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ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21
BUREAU STAIRS MILITARY 1913-21
NO. **W.S. 1435**

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BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS.

DOCUMENT NO. **W.S.** **1435**

Witness

Daniel F. O'Shaughnessy,
Glebe House,
Kilfinane,
Co. Limerick.

Identity.

Volunteer, Kilfinane Company.

Subject.

I.R.A. activities, County Limerick,
1918-1921.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil.

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STATEMENT BY DANIEL F. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Glebe House, Kilfinane, Co. Limerick

The information supplied hereunder was given me by David Clancy, Cush, in 1932, and by other members of the flying column. My personal experiences of the period are also drawn on. The notes taken in 1932 are now principally used for this history as memories were fresher then than now, in 1955; death has intervened too frequently. Even Davy Clancy himself has passed away this year and, in my humble opinion, the heroism and hardships endured by these men in their heroic struggle against the Black and Tans and the enemies of their country will never be fully recorded. It was Ireland's finest hour and Homeric in magnitude and intensity.

Before I go any further, I must give an appreciation written by my brother, Dr. P.J. O'Shaughnessy, after the death of Davy Clancy; it is worth recording:

Appreciation.

As I stood last August talking to this old warrior over old times and old scenes, I knew the end was near, and I wanted to walk with him at the end; but such was not to be. In one flash he filled the whole picture - cap turned sideways and all - like I saw him one market day with a bonham under his arm, squealing like mad.

Could any living picture be more deceptive of the true worth of a man than that - to see him leaning over the creels of a cart haggling over a few shillings and pulling the tails of little squealing pigs; with the cap deliberately bent to one side to convey the value he put on himself "of little or no value". The man under the cap isn't much good for anything - don't bother too much about him! I'm a shy retiring kind of fellow and you won't gain anything by knowing me - you'd be as well off not to know me at all or to bother with me. I don't put much value on myself; that's why I wear a cap like this.

That's the impression I get of Davy's value of himself and he didn't want anybody to get any high falutin' notions about him. Little did he know how big he had grown in stature in the people's minds, and it wouldn't take centuries like of old, for people to weave legends about his name. This simplicity and self-abnegation made him bigger than all the captains, colonels and generals put together, and his obvious sincerity and loyalty said more than all the carefully

studied speeches of Dáil Éireann.

And there must have been many occasions when he felt frustrated, baulked or cheated of his just reward of the spoils of victory - when he saw what plums others, who had done no more than march in Redmond's Volunteers, had got, and he was still dividing the half-crown over a bonham.

He had done so much campaigning and took a soldier's part in enough engagements to get elected for ten different constituencies to Dáil Éireann. And, although he was well-read in Irish political life, he fought shy of people who could fight battles with words and especially words with which he was unfamiliar or didn't know, for in that kind of battle courage, loyalty, good faith and an unconquerable belief in the honour and ultimate victory of one's cause, all was of no avail and the best thing to do was to pull your cap sideways and give an appearance of utter disregard of all that was being discussed. "I couldn't care less" attitude. Wild horses wouldn't have dragged him into the Dáil, for, although he lacked basic literary knowledge, he didn't lack intelligence which was above the average; and, despite his efforts to be lost in the crowd and remain unnoticed, his grand character and nobility increased his stature until he was numbered with the Kings. As a warrior he was as big and unconquerable as Cush Mountain - as a man he was as gentle as a child, and faithful as Tobar Canna Mhór.

For me it would have been an honour to have walked the last few steps beside him to Emlygrennan and say, as Denny Hannigan said that day when we buried Paddy thirty five years ago, This is a little of our tribute to a true comrade, a brave soldier and a gallant officer.

The remarkable triumph of Sinn Fein over the Redmond Party in December 1918 is now history. On that day Kilfinane was the only polling centre (to which the voters had to come to cast their votes) of a large and extensive area. This area reached from Ballyhea (6 miles) in the west to near Ballylanders in the east and from below Elton in the north (7 miles) to Red-chair Cross in the south west. All this vast area was organised on a parish basis by Sinn Fein, and on that memorable day we had a series of triumphal processions into the town organised by the local clubs. The most remarkable of these was the one led by Jerry Carroll, Effin, which consisted of transport of all kinds except motor cars -

they weren't there then - and every common cart, trap, and back-to-back carried a large tricolour. The procession was one of the largest and most spectacular I have ever seen. With that every kind of transport in town was used to bring in the voters from outlying districts, namely, long car, "cover" cars and carriages which were free or paid for out of Sinn Fein funds. There was only one polling station and that was over the Market House and partly over the old Courthouse. The presiding officer on that day was M.F. Burke, B.A., J.P., and Tom Tobin was Tom Lundon's M.P. personating agent. The Sinn Fein representatives were Tom Barry, Bryan Flynn and P. Creed.

When Tom Tobin withdrew before midday - as I think he did in protest - wholesale impersonation went on and people who were dead for several years "voted" again for Dr. Richard Hayes. However, that in itself would not have altered the victory of Dr. Hayes. The town was packed with his supporters and everyone wore an emblem - a green shamrock with a profile of Dr. Hayes in a white centre. Both bands, brass and fife and drum, played through the town for Sinn Fein and the music was almost an intimidation. There was - and I may describe it as such - fierce excitement at the predicted victory of Sinn Fein which was not fully known for almost a month after owing to the many ex-service men then in England entitled to vote. The election as a whole passed off quietly except for only a small incident. I witnessed in the dark of the evening. A Sinn Fein agent standing outside the door of the station with a list of voters in his hand was trying to persuade another to vote for someone that was dead - old Mike Brazzill from the Leacht, who was a great Parnell supporter, jumped from the shadows and nearly choked the agent up against the Market House corner. The Leacht was at one time fiercely

pro-Parnellite and a McCarthyite from the west end had no business down there unless he wanted to have his skull broken. Tom Lundon, M.P., in all his previous victories gave them perquisites in free drink and tar barrels. These celebrations at the Cross were joined in by Jack and Ashley Oliver of the Mill and, on one great occasion, my Uncle Patrick, before a blazing bonfire, sang in his beautiful tenor voice "A Nation Once Again". But Parnell was dead this many a year and the young men of the Leacht, always musical and intellectual, had gone Sinn Fein.

When the final results became known after Christmas there were great celebrations and every window in every house in town was illuminated with candles and again the bands played through the town. I forgot to mention that the Volunteers played a conspicuous part in the victory during the election and, on that day, controlled all traffic. At this time my father wrote to several prominent Redmond supporters to vote for Dr. Hayes, although he was at one time a strong supporter of Redmond and spoke at public meetings here and at Kiltteely for Tom Lundon's father who was then M.P.

After the declaration of the Republic on 21st January 1918, Sinn Fein Courts were established and all British institutions were ignored insofar as republican supporters were concerned. The pro-British and Redmond supporters still adhered to the old law and it was only through a gradual process of elimination and public sentiment that Sinn Fein succeeded. Neither can we omit the forceful element of fear introduced this year by the shooting of many policemen throughout the country which was the most cogent factor in its success. It suddenly confronted the R.I.C. with the fact that they were a military body and, as such, were being dealt with no longer

as a civic force. The realisation of this fact forced them gradually to withdraw from all civic duties which left this particular field of activity open to the Volunteers who acted as policemen for their own Courts.

The first important recognition of Sinn Fein and the Volunteers came in this locality from the manager of the Golden Vale Dairy Company, Mr. J.F. O'Hurley. Quantities of cheese were being stolen from their cheese factory at the Lowbridge and Jack McCarthy was approached to find and punish the culprits. He got the Volunteers in motion and, after some time, they came to the conclusion that the cheese - through accomplices - was taken to Tipperary Town and hidden there by close relations. But a search made there also failed to trace the robber. The Volunteers failed in their first effort, and no wonder, for the blocks of cheese were used by a Volunteer in his own house as seats for a gambling school at a penny a game. Generally speaking, these Courts dealt with some important cases. There was a certain Protestant farmer who was 100% Orange in outlook who submitted his case to one of these Courts. His servant maid was in trouble, but he tried to prove that he was not the father of the child. The mother proved her case and at St. Peter's Hall he had to pay her a sum of £200 before the Sinn Fein tribunal.

There was another case where cattle were stolen and the culprits were caught at Lisscarroll Fair where they were arrested. The cattle belonged to Miss Martin of Castle Oliver or Suirvale Upper. Two men were charged with the robbery and brought to Suirvale Lodge where they were held in custody before they were tried. They were then removed to Ter Walsh's of Mortelstown where they were put thinning turnips under Volunteer guard. A week later the trial took place and, in

the meantime, most of the money had been paid back. The verdict of the Court was - transportation, for propaganda purposes - but actually they went home. In Glenoshean there was another case of serious assault. Tom Barry, a Volunteer, was for the defendant, and Paddy MacNamara, Ballymack, was prosecuting counsel (also a Volunteer). Tom Keefe of Ballinacourty acted as Judge. These are only a few instances to show that the Sinn Fein Courts were working to the best of their ability, but they had neither status nor prestige. Tom Lipsett was Clerk of the Court, and Fr. Lee, P.P., who was born in Darragh, and Bryan Flynn were Judges.

When the pressure was put on by the British authorities Sinn Fein Courts were no longer held in the open and the two last trials were held in the Parochial House and the church sacristy presided over by Fr. Lee. In the meantime, my Uncle Leo had returned from France and took up his position as Clerk of the Petty Sessions and, during this period, he had little or nothing to do.

I will now give a short history how he was appointed Petty Sessions clerk. In 1917, Jack Bennett was dismissed and the vacancy had to be filled by somebody. Father entered Leo's name for the contest and, in the meantime, M.F. Burke was appointed temporary clerk. There were three contestants, Will Martin, Ballyroe; Hanley of Emly and my uncle. In each contest, and it went on for a month, Willie Gubbins, Cush, voted unashamedly for Martin (who served neither King nor his own country). As J.P. for our local Court, Gubbins sent men to long terms of imprisonment because they refused to join the British army. My father went to extremes - he wrote to the British Prime Minister to bring Leo out of the trenches, which he did. Leo came home to contest the election, and yet,

National Archives Act, 1986, Regulations, 1988

ABSTRACTION OF PART(S) PURSUANT TO REGULATION 8

**Form to be completed and inserted in the original record
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(These will be the reasons given on the certificate under Section 8(4).)

J. Moloney
Name: (J. Moloney.)

Grade: Col.

Department/Office/Court:

Date: 7 March 2003.

Gubbins, the super empire builder, never voted for him.
A double-faced hypocrite!

When Leo came home in January 1919, he took up his position as Clerk of the Petty Sessions and in that year he had a good deal of Court business to do, and this was in open competition with the Sinn Fein Courts which were being held in St. Peter's Hall. Now a crisis arose. A certain man was certified insane and the Sinn Fein Court made an order for committal to Limerick Asylum, but they had not the necessary papers for this purpose, so it couldn't be done. Tom Lipsett "thought of a number" for appearance sake, and came privately to Leo to supply him with the necessary papers for this purpose which he willingly gave, but at great personal risk to his own position. The man was committed, but Leo could have lost his job overnight, but Sinn Fein gained a Pyrrhic victory under the Crown of England.

On 21st January the First Dail declared the Irish Republic and on that same day two policemen were shot dead in Soloheadbeg, which created a sensation and father wrote to Sinn Fein Headquarters and the reply he received is given elsewhere.

A meeting was now called at the Convent Schools of all those who subscribed to the anti-conscription fund (£400) and Fr. Mangan, C.C., presided. The whole meeting was unanimous in handing over the funds to Sinn Fein, with three exceptions who demanded their £5 back, and they all had sons fit for the front, namely:

Such

shameful ingratitude!

About this time a big Volunteer dance was held in the Convent Schools for the purchase of arms. This dance was a great success. Besides this each Volunteer had to contribute

one penny a week for the same purpose and with this money they purchased their first two rifles from a Canadian soldier who returned from France. He was staying at Johnny Burns, the shoemaker in the West End, and the purchase price was £8.

During the war soldiers always returned home with their rifles, but several raids were made by the I.R.A. for these rifles. The British Government then made an order and soldiers came home without them.

The annual parade on St. Patrick's Day to the Hill of Ardpatrick was proclaimed and no meeting was held. Other cultural activities were also proclaimed, but in all cases the law was not enforced with full vigour.

Then came on 13th May the second sensation of the year; the rescue of Young Hogan at Knocklong. This story has already been told in the Life of Sean Treacy, but what happened at this end is not recorded.

Before proceeding any further, I must record a certain incident that occurred before this time. Callaghan, a butcher from Tipperary town, was on the run from the police and a high reward was offered for his capture. At Shanahan's, Glenlara, he was in secret hiding - an ideal place which cannot be seen from any road and is hidden away over the crest of the hill. Callaghan shot a policeman in Tipperary town and afterwards shot two more on the hillside above Kilross. One day, Farmer X was in Kilfinane and was having a drink in Will Riordan's pub with Sergeant Maguire. Davy Clancy happened to be in a snug unknown to the other two and he heard X telling Maguire that Callaghan was staying over at Shanahan's. On the following morning, Shanahan's was surrounded by the police, but Callaghan was gone. Farmer X was a neighbour of Shanahan's and they were on bad terms. He was not regarded as an informer, but as vindictive.

KNOCKLONG.

On the evening of the Knocklong rescue, the wounded I.R.A. men were all bleeding profusely, except Robinson. They reached the double-ditch leading to Crawford's Cross and then continued up the road to the Upper Cross and then over the hill to Shanahan's; but, by the time they reached this - and it must have been a super-human effort - all were exhausted and some were dying. As both doctors in town were J.Ps., the Volunteers had no alternative but to bring Dr. Hennessy, Galbally, for immediate medical aid. The Cush and Kilfinane companies now got busy and scouts were sent out in all directions to give protection. Thousands of British troops were now employed to capture the wanted men, and intense anxiety prevailed among the I.R.A. The enemy were now finecombing the whole area, but the ever present menace of Farmer X was the main deciding factor in removing these men to Clancy's, Cush, and at a terrible risk. Jack McCarthy of Kilfinane was now in constant touch with Clancy's through Maurice McGrath, his dispatch rider. He also met the Cush men that night at Mrs. O'Rourke's pub where urgent developments were discussed. The soldiers were coming closer and the menace getting greater. McGrath was a postman and wore his uniform. Over at the High Bridge he ran into a patrol of police and to avoid them he turned in at Halpin's forge. When he reached Clancy's a man standing inside the gate drew his revolver and held him up; it was Robinson. He handed his dispatch to Davy. Dr. Fitzgerald was in attendance at this time and on the following night the crisis came. They must be removed again at whatever cost, but where and how? Two alternatives were discussed. The first one was to the west of the county and the other was Glanworth in Co. Cork. This is Maurice McGrath's testimony:-

"I had returned home from my postal duties wearing my uniform. I was standing in my own kitchen when Jack McCarthy came out his own sidedoor and stood in the porch-way. He beckoned me to come over and take a dispatch to Clancy's, Cush. I hopped on my bicycle and, as I approached the High Bridge, Sergeant Maguire and six policemen were coming towards me, so I turned left and went in by Halpin's forge. When I reached Clancy's a man at the gate, seeing my uniform, held me up with a revolver; he was Seamus Robinson, but I didn't know him then. Davy Clancy came out and took me into the cowhouse where I handed him the dispatch. He then invited me into the house where I saw all the wounded men associated with Knocklong two days before, namely, Treacy, Breen, Robinson and Hogan. I returned home and reported back to Jack".

That same morning, Jack McCarthy gave another urgent message to Jim Condon, Ashbrook, to carry an urgent message to Sean Finn, Rathkeale. This was a verbal message. The other message was handed to him and on it was written in case of a breakdown "Give this man every assistance possible to reach his destination if required". He borrowed Dan McCarthy's motor bike and set off at 10 a.m. via Ardpatrik, Effin and Bruree. Kilmallock was to be avoided at all costs, because on that day the town would be crowded with R.I.C. for the inquest that was to be held in the Workhouse on the dead policemen. Outside Bruree he had a breakdown, but fortunately a motor came on and the driver, who was from Kilmallock, put him on the road again. Approaching Rathkeale, he got punctured and pushed the bike into a cycle shop in the town for repair. Finn's had a little bakery shop and, after some time, he found it. As he entered, a woman asked him what he wanted and he said he wanted to see her son who next appeared and took him upstairs. There he delivered his verbal message that a motor car with a Volunteer driver was to be in Kilfinane at between 7 and 8 o'clock that night, that after passing Bruree a Volunteer would be standing at Ballygibba Cross to guide him to Ballingaddy Church, and the password was "Maguire". Jim Condon's trouble now was how was he going to pay for the

puncture as all he had in his pocket was one bob. However, the cycle agent only charged sixpence and, with the balance he bought a few packets of biscuits which satisfied his hunger. He returned home to Ashbrook the way he went, at 4.30 p.m. where he left the motor cycle. He then crossed up the fields at the back of the Friory and entered the Sinn Fein Hall by the back door where Jack McCarthy, Paddy O'Donnell (Captain, Cush Coy.) and Davy Clancy were waiting for him. There he made his report and returned home.

I will now continue McGrath's story:

"That night, Denny Noonan, Thomastown, and myself were ordered to be on duty at the Church of Ballingaddy to give directions to a motor coming from the Effin side. We were to wave our hands and give direction and the password was "Maguire". 'Twas the worst night I ever remember; the heavens opened. A car came from Kilmallock about 8 p.m. and who was in it but Dr. Lee and three peelers, after the inquest which was held that evening in the Workhouse. But no car came our road, so I cycled over to Martinstown Church to report to Clancy and a few more lads who were waiting there. I returned to Ballingaddy again drenched to the skin.

