patrol in Waterford was concerned, I thought I had provided for everything. I had made a special trip to Dublin myself and brought down revolvers and ammunition and also some grenades which were distributed to the Volunteers for this job but in this case, as I have already mentioned, I found on enquiry amongst the men afterwards, that they had been openly discouraged by the Brigade Vice-Commandant. From that on, there was not much to note except the minor raids which were usual at the time.

The train from Tramore was held up, and the mails taken off it. Post offices and mail vans all around were also held up from time to time by our men and we raided the Waterford General Post Office, attacking and overpowering the military escort on this occasion.

Sometime in March I had a message from the West Waterford Brigade, informing me that they were rather hard pressed by enemy activity, and requesting my assistance, particularly in the matter of supplying them with some ammunition. I rounded up whatever ammunition we could spare in my own Brigade area and had this sent on to the West Waterford men at Dungarvan. Actually, although the amount of ammunition sent was something over 100 rounds - which sounds small nowadays - it represented quite a lot, in view of the scarcity of arms at that time, and left us short enough. I believe that the reason the West Waterford men were so short of ammunition at this particular period was because of what had been expended in what is known as the Burgery ambush, and I just mention the matter to show the extent of co-operation between our Brigades.

Pat Keating of Comeragh, one of the West Waterford officers who was a very good friend of mine, died of wounds sustained in that engagement. Keating died the day after the Burgery ambush and was given a temporary burial. Shortly afterwards his body was removed for permanent burial at night and a number of his comrades attended the funeral, in the course of which some of them, including Paddy Joe Power who was armed, were arrested by enemy forces. It was following this episode that I

received a message from George Lennon to meet him at a place called Cutteen House at the base of the Comeraghs. I remember that it was on a Sunday I set out to meet Lennon, who was with the West Waterford column at Cutteen House. I went to Kilmacthomas and set about trying to get a car to take me the rest of the way. I was in the grocery shop of Percy Kirwan, a famous athlete well known around there, when a mixed force of military and Black-and-Tans entered the village and proceeded to raid everywhere. I was not armed and, in company with some others, I made my way out the backway to get away, but I was fired on several times and only saved myself by taking cover, my military training aiding me in this way. However, I was captured by some of the military who marched me down and across the little river during which I got somewhat wet. I was treated pretty roughly and questioned as to who I was and what I was doing. The R.I.C., who were with the party, did not seem to recognise me and after a while they decided I was pretty harmless and released me though, before that, I had been placed near one of the tenders for removal. I had some notes in my pocket at the time but they were written in such a way that they had no meaning for anyone except myself and therefore excited no suspicion. The strange thing was that the same raiding party went a couple of miles up the road to carry out a raid at a place called Newtown, and they arrested a number of men who had no connection whatever with the Volunteers. Proceeding on my way to meet George Lennon I learned from him about the arrest of Paddy Joe Power and the others and he wanted to know if I could organise any attempt to rescue Power

from Waterford Prison. I promised him I would do what I could but that until I had examined the possibilities I could not say how we would operate. A means of communication with the prisoners inside had been established and we learned the times they were on exercise when, as nothing but a high wall then separated them from the street, we thought a rope thrown over this wall from outside, at a given time, would serve the purpose. We sent word to the prisoners that we would have a party outside at a certain time one day and that when a rope was thrown over, Power should climb up and make his escape. It was understood by everyone concerned, of course, that the small party outside who would throw the rope over could not delay there very long. Therefore, everything depended on prompt and accurate timing.

On our side, everything went according to plan. The party of about 3 or 4 men detailed for the purpose threw over the rope at the appointed place on the prison wall and I was told afterwards by some of the prisoners that they actually saw the rope coming over the wall and hanging there for a time but something had gone wrong on the inside. Seemingly the prisoners did not understand what was going on and none went near the rope. Our men on the outside, having waited a reasonable time, had to go away as, of course, their activities in daylight would be observed quite soon. This incident is another example of co-operation between the two Waterford Brigades and even though it was unsuccessful, it showed that we were willing to co-operate as far as we could.

The next incident of note was a raid on the County Club which also took place some time in March, 1921. I received a communication from General Michael Collins, who was then Director of Intelligence, informing me that a certain government official, in whom the Intelligence people were interested, was visiting Waterford and it was believed that he would stay at the County Club. I have forgotten this man's name but it was something like Delaney or a name like that. The communication I received from Collins at the time gave this man's name but I have since forgotten it. He was, as I have stated, some kind of Government official and it was believed that he was carrying some important documents which G.H.Q. was anxious to obtain. The instruction to me was to search this man's person and baggage but not to do any shooting except, of course, it became necessary in self defence. I detailed a party to carry out this raid. The difficulty of the mission arose from the fact that this County Club was a place where all kinds of British officials and sympathisers stayed or frequented and, consequently, the raiding party was liable to run into anybody there. In fact, when the raid was carried out one of the people in the Club was a police inspector named Maunsell. Maunsell was armed but the party succeeded in disarming him without any shots being fired. The search of this Government official's room and belongings was then carried out and the papers secured. These papers were passed on quickly to Brigade Headquarters and were sent by me to General Collins in Dublin. Apparently, the documents were of some importance because

when I passed them on I received a reply from General Collins acknowledging receipt of the papers. He complimented me on the way the raid had been carried out and said something to the effect that the papers secured were of considerable help to the Intelligence Branch. The original instructions I had received had given me the time of this man's arrival at the County Club as well as his name so that it was not difficult to identify him. On receipt of the instructions I, in turn, had detailed the local Battalion Commander, Jimmie Hetherington, to get the job done. It was either Hetherington or his Vice/Comdt. T. Marshall, therefore, who directly detailed the party and he passed the papers on to Brigade Headquarters for transmission to G.H.Q.