About 10.30 p.m. another car came from Kilmallock, the wrong direction again and we let it pass, but we noticed there was only one man in it. We watched it as it went down the hill and saw it stop at the next cottage. I pursued on my bike and overtook him before he had restarted. I said "Goodnight Maguire". He replied "Goodnight Maguire". I asked him his name and he told me it was Garrett McAuliffe, Newcastle-west. I then gave him full directions how to get to Clancy's of Cush. I returned to my post and, on our way home later that night, two motor cars passed us at Laurencetown Gate and, when they recognised us, as they passed with the wounded men, they gave us a great cheer on their way through Kilmallock town to the west and security".

The serious delay in the timing caused consternation in Cush. What happened, I don't know, but the Creamery Manager of Bruree Creamery was to be at Ballygibba Cross, but he wasn't there to give directions. His name was Roche. McAuliffe was pulled up at the Cross for two hours hoping that someone would turn up, but no one came to give him directions. With great personal risk he decided to take a

chance and drove right through Kilmallock, which was then crowded with policemen and got through unchallenged.

As an alternative to the western escape, another route was planned and this was to Barry's near Glanworth. In the meantime, an urgent dispatch went to Bruff for the rate collector who had a car for the purpose of his business. When he reached Martinstown Church he said he was short of petrol. They say that he wasn't short of petrol, but got wind that there was something dangerous afoot and wanted to avoid the consequences. Cyclists were now riding mad in every direction - we want petrol, we want petrol; but there was no petrol anywhere only in Johnny Fitzgerald's store in Castle Street, Kilfinane. Mick Cloughessy, Ballinareena, was determined to get it at any cost and they broke in Fitzgerald's garage door and took away two tins. That night as they passed through the town at midnight, the cars were crowded with the wounded men and a party of Volunteers with drawn revolvers. The crisis was over.

not

Question: Why was/the Volunteer who owned his own motor bike asked to carry the dispatch to Rathkeale? Why did they run the risk of asking a man who never rode it before? The question arises, was he asked?

The Volunteers who contributed to this escape were Jack McCarthy, Captain Jim Condon, 1st Lieut. Tom Barry, I.O., W. Pigott, Maurice McGrath, Joe Kelly, Pat Carroll, Denny Noonan, Ned Barrett.

On the following day, the military had completed the encirclement of the hills and, to avoid immediate arrest, Jack McCarthy, Jim Condon, Tom Barry and Ned Barrett slept crosswise in a bed at the top of Bill Dwane's publichouse.

I attach as Appendix A a statement made to me by Sean Howard concerning events after the Knocklong rescue.

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J. Moloney
 Name: (J. Moloney.)

Grade: Col.

Department/Office/Court:

Date: 7 March 2003.

The crisis being over an unexpected shock came to the company. [redacted] paid a visit to Jack in his shop and told him almost the whole story and told him he was in bad company and to be careful of himself. He told him almost in detail everything that happened. Was his purpose to win the confidence of Jack? We'll never know, of course. Jack called an emergency meeting of the officers and N.C.Os. of the company for Lipsett's kitchen and there bluntly told them there was an informer in the ranks. He now ordered Tom Barry, I.O., to find out, at whatever hazard, the source of the information [redacted] had. He also passed this remark: "Whatever happens, [redacted] will never be shot!!"

Barry set about his task with a deep sense of responsibility and, after many eliminations and subtractions, he discovered that at that very time [redacted] paid many visits to Mrs. O'Rourke's pub and he attributed the leakage of information to gossiping women.

There was a second instance of that. Before the arrest of Foley, Maher and Mick Shanahan where the wounded men stayed the first night. [redacted] was on the war path again. At that time, Mr. Shanahan's pub and grocery business was the popular house for all the people in Glenlara and Garryspillane area. They were equally customers of ours. During that period

[redacted] never left our corner which was opposite Mrs. Shanahan's and, during that period, he followed nearly every customer from those areas into Mrs. Shanahan's with the pretext of having a drink and a hail-follow-well-met gossip. My father had him spotted and always maintained that it was he got the information that ultimately led to the arrest and execution of Foley and Maher.

About a fortnight after Knocklong Foley, Maher and Mick Shanahan were arrested and were tried by an Orange jury in Armagh. Shanahan was acquitted and the other two were hanged, on 7th June 1921, just before the Truce and almost two years after the event. During lunch hour during the trial Jack Power, Kilmallock, who was solicitor for the defence, was seated at table at their hotel with the Prosecuting Counsel for the State. Power said to him "Whatever about Foley - I can tell you that Maher is completely innocent and wasn't there at all". The Prosecuting Counsel replied: "I may as well tell you Mr. Power that if these two men are not found guilty in this case, I have instructions to issue a warrant for their arrest the moment they leave the Court for the murder of D.I. Potter at Thurles."

THE LAST MESSAGE

Edmund Foley and Patrick Maher were hanged in Mountjoy Jail on the morning of June 7, 1921. In parting with their friends, they said: "Our bodies, when Ireland is free, shall go to Galbally We gladly give our lives that a smile may lighten the face of our dear 'Dark Rosaleen'"

Good-bye. Good-bye. Fight on! Fight on!
 Weep not for us when we are gone.
 Within our breasts is burnt the thought,
 Presentiment, that we have fought
 Through Death to Life, and at the gate
 We part quite calm, and happy wait
 to die for dear "Dark Rosaleen".
 Then on our island Emerald green
 "A smile may lighten" showing we
 And Erin dear will soon be free.

'Tis but a small request
 The bodies brave to lay
 In their own place of rest.
 Quick! hasten the great day
 When bleeding Ireland's fight
 Of weary years is done;
 For Freedom, Truth and Right
 With souls like these are won.

Clara Gilbert Cole
 (An Englishwoman)

85 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5.

The following is a letter from her to the "Irish Independent":

Sir,

In reply to my poem in Saturday's 'Irish Independent' I have received five most abusive, filthy, threatening letters, four signed "British". Not one has the courage to give his name or address, though one says if I want his address it's "Wormwood Scrubbs" thus admitting that he comes from the prison.

To one and all I would earnestly ask: What would you think if 60,000 Irishmen came into England with tanks, aeroplanes, bombs and bayonets and used them. Would you defend your country?

If any of the above writers should put his threat into execution - I wish for no reprisal - but still say - Englishmen, come out of Ireland.

Clara Gilbert Cole
(An Englishwoman)

85 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5.

The rest of the year was uneventful. The Courts were working successfully under the supervision of Justin McCarthy who was working out the constitutional programme of Sinn Fein. This summer a feis was to be held, but it was proclaimed. However, it was held another Sunday. The troops under an officer came but did not interfere. Old Mrs. Birmingham of Darragh and Joan Rea of the same place were an extra attraction because they could speak the old language and sing its songs. The officer was amused when he saw the old woman being hoisted on to the platform. "Blimee, look at the old lady" he remarked.

About the month of August there was a big demonstration of British troops in full war kit from Ballyvonair camp. They arrived while the people were at second Mass and extended the whole length of the town. They were resting on the pavement at both sides after their long march. The commanding officer stood in the square and, when he saw the people coming out from Mass, he shouted an order at the top of his voice and before the whole crowd he put them through certain exercises. Of

course, the purpose was one of intimidation. Nothing of consequence took place during this time, only the Volunteers were now building up their organisation.

There is only one small incident comes to my memory at this time. In spite of a proclamation, Paddy Clancy, Cush, marched through the town carrying a little miniature flag in his hand raised aloft with only eight men in double file from Cush marching after him. Nobody else would have done it under the circumstances. The police looked on.

At the end of this year Ernie O'Malley came and inspected all the companies. He was a strict disciplinarian and tolerated no nonsense. Where he found inefficiency he gave them a rough time.

During the summer of 1919 I went on holidays to my uncle, John Byrne, Imogane, Churchtown, Buttevant. In Jack Murphy's field we had a hurling match between ourselves every evening. So one evening when a game was over James Cowhey, Imogane, asked me would I go on a raid that night. I asked him - a raid for what? and he said a raid for guns - to which I agreed. Cowhey was captain of the local company, but I didn't know it then. We started about 10 p.m. and raided all the houses in Walshestown and along the slopes of Ballingile to within a mile of Buttevant. We arrived home at 2 a.m. with about six guns and these were placed in a dump at Dunlea's, Walshestown. At no place did I find any opposition even when we had to bring them out of their beds. Those who took part in this raid were: James Cowhey, Ned Dunlea, Patrick Dunlea, Walshestown, and O'Keefe, Churchtown.

Kilfinane Barrack, February 3rd, 1920.

On February 3rd of this year 1920, Paddy O'Donnell, Cush, Davy Clancy and "Tory" Barrett were armed with revolvers.

They went into Mrs. Thornhill's pub and had several drinks. They had decided to shoot Constable Rogers, a Protestant, owing to his bullying and aggressive attitude to Sinn Fein. At this time he was staying with his wife in High St. in a private house a few doors up from the corner. They left the publichouse at 8 p.m. and knocked at Rogers's door. Mrs. Rogers opened it and without any fuss they brushed her a little aside and walked into the kitchen and, seeing no one there, they asked her where was her husband. She said he was on duty at the barrack and they muttered some kind of apology and walked out. They went towards the barrack, which stands on open ground near the Fair Green. They stole up to the front window of the dayroom and fired point blank through the portholes in the steel shutters. They left quickly and in a few minutes the air was rent with rifle fire and the R.I.C. fired up Verey lights which lit up the whole place. About 10-30 reinforcements arrived from Bruff under a District Inspector. After coming from St. Peter's Hall, my Uncle Charles was standing at his own door when he saw a man coming up the street from the west end on the other side moving rapidly. He crossed over the street to ask him what was up. The man Ned (Tory) Barrett shouted at him: "Run, they are coming". He turned and saw the police were coming at the double in extended formation only 40 yards away, and at that range they opened fire on both of them but missed. Charles fell in the hall door on his face and hands and my Uncle Leo, who rushed down, closed it. The ten police then rushed the door and the D.I. called on the man to surrender, but there was no response. Leo was now determined to defend his brother, so he got out his revolver which he brought from France and loaded and stood at the top of the stairway. In the meantime they were pounding at the hall door with the butts of their rifles for all they were worth, but

the solid oak of 75 years stood the shock. My father put his head out through his window next door and shouted down: "What is all this about?" The D.I. replied: "The man who fired at us is gone in there". "You are making a mistake. Wait until I go down" said my father. So down the two of us went. The attack on the door went on and when we got out father said: "Don't wreck the place. My brothers are inside. Wait until I get them out!" He then called on them to come out, but there was no response. "Well," said the D.I. "if they don't come out I'll burst it in" and they fell to again. Then my father said: "I'll go around and get them out", but the D.I. said: "You won't". Then father called for a policeman volunteer to come with him and made a strong appeal. The only brave man in the crowd who volunteered to go was Rogers. Sergeant Maguire made a report that no shots were fired into the barrack and, shortly after, was removed to Kilmallock for making a wrong report. Before he left, a big meeting of officers of the East Limerick Brigade was to be held in Loughgur. But the authorities had information that it was to be held in Kilmallock and surrounded the latter with hundreds of troops. Maguire warned Jack McCarthy not to be there, but the I.R.A. held their meeting in Loughgur. What was Maguire's game? Was he trying to win confidence for his own purposes?

After the attack on Kilfinane barrack, Maurice Costello and Denny McGrath were arrested and tried before the local Petty Sessions where they were returned for trial before a Judge at the Cork Assizes. McGrath recognised the Court and was acquitted, but Costello refused to recognise the Court and got a few months in jail. Constable O'Connor, better known as Tommy Pa, and Rogers gave the police evidence.

When Costello was being questioned the Judge leant over

and asked him: "Would you shoot a policeman in the back?" The reply was startling. "I would" said Costello, "if he deserved it!!" The Judge was taken off his feet and said: "If ever a potential murderer stood in that dock before me, you are one". When McGrath came home after the trial, the I.R.A. approached him and told him "get out" which he did.

MARCH.

In March this year Paddy O'Donnell, Davy Clancy, Cush, Davy Tobin, Ballinalacken, Dan McCarthy and "Tory" Barrett and a few more were ordered to be at John Hogan's, Kilmallock, one night. Upstairs in a room sat Sean Wall. All the men selected for this job were I.R.B. men. They went upstairs singly and each one was asked "Would you go to London to carry out certain executions?" All expenses would be paid. They all agreed to go, except Dan McCarthy and he said to me that the question put to him was - would he shoot an enemy against whom he had no personal grievance, and he replied No, he would not.

They were all of the same opinion that the shooting of certain British Cabinet Members was the purpose of the meeting. Sean Wall was called to Dublin and no more was heard of the matter.

MAY.

This month Jim Condon got a dispatch from Jack McCarthy to take to the Mayor of Limerick. He rode in on a push bicycle and handed his dispatch to him and brought one back from the Mayor for delivery. He knew nothing about what was in either dispatch, but they were evidently of great importance.

Immediately after this, Barrett was sent to Limerick and had an introduction to Madge Daly. Shortly before this the Lord Mayor of Cork was murdered and two R.I.C. men who were implicated in that affair were to be sent to Limerick,

but the I.R.A. had the information. They could have shot them anywhere else just as well, but at that time Limerick City, from the I.R.A. point of view, was a dead end and was no good. The killing of Dalton by the I.R.B. had something to say to this.

However, T. Barrett and his two companions - one a butcher from around Doon, and a Limerick City man - formed the trio. They had been introduced to the officers of the city command and held a private meeting in some Young Men's Club.

The two R.I.C. sergeants duly arrived off the evening train and walked into the railway bar for a drink. The trio had a short conversation outside, as one favoured doing the job in the bar, but this was overruled, so they waited until they came out and shot them dead on the pavement. They walked rapidly through a labyrinth of streets and finally emerged at the "Munster Tavern" on the Bruff road where they drank several pints. The news spread rapidly and reached the "Tavern" while they were there. They then went down the city where they changed their clothes.

A recruiting drive was now made by the authorities to fill the gap made in the R.I.C. ranks by resignations and otherwise. Several raids by I.R.A. had been made on the post coming and going to Kilmallock and in these raids they discovered that two local rascals - that's the least can be said for them - were joining the Black and Tans. They sent a dispatch to Ballylanders for Volunteers who arrived at midnight and were taken to both houses, one in the Leacht and the other in the Square. They pulled the two men out of their beds and, with the butts of their revolvers, gave them the finest hiding they ever got. That settled that. One fellow got away and he joined up. He was Will Kelly, son of Jack Kelly, the baker.

The same night a batch of Volunteers from Kilfinane were to go to Bruree for a similar purpose, but at Kilmallock they were ordered to return home by Sean Wall. He told them that the man was an ex-naval man and had a revolver and, under the circumstances, his home was too close to the barrack.

Who was Dr. Powell?

During the years 1917-18-19 a man with a circus tent came to Kilfinane in the summer of each year for a week or a fortnight. He had a one-man show assisted by his wife and daughter. His best acts were conjuring and tumbling on the stage and at the latter he was exceptionally good for a man of his weight; but, above all, he was an excellent speaker and on several nights made hot speeches about national affairs and love of country; but I can never ^{remember} him touching on the name Sinn Fein. He paid several visits to my father and I remember them having long discussions on national affairs. He had a most distinguished appearance and always gave a free night for our hurling club. I hold the opinion now that he was under police observation, but of course I may be wrong. However, one Sunday evening - 1919 - about 6.30, I was standing by the tent when I saw a man with a stoop coming into the field and going straight to the caravan. He spoke to Mrs. Powell and, in a few minutes, Dr. Powell and the man with the stoop went into the caravan together where they remained for about half an hour. This man was a complete stranger to me and the next time I saw him, 12 months later, was in charge of the firing party over Paddy Clancy's grave. He was Denny Hannigan. Was Dr. Powell an assumed name? Who was he? Was he a member of the I.R.B.? *He was!*

Ballylanders Barrack Attack - 28th April 1920.

The following extraordinary story told me by Tom Crawford, Ballylanders, is a remarkable instance of the levity in which

policemen's lives were being dealt with.

Before the Ballylanders attack, Tom Crawford's father was threatened by an R.I.C. man named Sullivan in a pub in the village. Another R.I.C. man named Wheelan saved him. Tom heard about it and said he'd shoot Sullivan. On the following night he went to Ned Tobin, Ballinalacken, and told him what he was going to do, remarking: "It's about time we made a start anyway". Tobin consented, and on the following Sunday evening they were talking the matter over inside in Crawford's pub. Mick Scanlon, N.T. accidentally walked into them and they told him their business. "There's a good man outside named Ford" said Mick, "and I'll bring him in". When Ford had established his bona fides they told him what they were going to do (Ford was sent down to collect for Dail Loan) and there and then he suggested as an alternative attacking the barrack, which was well received by all the rest. A few days later he went to Kilmallock where he met Wall, O/C. Brigade. Sean Riordan was also there. He put his case before him and Wall gave permission to go ahead. The next meeting was held at Clancy's, Cush, where all the officers of the brigade attended. The whole business was now fully discussed and plans made for the attack, which came off a few days later. The attack was in command of Sean Ford (I have explained this reason elsewhere) and was a great success, the police having surrendered after half an hour. They captured 8 rifles and some shotguns and ammunition. Jack Meade, Cullane, was seriously wounded and was brought by car that night to Dr. Fitzgerald, The Cahir, and from there he was taken to Mrs. Burke's, Laurencetown, where he recovered.