One of our men, named O'Rourke, was killed in an operation which took place some time about May, 1921. I do not remember where I was at this time. I may have been on a visit to G.H.Q. at the time. At any rate I was not in the area when the event occurred. The operation was carried out by instructions of the Brigade Vice-Commandant, M. Bishop, and amounted really to nothing except the blocking and trenching of roads on the Cork/Waterford road a few miles from Waterford. O'Rourke was detailed as a guard to watch for the approach of any enemy parties while the trenching was in progress, though why he should have been selected for such duty I cannot understand for O'Rourke was a man who had very poor sight and he wore glasses. Therefore, the enemy were upon him before he even saw them. The operation was carried out by night. O'Rourke was armed with a revolver

but I do not think he got any chance of using it but as he was captured with arms on him, the British military party carried out the instruction that was issued to them at this time to kill anyone found with arms in their hands.

Towards the end of May, 1921, we began the formation of a Brigade column in East Waterford and, including myself, there were about 14 members of this column. About 11 of the men on the column were from Waterford City - the others were from the surrounding countryside and the arms we had were a miscellaneous collection. The rifles were a few Lee Enfields, some 9mm. Mausers and some Martini single-shot weapons. The ammunition was, of course, similarly assorted and there was only a very limited amount for each weapon. I carried a revolver myself so I had no rifle at this stage. The Brigade dump, where we kept our arms, was on Jimmie Power's land - he was the O/C. of No. 2 Battalion and lived at Ballycraddock on the road to Kill. This was where the column first assembled, drew its arms and moved off. It was not intended that I should permanently command the column but I felt that as the Brigade Commander and as the person who had the best military training I should accompany them at first. I hoped to have a few little fights in which the column would become seasoned. It was then my intention to hand over command of the Column to Jerry Cronin. Both because of the smallness of our numbers and the unsuitability of the terrain in the East Waterford Brigade area, I felt that it would be unsuitable to carry out any operations on our own at first and therefore I made contact with

George Lennon, the Vice Commandant of the West Waterford Brigade and leader of the West Waterford Column. I proposed that we should join forces with the West Waterford Column and that between us we might be able to bring off something worth while.

Some weeks before the Truce we moved off from Ballycraddock to join forces with the West Waterford Column. We moved off approaching dusk and, keeping as much as possible to the by-roads, travelled by Carroll's Cross, Newtown, Kilmacthomas, Fews, Mahon Bridge. We went as far as the Comeragh Mountains that day and next morning we crossed the Comeragh Mountains at a place called Barnamadra Gap. We linked up with the West Waterford Column in the Ballinamult area. We found the West Waterford Column a little stronger than we were. They had between twenty and thirty men, possibly about twenty-five or twenty-seven, but their armament was much the same as our own - a miscellaneous assortment of rifles - each man, therefore, having his own particular type of ammunition. The strength of the combined Columns, I would say, was about forty and I immediately took up the training of this group.

We had the idea that, if we could give some intensive training to this number of men, we would be able to tackle some operation worth while. We were in the West Waterford Brigade area, of course, and we of the East Waterford Brigade looked upon ourselves as amenable to the instructions issued by the West Waterford Brigade. The weather was fine and the people around were, with very few exceptions, friendly and well disposed towards us, so that our training progressed rapidly and unhindered. The

officer in charge of the West Waterford Column was George Lennon, who was also Vice Commandant of the West Waterford Brigade.

When a certain amount of training had been completed, the question of active operations was discussed. Some of the West Waterford men mentioned that there was an R.I.C. Sergeant in Cappoquin, which was nearby, that he was a particularly offensive character and was very active in spying on the Volunteer activities. It was suggested that we should send some men into the town one night to shoot the Sergeant and to bring his body out to a selected suitable ambush position where it would be laid on the road as a sort of bait to draw British forces into the ambush position. This operation proved abortive, however, as, when the men went into Cappoquin and waited most of the night, the R.I.C. Sergeant, for some unknown reason, did not make an appearance out of the barracks, and so the whole operation had to be abandoned.

We then got word that there was a troop train due to pass bringing jurors into Waterford City. At that time jurors were not inclined to serve on juries, and so they got them from outlying districts and brought them into Waterford under military escort. I cannot remember the exact date when this took place, but it must have been within a couple of weeks of the Truce. The West Waterford Intelligence Officer brought word to us about this train, and it was decided to ambush it at Cappagh Station, which is mid-way between Dungarvan and Cappoquin Station. The troop train was expected to pass there at an early hour. We got over to Cappagh Station

early in the morning, intending to remove some of the rails, so as to de-rail the train in case it refused to answer the signal to stop, but we could not start doing this until shortly before the train was due for fear of giving the alarm. The ambush position was at a level-crossing just on the Cappoquin side of Cappagh.
Just as the men were beginning to remove the rails, a train was seen approaching in the distance and the men had to get off the track as there would be no time to complete the job before the train had reached them.
The level-crossing gates were closed against the oncoming train but it crashed through them, and we discovered later that this was a pilot train travelling ahead of the troop train to ensure that the tracks were intact. This unlooked-for occurrence upset our plans because there was naturally some little delay while waiting for the pilot train to get clear out of sight. Then, when we realised that it was not the train we were to deal with and while we were again getting the men out on the track to begin to remove the rails, the troop train itself came in sight. We could do nothing at this stage except that, when the train came into the ambush position, fire was opened on it. Our fire was replied to by the troops on the train, but the train did not stop. We had no casualties, although I believe that I heard afterwards that some casualties were inflicted on the military party on the train. The Intelligence report concerning this train had, as a matter of fact, been communicated to the Brigade Staff of East Waterford and they had made arrangements, in case we failed to stop the train, to attack it near Waterford. When the train reached a

place called Kilmeadan, which is five or six miles outside Waterford, it was de-railed there.

After this operation we withdrew to the south of Cappagh to a place called The Drumheads, where we remained for a little while before we returned to our retreat in the mountains in the Ballinamult area, that is, on the south slope of the Knockmealdown Mountains. We were not long there when we observed the approach of a strong column of British soldiers moving towards our area in battle order. I imagine there would be about a hundred in this column, roughly Company strength. I estimated that figure as I watched them through my binoculars. They had a field gun with them, which I took to be an eighteen-pounder. This column was obviously searching for us and we had immediately to decide what we were going to do. They were at least double our numbers, with much superior armament, so that the possibility of attacking them in any straightforward manner was out of the question. The other possibility, of surrounding them so as to strike a blow at their rere and withdraw rapidly, was soon put out of consideration when we discovered that other garrisons of military, police and Black and Tans were moving along the surrounding roads, acting as flank guards and scouts for the British column. This force that I mentioned of about a hundred men was, therefore, only part of the force which was out hunting for us. It therefore became our job just to elude them. To counter any intelligence they might have concerning our position, G. Lennon and I decided that we should move further in the direction of the Knockmealdown Mountains, to

a place called Crow Hill in the Mount Melleray area. Our movement was unobserved and the British round-up net did not succeed in catching us inside. We stayed a couple of days in the Crow Hill position and we were there when we heard of the Truce on the 11th July, 1921.

The Truce took us entirely by surprise. We were not expecting anything of the kind and, for myself, I can say that I felt rather disappointed. Other areas and other units had earned glory in the fight but we had been late starters and had not had time up to then to do anything worth while. We were just then about ready to take some effective action but the Truce now seemed to have put a stop to all that. I should say that our pre-occupation just immediately preceding the Truce was to discover an operation whereby we could capture some arms or, rather, ammunition, because the short supply of ammunition was the prime bogey. If we were engaged in any serious operation, our total ammunition supply would have been expended in about half an hour, so that until we succeeded in capturing some considerable supplies, we were unable to undertake anything big.

On hearing the news of the Truce, George Lennon and myself went into the monastery of Mount Melleray to pay a visit and there we met a man named Frank Drohan, who was introduced to us as the Mayor of Clonmel. He apparently had been staying in the monastery for some time before that.

Following the Truce our training camp ended and I returned to my own Brigade Headquarters which was the

house of Miss Alice Murphy of Gladstone Street, Waterford. This had always been a safe place. I had intended, before we knew about the Truce, that after I had been a while with the Column I would return to Brigade Headquarters in Waterford and try to get some kind of a small active service unit working in the City. I had got hold of some pistols and revolvers and bombs from the Quartermaster General, Seán MacMahon, as a result of one of my visits to G.H.Q. When I returned to Waterford therefore following the Truce, it was with the intention of following out this plan. The bombs we got from Dublin were home-made ones but they were very good and I considered them the next best thing to the Mills bomb I had seen.

During the time I held the appointment of Brigade Commander in Waterford, I paid various visits to Dublin to meet members of the General Headquarters Staff. In this way I met from time to time General Mulcahy, who was Chief of Staff, General Michael Collins, who was Director of Intelligence, Dermot O'Hegarty, Director of Organisation, Seán MacMahon, Quartermaster General, Gearóid O'Sullivan as Adjutant General, and Rory O'Connor who was Director of Engineering. Coming from the country, I was very much impressed by the efficiency in the working of the General Staff. Here in the middle of Dublin city, which was firmly held by enemy troops and enemy forces of all kinds, the I.R.A. General Staff seemed to be functioning like clock-work. I always notified them of my intention to come to town, or it might be that I had written to to come to Dublin. Of course, when I would arrive at Kingsbridge Station, not knowing my way about the

city, I would be completely at sea, but invariably someone met me at the station by arrangement and told me where to go, or brought me along to my first port of call. Very often the first place I made contact with was Boland's shop in Abbey Street. That would be Middle Abbey Street - I think somewhere about where the "Independent office is now. There was a Miss K. Boland (now Mrs. K. O'Donovan). She was a sister of Harry and Gerry Boland. Usually when I would call there, she would tell me to go, for instance, to Kirwan's publichouse in Parnell Street, or it might be Devlin's in the same street, or some other place where I would meet some member of the Staff. It might be Collins or Mulcahy or some other member. Invariably when I called to the place, Collins or Mulcahy, or whoever was to meet me, turned up there strictly to time and our business was transacted in a friendly and informal way, but nevertheless with a businesslike despatch that covered all the relevant details in the shortest possible time.