The men from Kilfinane who took part in this attack were Jack McCarthy (captain), Ned Barrett, Con Keefe, Denis Noonan, Thomastown; Peter Steep, Thomastown; Mick Hennessy, Mike Downes Pat Carroll. All other Volunteers were on guard at road blocks

Before the attack, all the gunmen met at Tobin's, Ballinalacken. Shotguns were mostly used; they had only a few rifles. Those who manned the barricades on the Ballintubber road were: Pat Ryan, Bill Daly, Jim Condon, Tom Barry, Jer Boland, Justin McCarthy, Willie O'Keeffe, Dan Hennessy, Tom Lipsett, W. Pigott, Joe O'Brien, Mick Sheehan, Mog Carroll, D. Hennessy.

A few days after this attack Sean Riordan, Kilmallock, was arrested and, in my opinion, it was to Riordan and not to Wall that Tom Crawford went about the Ballylanders attack. It was Sean Riordan who filled the gap after the split between Manahan and Hannigan. Riordan was the only one arrested after the Ballylanders barrack attack, and it was after his arrest that Wall got the appointment as O/C. Brigade. Sean Wall was chairman of the Limerick Co. Council and was never a fighting man, as we knew them then.

The success of the Ballylanders attack gave a tremendous punch forward to the Volunteer movement and before the next attack the I.R.A. had increased their numbers by 100%. Before this attack the Kilfinane Company was composed of 20 men; after the attack the number increased to 40 members.

At this time the company dump was in Tommy Carroll's half-acre plot in Ballinlyna. The dump was simple - a milk tankard dug into the plot fence with a good close cover which could be taken off at a moment's notice.

At this time four men from Ballylanders were picked to shoot two policemen in Kilmallock, but it was put off.

Kilmallock Barrack - 28th May 1920.

Immediately after Ballylanders it was decided to attack and take Kilmallock barrack; but the most important meeting for this purpose was held at Tom Sheedy's, Flemmingstown,

Ballingaddy. Here, the important officers of the brigade met and came to a final decision to make the attack. It was then that Nicholas Dwyer, Bruff, was dispatched to Dublin to procure war material as they considered that local supplies were not sufficient for this attack which would be the biggest in Munster. Supplies having arrived from Dublin, all preparations were made down to the smallest detail and special men were selected from Limerick, Cork, Clare and Tipperary. Nobody in Kilmallock knew of the attack beforehand, it being kept a close secret from that particular quarter.

The widespread preparations made for this attack proved two things. The secrecy of the I.R.A. and the complete failure of police intelligence. This attack was twofold in purpose - first, to increase prestige and take the barrack at all costs, and the second - to avenge the failure of '67. The details of this attack are well known and there is no need to repeat them. The I.R.A. burned it down, but they failed in their immediate objective to take it. Therefore, this attack cannot be regarded as a success as they wasted all their precious ammunition which was to be used a few nights later on to attack Newcastlewest barrack. Led by Sergeant Sullivan, the R.I.C. put up a remarkable defence and, for his bravery, he was awarded a medal and promoted to be a D.I. A few months later he was shot dead in Listowel. He was a sore thorn in the side of the I.R.A.

The Kilfinane Volunteers on their way home late that morning from the attack ran into a number of police coming to assist from their own barrack. The Volunteers left their bicycles on the roadside, but the police passed on and took no notice and, afterwards, no arrests were made. Needless to say, every road for miles around Kilmallock was barricaded

and blocked with trees that night and manned by I.R.A. A remarkable feature about this attack was that the only Volunteer who lost his life in the attack was Liam Scully, a teacher from near Athea. He was branded by the West Limerick I.R.A. as a spy and they sent word to Sean Riordan of Kilmallock to have him shot. Riordan refused point blank two months before that. The man was totally innocent and the events of that night proved it. Riordan was then in jail. The Kilfinane men who were in this attack were:- Jack McCarthy Maurice McGrath, Willie O'Keefe, Sean Cagney, N.T., Con Keefe Ned Barrett, Dan McCarthy, Denny Noonan, Peter Steep, Joe O'Brien, Thomastown, and also strong forces from Cush and Ballylanders. The following of the Kilfinane Company manned the barricades or were acting as patrols:

		<u>Occupation</u>
Paddy Ryan	Ballinlyna	Farmer
Jim Condon	Ashbrook	do.
Joe Kelly	Town	Plucker
Con Kelly	Town	do.
Pat Kelly	do.	do.
Richard Nagle	do.	Tailor
W. Pigott	do.	Labourer
Bryan Flynn	do.	Road worker
W. Sullivan	do.	do.
M. Roche	do.	do.
Jer Noonan	Thomastown	do.
Joe O'Brien	do.	Farmer
M. Noonan	do.	Labourer
Jer Boland	Bosnetstown	do.
Tom Hennessy	Ballinanima	Farmer
Ned Dwyer	do.	Labourer
John Barry	do.	do.
P. Barry	do.	do.
David Brazzill	do.	Farmer
John Carroll	do.	Labourer
James O'Rourke	do.	Farmer
Tom Brazzill	Bosnetstown	do.
Jack Donohue	do.	Labourer
Mick Donohue	do.	do.
Wm. McKeogh	Moorstown	Farmer
Tim Hannon	Town	Labourer
Willie Costello	do.	do.
Tom Barry	do.	Shoemaker

It is a remarkable fact that from this date to the Truce Tom Brazzill was the only farmer's son in Upper and Lower Bosnetstown to join the Volunteers. Bill McKeogh was the only

one in Moorstown, and no farmer's son from the townlands of Ballyriggeran and Killeen joined the I.R.A. during the struggle.

After these two attacks the political and military scene completely changes and the I.R.A. are left in complete possession of a large tract of South East Limerick. The police were now on the defensive and locked themselves in and took no further part in normal police work. Only three strongholds are left! Kilfinane, Bruff and Galbally. Darragh, Glenosheen, Mountrussell and Elton have been evacuated, so the field is now wide open for all kinds of Volunteer activity without the ever-present and annoying scrutiny of the R.I.C.

At the end of this month the first Black and Tan arrived to fortify and strengthen Kilfinane barrack. He was Major Nicholson. I saw an amusing incident one day. A fitter at the Creamery had a motor bike to take him to all the other branches at Ballylanders, Darragh, Ballyorgan and Ballinvreena. Passing down the town at top speed, Nicholson with drawn revolver rushed out on him without warning. The rider forgot himself and threw up his hands and tumbled on to the road. Nicholson left soon after completing the barrack defence. More Volunteers were in the attack on Kilmallock from Kilfinane, Cush and Ballylanders Companies than from any other in the county.

The I.R.A. made no further attempts at barrack attacks in this area because Kilmallock left them exhausted of ammunition, so the whole month of June was one of inertia - one of wait and see. In the meantime and during this month, the police authorities initiated a programme of police patrols to cover the areas of the burned down barracks. The average number in a patrol was six and Kilfinane was the centre for three operations. There seemed to be no fixed purpose or

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J. Moloney

Name: (J. Moloney.)

Grade: Col.

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objective in these patrols except, as it were, to say 'look here, lads, we are still here'. One day they would go to Elton, next to Ballylanders, Darragh, Glensheen, Mountrussell, and so on. There was also a lorry-communication between Galbally and Kilfinane. One day, Davy Clancy was coming home in a creel from the market in Knocklong when this lorry patrol passed him. It pulled up and Wheelan - the man who saved Crawford - gave a terrible beating to Clancy with the butt of his rifle. A week later, Faddy O'Donnell and Clancy came into town and searched the place for him with loaded revolvers, but he couldn't be found. They were on their way home by the Mill and they called in to Mick Tobin's for a drink. The shop is separated by a partition from the kitchen. After they had their drink they went away. Wheelan was in the kitchen, but they didn't know it. The patrols were now being watched and timed while a small company of Volunteers gathered at Clancy's each day to make an attack on this patrol. Their objective was to seize the guns and ammunition with the least amount of bloodshed. Jack McCarthy had information one day early in July that the patrol was going to Ballylanders. He placed two Volunteers to watch their movements and one of these - was placed at the Mill Cross. While waiting, got dry and went into Mick Tobin's for a drink and, while there, the patrol passed down unknown to him and over the mountain road to Ballylanders. As the police returned the same road, a dispatch rider rode rapidly by Glenbrohane to Clancy's to convey the information. The waiting I.R.A. got moving rapidly and went along the slopes of Moorstown Mountain and over Kileen to Ballintubber road. There they took up their positions, but were late; the patrol had passed and were now on their way safely to Kilfinane.

THE FIRST AMBUSH, BALLINAHINCH.

On 9th July, the waiting column saw a patrol of police walking over the Cush road. The few rifles and shotguns were now taken out of a souterrain at Cush on the side of a glen and with their guns they marched out of Clancy's Yard in charge of Paddy O'Donnell for Ballinvreena Cross. These were the few daring men who formed the nucleus of the first officially recognised flying column in Ireland. Bill Cunneen was dispatched after the police on bike to Elton where they had gone. There he had to remain until he saw which road they took home.

In the meantime the boys had taken up their positions near Ballinahinch Castle near Denis Carroll's house. He made a strong protest - did they want his house burned down, etc.? but they took no notice and were taking no chances. They ignored him. Cunneen had now to ride rapidly past the police in order to give the men timely warning. He rode rapidly into the ambush position and, without stopping, shouted: "They're coming". As the police rode into the ambush, the I.R.A. shouted "Hands up" and, in the meantime, fired a few shots in the air. The police put up no resistance and put up their hands. Tim Crowley, Paddy O'Donnell and Clancy went over the fence and took the rifles and ammunition off them and let them go their way. These men were well known to the police and, when making their report that evening over the 'phone to headquarters, which was tapped by May Burke at the post office, they made no report that they recognised any of their enemies. May was in I.R.A. intelligence. Next day, Davy came into town and passed the police who took no notice.

I must point out at this stage that some of these men were partially on the run after Kilmallock for one reason or

another. One of these was Danny Moloney, Lakelly.

The following took part in this small but most important ambush in all Ireland. Reasons:-

- (1) It was carried out without any official sanction or recognition.
- (2) It gave a new orientation to I.R.A. policy and its example was vigorously pursued.
- (3) A continuity of service hitherto unknown since 1647.
- (4) The strength of the ambuscade position against superior odds. This was the beau ideal of victory.

With the men and with the guns and with courage, they had now something to go on. This first ambush and its success produced a multitude of ideas and gave them new hope. The barrack attack was a success but only up to a point. They won in Ballylanders, but they lost all the ammunition they had in Kilmallock and what good were guns without ammunition. And all the police had to do was to get a new building and fortify it. Therefore, a repetition of these barrack attacks would produce no ultimate victory but stalemate.

NOTE: Denny Hannigan said a few years ago that while crossing the country from the west of the county to Cush with Paddy Clancy, he got the idea of a column of fighting men moving freely from place to place. In this he insinuates that it was he initiated this policy. I must categorically deny any such assumption on his part. He had neither hand, act or part in what took place at Cush in the first nine days of July. None of the men who took part ever dreamt of such an idea. It was a spontaneous attempt to get arms and, from its success, developed the idea of future efforts on the same principle. And from it grew the flying column.

I hope this statement will knock on the head any ideas of a preconceived plan - there was no such thing. The following are the names of those who took part at Ballinahinch:-

Paddy O'Donnell, Cush, in charge; Tim Crowley, Ballylanders; Davy and Ned Tobin, Ballinalacken; Mick Cloughessy, Ballinvreena; Dick Kincaid, Ballinvreena; Davy Clancy, Cush; Danny Moloney, Lakelly; Tom Crawford, Ballylanders; Paddy Slattery, Ballinvreena; Phil Ryan, Ballinvreena; Tom Howard, Glenbrohane; John Flynn (Beg), Ballinvreena.

Scout - Bill Cunneen, Cush.

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J. Moloney
Name: (J. Moloney.)

Grade: Col.

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Date: 7 March 2003.

The rifles were taken to Glenbrohane Church and hidden in the Belfry. The victory was divided equally between two companies, Cush and Ballylanders. Danny Moloney was the only outsider. The boys then returned to their homes.

Just before this, a big brigade meeting was held in Loughgur where Ernie O'Kalley attended. They could get no sanction from G.H.Q. for an aggressive policy. They started on their own initiative and ignored headquarters. Paddy O'Donnell attended this meeting.

Corrigan, a policeman, ran into a nearby cottage - they followed him in and took his gun from him. Mulvey, a policeman who was also there,

NED SLATTERY - ACCOUNT OF BALLINAHIECH AMBUSH.

We were saving rye grass about 10 a.m. in our field near the Cross of Ballinvreena when we saw six policemen pass by with their rifles held by the barrels balanced on their shoulders. They were walking and turned at Ballinvreena for Elton. My father and Paddy were with me. I went straight to Clancy's, Cush, and Bill Cunneen, who was in service there, was sent immediately to Ned Tobin's, Ballinalacken, by Clancy and to collect the Ballylanders lads. I returned and, about an hour later, the Ballylanders men arrived, all armed, in a back-to-back trap down the old road. All the local lads were collected in the meantime and were waiting at the Cross. Cunneen asked me for threepence as he was short that much to buy a bottle of lemonade in Elton. He was to follow up on his bicycle to see the way the police were going home. When he reached Elton the police were having a drink at Paddy Sullivan's, where he also ordered a lemonade. When he saw they were going home the same way, he passed them out at Knocktown and told the boys who were then in position in

Ballinahinch. When the police were captured they were taken across the fields towards Molua where they were released, and they went home by the Cross of Cush.

The boys daubed their faces with mud before the attack so that they would not be recognised, and when my brother Paddy came back he washed his face and told Tom (now Fr. Tom) to tackle the horse and trap immediately. They drove into town and at the Lowbridge they passed the police. That was all he wanted, so as to let them think he wasn't there in the attack.

John Flynn (Beg), Ballinvreena, was also in the attack. His shotgun went off accidentally before the attack and he nearly shot Crowley.

EMLY STATION - JULY 13.

The I.R.A. were quick to grasp the significance of this, their first successful venture, and were now determined that no opportunities were to be lost to increase their armament. Consequently, information came that a patrol of soldiers were coming out every day from Tipperary to Emly, which patrol didn't consist of more than eleven men. So, with the rifles at their disposal, they decided to make an attack. They left Danny Moloney's early on the morning of July 13th and took up their positions near the railway station. They remained in position all day and felt desperately hungry when, toward evening, on came the patrol with 3 R.I.C. men and 8 soldiers. The military became suspicious and made a retreating movement, but the I.R.A. were quick to size up the situation and changed their positions, which brought the retreating enemy into battle. Both sides now took to the fields and the battle lasted for an hour. Then the two R.I.C. men ran away and left the soldiers to the mercy of a corporal and 1 policeman who surrendered with all his forces. One of their number was wounded,

They had now added 9 more rifles to their very limited store and Denny Hannigan handed a note to the corporal saying that he had made a good fight, but that he was overpowered by superior numbers. Although Hannigan did this he was not in charge. Paddy O'Donnell still held this honour. Those who took part were:- Paddy O'Donnell, Cush, in charge; Davy Clancy, Jerry Callaghan, Lakelly; Mick Shanahan, Glenlara; Jack Lee, Ballintubber; Tom Howard, Glenbrohane; Tim Crowley, Ballylanders; Davy and Ned Tobin, Ballinalacken; Danny Moloney, Lakelly; Tom and John Joe Crawford, Ballylanders; Denny Hannigan, Anglesboro'. (13 farmers' sons, 1 business man, 1 labourer). Also took part Con Kearney, Tiermoor.

When the soldiers had surrendered after one of their number had been wounded, Paddy O'Donnell lined them up in a field with a policeman and searched them. They then made a search of the surrounding farmhouses for the two sergeants of police who had run away when the fight started, but they failed to find them. They then let the soldiers go to their barracks. The correct numbers are 8 soldiers and 3 policemen. They had now captured nine rifles more with ammunition.

Paddy O'Donnell pressed hard on them to take captured guns to Glenbrohane Church again, but the Ballylanders boys wanted a "show off" in their own village, so he was overruled. They commandeered horses and traps at Emly and drove in a spirit of exultation to Ballylanders, arriving about 4 p.m. where they pulled up at a local pub. The whole village turned out to greet them as the heroes of the hour and in a spirit of almost wild enthusiasm. That night they put the rifles into the church and went home. On the following night they took the guns out of the church, put them into a funeral carriage and drove to Ballindangan.

ATTACK ON CROWLEY'S, BALLYLANDERS, 15th JULY 1920.

Two days after the Emly ambush, several Volunteers were on guard at Crowley's. These were:- Tom Crawford, Jerry Callaghan, Mick O'Reilly, Tim Crowley and other members of the family. They had got information that several arrests were to be made in Ballylanders and were now on their guard against such an eventuality and had a night guard. On the night of the 15th at 11 p.m. Tim Crowley was on guard when he noticed three police leaving the barrack ruins and crossing the road. He raised the alarm and the others, who were in bed, were quickly down stairs with loaded revolvers. He told them there were only three policemen there and that they would disarm them. He led the way out the back followed by the others and when they reached the Galbally road they were confronted by a soldier who called halt. Crowley pulled out his revolver and fired which was replied to by a hail of bullets. They fortunately escaped and ran back to his home. They then tried to escape by the front door where they got another hot reception. Tim escaped by the bog road and Tom Crawford fell wounded, while the others eventually got into Crowley's again from where they kept up intermittent firing from their revolvers. When their ammunition was exhausted they surrendered. The place was surrounded by British troops. The following were taken prisoners:- Chris Upton, Jim and Mick Crowley, Tom Crawford, Jerry Callaghan, Lakelly; Jack Crowley, Mick Reilly. They all got long terms of imprisonment and were badly manhandled on their way to Limerick Jail. Tom Crawford was put in hospital under military guard. A rescue was planned, but it didn't come off.

BRUREE - END OF JULY.

After spending a few days in Ballindangan, the column went on to Tiermon and from there to Tankardstown, Kilmallock. There they met George Lennon, Dungarvan, and Sean Stack, Kerry,

who were soliciting subscriptions in that locality for the Dáil Éireann Loan which was being raised to carry on the struggle. While there they got information that a patrol of police would pass on the Kilmallock-Bruree road. They took up position and, as the patrol approached, one of the I.R.A. crossed the road which gave the police timely warning, which put the Volunteers in a serious position. Fire was opened on both sides and, after a sharp exchange, the column withdrew. That night they marched to Tiermoor where they arrived at midnight. Column men Paddy O'Donnell in charge; Davy Clancy, Cush; Mick Shanahan, Glenlara; Jack Lee, Ballintubber; Tom Howard, Glenbrohane; Tim Crowley, Ballylanders; Davy and Ned Tobin, Ballinlacken; Dick Kincaid, Ballinvreena; Danny Moloney, Lackelly; John J. Crawford, Ballylanders; Con Kearney, Tiermoor Sean Stack, Kerry; Ned Barry, Kilfinane; George Lennon, Dungarvan; Joe Crowley, Ballylanders.

About the middle of July, Members of the new police force arrived in Kilfinane. Most of these were Orangemen from the north. They had no sooner arrived than they started a reign of terror and no one was safe from them. Every other night they shot up the town and God help anyone who came in their way. Pay night was the worst when they were primed with drink or on Sunday nights after Benediction. Their movements were now closely watched by the Volunteers and timed on instructions from Jack McCarthy. It was noted that they stood at the Priory gate in the West End to have a smoke when the streets were empty. Jack decided to put an end to their gallop, so he called a meeting of the officers for Tom Lipsett's. There he put the case strongly before them that something would have to be done. He put the matter to a vote and was strongly supported in his efforts by Con Keefe, but was defeated by a

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J. Moloney
Name: (J. Moloney.)

Grade: Col.

Department/Office/Court:

Date: 7 March 2003.

majority of one. The police were left with a free hand and, shortly after, a Canadian - who was on holidays for the first time in this country - had a narrow escape from them. Six of them fired at him at 50 yards but missed.

Their attacks on the people were made from different directions; sometimes they would slip out of the barrack and go around by the Well road. This was the spot where Denny Noonan, Thomastown, had organised on his own to attack them without permission from his captain. When Jack heard it he called it off and reprimanded Noonan.

It was during this month that the brigade arms dump was built at Joe Power's (Mrs. McCarthy's), Thomastown,. It was built by Pat Ryan, the mason, High St., and built of brick supplied from Jack McCarthy's premises.

A policeman by the name of Gunn was exceeding the limit. The I.R.A. went to Tommy Carroll's and took four guns out of the tankard, but they failed to find him.

At the end of July the real Tans arrived in town. They had no police uniforms. Some wore the complete khaki uniform of a soldier with a belt and black police cap. More had the police tunic with khaki trousers. There was no such thing as uniformity of size from under 5 ft. to 6 ft. They had all the appearance of hung-gallows desperadoes.

At this time, as the struggle was being intensified, two Volunteers of the Kilfinane Company - went to America. Before that the Dáil issued an order that no man of military age should leave the country.

ARREST OF FITZGERALDS:

In the summer of 1920, Mick Mortell with some robber prisoners from Kilmallock was passing through Fitzgerald's

yard at Effin. Old Fitzgerald, an ex-R.I.C. man, thought an attack was being made on his house, so he opened fire and wounded Mortell. His two sons were afterwards arrested and held in custody. Eventually they were taken blindfolded by Denis Noonan, Ballyorgan, to Rea's of Coolivehy, where they were held for some time. Eventually the trial took place at Maurice Pillon's, Tully, before Hannigan, where they were fined £500 for their father's misdeed. After some time the full amount was paid by cheque and they were released.

CROWLEY'S BURNED DOWN:

At the end of July, Crowley's, Ballylanders, was burned down by the newly-arrived Black and Tans. It was the Tans who occupied Kilmallock Workhouse and burned it down; on that occasion they were accompanied by Sergeant Maguire. They took three new bicycles out of the shop before they did the job and Maguire's children were afterwards riding around the streets of Kilfinane where the family lived all through the struggle.

When the arms dump was completed the guns were taken from the loft of the Parish Priest's coach-house where they had been brought from Ballinlyna for immediate service to be used against the Orange policemen. This was, of course, unknown to the P.P., but at the connivance of Maurice Hartigan, the priest's boy. A little later they were taken in a horse butt around the well-road to the brigade dump at Thomastown by Denny Noonan and in it were four rifles and four shotguns.

KILDORRERY AMBUSH.

In the first few days of August the column left Tiermoor and went to Ballindangan. Here they stayed for a few days while Hannigan was in communication with Dublin. They then got information that a patrol of Black and Tans - first time they were called Black and Tans - left Kildorrery every day

for Rockmills. On 6th August they lay in ambush but the patrol failed to turn up. The column returned to Ballindangan where they were staying. Here Hannigan had a communication from G.H.Q. Dublin, giving official sanction to the flying column and showed it to Paddy O'Donnell and Tim Crowley. As they walked out a boreen with the 12 men of the column Crowley held them up and said they must appoint officially a column leader. O'Donnell, Crowley and Clancy had already agreed among themselves that Denny Hannigan, being a much older man than any of the rest of them, should have the honour of leading the column and by a unanimous voice they all agreed; and from that day Hannigan became column leader and directed all operations to the end of the struggle.

Here they were joined by Tom Barry, Glanworth, and a few others from North Cork Brigade where no column at this time had been formed. They were also joined by Miss Sullivan from Tipperary, a qualified nurse. They marched for Kildorrery and took up their position not far from Kildorrery on the Rockmills road. In a cottage nearby Nurse Sullivan set up a dressing station in the cottage of an old man. As they remained in position inside the fence a local farmer came along to the same field to save his hay and, when he saw the armed men, he decided that it was no place for him. Tim Crowley spoke to him and his men and asked would they remain working so as to allay any suspicions by the enemy which he agreed to do and, when the firing started, they took to their heels as fast as their legs could take them. The fight was sharp and short; three Tans were wounded in the first volley and, after further exchanges, the rest surrendered with one R.I.C. sergeant. They captured eight rifles. Miss Sullivan came from her quarters and dressed the wounded, but one Tan who was

seriously wounded subsequently died.

The following took part:- Denny Hannigan, leader; Paddy O'Donnell and Davy Clancy, Cush; Tory Barrett and Denny Noonan, Kilfinane; Davy and Ned Tobin, Ballinalacken; Tim Crowley and Paddy Hannigan, Ballylanders; John J. Crawford, Ballylanders; Mick Shanahan, Glenlara; Tom Howard, Glenbrohane; Danny Moloney, Lackelly; Tom Barry, Glanworth, Bill Burke, Ballindangan; Jack O'Neill, Carrahough, Nurse Sullivan, Tipperary.

Company formation:- Anglesboro - D. Hannigan; Ballylanders - Tim Crowley, Davy Tobin, Ned Tobin, John J. Crawford, Paddy Hannigan; Cush - Davy Clancy, Paddy O'Donnell, Mick Shanahan, Tom Howard; Kilfinane - (Tory) Ned Barrett, Denny Noonan; Lakelly - Danny Moloney;

The Corkmen now returned home and the Limerick column carrying an extra rifle and ammunition each, marched westward on Hannigan's orders to Annakisha where he knew some friends. They marched along the open road when they got some miles from Kildorrery, but Paddy O'Donnell advised them to take the fields as there would be military activity. They had no sooner done so than a lorry of troops came along and they had to run for shelter. Having billeted in Annakisha, they went to bed, but a sudden alarm roused them from their slumbers and in the rush Crowley put his pants back to front in the rush downstairs. The military passed on.

The following day being Sunday, they left Annakisha and marched over Glenanair up Ballydonohue and at Keale they drank a boiler of milk in Matt Noonan's field where he was saving hay. They then went on to Glenroe where Father Ambrose, P.P. invited them in for some refreshments. They hadn't a smoke between them and, while he was out, they smoked his pipe full of tobacco between them. When he returned he saw his pipe was

was empty and he said, jokingly "I thought I was entertaining Irish rebels, but I see now I am entertaining Irish robbers". They stayed in Tully that night and on the following day they marched by Ballintubber to Tiermoor where they remained until the 16th August. On that morning they marched to Glenbrohane where Davy Clancy heard the sad news that his fearless brother Paddy (Creamery manager) was killed near Kanturk. Two days before this the British military arrived in Kilfinane 40 strong and occupied Ivy House in Barrack St.

Jack McCarthy had received a telegram on 16th about funeral arrangements for the following day to Molua. There was a large crowd in town waiting for it but the soldiers were also there with fixed bayonets and trouble was expected but nothing happened. They allowed the coffin pass through Brislane. A Volunteer officer in Charleville, Co. Cork, stood on the running board of the motor car. Then they searched everyone. I followed the funeral to Molua where, after the burial had taken place, six men of the flying column wearing bandoliers and carrying rifles stepped forward. At that moment I got the greatest thrill of my life. It was the first time I had seen a soldier of the Irish Republic in arms and this memory will always remain with me. The blood was rushing in my veins when, suddenly, something happened. "They are coming" someone shouted and, at that moment, I saw the six men step quietly over the fence to the other side. I think we all could have fled helter-skelter, but the situation demanded dignity with honour to the fallen soldier. It was a justifiable alarm, as the Tans passed over "the line" in a lorry. The men in charge of Denny Hannigan stepped forward again and fired three volleys over the grave which re-echoed throughout the hills. It was the first challenge of defiance I had heard. But what of his comrades of the firing party

who knelt over his grave. Alas! The volleys were heard again and half his chosen comrades of the firing party, before six months, had followed in his footsteps to the grave.

The firing party were:- Tim Crowley, Paddy Hannigan, Davy Tobin, Tom Murphy, Tom Howard, Ned Murphy.

Liam Lynch was also there, so was Jack McCarthy who had fortuitously escaped the day before. The moment I saw Hannigan I recognised him as the man I saw enter the caravan with Dr. Powell.

That evening the column went by Glenbrohane to Glenroe where they hid their rifles under a haycock in John Cranwick's field opposite the parish priest's residence. On the following morning, coming up from Tully where they stayed the night, Clancy and O'Donnell were suddenly confronted by a patrol of soldiers from Kilfinane. They were called on to halt but ran and fire was opened. Clancy escaped, but O'Donnell was captured; but after giving a very plausible excuse, they let him go. That evening they marched via Glenbrohane to Tiermoor. The military were searching around the place, but they did not get the rifles.

MILITARY ARRIVE IN TOWN

On 14th August 1920, the British military arrived in town and commandeered Ivy House in Barrack St. Between it and the R.I.C. Barracks was the Fair Green. The company was about 35 strong in charge of Lieut. Ralph. On the following morning they decided to make arrests and, for this purpose, made their first raid for Jim Condon, Ashbrook, who escaped by hiding in an alcove in the kitchen. On the following morning (16th), assisted by troops from Kilmallock, they searched the houses of Pat Carroll, Tom Barry, Justin McCarthy and Maurice McGrath,

but all these escaped. Dan McCarthy was arrested but let go again after an hour's detention.

Barry and Condon went to work in Cork, while Maurice McGrath, Carroll and Justin went on the run and joined the flying column. Another party in charge of Lieut. Ralph and led by Tom O'Connor, R.I.C., surrounded Jack McCarthy's - who at that moment was actually reading the telegram from Kanturk, which he tore up and threw into a waste paper basket. He walked out the back door, passed Tom O'Connor, R.I.C. on his way out to the yard. Unchallenged by Tommy, he crossed the road into Hennessy's and escaped through a window into the graveyard. In the meantime, Ralph had discovered the torn telegram which he pieced together. Tommy Fa told me afterwards that the military were in a particularly bad mood that day and if they caught Jack McCarthy, he'd never reach Limerick Jail alive.

TRIAL OF CONSTABLE T. O'CONNOR, R.I.C.

On the following day Lieut. Ralph made a charge before the authorities that O'Connor had wilfully connived at the escape of Jack McCarthy and he was immediately suspended from duty. He had a young family and this suspension, I presume, deprived him of his pay. On 20th October his trial was to take place in the R.I.C. barrack before Co. Inspector J.M. Ryan and Colonel Hope, Kilmallock. The Crown Prosecutor was the District Inspector at Bruff. John Fower, solicitor, Kilmallock defended. Tommy Fa was only a few months from his pension. The plea was put forward that he got no specific instructions before the raid and that these were only implied. Things were now going so bad with him that he decided before the trial to feign madness and he went to Dr. Connery, J.P., Spring Lodge, to get a certificate. Connery replied to him: "You are not mad, O'Connor. I'll give you a certificate for neurasthenia"

When the trial came off, Ralph and the military, including Col. Hope, did all in their power to have him dismissed, but Inspector's O'Regan's report to Dublin Castle saved him and he was restored to his position.

The military position has now completely altered as far as the I.R.A. are concerned. The occupation of Kilfinane, Kilmallock, Hospital, Pallas and Galbally by large forces of enemy troops has weakened the security of the republican forces and thrown them on the defensive. They could no longer pick and choose a few police or Tans on patrol and capture their guns and ammunition. Their knowledge of military tactics and movements was nil, so they had to adapt themselves to the new conditions with which they were now confronted. The importance of the first 23 rifles captured at Ballinahinch, Emly and Kildorrery cannot now be overestimated, which formed the backbone of a strong column of young men who had now to go on the run to escape arrest. The column was now brought up to thirty in strength with plenty of shotgun reservists to be called on when required. From now on every attack had to be a success by capture of rifles and ammunition. Anything else was tantamount to a defeat. The I.R.A. column were now up against it by sudden raids from the enemy. Guards had to be provided for night duty, communications improved and extended, a shut-mouth policy, a splendid courage which was never wanting, and a finer spirit of resistance. Their response was magnificent and, like the spartan mother of old who told her sons to come home on their shields, that was their spirit.

The day the enemy failed to arrest the Volunteers Fr. Lee came up town and two officers approached and told him he was making Sinn Fein speeches from the altar. He replied: "I take my orders from my ecclesiastical authorities and not from you".

The column now left Con Kearney's, Tiermoor, and went on to Glenroe and from there they continued their journey to Ballindangan. From there they crossed country via Ballingirue to Carrig Castle, arriving late that night. On the following morning they were up at dawn and were joined by a few North Corkmen, namely Tom Barry, Davy Barry, Sean O'Neill and Bill Burke. They lay in ambush near Carrig Castle for a party of Tans until nightfall. The enemy failed to turn up. They stayed that night and left the following afternoon for Tully where they rested for a few days. They were now joined by Justin McCarthy, Peter Steep, Pat Carroll, Maurice McGrath, Mick and Ned Walsh, Glenroe, whose home was afterwards burned down by the Tans. They now moved on to Ballycahill where they remained for some time. While there, information came through that a patrol of military were going on certain days to Kiltteely via Ballinamona Cross. This was to be their biggest effort yet and all available forces were called in for the operation including some Mid-Limerick men. Early on the morning of 18th September they left Ballycahill and marched to Ballinamona where they took up their positions at 6 a.m. Remaining in their positions all day, but the enemy failed to turn up by that route, but went instead by the old road to Kiltteely. They left that evening and marched to Cush and Ballinvreena where they remained. Maurice Costello, a Kilfinane ex-soldier, was in this attempted ambush. The strength of the attacking party was about sixty men.

On the following day, with my brother Pat, who was then a medical student, we went over to Jim O'Donnell's for hay which was purchased by my father, in a pony and car. At Patsy Quan's on the old road, a man in the yard told us not to go any further, but we took no notice of him and continued on our journey to the Upper Cross of Cush. There we met Phil

and Bill O'Donnell and we drove into the field which runs down to Clancy's house. While we held the pony the O'Donnell brothers began to fill the load when, all of a sudden, we saw about 25 or 30 armed men run rapidly out of Clancy's yard up by the fence of our field to the upper road where they lined the fence of the road in extended formation to within ten yards of the Upper Cross. For us it was now the real crisis began. The military and Tans in charge of Ralph were already raiding Clancy's and it was by a mere coincidence that Josie O'Donnell, sister of Paddy, was looking out the top window and saw them coming over the line from Kilfinane. She rushed down the road and they had just time to escape. Only for her there could have been a terrible tragedy. The soldiers on the road, while the raid was on, went in extended formation toward the Upper Cross. Now we were in a desperate situation and Phil O'Donnell became excited and shouted at the top of his voice at everything - the pony, his brother and at us. He could be heard all over the place and no wonder. We hadn't a chance in a thousand of escape. The last soldier stood at Paddy O'Donnell's gate only 20 yards from the Upper Cross while he was covered by an I.R.A. man concealed behind Mike Duggan's gate only 20 yards away. Only for us there would have been a bloody mess that day and, fortunately for us, the soldier never walked the other 20 yards to the Cross. It was the most terrifying experience I ever had except for one other occasion when British soldiers tried to shoot me at point blank range.