Other places where I was given appointments with members of the Staff were Barry's Hotel in Gardiner Place and the Gaelic League Rooms on the west side of Parnell Square, the same side as Vaughan's Hotel; I think it might be No. 46. It was while meeting Michael Collins in the latter place on one occasion that I had an example of the Intelligence system at work. I had been there for a few minutes before the time for the appointment and at the moment set for the appointment Collins walked in. I remember that it was just dark at this time and I was wondering about the curfew regulations. At any rate, Collins came to the point at once and, while in a very

smiling and friendly way, transacted the business we had to do with all speed. I do not rmember the exact conversation we had but I believe, as was usually the case, Collins wanted a brief summary of the situation in Waterford, both the enemy situation and our own, and what prospect we had of starting a fight down there. We had finished our business and were just chatting, when a man came in whom I took to be one of the Squad or else some of the G.H.Q. Intelligence personnel, and he made a sign to Collins and left. Collins, turning to me, then said, "I am sorry, but I must be going now, and you had better not delay too long here either". I took this to mean that he had been warned of a raid, or some danger like that, and realising that I should allow him to get clear, I waited a few minutes after he had left and then I also moved towards the street. I had only reached the footpath outside the door when a couple of tender loads of Auxiliaries swept down and pulled up at the door. I moved on into the general crowd around and stood watching while the Auxiliaries rushed into the Gaelic League Rooms and ransacked the place, apparently in search of Collins. Seemingly they had been informed in some way that he was there but he also had been informed that they were coming. This incident impressed me with the general efficiency of the Headquarters Staff, particularly the Intelligence Branch.

I had no doubt that the various branches of the General Staff worked together harmoniously as a team, and I had that much experience of it when I was visiting and was passed from one branch to the other expeditiously

and with an apparent understanding between each of the branches regarding the general conduct of the war.

I would like to say that I was probably one of the last Brigade Commanders from the South of Ireland, that is, from the 1st Division, to visit G.H.Q. before the Truce and I saw no evidence whatever of any inclination to ease off attacks on the enemy. On the contrary, I was urged in every way to get my own Brigade area into increased action so as to relieve the harder pressed areas. I remember that I reported to the Chief of Staff, General Mulcahy, within a couple of weeks of the Truce that we now had a Column ready to undertake operations, and got a reply from him congratulating me on my efforts in this respect and wishing me the best of luck in such operations as we might be able to undertake.

I must say that in my contacts with the members of the General Staff, I found them all very helpful and understanding. In fact, on one or two occasions when it began to seem to me that they might not be satisfied with what I was doing, I offered to relinquish my command of the Brigade and take up some operational appointment as a whole-time measure. I felt that there was too much administrative work connected with the appointment of Brigade Commander and that I might do better if I could devote my whole time to operations. However, they would not hear of my surrendering the appointment and said they were quite satisfied that I was doing as well as anyone could in that rather difficult area.

Afterwards I made the same offer to Liam Lynch that I would resign from the position of Brigade Commander and give my whole attention to operations such as might be carried out, for instance, with the Column, but Lynch also asked me to remain as I was, and said that if I resigned the position of Brigade Commander, no one would be appointed to replace me. This arose out of a proposal I had made to Liam Lynch about the reorganisation in Waterford and after the Truce these proposals were given effect by Liam Lynch. Lynch had asked me to accept the appointment of Deputy Director of Training, 1st Southern Division. He then amalgamated the East and West Waterford Brigade areas to form one Brigade area which came under the command of the West Waterford Brigade Commander, Pax Whelan. I had had very little to do with Whelan while I was Brigade Commander in East Waterford, as it was his Vice Commandant, George Lennon, and before that with Pat Keating up to the time the latter was killed. That was how the Waterford area, which had been two Brigade areas from the time of the Brigade organisation about 1919, became a single Brigade area during the Truce, and the West Waterford area, which was somewhat stronger, provided the Commanding Officer, though the remaining officers of the Brigade Staff were divided about fifty-fifty as between the East and West Waterford Brigade Staffs. The same extent of territory covered originally by the two Brigades in Waterford did not, in fact, form the single Waterford Brigade area. Part of what had been the West Waterford area, Lismore-Ballymore, Upper District, went in with one of the Cork Brigade areas, and part of County Waterford also went into the South Tipperary Brigade area.

At the risk of being tedious, I want to make this position clear because a certain amount of misrepresentation has gone on since then as to what the position was in Waterford just prior to the Truce. This reorganisation which, in fact, took effect after the Truce was, as I have stated already, proposed by me prior to the Truce. In fact, it was I who proposed that Pax Whelan should command the reorganised Brigade. That was at a meeting presided over by Liam Lynch. When this was agreed to, the appointments of the other members of the Staff were agreed to in an amiable and friendly atmosphere. This was the position prior to the Civil War where the West Waterford Commander commanded the Brigade and the other appointments of the Staff were divided equally between the members of the two Brigade Staffs. At the request of the Waterford Brigade Officers, I remained in the Waterford area as Brigade Training Officer during the Truce.

Another point I would like to make clear at this stage is the temporary nature of the amalgamation of the East and West Waterford Columns. It has been stated since, I know, that at the time of the Truce there was only one Column in existence in Waterford. This statement is based upon the fact that the two Columns were acting as one in the training camp I have referred to, and this was not intended to be a permanent arrangement but only for the purpose of training and giving some confidence to the men. The idea was that each Column would recruit further members as soon as arms were available and that each would act on its own within its own area.