There was a motor car and about 20 bicycles in Clancy's yard belonging to members of the Column, and the officer in charge asked Stacia could she explain the presence of the car but he never said a word about the bicycles, and they went away. The officer suggested going home the upper road, but Tommy Pa

said No, they would go home the way they came by the lower cross. He told me himself he had the 'wind up' and that they were in immediate danger. There would certainly have been a bloody battle that day but for us. For a considerable time the columns were more than anxious to have a contest in arms with Lieut. Ralph owing to his mean, despicable and cowardly conduct to Mrs. McCarthy and her young unprotected family. Ever since Jack escaped he (Ralph) suffered like a maniac from an imaginary disease. Every night without exception during the previous six weeks and at the most inconvenient times, he turned the house upside down. He never even hesitated to violate the privacy of her daughter's bedrooms after midnight. This fellow was a thorough blackguard and a disgrace to the uniform he wore.

The columns were now convinced that he would come again with reinforcements and decided to prepare for him. They sent to Ballinvreena for the rest of the column who were staying around there and the whole comprised about sixty men. They now took up their positions at the upper cross in extended formation for about 400 yards, but he failed to return.

As a matter of historical fact the man who raided Clancy's on that day was not Ralph, who was away that day, but a young officer from Kilmallock who replaced him for one day; and this young officer took Tommy Pa's advice - he was a sound judge.

When the enemy had gone, the boys went down and took away their bicycles and about ten of them stood inside on the old Ford car and drove up the road with rifles at the ready. That evening they were joined at Cush by Fr. Dick McCarthy (who was on the run from Church and State), Nurse Sullivan and Mary Clancy. The strength of the column varied according to the circumstances. The permanent column was about 30 men.

FATHER LEE AND ATTACK ON ENEMY.

Shortly before the incident related at Cush, Justin McCarthy called one night to the Parochial House to see Father Lee and told him that the leaders of the column had decided to come into town on a certain night and attack Ralph and his patrol on the street. It would put a brake on his depredations. However, after discussing the matter in all its aspects, Fr. Lee consented. The following day was Sunday and my father went to second Mass. The P.P. was standing at the door of the church and he said to my father, "Michael, I want to have a chat with you for a minute", so they went around the church to the convent side. There, Fr. Lee revealed to him the whole story - that Justin was with him on Saturday night and the attack was to take place at 8 p.m. on the following Tuesday when curfew was on. Father heard no Mass that day because it took him all his time to convince Fr. Lee that such an attack would be insane. My father was brilliant in debate and he put such convincing arguments against such an enterprise that Fr. Lee finally surrendered and called it off. Mrs. McCarthy was a special friend of my mother's and was a constant visitor. It was to save her and her house which was a certainty to be burned to the ground. Her business would be destroyed and her position financially would be complete ruination. As well as that, probably half the town would be burned down. There is no doubt but he took the proper view when the gains would be measured against the losses.

GLENLARA, SEPTEMBER 23rd.

On the evening of 19th September the column left Cush and went to Glenbrohane where they rested for the next few days. Through Kilfinane intelligence they made preparations to make an attack on a lorry of Black and Tans who were in the habit of passing between Tipperary and Kilfinane. Wheelan, the R.I.C.

man, would be on this lorry and Davy made the remark on this occasion "Whatever ye do let Wheelan to me"; he was the only enemy he had on this earth. The site selected for this attack was at Mary Burke's farmhouse, about 300 yards on the Kilfinane side of Crawford's Cross. September 23rd was on a Saturday, and the following left Kilfinane to take part in the attack:- Paddy Ryan (Ballinanima), captain; Willie O'Keefe, Town; Sean Cagney, N.T., Paddy Hayes, Ballinlyna, and Jer Boland, High Bridge. The plan of attack was to run a horse's common car out Mary Burke's gate and stop the lorry. But, instead, a private car came from the Tipperary side and Hannigan went out on the road and put up his hand to stop it. As he did so a shot rang out from the front of the car fired by a man sitting beside the driver, but he missed. He was Saunders, of Saunders Park, Charleville. The column leader fired back and the car went into reverse and, although fired on from all sides, Saunders made good his escape and went to Knocklong where he 'phoned up Tipperary, Galbally, Kilfinane and Kilmallock. After this incident the column retired to the upper road while they watched hundreds of troops search the houses below them.

It was that night that Bill Corbett had a remarkable escape from death. Late that night the Tans raided his home at Ballinvreena. He was in bed and nothing would persuade them but that he was Davy Clancy. They said so several times and had their revolvers drawn to shoot. They would then come out into the kitchen, look at the photo they had of Clancy, and go back into the room again. They would argue between themselves if he were the man. They all then went outside the back door for a final consultation, came in again and looked at him and went away. Bill never recovered from that shock. His brother Ned and sister helped to save him. Another local lad, that night, got a terrible beating. He was Jim Condon, Glenlara

An officer put ammunition into a coat that was hanging up and asked him to account for it, which, of course, he 'couldn't. They then started to beat him up and Wheelan had him black and blue and battered to pieces. They then took him out to the road field and told him to run for it, but he refused. A soldier using vile language said "I'll make you, you so-and-so, driving the bayonet into his back. He went down and they took him to the lorry and drove to Kilmallock where they threw him into a disused lavatory at Ashill Towers. His clothes were saturated with blood from the wound in his back. After a few hours they brought him out again to the guardroom where four soldiers beat him almost to death, threw him back into the hole again, where he became unconscious. A friendly soldier next morning gave him a drink of water and told him to report the matter to the colonel. Half an hour later he told him not to report as he was going to Limerick Jail and if he reported before he left they would shoot him on the way. He was three days in his cell before any doctor saw him, and then said there was no hope of recovery. He lived to tell his story.

That evening the column went by Glenaree to Glenroe and from there the local lads went home.

The following day, being Sunday 24th September, they went to Mass. After second Mass in Glenroe, Pat Carroll, Denny Noonan, Mick Noonan and Maurice McGrath were coming towards Barnabunocka bridge when they were suddenly confronted by a lorry of Tans. They jumped Ballinacourty gate and the Tans opened fire and kept firing because the boys had no cover in a big open space; but they all escaped. That evening, they brought bloodhounds and made a thorough search of the whole area but found nothing.

About 11.15 that night I was in bed and I heard a lorry

of soldiers pull up on the opposite side of the street. As I peeped out the side of the window blind I saw a man knocking at Jim Regan's pub. When the door opened I recognised the officer and a civilian. They had two drinks, paid for by the officer, and then went away. Next morning I asked Jim who was the civilian and he told me he was "Fiddler" (as Mick Pigott was called) whose brother was a Volunteer. He told Jim that they picked him up above in the square. The officer also paid for two drinks for the following morning. I reported the matter to Willie O'Keeffe, the adjutant, but nothing came of it.

GLENLARA.

While the column were waiting at Glenlara for the lorry Ned Slattery, Josie and Gret O'Donnell and Mary Clancy were working hard preparing sandwiches and tea for the I.R.A. at Corbett's. When they took over the refreshments to Glenlara the column was gone. They had to return with their load to Ballinvreena Cross where Corbett's house is situated.

FROM END OF SEPTEMBER TO OCTOBER 24TH.

During this period the column remained inactive and all reserves had gone to their homes. They now rested alternately between Kilclooney, Tully, Rupala and Tiermoor. During this recess a big Sinn Fein Court was held in Herbertstown which was guarded by about 10 men of the column in charge of Ned Tobin. I have no record as to what happened there.

At this time there was a hunger-strike in Cork Jail and several I.R.A. men from Ballylanders were in a very weak condition. Tim Crowley decided to go and see his brother who was one of them. In Cork he dressed in the clothes of a priest and entered the prison without being recognised. A few days after - Oct. 23rd - he returned home by train with Mick Scanlon, N.T., Galbally. They came off the train at

Kilmallock and walked up the road. They crossed the fields to Hayes's, Ballinacurra, and from there to Kearney's, Tiermoor. From there they turned back as there was no room and came on to Mrs. Burke's. The column was in Tiermoor. They arrived at Mrs. Burke's, Laurencetown, about 9 p.m. Peter Quinlan and John Devane were there when they came in and they left about 10.30 and remained chatting in the boreen outside Dick Ryan's house. The Tans shouted 'hands up' and they were prisoners. Devane said "This is my uncle's house". A Tan entered and asked Dick Ryan, who was in bed, was the man outside his nephew and Ryan said no, thinking he was saying the right thing. "You " he said, "you were....." and raised his rifle when a man in mufti wearing a grey cap stuck in his head and said to the Tan in an undertone - "It's all right". The man in mufti was Maguire. Quinlan and Dwane were taken to Kilmallock and released next day.

The information of the enemy was so accurate that the first place they made for coming cross-country from Mountcoot was Hayes's, Ballinacurra. But, to make deadly sure, they moved in three columns. The second column went by Gotoon bridge and Ballincrana and the third, the Kilfinane troops, by Laurencetown Boreen, the passageway into the "Dardanelles" (as it was known). The Kilmallock troops, when they failed to find them at Ballinacurra, turned back and made their way across the river to Mrs. Burke's. At 11 p.m. they surrounded the house and made them prisoners. Ralph, the Kilfinane officer, was in a murdering expedition. On that night I was standing inside my uncle's halldoor, just before curfew, when I saw a line of men wearing civilian clothes and caps pulled down over their eyes, and the collars of their coats pulled up, creeping along close to the houses in a stooped position. They moved noiselessly as they had rubber soles to their boots. I said in a

startled way to Leo, "the I.R.A., that's the flying column". He caught my arm and pulled me back in and said: in a whisper, "they are the military". "How do you know?" I said. "Don't you see" he replied, "they are all shod the same way and moving without being heard". They couldn't be seen either as it was quite dark.

That night, Crowley and Scanlon were brought to Kilfinane barrack and on the following day they were removed by a lorry of Black and Tans to Limerick. When they reached William St. barrack, Mick Scanlon made a run for it across the street into a shop where he was shot dead.

When Sean Ford heard of the arrest of his two comrades he decided on a desperate rescue bid at Limerick Jail gate. For this daring enterprise he picked Ned Tobin, Davy Clancy, Tom Howard and Mary Clancy. They left Glenbrohane in a Ford car armed with revolvers and a plentiful supply of bombs. They went by Kiltteely and avoided all the main roads until they pulled up outside the jail on the opposite side of the street. There they waited for a considerable time, but as the prisoners were not coming, Ford left the car and walked down William St. where he was to hear the sad news that his old comrade was dead and Crowley was in jail. He returned to the car and told them the news. They left immediately for home and arrived that night at Glenbrohane without incident.

The next big meeting of the brigade was held at Loughgur Castle where an ambush for Grange was arranged and more men were picked for the column.

Re. Crowley and Scanlon - Many are of the opinion that the spotter was at Kilmallock station and gave the information from there.

One of the most outrageous and cowardly things ever done

was the action of Bishop Colohan of Cork. When the hunger-strikers in Cork Jail were on their 68th day's fast, he came to the cells and told the dying men that they were committing suicide and were acting against the teaching of their church. He also said that he had a letter from their leader saying that he did not agree with them. Mick Reilly, Ballylanders, asked him to show the letter, as he had seen letters from Dev before. As no letter was forthcoming, Reilly said in a half-dazed way, "You liar, you have no letter". With that, he walked away with his escort of three high-ranking officers. He got the same reception from all the other prisoners. The whole prison staff were delighted with the reception he got and no wonder.

GRANGE AMBUSH, NOVEMBER 8TH.

All arrangements having been made and positions inspected, the column left Herbertstown at 3 a.m. The reserves having been called up, the column marched 50 strong across country and took up their positions on both sides of Grange bridge. One of the best positions they occupied was the house of the present Bishop of Limerick, Dr. O'Neill. Here they lay all day expecting two lorries of the enemy, but instead ten lorries of military and Tans turned up from the Bruff direction. They could have left the Convey Pass, but a wrong signal was given by a Volunteer on outpost duty, with the result that the first two lorries appearing around the bend of the road from Bruff were fired on with the result that the supporting troops in the other lorries avoided running into the I.R.A. position. The fight continued for about an hour in which four British soldiers were killed and several wounded. The enemy then began a flanking movement and the column were extremely lucky that they had escaped with only two wounded men, namely, Phil Fogarty, Glenlara, and Bill Burke, Ballindangan.

The column then retreated towards Ballycahill, near Elton, bringing their wounded with them by car. The question may be asked why were they always selecting only one or two lorries for attack; and why were they afraid of meeting large forces of the enemy? The answer to the first question is that ammunition was so scarce that every attack had to be a success in order to get new supplies from the defeated Crown forces and, furthermore, a defeat of the enemy after a prolonged fight was a waste of precious ammunition which was a technical knockout rather than a military success.

That night they arrived at Ballycahill where Burke and Fogarty were attended to by Dr. Fitzgerald, The Cahir. Here the column remained for a few days and then moved on to Tully, then to Kilclooney. They then returned to Rupala, Glenbrohane, Ballycahill and Tiermoor.

CROSS OF TREE - DECEMBER 10TH.

The evening before the above ambush, 17 members of the column were waiting at Kearney's, Tiermoor, in charge of Willie Walsh, Kilclooney. Every now and then he would look at his watch and say to Justin McCarthy: "The Kilfinane men haven't come yet". In the meantime, He was putting Tom Brazzill, Jer Boland, Bosnetstown; and Tom Regan, Martinstown, through rifle practice in Kearney's yard. He looked at his watch again and said: "Time is up, 5 p.m., we must go". Justin said: "Wait a few minutes", but Walsh replied: "No, no time is time". The three men they were waiting for were Peter Steep, Denny Noonan and Jack Riordan, a trained British ex-soldier who had served all through the Great War. It was his first day joining the column. Walsh turned to John Kearney and said: "When the Kilfinane men come, tell them to go home again". He then sent out scouts on the line of march via Molua and Ballinahinch.

At Ballinahinch they heard a car coming and took up positions although it was quite dark. He switched on a powerful flashlight, but the occupants of the car, who were I.R.A. men, shouted the password "Macroom". They then marched on to Lackelly, which they reached late, where Hannigan told Brazzill and Boland they could go home. In the small hours of the morning they reached home drenched to the skin. An hour after the column left Tiermoor the three members of the Kilfinane company arrived at Kearney's where they were told what Willie Walsh said. They cursed and swore and said did he expect them to walk from the 'Dump' in Thomastown in broad daylight with rifles. They left immediately and went after the column and were joined by Joe O'Brien, Thomastown.

On the following morning, the permanent section of the column went on to Glenbrohane and the reserves assembled at Maurice Raleigh's, Mitchelstowndown, with a few oldtimers. In the meantime, word came through that a pay lorry with six or eight troops had gone to Galbally and would return that afternoon. Hasty preparations were made to intercept this lorry at the green gate, 300 yards on the Pinkers Cross side of the Cross of the Tree. The position selected couldn't be worse as, in the event of a surprise, there was no cover for retreat only over large extensive fields. They took up their positions by a long screen of gross timber which extended along the roadside for a mile, using the trees as cover. The lorry duly arrived and they opened fire. But, in the meantime, a second lorry came the same way from Galbally and was a half mile further back. Its occupants dismounted when they heard the firing. The first lorry was held up by two carts placed across the road, but they put up a stiff defence. The shooting went on for some time until bullets started whizzing past the ears of the Volunteers from the south. It was only then they

realised that they were being attacked by another force. The whistle was sounded for retreat but Jack (Sean) Riordan held his ground and covered the retreat. His training as a soldier was to be his end. When he made his getaway he received a fatal wound in the abdomen. There was no one to cover his retreat. His position was at the green gate. Discarding everything as trained soldiers do when wounded, he reached Mulvihill's publichouse where he drank a glass of brandy. There he was given a lift by a local who, when driving him towards the Pinkers Cross in a trap car, heard a motor coming, jumped out and ran away. The motor was driven by an I.R.A. leader who pulled up and asked did he know where the wounded I.R.A. man was. Jack replied, "I am the wounded man". He took him in his car to Glenbrohane and the whole column moved on to Kilclooney. Davy Clancy was slightly wounded in this attack. When they reached Kilclooney, Jack Riordan was put into bed at Hennessy's, where his condition rapidly became worse. He was a powerfully built young man. On the following evening he was removed in the hospital van to Kilmallock Union where Dr. MacNamara performed an operation and on 14th December he died.

Those who took part in the Cross of Tree ambush were: Denny Hannigan in charge, Davy Clancy, Danny Moloney, Denny Noonan, Peter Steep, Jack Riordan, Maurice Costello, Mick Shanahan, Tom Howard, Con Harty, Paddy Ryan, Ballinanima; John Reilly, Bog; Tom Regan, Bog; Paddy Hayes, Ballinlyna; Sean Neilan, Bruff; Justin McCarthy, Willie Walsh.

BURIAL OF JACK RIORDAN.

At the time of the death of Jack Riordan at Kilmallock Workhouse it was occupied by a large force of Tans. Extreme caution had to be exercised to prevent his death from being known to the Crown. They removed his body that night out the side

National Archives Act, 1986, Regulations, 1988

ABSTRACTION OF PART(S) PURSUANT TO REGULATION 8

Form to be completed and inserted in the original record

in place of each part abstracted

- (i) Reference number of the separate cover under which the abstracted part has been filed: WS 1435/A
- (ii) How many documents have been abstracted: 1P.
- (iii) The date of each such document: 15 June 1956.
- (iv) The description of each document:
WS 1435 Daniel P O'Shaughnessy P 56
information of a personal nature

(Where appropriate, a composite description may be entered in respect of two or more related documents).

- (v) Reason(s) why the part has been abstracted for retention:
(c) Would or might cause distress or danger to living persons on the ground that they contain information about individuals, or would or might be likely to lead to an action for damages for defamation.

(These will be the reasons given on the certificate under Section 8(4).)

J. Moloney

Name: (J. Moloney.)

Grade: Col.

Department/Office/Court:

Date: 7 March 2003.

P56

door of the Workhouse and placed it in the ambulance driven by Willie Haughton. He took the corpse by a circuitous route by Ardpatrick to the Cross of Redchair. He arrived at James Lee's, Darragh House, at 8 p.m. In the meantime, Dave Hennessy took out the coffin from Mrs. T.P. McCarthy's up the old road by Thomastown to Lyons, Tully. The coffin was covered, but a neighbour of Sean Riordan's at Thomastown said to Dave: "Who is dead?" Dave replied: "Will you mind your own bloody business. If you don't keep your mouth shut, you'll know soon enough!" The coffin was then taken over to Darragh House. The corpse was naked until midnight and then coffined. Then in the darkness of a bleak wintry night his comrades shouldered the coffin silently to his last resting place in Darragh graveyard. The Glenree priest recited the last prayers and then six comrades of the flying column stepped forward and fired three volleys over the grave. It was their last tribute to a brave soldier. The crowd of Volunteers who had gathered for the occasion left quietly for their homes.

O'MARA EXECUTED, CHRISTMAS 1920.

O'Mara was a National Teacher and a married man who lived in the village of Hospital and taught at Knockaney National School. Being a teacher, he was a man of a certain standard of education and on that account one can have little sympathy.

But, apart from that, he was a constant drunkard and a most

He would sell his soul for drink and, consequently, became the companion of the soldier and the Tans. As far as information went, he had none, but he went out with the Crown forces into the country at night dressed in an R.I.C. overcoat. He was with them on raids on several farmers' houses and this seems to have sealed his doom.

What the charges made against him at his courtmartial were I do not know, but he was condemned to death . Some time before Christmas he was brought to Elton where his guard gave him his last drink. From there he was taken, after a few nights, to Grady's, Garryarthur, where he was held a prisoner for a week. His execution was carried out and his body was found at Kiltanken near Kilbehenny on Christmas Eve laid out on a field with a placard "shot as a spy" on his breast. The body was never claimed and the Ballyporeen police came and took the body away and buried it in Bullies Acre.

GLENACRANE - DECEMBER 20TH.

Two days before the above ambush, the column had moved on to Glenroe and Knockadea. While at Kilclooney the leaders had received information that a convey of troops would pass between Ballylanders and Mitchelstown coming from Tipperary. After a thorough examination of their strength, the column leaders decided to attack this convoy at Glenacrane, a deep glen through which the road ran. The position was ideal for their purpose. This was to be their greatest effort and one that would surpass all others in size and intensity. Accordingly, dispatches were sent out for reinforcements all over the area and Volunteers were not wanting in courage to man the Barna-Baol. Two days before the attack, Mick and Dave Hennessy, Bill Costello and Tim Hannon took 13 shotguns and a bag of cartridges out of the dump in Thomastown. They crossed the wood road in broad daylight without a scout and went by Keale with their load and over Darragh Mountain to Kilclooney. When they arrived at Hennessy's they were ordered to take them to Tully where some of the column were. Other members of Kilfinane Company called up for this attack were: Paddy Ryan, Ned Dwyer, Ballinanima, and Jer Boland. They were also supported by members of the Mid-Limerick Brigade and the

North East Cork men under Davy Barry.

On the night of the 18th all reserves moved into Glenroe and, early on the following morning, they marched to Glenacran about 100 strong where they were allotted their respective positions by the commander. The weather was bitterly cold and freezing and, after laying there all day without a smoke, nothing turned up. They returned that night to Glenroe where they rested. On the following morning, long before dawn, they were on the march again and took up their respective positions. Nobody was allowed to pass, but a Protestant minister came from the Galbally side who said he was on urgent business and kicked up a row. As a compromise, they would allow him pass if he would give an assurance that he would not convey information to the enemy. This, he told them, was the first thing he would do when he reached Mitchelstown. They then placed him under arrest and locked him up under guard for the rest of the day in a house nearby.

Again, the commander was disappointed as only two Crossley tenders with 15 British troops came from Mitchelstown. Fire was opened from all sides and lasted only 15 minutes when they surrendered. A few were killed and several wounded. When the leaders went on to the road to take their arms and ammunition, the soldiers thought they were going to be shot and cried for mercy "Don't shoot us, Paddy". But they had no intention of shooting them. Instead, they dressed their wounded and allowed the rest to go free. The column then retreated to Rupala where they arrived early in the afternoon.

That same afternoon they got information that a lorry of Tans had passed out the wood road from Kilfinane. Having come to the conclusion that it would return the same way, they marched over Ballinacourty Hill to Barrabunocka Bridge where they hoped to intercept it on its return. While in position

Fr. Ambrose came along in his pony and trap and strongly advised them to leave owing to its proximity to Glenroe, one of their safest resting places. They took his advice and left. It was about 5 p.m. and almost dark. In the meantime, dispatches were sent to Garryarthur to arrange for billets and Denis Noonan, Ballyorgan, got a dispatch to provide a night guard for the column. The dispatch was carried by Paddy Slattery, Ballinvreena. This is Denis Noonan's account:-

"It was on the night of 20th December that I, Tom Fenton, Willie Fenton, Tom McDonald and Paddy Slattery were ordered to provide guard for the column at Garryarthur and Kilcruig. We went to the company dump at McDonald's, Keale. It was made of concrete and was close to Keale river. We opened the dump and took out shotguns and cartridges, We had one each and walked up Kilcruig breen. The time was 6 p.m. and quite dark. When we reached the road we heard men walking and said they were the column. Captain Breen held them up and took them prisoners. What saved them from being shot on the spot was that the officer did not realise they were armed until they were actually captured. (They were lucky it wasn't Ralph got them). He placed them under arrest and marched them rapidly by Redchair to Kilfinane. Breen had a suspicion that the column was in the locality and wanted to get away as quickly as possible, and our first rest was at the top of Ballinlyna. It was that evening that the column lay in ambush at Barrabunocka Bridge and they hadn't left their positions ten minutes when Breen passed. We were all taken to Limerick Jail".

That evening the reserves went home and, on the following evening, Davy Barry and his column went to their own area. That night, Dec. 21st, the column were dismissed for the Christmas holidays and all the rifles were left at Tully. On that night they were taken by reliable members of the column - about 60 rifles in number - to the brigade dump at Thomastown. It was the first time since the campaign started that all the rifles were dumped together in the brigade dump which was built on Jack McCarthy's instructions, whose foresight now proved a valuable asset to the brigade.

At this time Thomas O'Brien, Ballyroe, resigned from the R.I.C. He was the son of a stonemason. At the same time, Pat Sheedy, a farmer's son from Bosnetstown, refused to resign

though pressed hard by his relations. His obstinate attitude nearly cost him his life for, at this time, he too came home on leave, and the struggle was gaining a fierce momentum.

I JOIN THE I.R.A.

At this stage in the struggle I had reached 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ years of age and I was asked by Willie O'Keeffe if I would join the I.R.A. and, without giving the matter the slightest consideration, I said yes. The very fact of being asked gave me an elation of spirit. I had reached man's estate and I felt I could do something to serve the cause of freedom. It was my firm conviction that every young man of my age and social status was a member of the Volunteer force. But a brief period within the ranks was to bring disillusionment and disgust, for the very simple reason that they were not in it, and a lot of those who were prominent 12 months before had withdrawn and taken no further active part or no part at all. As a matter of fact, there weren't ten active Volunteers in the whole town when I joined. This was brought forcibly home to me when we were called on to do special training in secret places. None of these older fellows ever attended these trainings which took place every Sunday. The only reliable conclusion one could come to was that they were not in it or had withdrawn their services. They certainly weren't trained soldiers, but - far from it - they weren't trained at all. We young lads had to fill a gap left by the chocolate soldiers. Our secret meetings places were at The Lots, Ballinlyna, Knockawnrum at the back of Ashbrook, and Mortelstown, in Grady's field at the rear of Sycamore Lodge. (Sycamore Lodge was the private residence of Mrs. T.P. McCarthy, Jack's mother) Scouts were posted for each occasion. Hemmed in by hedges our exercises did not include forming two deep, but advancing in single formation within the confined space the cover of the

hedges provided. This special training was carried out by Capt Paddy Ryan and Justin McCarthy as supervisor. Our numbers at any time did not exceed more than 15 new recruits from the whole company area. Jim Regan, publican's son, and I were the only two new recruits from the town. No two of us could walk together by road or field to our training rendezvous. We were warned never to go to the meeting place direct, but in a roundabout way through fields. I can only describe it as one of the darkest hours in our history. People were living in a state of terror.

The night I took the oath of allegiance from Paddy Ryan in Lipsett's kitchen was dark and miserable and the political outlook was as black as ink. In the centre of the kitchen was a small table where he sat on a chair with a lighted candle on one side. In the centre of the table was a prayer book and he beckoned me to stand on the other side. He said to me: "You have come to join?" and I said "Yes". He then read out for me the oath to the Republic and asked me was I prepared to take it. I said yes. I then repeated the words slowly after him and, when he had finished, he said "That's all, you can go now". When I came out, a Protestant companion was waiting down the street for me. He passed no remark, neither did I. I have strong reasons to suspect that that companion of mine was in the pay of the British Secret Service. He had plenty of money to spend and his mother denied that she ever gave him any except the price of cigarettes. I know that's all I ever got from my father at that time. If she hadn't denied it, I would have accepted her word in good faith that she gave it to him. But she always denied it.

At that time St. Peter's Hall was open on Sunday afternoons, where the troops came for a game of billiards and showed

a friendly attitude to everybody, but at the same time they played between themselves. But a month later, they showed marked hostility to me and went to shoot me at 20 yards range, but the swiftness of my feet saved me from certain death. No one could have known I joined the I.R.A. only my companion and, years after, he told me so - that he knew what took me into Lipsett's. Even my father never knew or suspected and I always invented a story for him to account for my absence from business. I am not pretending that I ever did anything spectacular - I didn't - nor wasn't asked. I took dispatches and did regular training and that was sufficient if father wasn't to know my secret. After all, my action had opened his door to the revengeful spirit of the enemy and he would be an unconscious and innocent victim of their revenge with six young children.

For one week during the previous six months all business houses were ordered to close from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. and then re-open. I could never find out the reason for the British order. During most of this time Ralph was going around listening and sneaking at every doorway by night and, as he came from Church in the evenings, and during the day, pulling ties off young men and slapping them in the face with the broken end. Two I.R.A. men came in from Glenroe to shoot him but he wasn't available.

DEATH OF TOBIN AND MURPHY.

Members of the column having gone on holidays, Davy Tobin and Tom Murphy were staying at Mrs. Mike Barry's, Clohast, on New Years night. On the following morning they went to Mass in the Glen and from there they went to Tobin's home. After dinner they heard two lorries coming out the Kilfinane road from Ballylanders. They waited expectantly, but as the lorries turned over the Annagurra road they thought they were gone and

went in home. After about 15 minutes, Tobin said: "Look out, mother, and see what's that". Having gone out to see, she rushed in and said: "Run, they're coming". They made for the hill at the back of the house and the Tans opened a heavy fire. Tobin was fatally wounded in the first shots, but managed to get up the hill where they found him next day with a bloodhound, dead, with a burned box of matches near him. He was evidently trying to attract attention, as he bled to death, but the local people were of the opinion he had escaped. In the meantime, Murphy ran by a fence that ran parallel to the road, but a break in the fence left him exposed to the fire of the enemy and he fell seriously wounded as he crossed the road in the Glen direction. They took him into Quirke's where he died, and that evening they took him to Kilmallock where the two lorries of Tans came from. There is no doubt but their deaths was the result of the dirty work of an informer.

Both were original members of the column and their deaths, under the circumstances, had a most depressing effect on the other members of the column.

DRUMKEEN.

A few days after January 1st the column assembled at Kilclooney and adjoining townlands and then moved on to Knockadea where they remained a few days more until near the end of the month. By night, they marched from Knockadea to Ballycahill and then on to Ballinamona. In the meantime, the leaders were preparing an attack on the Pallas Black and Tans to boost the morale of the Mid Limerick Brigade. (This story has been told before, so there is no need to repeat it). However, they left Killeely early in the morning of February 3rd and, in the dark, marched to near Drumkeen where they were hidden in an outside farmhouse about a mile from their

objective. Word having come that two lorries had left Pallas and gone to Fedamore, the I.R.A. rapidly took up their positions and waited the return. On the return journey, heavy fire was opened on the lorries from all sides, but the leading lorry driver drove at fantastic speed through the hail of lead and reached the bend at the extreme end of the position. Facing the oncoming lorry were Jack McCarthy, Davy Clancy and a few others. In taking the turn they struck the fence and were thrown on to the road. One policeman fell into the column position. He surrendered when challenged. All were killed except three who fought to the last and then surrendered. Two escaped - a District Inspector in mufti who, it was thought, was a civilian hostage, and another. When the fight was over a Council of War was held among the officers as to the fate of the three Tans left. They decided to leave it to the decision of all the members of the column who immediately demanded their execution. The commander pleaded with them, but it was no use - they saw red. The Tans cried and asked for mercy; one said: "don't shoot me, Paddy, I've a mother". (But what mercy would they show themselves under similar circumstances?) When Hannigan ordered the execution to be carried out, they all wept bitterly. Handkerchiefs were then placed over their eyes and Maurice Meade, Elton, a British ex-soldier, summarily carried out the executions. It must have been a nerve-racking experience for any man. But these Crown forces were simply hated, and the knowledge of having revenge must have lightened his burden.

A small incident will reflect the temper of the I.R.A. that day. A Tan was lying against a fence with his pipe gripped between his teeth. One of the boys gave it a pull as smoke was issuing from it, at the same time giving him a kick to release his hold. Another one shouted at him:

"You idiot, don't you know a dead man when you see one?"

It was a re-quotation of what a Tan said at Listowel when he shot two young men.

The site for this operation was well chosen, well carried into execution and, so far, the most successful. That evening they left the scene of slaughter and walked by Ballybriede to Herbertstown where they arrived late that night. Here they had something to eat after fasting all day. That morning they continued their march to Bulgadin and Ballinscala. The Mid Limerick men continuing on their way to billets at Tiermoor Molua. At Ballinscala Danny Grace lost £18 playing Slippery Sam with George Hartigan. On the following night, the East Limerick column moved on to Ballinacurra and Tiermoor. At Will Finn's, Ballinacurra, Bill Hayes was receiving medical attention for a bullet wound in the hand. From there he went to Miss Martin's, Castle Oliver, and finally he finished up at Pat Rea's, Glenanair. It was while here that Dr. Fitzgerald warned him (Bill pretended to be on the dry) that if he drank any more of Ned Dwyer's fire-water he couldn't cure him. Several houses were burned in Drumkeen next day.

MULES.

Just before this time, about January 20th, two mules belonging to the military were grazing on the Ballinanima road. Going home from town before curfew, Tory Barrett drove the mules before him down the road. Here he was joined by a few local Volunteers who put them into an isolated shed which stood between the Ballinanima road and the Bosnetstown road in an outside farm of Leahy's, Tiermoor. There he shot them with his revolver. They were two beautiful animals and this dastardly act reflects no credit on anyone associated with it. The most intensive search was carried out by the military for two weeks to find them, but they failed. Had they found them

my opinion is they would have burned down many homesteads in Ballinanima. They were furious, but they had no evidence to go on. Many I.R.A. men justly condemned this action which was totally irresponsible and menaced the lives and homes of people. A few nights after local I.R.A. men had to work all night digging a huge grave in a dyke of the same field to cover the animals. A horse had to be brought with a swingle-tree to pull them over the ground to the hole that was made.

AEROPLANE - FEBRUARY 11TH, 1921

The mystery of the aeroplane and what was its purpose. On the morning of Thursday, February 11th, a plane going from Fermoy to Limerick went low over Bosnetstown. On the same day about 2 p.m. a plane coming from Galway hovered low over the three townlands of Ballinanima, Bosnetstown and Tiermoor. Members of the column who were having a smoke by a fence at Ballinacurra, where they were resting, ran for shelter. No shots were fired at the plane. After a short time they heard it landing or were told it landed in Michael Meade's field at Bosnetstown and only 50 yards from where the mules were buried. In the meantime, a crowd had gathered around the plane and Martin, the observer in the plane, went to Kilfinane. Mick Hanley was one of the crowd and Mackey, the pilot, said to him: "Is this a quiet place?" and Mick replied: "Sir, this is the quietest spot in Ireland". Then a few shots rang out from the nearby fence and the crowd scattered and, after a few more shots, Mackey surrendered. In the meantime, Martin, who had only got a half mile up the road, started to run when he heard the shots and said to Jim Doherty as he crossed over their bridge making a short cut to town: "My companion is in trouble!!". We had seen the fire from town, and I went down as far as the church gate to have a look. There Martin, the observer, passed the stile at the double, making for the barrack.