Another point I would like to correct here is a statement made by Tom Barry of Cork in his book, "Guerilla Days in Ireland". I did not actually see the book itself, but in the selections from it published in the "Irish Press" - article of Friday, June 18th, 1948 - Barry mentions:

> "Furthermore no Brigade or Battalion Officer from Kerry, Cork or Waterford Brigades visited Dublin or G.H.Q. between the end of March, 1921, and the Truce except myself towards the end of May, and Seán Buckley in mid-June".

This statement is not correct as far as my Brigade is concerned, because I paid at least two visits to Dublin and had interviews with members of G.H.Q. Staff during this period, the end of March to the Truce. In all fairness to the G.H.Q. Officers whom we met from time to time, I should say that they never inquired or made reference to other Brigade areas besides my own, or regarding matters outside my own Brigade area. I do not see, therefore, how Barry could have learned whether or not the representatives of any other Brigade had been in town around that time. I have a clear recollection at any rate of being in Dublin on the day that the Custom House was burned, which was in May, and I think Tom Barry had gone back to Cork at this time. I thought of writing to Barry at the time to correct this statement he made, but unfortunately I did not do so, and the error remains in publication.

I remember on one occasion when I came to town meeting Dick Mulcahy by appointment at the National

University. While I was with him there, another man came in whom I did not know at the time, though he evidently knew Mulcahy fairly well and Mulcahy knew him, because he sat down and began pulling off his boot without any explanation for the moment. I was rather amused by the proceedings. Having got the boot off, he took off his sock and packed within the sock, and none too neatly folded, was a bundle of documents which were handed to Mulcahy. I was then introduced to the man and learned that he was Ginger O'Connell of whom I then made the acquaintance for the first time.

Following this I was brought to another room in the University which I remember had the name on the door saying that it was the room of Professor Owen McNeill. There I met Emmet Dalton and a man named Cronin, an American, and another American who was with him. I was shown a specimen of the Thompson sub-machine guns which I learned were being smuggled in from America in some quantities. The two Americans were the experts on the gun and they demonstrated how it worked and explained its mechanism. I mention this point because Tom Barry has given the impression in his book that he was the only one from the south of Ireland who was shown the Thompson gun at this stage. I cannot remember the date of this incident precisely, but I think it was probably some time during May of 1921.

I remember hearing that the Auxiliaries had raided the National University that same night, or some time later in the evening, when we had left but they did not find anything there. Actually I was around that way myself at

the time and I saw the tenders pulling up there and the Auxiliaries going into the building.

I remember becoming involved in a raid on another occasion when I was having a meal in Mrs. Wyse-Power's restaurant in Henry Street. I had got to know Mrs. Wyse-Power as a good nationalist and that most of the Volunteer and Irish-Ireland people went there. I was having a meal there when suddenly a number of Auxiliaries rushed into the shop and began turning the place upside down. I think I was the only male in the shop at the time and I did not quite know what to do. I was rather worried at the time in case I might be questioned and wondered how I should account for myself but thought that the best plan was to keep cool and appear as far as possible unconcerned. Although I did not smoke, I usually carried a packet of cigarettes to offer to others and so, putting one of these in my mouth and going towards the Auxiliary who appeared to be guarding the door, I asked him to give me a light, which he did and was very polite about it. When I got to the door and while the Auxiliary was giving me the light, I noticed that the street outside was cordoned off at both ends and an armoured car was menacing the people with its gun, and I wondered what was in the minds of the people whose faces watched me as I obtained a light from the Auxiliary. The raid was evidently more in search for documents and materials than anything else, as they seemed to be ransacking drawers and presses rather than paying any attention to people who were there.

I think it must have been about that time - the month of May - or possibly a little earlier that I met Collins

by arrangement in Barry's Hotel. After conducting my business with him, he said to me, "Perhaps you would like to meet some of the Northern Officers. A number of them are here in the next room waiting to see me as we are trying to get things moving up there". He did introduce me to some of them but, as I only just met them for a moment, I cannot now remember who they were.

In connection with the publication now in progress in the "Irish Press" by Florrie O'Donoghue, "No Other Law", in the issue dated May 10th, 1953, he mentions:

> "The second conference of the Southern Brigades was held at Tubbereenmire near Glenville" (I know it better as Glenville) "towards the end of the following month. In addition to those Brigades represented at Glanworth, Pax Whelan, representing the West Waterford Brigade, and Seán Wall, representing the East Limerick Brigade, were present".

That is not correct from my recollection, and I have written to Florrie O'Donoghue about it and got a reply from him. My recollection is that Pax Whelan was not present at that meeting, the West Waterford Brigade being represented by the Vice Commandant, George Lennon, though Seán Wall was there because he travelled some of the way back from the meeting in company with me.

The following is the letter I received from Florrie O'Donoghue in reply to my letter on this matter: -

"Dear Paddy,

I hope you will be able to forgive me for the delay in replying to your letter. I was on holidays when it came and have only just returned. I am glad to have your correction in regard to the meeting held in Glenville. I will certainly include in the book the fact that you were present at this meeting as O/C, East Waterford Brigade, and also that George Lennon was present.

Pax Whelan seemed to be certain that he was present himself and had an idea that George Lennon was present also, but he was not sure, so I omitted his name. There is no doubt I think that Pax Whelan attended the subsequent meeting at G.H.Q. which concerned the changing of the landing place at West Cork to Helvick.