Now, I have something interesting to tell. On that day three lorry loads of Black and Tans, about 60 in all, drove to the barrack about 11.30 a.m. At about 12 o'clock they all left the barrack and drove out the Ballintubber road and raided Mick Sheahan's and Sean Riordan's, Thomastown. That day, my father was in bed, and every 20 minutes or so from a back window he could see a soldier from the top of the barrack wall waving a flag to the Tans who were raiding Thomastown. The moment Observer Martin arrived, which was 3 p.m., the signaller mounted the wall again and in five minutes the three lorries were back at the barrack. Now, here is proof of a pre-arranged plan. Instead of the Tans driving direct to the plane, they went instead at high speed to Cush where they hoped to intercept the column. There, they dismounted; the lorries were driven away and hidden. There they lined the road fence with expectations of bagging a few rebels. It was a well-thought out plan, but the column went in a different direction. In the meantime, all the troops from the barrack rushed toward the aeroplane, but there was no one there only a burned out plane with its propeller intact.

From this it is plain to see that the plane was sent out to spot or seek out the column after Drumkeen. The Mid-Limerick area was thoroughly searched, but they failed to find it. They may have had slight information or sound information, but their strategy was a new tryout and failed in its purpose.

Having taken Mackay prisoner, the column went westward and one of the boys said, jokingly, "We are waiting for you all the morning - we knew you were coming". "You couldn't have known that" he replied. "I only got my orders ten minutes before I left". They went on to Jerry Carroll's, Effin where they held him prisoner, and next morning to Bertie Burke's, Ballingaddy.

During the next few days there was great military activity; lorries of Tans and soldiers passing in a continuous stream; homes being searched and guns placed at people's heads in the hope of getting some information. The people were terror-stricken. On Friday morning, Captain Breen and another officer with Tans entered Dan McCarthy's shop where he and his brother Paddy were being put through their paces. Father Lee, P.P., entered the shop at this time and protested to the officers on the conduct of the R.I.C. The officers threatened that if Mackay was not released forthwith they would burn the town. With this threat hanging over them, Fr. Lee got Dan to write a dispatch asking the commander of the column to release the prisoner. Mike Kelly, a dispatch rider, was sent for and, when asked by Fr. Lee did he know where the column was in front of the officers, he replied he did not. Dan said "It's all right; will you take this dispatch to them". Kelly took the dispatch and the condition was made that he would not be followed by the Crown forces. A time limit of an hour and a half was expressly stated by the officers in which he should return. He took his bicycle and arrived at Bertie Burke's, Ballingaddy, where Mackay was held, at 1.30 p.m. There he saw D. Hannigan, Jack McCarthy, Ford, Paddy O'Donnell and Clancy. He handed his dispatch to Hannigan, who had a consultation with the other I.R.A. officers mentioned above, Instead of giving Kelly a written statement, he said to him: "Go back and tell the British officers that if anything happens Kilfinane, Mackay will be shot". Kelly, frightened out of his wits with such a verbal message, arrived at McCarthy's on time where the Crown forces and Fr. Lee were still waiting. Entering the shop, he delivered his message verbatim. If a bomb had been hurled at them, it couldn't have created a greater sensation. The officers made no comment, but after a

few remarks between themselves, walked out.

An hour later, 20 or more planes descended on the town and drove recklessly up and down the streets. Then they attacked workers in the fields. They came again and dropped leaflets saying that if "Flying Officer Mackay was not released within 48 hours, official reprisals would be taken". Then they started bombing and panic set in amongst the women who fainted. There was a general reign of terror but, fortunately, the bombs, which made loud explosions, were what they call the smoke bomb type. However, we didn't know it at that time. This business went on for about an hour. About 4 p.m. a lorry of Tans came and drove to the barrack. In a few minutes they left and drove to Cush and burned Clancy's to the ground. People had the same experience as they came back. Davy Clancy's three disters were thrown out on the road and everything destroyed.

On that night Head-Constable Donohue and Sergeant Collins went to several houses in town and told them officially that their houses would be destroyed or blown up on the following day, Saturday. Our house was to be unofficially destroyed. On the following morning there was a general stampede to clear out the houses that were to be bombed or burned and everyone gave a helping hand. Nothing happened until about 5 p.m. that evening when 3 lorries of soldiers and one of Tans, about 80 men in all, arrived to carry out the official coup-de-grace. Needless to say, there was no one to be seen anywhere when they pulled up in the middle of the town and started to unload the weapons of destruction. As I peeped out the corner of the window I saw our inimitable parish priest coming from his house around the corner. He approached the officers and was heatedly remonstrating with them. The evening was cold and miserable and the shifting and rattling of petrol tins was enough to fray one's nerves.

After long arguments with the Crown forces and personal promises for the safe return of Mackay, he got the military to withdraw until such time as he had the opportunity of meeting the column commander. The time limit was fixed for Monday midday. That night Fr. Lee went to Kelly and told him to go to first Mass next morning. After Mass, about 10 a.m., he told Kelly to go ahead and wait for him at the bridge below Kilmallock. (There wasn't one Kilmallock I.R.A. man in the column at this time).

Fr. Lee joined him at the bridge and they both cycled on towards Tankardstown where the column had billeted the night before. As they approached it they were told that the place was surrounded by enemy forces. Kelly said he couldn't go any further because he had dispatches in his pocket. "Who gave you those?" said Fr. John sharply. "Dan McCarthy", Kelly replied. "Isn't he a queer fellow?" emphasised the P.P. Fr. Lee then said he would go 50 yards in front. They passed the first and then the second cordon of troops without being questioned and arrived at Lynch's, Tankardstown. There they were told that the column had made good their escape through the only opening available without having to fight their way out before the encirclement was completed. They were told they were gone towards Athlacca, about three miles away. After much searching and trouble, they eventually found the leaders at Mrs. Carroll's, Athlacca, where Fr. Lee got a promise that Mackay would be released. Poor Fr. Lee returned home exhausted after his trying experience. He was frail in constitution and about 60 years of age. He was born in Darragh.

The man in charge at the capture of the plane was Jack McCarthy and with him were Danny Moloney, Ned Dwyer, Mick Hennessy, Davy Clancy, Tommy Howard and a few more; also Con Burke, Cappamore. When Clancy's was burned, Hannigan wanted

permission from Davy to shoot Mackay as a reprisal, but Davy refused point blank. When he was free to leave he thanked the officers and men for their kindness and said he would always cherish memories of an exciting and dreaded captivity for him, but with a happy ending. He assured them that he would not under any circumstances recognise any of them should he be asked to do so by his superiors. As a special request, he asked to be blindfolded while being led to freedom from the townland he was in. He shook hands with the officers and men of the guard and was led away. He said to Tommy Howard: "Well, Tommy, if I ever come back I will take you for a ride in my plane". He was put on a train and came off at Buttevant.

A week later there was a big round-up around the Tankardstown and Athlacca districts and many local men were brought to Ashill Towers. Among them was one of the column or guard and the familiar face drew from Mackay an glance, but he passed on. He was taken to some of the houses where he actually slept, but recognised nothing. As a gentleman, he faithfully kept his promise.

On Monday, February 15th, the column left Athlacca and went by Dromin and Bulgadin to Mitchelstowndown where they remained about ten days and moved alternately between that place and Lakelly. During this period they were in communication with Dublin and were officially ordered by G.H.Q. Dublin to go to West Limerick to put things going there, as the column in that brigade area were doing nothing. Up to date, they had nothing of a substantial nature to their credit.

I must try and keep events in their proper sequence.

Before this time a Divisional meeting was held at Loughgur and the following R.I.C. men were condemned to death:-

Sergeant Maguire, Kilmallock; Sergeant Collins and Constable Tom O'Connor (Tommy Pa), Kilfinane; Sergeant Sullivan and two policemen in Limerick. Four out of the six were shot. I can never understand how Tommy Pa came under this sentence. As no attempt was ever made to shoot him, I am sure Jack McCarthy must have played an important part in saving his life and justly so. If he led the British soldiers in every patrol, he was purely the victim of circumstances. He was made pay the penalty for remissness of duty.

EXECUTION OF SERGEANT MAGUIRE.

Sergeant Maguire was shot dead on 4th March in the town of Kilmallock at 8.45 p.m. He was returning, after posting a letter, to the barrack when three men hidden in Jim Rourke's Archway opened fire. He was killed instantly. His attackers retreating down Rourke's Yard quickly reached the bank of the Loobagh river. Moving rapidly up the bank, they reached the railway bridge over the river where they were forced for over an hour to stand in the water under the protection of the bridge. The enemy had acted with such rapidity that an armoured car with a powerful searchlight had reached the railway station bridge and from it was covering the ground on their line of retreat. In the meantime, search parties were out in every direction and the men in the water had an exciting hour of suspense. But one of these men had a long-standing account to settle with Maguire, and his execution must have given him a good deal, if belated, of gruesome satisfaction.

The death of this man must have struck one of the greatest blows at British intelligence in East Limerick. The Secret Service must have suffered a serious reverse because there wasn't another man in the force as capable of making valuable contacts for this service. His advice must have been invaluable to Lieut. Brown, I.O. for the district. In a word, he knew everybody in their social and historical

background from Ballylanders to Kilmallock. At this particular time the enemy secret service, which was struck a heavy blow the previous year, was now being rebuilt at a rapid pace under military necessity. Money was being given lavishly for services rendered and Irishmen were prepared, for gold, to betray their fellow countrymen. I regard Maguire as the eyes and ears of the secret service with a Jekyll and Hyde personality. The hand out by day - Come and have a drink, brother - seeking information, embarrassed many a decent farmer. And, in this regard, he was either stupid or shameless; if he only saw himself as others saw him. On the other hand, prowling by night with the enemies of his country out for the kill. I have an interesting story to tell of incidents which occurred before his execution.

About 20th February, at 3 p.m., I was standing at my own door when I saw a young girl about 30 years of age wheeling a bicycle up town from the Kilmallock direction. Putting her bicycle outside, she walked in where she met my father and they got into general conversation and, when this was exhausted, he asked her what did she want. He told me to go inside and show her the tablecloths. I asked her what size and she replied "any size will do", so I gave her one valued 17/6d. While this was going on, she showed complete indifference about the cloth. She said: "Did you hear the news about Sergeant Maguire?" My father replied: "No". "He has received a notice saying he was going to be shot". My father replied: "I don't believe it". They then spoke in general terms about him, but father was non-committal and after a while she went away.

A week later, she arrived again with the tablecloth and, placing it on the counter, she said it was too small.

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- (iv) The description of each document:
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J. Moloney
Name: (J. Moloney.)

Grade: Col.

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Date: 7 March 2003.

At first sight I saw the cloth was never opened. She would take anything else instead. In the meantime, father came on the scene and they got talking again. Anxiously she said: "Did you hear that Sergeant Maguire got a final notice yesterday morning?" He immediately jumped to the conclusion that she was Maguire's agent, that his (my father's) position was being compromised and that he was involuntarily being drawn into a dangerous net. "I don't believe one word of it" he replied, "he was one of the best men we ever had and, as far as I know, he never did any harm to anybody". She said he was popular with the people of Kilmallock! He was even more so with the people of Kilfinane! He now rubbed it in as thick as butter. "You can be certain that no man from this locality would raise a hand to injure him, and his wife and family are equally popular". "Do you say that?" she said. "I do, and, as a matter of fact, I would say that this threat is not genuine, or if it is, a serious mistake has been made somewhere!" She was very pleased with her visit and both of them walked outside the door where she had the indiscretion to tell him her name was

That night, after pondering over the event of the day, he said to me: "If Maguire is shot, I'll be murdered. For some inexplicable reason Maguire associates me with an inner knowledge of I.R.A. secrets!" The first thing he did was to write a letter next morning to the British Prime Minister stating that his murder was contemplated by the Crown forces. What that letter contained as a whole I do not know. He now decided that defence was better than Downing St., so he decided to buy a dozen heavy bolts and put them on every inside door and planned his line of escape.

Two days after Maguire's death, the Mayor of Limerick, Clancy, and ex-Mayor O'Callaghan were murdered.

Father always maintained that these murders were the immediate reprisals taken by the Crown murder gang for the execution of Maguire.

A week after official reprisals were taken at Glenfield, Kilmallock, when John O'Brien's house was burned. An officer who spoke to the crowd that had collected said so.

When this was over, father made inquiries about the relations of this girl and found out that her mother came from Ballylanders and had contacts that penetrated into families closely associated with the revolutionary movement. I am not suggesting that her relations knew anything - they probably didn't - but there are the facts. She was in a position to get information.

At this distance of time, when I ponder the intelligence scene, if the above is an example of the channels explored, the miracle is how any secrets were kept from falling into the hands of the enemy. had what they called a huxter shop in Kilmallock and was living with her mother. Their circumstances could be described as poor or struggling. She was an only daughter; her father was dead. We must bear in mind the fact that the lorry of Tans that killed Tobin and Murphy went direct from Kilmallock, probably with a guide who knew the locality. The information must have reached there direct, otherwise it would have been a local operation.

I have mentioned that at this particular time an all-out effort was being made to build up a British Secret Service with strong financial backing. Here are my reasons for saying so: At that particular time we received a secret typed letter from a firm of repute - J. & H. Philips & CO., Manchester. We had been dealing with this old firm for the better part of 100 years. It's almost beyond belief that this old-established

house would stoop to such mean and despicable practice. It was done, of course, through their secret service, but they should not have lent their name to such nefarious business. They must have thought that our intelligence at that particular time was at a very low ebb. Of course, we were not the only customers of English firms who received these circulars. They must have been sent all over the country, although I did not hear anyone talk about them. I regret I did not keep the copy we received, but the general trend was that any information that would be useful to the Crown forces could be sent on to Philips & Co. and they would forward it to the proper quarters. There were also suggestions that if we did not approve of this method, they would put us in touch with an address that might suit our purpose better. They also said that if information was sent to them direct they would treat it with the greatest secrecy and confidence.

I am writing this from memory, and what struck me most was the "substantial reward" that would be paid. What information could the would-be informer give under such circumstances? Information about a prominent Sinn Feiner was of no value. The same applied to the flying column who were always on the move. Information in this case needed to be local and immediate, What then was their objective? Was it something that would strike a crushing blow at the flying column? This could be done at a critical stage when the column were resting and the arms were dumped, such as they were at Thomastown at Christmas. The other great blow that would be struck would be the capture of the leaders while they were in occupation of the brigade dugout at Stephenstown.

The most sinister aspect of this system of espionage was that under ordinary business letter it would completely foil

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Name: (J. Moloney.)

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the closest scrutiny of I.R.A. local intelligence. Therein was the real danger and the criminal would never be found out!

The night after Maguire was shot, the local I.R.A. were expecting that houses in town were to be burned as a reprisal. Mick Noonan, Thomastown, got a dispatch from the column for Dan McCarthy. Having read it, he dispatched Mick to Tom Ryan's, Ballinlyna, where about 12 men (some of the column, all armed with rifles) were waiting in the kitchen. Some were in the parlour with Justin McCarthy having a consultation. The time was 8 p.m. Mick didn't know what was on. After a while, Justin gave the order to "fall in" and he handed Mick a rifle. They walked down the old road towards Hourns Cross. At Jer Koeffe's they crossed the fields towards Ashbrook. Here the party divided, one section occupying different positions in the west end. Justin and Mick crossed the road at Ashbrook and went by the back of the Priory below the girls' school. As they approached the end of Ballyroe Lane, Mick said "Where are we going?" and, for the first time, Justin spoke and told him. "We must be careful here" said Mick, "as a lassie is always courting a soldier at this point". (They afterwards cut her hair off). Justin said: "Go out and see". He went out and came back to say they were. They turned back and crossed the road further up near the Convent Cross over to the Globe, and finally reached a cowshed at the back of the teacher's residence in the Leacht. This position would cover all the Lower Main St. When they entered the cowhouse, Denny Noonan, Jack (Sean) Riordan and Peter Steep were waiting - (the latter died a few years later from hardships endured during the struggle). Justin took the rifle off Mick and handed it to Jack Riordan; the others were already armed. After some time, Riordan said: "I'd love a pint". "So would I" said Steep. Justin protested, but he couldn't stop them

from going to the Mill where they were handed out two pints through the back window. They drank and returned immediately to their post. Justin sent Mick up to Downes's for a glass of milk, but warned him not to come back if the patrol appeared. As he approached Downes's, the patrol appeared and Mick ran over the Spa Road with the military in pursuit. He reached Leahy's almost exhausted, where he threw himself down and fell asleep. He woke at dawn to see the others coming up the bank of the river after a night's vigil. Nothing happened. Attack was to take place only if houses were burned or attempted to be.

BRITISH SECRET SERVICE.

I have now come to the conclusion, after examination of all the conditions, that this service did not operate through the post in the latter stages of the fight, but through a system of receiving stations. The answer is simple. Nearly every postman was on I.R.A. intelligence work and letters written direct to R.I.C. stations were taken and examined by the local I.R.A. officers. The enemy knew this and worked out a local receiving station in every town. The man most capable of working that method to a successful conclusion was Maguire because he knew all the contacts. As a matter of fact, the I.R.A. made one blunder. If he had been shot six months earlier, Tobin and Murphy would be alive. It's a startling statement to make after 35 years, and it's the first time I have made it, but history cannot be written without the truth being told, or at least the facts.