Regarding the Glenville meeting, I have been unable to fix the date from any source. Perhaps you would be able to help me in this. I would be very glad also to have your recollections of the matters discussed at the Glenville meeting. So far as I know, there are no written records in existence.

I appreciate your kindness in writing to correct my error, as I am most anxious to ensure that the matter, when it appears in its final form in the book, shall be as accurate as possible.

With kind regards and best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

FLORRIE O'DONOGHUE".

As I have stated, George Lennon represented West Waterford Brigade at this meeting and I represented East Waterford as the Officer Commanding, East Waterford Brigade. George Lennon and I travelled to the meeting together, and I have no recollection of seeing Pax Whelan before we left for the meeting. I have no recollection of seeing him anywhere at the meeting, nor did I see him when we

returned from the meeting. George Lennon and I stopped in Cork on the night previous to the meeting, and I remember that curfew was on at the time in Cork. On the following day we travelled to Glenville with some Cork officer. It might be Tom Barry, but I do not remember who it was. Glenville is a few miles west of Fermoy. I remember that we were told that, if we were intercepted by British forces on our way to the meeting, we were to pose as medical students. This was a famous pose of Tom Barry's. I remember wondering at the time if I were questioned how I could sustain my pose as a medical student, because my medical knowledge was not very complete, having nothing more than an acquaintance with first-aid. I met Dan Breen at this meeting for the first time and I remember that he impressed me very much.

The meeting was called by Liam Lynch apparently for the purpose of a general survey of the position and, besides this, we were informed of the projected landing of an Italian cargo of arms which was expected to take place on the southern coast in the immediate future. Certain plans and arrangements were made to deal with this landing, to provide transport for the arms and to afford protection to the unloading of the arms, so as to ensure that enemy forces could not surprise the landing.

I mentioned Dan Breen as having made an impression on me. Dan had his head closely shaven and he was like a walking arsenal as he carried about at least two long German automatics, long parabellums with the circular .32 shot magazines.

Another man who impressed me, because of his peculiar get-up, was Seán Hegarty of Cork who came disguised as a tramp. He had an old bowler hat with the rim partly torn off and an old patched and torn coat and trousers, without a collar or tie, and certainly looked the part of a seedy tramp.

Regarding the date of this Glenville meeting that I refer to here, I cannot be sure of the exact date. I know, for instance, that Seán Wall was present at it and, as he was killed on the 7th May, 1921, the meeting must have been held before that date. I think it could not have been very long before that date, as I have a kind of vague recollection that Wall's death occurred very soon after the meeting - perhaps within a week or so - which would place the approximate date of the Glenville meeting as sometime around the 1st to the 3rd May.

At this meeting there was a general review of the position in each Brigade area, each Brigade representative outlining his own situation, and all emphasised the considerable lack of ammunition. The short supply of ammunition was an urgent problem for every one and we all realised that, unless we could continue to capture easily small parties of the enemy from whom we could obtain ammunition supplies, we had no hope of continuing any kind of operations. At this time the enemy was tightening up the practice hitherto common of sending out small bodies of troops. Now it was seen that troops only moved in such large parties that it was impossible for us to attack them. It would be necessary, in order to attack any of these strong parties, to employ large numbers of men and

our entire ammunition supply would likely be used up in a few minutes of such a fight. About this time there had been reference in the press from time to time of peace feelers. Dr. Mannix and Archbishop Clune and such people were supposed to be conducting some negotiations for peace, and we therefore had some thought of this situation when the review of the position in the Brigade areas was being discussed. There was also a hope, from what Liam Lynch told us at this meeting, that the cargo of arms from Italy would be landed and would improve the arms and ammunition situation.

It must have been following this meeting in Glenville that there was some other meeting at which Pax Whelan, the O/C of the West Waterford Brigade, was present and at which I was not present, and it must have been at this latter meeting that the landing place was changed from West Cork to Helvic at the mouth of Dungarvan Bay. Pax Whelan called to me on his way back from this meeting, which was held in Dublin. I do not know whether this was a specially convened meeting, or whether it may have occurred in the course of one of his usual trips to Dublin. He discussed this proposed landing of arms with me as he wanted my assistance, or the assistance of my Brigade, to help in the protection of the landing and in the provision of transport to carry the stuff that was to be landed. As a matter of fact, I was later appointed Director of Transport for this operation. I was given the job of locating and commandeering the necessary suitable transport, providing drivers and all the rest of it.

I was in Dublin myself a little later on and I

remember that in the course of conversation with Dick Mulcahy something came up about this Italian arms ship. I said, "Oh, yes, I know about that. Pax Whelan told me about the arrangements for the landing". He expressed some concern at this and remarked that he had told Pax not to mention this to anyone. Pax had mentioned this casually to me, so that I did not know there was any unusual secrecy about it though naturally I would not talk about it except to someone concerned and who was trustworthy. I mention this to show that it was clear to me then that Pax Whelan had got instructions on the matter from G.H.Q. or from the Chief of Staff. It was in Whelan's area, that is, the West Waterford Brigade area, somewhere about Dungarvan, that the landing was supposed to take place. However, I heard no more about it and, to my knowledge, the landing of that cargo of arms did not take place.

Of course, a landing of arms did take place during the Truce period, about October, 1921, but this ship, I understand, came from Germany. Captain Charlie McGuinness was the skipper of the vessel, which was a small German ship called "The Frieda". I have no first-hand knowledge of the landing of arms from the "Frieda" except what I heard at the time, which was sort of general knowledge then. The arms that came on this vessel were all small arms, pistols, such as, parabellum and Peter-the-Painter, with ammunition for them, and Mauser rifles, nine-millemetre. These rifles were not, however, service military type rifles, but were a sporting type such as might be used for big game, and they were known afterwards as the hair-trigger Mausers, which were used by the anti-Treaty Forces during the Civil War in 1922.

I also heard at the time that Liam Lynch was trying to make some kind of bargain with the Provisional Government authorities in 1922 to hand over these rifles, or to send them up to the North of Ireland, if he would be given British service rifles in replacement of them, but whether that is true or not I do not know.

The time that this landing of arms from the "Frieda" took place at Cheekpoint, Waterford Harbour, was before anything like Civil War had begun. We were all together, although separate alignments were taking place. I was present about the time these arms were landed and I met Liam Mellows, Charlie McGuinness and Bob Briscoe in Dungarvan. We were in the Devonshire Arms Hotel when a man named Collins - a Captain Collins, I think he was a member of the Cork Harbour Commissioners - came in. Apparently there were some negotiations going on regarding the purchase of the vessel from the German owners. At any rate, I was called on to witness the signatures of Collins and McGuinness to a deed of sale, or some such document, which I understood at the time concerned the purchase of the vessel. After this transaction had been completed, the ship, the "Frieda", moved from Cheekpoint to a place called Boat Strand near Annestown on the East Waterford coast. John Murray of Boat Strand I believe acted as Pilot. There I heard she was re-painted so as to disguise her somewhat, and I believe she got a new name. The boys knew her locally as the "Foggy Dew" but I don't know whether that was the name she was given or not. ("City of Dortmund"). She later went to Cork when she left Boat Strand.

During the Truce, as well as being Training Officer to the Brigade, I was acting as Deputy Liaison Officer. George Lennon of the West Waterford Brigade was Liaison Officer and I was his Deputy. One of the jobs that I had at this stage was the training of what we called maintenance parties, to be fit and capable of taking over the various installations, barracks and the like from the British if, as we expected, the negotiations then in progress were successful.

I remember being in Ballinacourty Marine Station and I heard some talk going on about the difficulty the 1st Southern Division had of getting arms. Arising from this talk, suggestions were made that they would take by force any arms they could get hold of, which would otherwise be intended for Dublin. Word came through then that the R.I.C. in Waterford City were vacating the place and were going to Gormanston Camp for demobilisation or embarkation to England. This must have been after the signing of the Treaty. I was still in Ballinacourty at this time, which is about thirty miles from Waterford City, when I was informed by George Lennon one night that the Divisional Commander, Liam Lynch, had decided to hold up the R.I.C. party, disarm them and relieve them of all their ammunition and arms stores which they would be carrying with them to Gormanston. Apparently I had been earmarked to carry out this job, though I had not been a party to the discussions about it, and I pointed out to George Lennon on the spot the difficulties surrounding such an undertaking. First of all, it would be a breach of the Truce and, if the R.I.C. resisted and someone got

killed or wounded, there was liable to be a very awkward situation created. Besides all this, it was now ten o'clock at night and I was in bed and would have to travel the thirty miles to Waterford and make the necessary arrangements for the ambush before nine o'clock the following morning. Another point was that, as the British military were still in occupation of Waterford City, the operation would have to be conducted well away from there.

However, I had to make my plans. Having collected the men, we went by Portlaw and across Fiddown Bridge into South Kilkenny. I could not go too far into Kilkenny because the road net there leant itself readily to my being cut off, nor could I go too near Waterford, so I had to make a compromise and selected a spot about three miles from Waterford, Dunkit in South Kilkenny. Arriving there at about half-past-eight or twenty minutes to nine that morning, we commandeered a light lorry that was passing along and, with this, blocked the road so as to halt all other traffic. The information we had got proved to be very good because promptly to time the R.I.C. convoy appeared, consisting of five or six Crossley tenders together with an armoured Lancia. When the convoy came to the barricade, it halted and we called upon them to surrender. None of them showed any inclination to fight except a few that were in the armoured Lancia. These fired a few shots which were replied to by our fellows. Then the whole party surrendered.

I had arranged that we would have our own drivers to take over the cars but, as the Tans were inclined to be

friendly at this stage, we let their own drivers stay on the lorries, with our drivers sitting beside them so as to familiarise themselves with the vehicles. We had, of course, disarmed all of them and taken charge of the arms and ammunition that were carried on the vehicles. We had to reverse the six or seven vehicles back the road for some distance before we could turn them, and then we proceeded across Fiddown Bridge and on to Portlaw, taking the R.I.C. or Black and Tan drivers with us. At Portlaw our own drivers took over the vehicles, and we gave a commandeered ton truck to the Tans to take them back to Waterford. We were quite friendly with them at this stage and they did not want any trouble either. We stood them several glasses of whiskey before we sent them off in the truck, calculating that we would be out of reach before they could give any information about us in Waterford. We took the tenders with the stuff we had captured, mostly small arms and ammunition, revolvers, .45 ammunition, Verey lights and the like, up into the Comeragh Mountains.

Going back to the meeting held at Glenville about the beginning of May, 1921, I remember now that one of the things mentioned there was the possibility of carrying the war into the enemy camp, that is, of undertaking operations of some kind in England. The various difficulties of such a thing were discussed, and the various possibilities of what could be done, some being in favour of and some against such a policy. Personally I was inclined to favour such action as I realised that Britain had always conducted her imperial operations away from home, and it

might serve to bring home to the English people what was involved if action was taken near their own homes.

I was very impressed by Liam Lynch at this conference. He seemed to be very sincere, very earnest and to have all the qualities of leadership. I became very fond of Lynch and had great confidence in him because, as well as inspiring confidence in his leadership, he always seemed grateful for any information he got, or for any assistance rendered, and in that way attracted loyalty to himself. I feel that I owe this small tribute to his memory.

I remember that George Lennon and myself were billeted together. Seán Wall was also in the vicinity because we travelled with him some distance in a horse and trap before saying good-bye to him. George and myself boarded the train at Ballyhooly. When we reached Fermoy, some high-ranking British officers got aboard the train attended by a military escort. Some of the soldiers actually boarded the engine and travelled with the driver. Others were distributed through the train, and some of them were in the carriage where George Lennon and I were sitting, which made us feel rather uncomfortable for a while but they did not seem to take any notice of us and we detrained at Cappagh Station without incident.

Before concluding my statement, I would like to pay a tribute to the Waterford Cumann na mBan and also to the railway employees who gave such valuable assistance during the years up to the Truce. The Waterford Cumann na mBan

as an organised body might not have seemed of much consequence, but individually through the city and county the women who were members of this organisation gave valuable service in carrying communications, looking after wounded and looking after prisoners and their dependants. It was hard to get them to work under their own officers. Consequently their services were more availed of as individuals and it was only shortly before the Truce that a definite attempt was made to organise this women's auxiliary organisation on a proper military basis. Máire Comerford came down from Dublin as a G.H.Q. organiser some time before the Truce and she did succeed to some extent in putting the organisation on some sort of a basis but this did not improve the work or the services rendered by these women who still worked better as individuals under the direct instructions of various Volunteer officers. Offhand, I can remember names like Alice Murphy, whose house was used as Brigade Headquarters all the time, the Misses Walsh, O'Neill's, Hicks, Heffernan, Power, Gallagher and Cullinan. These are names at random which occur to me now of some of the women who gave valuable assistance to the Volunteer activities.

Another organisation which was active to some extent was the Fianna which was small in numbers and confined entirely to the city area. They were, however, a very good lot of boys and had a very good leader in Tommy McDonald. Tommy McDonald is since dead. These Fianna boys could be relied upon to give what assistance lay in their power in the way of bringing messages to and fro. The deputy leader of the Fianna, Paddy Hearn, was also a very good man and very reliable. These boys under their

leaders were capable of carrying out some operations, like raids, on their own and did this from time to time.

Regarding my reference to the railway employees, the railway was almost our sole means of communication with G.H.Q. and we relied upon engine drivers, guards, checkers and porters to bring couriers and messages to and from Dublin and sometimes material such as bombs and ammunition, which they did largely at the risk of their lives as the trains were at all times subject to sudden searches by the enemy forces.

I would also like to pay my tribute to the people who housed the Column, wounded and men on the run from time to time, always at serious inconvenience to themselves and often at very great risk. Were it not for the cheerful co-operation of such people, it would have been difficult for the Columns to operate.

In this account of the activities and actions of the East Waterford Brigade, or Waterford No. 1 Brigade as it was known, I do not wish it to be taken as an attempt to compare it with some of the more active Brigades such as were to be found in Cork, Tipperary or perhaps East Limerick or Dublin. The scale of operations in these places was much bigger, and we did not feel in a position, due mainly to lack of arms and ammunition, unsuitable terrain and having to contend with such a large number of people politically opposed to us, to undertake any such big operations, but we were active for all that in conducting smaller operations, such as, raids on mails, destruction of bridges, stores, lines of communication

and sniping operations, which we felt satisfied compared reasonably with most other Brigades in the country with the exception of those more active ones mentioned above. We did succeed in tying down considerable numbers of enemy forces who might otherwise have been available for employment elsewhere. I suppose we were rather late in getting started in active operations and, because of this, the Truce had come before we had quite reached the point of overcoming our difficulties and shortcomings. Some of the officers we had were not very reliable, though, of course, others were as good as could be found anywhere, but it took time to find all this out and it was only when we came near the Truce that I had got a clear picture of each of the officers and knew who could be relied upon. With the exception of the Brigade Vice/ Commandants, I had very good staff officers in Thomas Wyley, Brigade Adjutant, Matthew Knox, Brigade Quartermaster and Denis Madden, Brigade Intelligence Officer. Liam Rafter, the present City Manager, who preceded Thomas Wyley as Brigade Adjutant, was also a very good officer. As a matter of interest I would like to mention that the day Liam was arrested he was to have met George Plunkett, G.H.Q. organiser, and myself in his office. When George and I arrived at the City Hall where the meeting was to be held, we found the place surrounded by British military. After a short time we saw Liam being led out a prisoner and taken to the City Jail.

Signed: P.J. Paul Lt. Col.
(P.J.Paul) Lt.Col.

Date: 13th July 1953.
13th July, 1953.

Witness: J.V. Lawless Col.
(J.V. Lawless) Col.