What was the social and political background of this woman and her daughter from Kilmallock. She was a sister of Ned Connery, harnessmaker and publican, Ballylanders, the hottest Sinn Feiner from here to Dublin. Connery was married to a Barry girl from Clohast, Glenbrohane, where they had a

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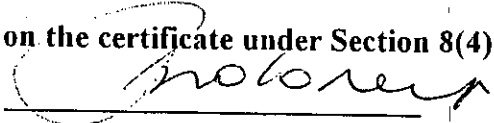
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general provision business run by her brother and two other sisters. I have already stated that Tobin and Murphy stayed at Mike Barry's a few nights before they were killed. The information must have been passed on to the receiving station or centre at Kilmallock where it was picked up by Maguire, where he must have got all the information about their movements. Their method of attack was so designed as to remove all suspicion on the house in which they slept. Their mission was so deadly and their information so correct that they shut off the engines of their lorries at Maguire's Cross which from that point gave them a noiseless run to Tobin's house. That's how the two boys were caught.

It is now a wellknown fact that information poured into the British Secret Service from the Glenbrohane area. As one I.R.A. man said to me: "The place was all spies". As a matter of fact, it wasn't; but the centre selected had the ear of the whole district. I have never mentioned this before and I hope it will be kept secret.

I will draw here an example of contrast in secret service and what the I.R.A. knew and didn't know.

, Glenree, was branded a spy by the I.R.A. and was nearly being shot because he posted a letter to Kilfinane barracks giving information about a local Volunteer against whom he had a grievance. The letter was captured in the post - of course it was - and he was arrested and nearly shot. I don't know what saved him. Was he a spy? No more than I was. He was a fool!!!

Draw a contrast between that and the super spy system given above and the people involved. It struck at the very foundation of our organisation and was beginning to paralyse and undermine our organisation and confidence in each other.

When [redacted] was arrested by the I.R.A. they (the enemy) cleverly put up posters in town with crossbones and skull threatening death to his enemies, as if their super spy in Glenroe was a serious loss. How stupid and simple we were about the working of their secret service!

Ned Connery and his daughters were constant visitors to their aunt in Kilmallock. Quite unconsciously, they could have given private information without knowing anything and we must give them the benefit of the doubt. But the lassie from Kilmallock. How often did she visit Clehast?

If we had been prepared to give information to J. & N. Phillips, Manchester, but required greater secrecy and asked for an alternative. What alternative had they to offer? Would it have been a local receiving centre? The offer was made only because they had an alternative. Which would be more convenient?

[redacted] married a fellow by name [redacted], working in Kilmallock. She now lives in Adare. What chance had the I.R.A. of detecting a private letter between Clehast and Kilmallock? None whatever.

I have given the key to the pattern of their real intelligence work, and what I.R.A. officer ever suspected it worked under such a system? I don't believe there were any! Our belief was that the real informer gave his information over the post or whispered it into the ear of the enemy. The I.R.A. were firmly convinced that when they captured correspondence over the post to the enemy they had discovered the real informer, whereas they had discovered nothing, only fools who had a grievance real or imaginary. I will cite three cases:

The first is Glanroe, who nearly lost his life because he had a grievance against a local Volunteer. The second is who was condemned to death because of a letter captured in the post purporting to give information, and the third was a wild young fellow from Knockainey, who gave information over the post, which was captured. He had a grievance against his father because he wouldn't give him money to spend and was determined to have his own back at any cost. The father's house could have been burned down, but the son didn't give a damn. Only for influential friends he would have been shot.

It was the best the I.R.A. could do under the circumstance but they hadn't caught a real spy. They had caught imbeciles.

I asked Ned Slattery recently were there any people under suspicion in the Glenbrohane area during the fight. He replied there was He then lived in Glenbrohane. I have since learned that sister was married at that time to of the shop. The circle is growing wider and more vicious. It's a pity I haven't time to explore it further.

Since I wrote the above I have had an interview with Ned Tobin, Ballinalacken, about the death of his brother and Murphy. I asked him did he attribute their deaths to the work of an informer. He replied: "There is no doubt about it". As a matter of fact, he knew who he was. I asked: "Are you certain?" "Have you evidence to that effect?" "Not full evidence, but almost 75%", he replied. "As a matter of fact, we had a meeting about it with the local lads and we decided to shoot him. That was a few years after they were shot. Frank Aikon and Maurice Toomey were here with me and they gave me permission to go ahead with the execution. But Liam

Manahan asked me, for God's sake, not to do it. The informer got the tip and went away and only with my permission was he allowed to return home again". I asked him in confidence would he tell me the man's name, but he refused, as he said he was still alive. He even refused to give me the name of the townland he came from.

I wonder is he correct in identifying this man without 100% evidence of the truth! or all the facts for that matter. He said also that there was a certain amount of personal spleen in the matter. This is the worst feature of the whole business and could have led to a grave injustice.

In view of his disclosure, without naming anybody, my previous statement is open to correction on this matter. But my statement must stand.

The two boys slept at Mike Barry's, Clohast, the night before they were killed. Mike was a farmer and his wife always had the door open and a bed ready to receive the boys. His house is about 400 yards down the field in front of Barry's of the shop. They are, or were, in no way related. I have made these inquiries with the greatest discretion. But I have still in mind the case of and .

What really happened was that the police were so certain of their prey that they pulled up the lorry at Gubbin's farm yard, about 400 yards from the house, where three Tans got off and they crossed up the field well above Tobin's where they took up their positions. The lorry then drove at full speed to the house, but it was the Crown forces overhead killed the two boys. The lorries ran with engines cut off as far as the farmyard. From there they had to re-start the engines to reach Tobins.

ARREST OF MAY BURKE:

On March 11th, while travelling in a car with important documents, Denny Hannigan and Jack McCarthy were suddenly confronted by a party of military in the Kiltteely direction. They made good their escape, but the documents were captured. Among them was a decoded message taken down by May Burke, assistant at Kilfinane Post Office, and handed on to Brigade Headquarters. Four days later, two British officers entered the Post Office where she was writing while they stood outside the counter. When she had finished, one of them said: "Is that your writing?" indicating the paper she was writing on. She replied: "Of course it is". They replied: "We are placing you under arrest". She was taken to the barrack. She was later tried and got two years in jail. The message captured was written on January 20th.

BRIGADE DUGOUT.

At this time the brigade dugout was made at Mrs. Lynch's, Stephenstown. It was built into a double bank about a mile from Elton. It was well constructed and lined with timber taken from a nearby house. It was extensively used by the leaders during the rest of the campaign and its secret was never betrayed - a tribute to the people and Volunteers of that locality.

SLATTERY, O'MARA AND CRAWFORD.

The above two young men were shot dead by Crown forces near Emly station. Slattery was a brother of Paddy Slattery Ballinvreena. Their deaths were attributed to information given by Gorman who lived at that time in the Emly locality but originally came from Shronell. He was tried and convicted and under arrest they were taking him from place to place. On the night of 18th March he was held prisoner in Mrs. Laune's farmhouse in Glenbrohane. A few nights before he had been

brought from Glenroe. On the night of March 18th he was again being removed under escort to Bulgadin where the execution was to take place on the following night. The escort comprised Ned Crawford, Bill Fogarty, Willie Condon, Phil Ryan, Michael O'Brien, Denny Howard and Phil Fogarty. Ryan was the only one armed and the instructions were to shoot the prisoner if he attempted to escape.

On that night the Kilfinane military, evidently on secret information, cycled over the old road by Cush at 10.30 p.m. The two scouts on outpost duty at the upper Cross of Cush went into O'Donnell's for tea and, while inside, the patrol passed unknown to them. When they reached Glenlara Upper Cross they waited in hiding and as the boys with the prisoner came from the Glenbrohane side, the military shouted "hands up" and opened fire. The boys jumped over the fence and ran down the field. Crawford said to Denny Howard: "I'm shot" and he fell. Phil Ryan tried to shoot Gorman but the revolver failed to work and, in the confusion, Gorman escaped. In the meantime, Ned Crawford was picked up by the military and died that night.

Shortly after, Gorman was captured again and two men from near Emly put him up against a fence in that locality to shoot him. They fired and he fell and they went away and reported back that the execution was carried out. Next morning Gorman walked into Tipperary military barracks. He died years afterwards in England and his remains were brought home, but no one would attend his funeral.

JOURNEY TO WEST LIMERICK.

On the night of March 19th or 20th, the column - 40 strong left Mitchelstown for West Limerick. Previous to this they had been in communication with G.H.Q. who were dissatisfied with the activities or want of activity of the column in that

brigade area. Up to date, this brigade had no major engagement with the enemy to their credit, but a few minor hit and run attacks that were of no consequence that did not disturb the Crown forces.

On the first night the column reached Ballycullane where they rested. On the second night they went to Liskennett where they rested a few days and then to Kilfinny. They then marched to Newbridge which they reached on 25th, and there they were joined by the West Limerick column which was composed of about 30 men. Their sojourn in the west was of short duration as the enemy spy system got into active operation. No sooner were billets arranged for a particular location than this area would be surrounded before the column reached its destination. It also showed a complete lack of discretion among the people who seem not to have adopted the shut-mouth policy of the people of the east. From the moment they reached the west, they were on the defensive. Their march in the west was as follows after Newbridge:- Grove Lodge, Kilcolman, Blane Bridge, Athea, Cratloe, Glenagrogra, Ballyhahill, Grouse Lodge. When they reached Ballyhahill, about half the united forces billeted in the village the other half staying about a mill outside in charge of Hannigan. On 31st March, Hannigan's section of the column were completely surprised by the Crown forces and were almost completely surrounded without any due warning. From the outset their position was hopeless and they had no better to do than fight on from every defensive position available. Sean Finn was killed and Davy Quane, Ballyorgan, was seriously wounded, but his comrades under the most distressing circumstances helped him along. There was absolutely no hope of escape and death faced every man caught within the steel ring of the enemy; but the God of Mercy came to their aid in a most extraordinary

way. In a most inexplicable manner, a thick fog descended on the land and the firing stopped. The enemy blew their whistles and retreated, and the remainder of the column were saved from destruction. Dan Allis organised the men in the village for action but, owing to the conflicting reports, nothing could be done to help their comrades. That night, they decided to clear out of this spy-infested area of unhappy memories and marched all night until they reached Pallaskenry, about 16 miles away, accompanied by the West Limerick column. There they remained for two days and then on to Kilfinny and from there to Tankardstown; then to Balline and Mitchelstowndown, resting in each place as they went.

While staying at Maurice Raleigh's, Mitchelstowndown, one of the column was courtmartialled for drunkenness by Hannigan and other column officers. He was one of its oldest members and this caused a revolt amongst others in the ranks who started to hand in their rifles. The commander was furious to have his decision questioned by the rank and file. Discipline had been the backbone of their resistance and any weakness shown at this critical stage may have disastrous results. As he sat at the drawingroom table where the trial was heard, he drew his revolver and said he would shoot the next man who handed in his rifle. Jack McCarthy intervened and calm was restored, but the men who resigned, though remaining with the column, were not invited to take any further part.

Towards the end of April, the East, West and Mid Limerick columns went on to Glenroe and Knockdea where they took up billets.

At this time there was a military officer in Galbally nicknamed Shaky-head who became unpopular owing to the over-zealous discharge of his duties. His company became a military

flying column and encroached far into other areas, with the result that he became a menace to the column by his unpredictable movements. During the next few weeks he lived a precarious and chequered existence. It was decided to attack this officer of the Green Howards at Anglesboro. The united columns marched to Anglesboro where for four days they lay in ambush, but he failed to turn up. They returned to billets at Derrylahan, Thornhill Lawn, Iabbamalogga, Knockadea and Toorelegan. In the latter place the Mid Limerick men were mostly billeted.

At this time a landing of arms was to be made on the south coast and I understand that these large forces were to be used if the landing were to be successful for rapid distribution. However, this landing of arms never came off. On the eve of the 1st May the West Limerick column left for home and were given a hearty au revoir by their compatriots in the east.

The next week was to be one of disaster for the Mid and East Limerick Brigades.

SHRAHARLA.

May 1st fell on a Sunday and on that morning at 10.30 the Galbally officer with a patrol of soldiers cycled up High St., Kilfinane, to the military barracks. One of this patrol brought his bike to John Fitzgerald's in High St. for repair. The proprietor offered him another bicycle but the soldier said that wouldn't do as they were going to Kildorrery and were going home by Shraharla. This fellow knew his geography all right! The repair took about half an hour and he went away. This information was conveyed to the local I.O. who dispatched Mike Kelly to Rupala where a Battalion Council meeting was being held at Mrs. Ed. Condon's. From there a man on horseback rode to Knockadea where some of the column were staying, mostly Mid Limerick men. Preparations were made for attack and,

led by Bill Hayes, they came by Toorelegan where they picked up a few more. In the meantime, Hannigan had crossed by the high road on his way to Shraharla while the column of 25 men came down the fields and joined the Mitchelstown-Kilfinane road about 200 yards above Shraharla Cross where they had crossed the Hawn stream. As they approached the Cross, three lorries of soldiers and Tans coming from the Darragh side, as they rounded the bend at Coffeys, saw them and, pulling up, opened a withering fire from behind cover. They occupied Coffey's house from where machine guns came into operation. The column ran up the road towards Shraharla Church, taking cover as best they could from a low fence. Jim Rea, a local, who knew every inch of the ground, shouted at them to follow him when he saw some of the Mid-Limerick men leave the line of retreat from the fierce fire of the enemy. Those who took his advice escaped by the back of the church, but the four who took cover in Ronan's and the school were to meet tragic deaths later. They put themselves in a position from which there was no escape as the ground rises abruptly to the upper road where there was neither bush nor fence to shelter them. Two of them who took up their positions in Ronan's house were hunted out by the owner and from there they retreated to the schoolyard from where they kept up a continuous fire for about an hour. Hannigan came on the scene and from the top of the quarry he called on them to get away. Their retreat was very slow because the fire of the enemy was so concentrated that they had to move with extreme caution. The enemy made a bold and decisive move under cover of heavy fire to trap them. An officer and seven privates crossed the river at Ahaphooka bridge and, going through Con Sweeney's yard, they crossed the Mitchelstown road to the upper road. They went along by the road fence, turned down again and under cover of this

fence and crossed the Shraharla road where, under the protection of the nearest fence to the river, they stole along. This gave them a clear and secure passage towards Shraharla Church. All the people on the other side of the river who saw the move shouted at the top of their voices to have them get away as they were being caught. As one of them said to me: "If we had only one rifle we could have scared them". Unobserved, the soldiers crept up the road fence. The officer placed two soldiers opposite the small triangle field between the church and the schoolhouse and one at the back of the church, which gave him a clear view of the upper road.

James Horan and Patrick Starr in a little while reached the upper road from the back of the schoolhouse, but immediately met their deaths from the soldier hidden in the church grounds. In the meantime, Patrick Casey and Tim Hennessy reached the triangular field between the church and the school and here Hennessy was mortally wounded and died in Cork under military detention about a week later. Casey then surrendered and was taken prisoner.

The British move encompassed the death of these four lads. What were the I.R.A. doing to release the pressure on these four boys? I am sorry to have to record for the first time - nothing. It was un-Irish in spirit and as shameful. I would not pass this remark only I know that there were at least 50 column men within immediate call if their services were required, but the leaders refused any attempt at rescue. It is a clear indication that, when taken by surprise, they were unable to deal with any situation.

If the counter-attack was made from the Tully side, and I know nothing about strategy, the British forces would have found themselves in a desperate situation and could never

extricate themselves without heavy casualties. Apart from that, sbomething should have been done to give the men in danger a chance to save their lives, but nothing was done. The rank and file offered their services and were anxious to do something, but this was refused by certain leaders.

A few locals were then arrested, namely, Jer and James Coffey, John Dunne and Dick Fitzgerald and poor Casey with them. The dead patriots were then thrown in after them in a most disrespectful manner and all were driven by Marshalstown to Kilworth. Here, Casey spoke to Jer Coffey and said: "Ill be shot" and Coffey replied: "Keep your heart up, man". Casey replied: "I will". Soldiers collected around the lorry at Kilworth and remarked with satisfaction: "Poor old F-r won't shoot any more". Turning to prisoners, they said: "Ye'll get it tomorrow". Next morning, the prisoners were taken by train from Fermoy to Cork and, while in their cells, they heard the volley that ended Casey's life. They thought they were doomed when a priest came in and asked them were they caught with arms and they said no. "Thank God" he said - "Poor Casey is shot"! They said: "We heard it". They were shortly after released; they had no part in the affair.

OFFICIAL REPORT.

"At 5.30 yesterday, Crown forces travelling in Crossley tenders were fired at while in the neighbourhood of Darragh, Kilfinane. The fire was returned and, after an engagement lasting about an hour and a half the rebels fled. Two wounded and four unwounded rebels were captured and two dead bodies were found in the rebels' position. Some rifles, ammunition and equipment were captured. One soldier was slightly wounded."

DRUMHEAD COURTMARTIAL

"At the Drumhead Courtmartial the officer for the defence asked for an adjournment to give the accused time to prepare his defence and if necessary to call witnesses, The Prosecutor opposed and said there could be no possible defence to the charge. The application was refused".

EVIDENCE OF A WITNESS.

"A military officer in charge of a patrol of 20 soldiers and 9 police proceeded from Kildorrery to Mitchelstown on Sunday afternoon. About 4 miles from Kildorrery fire was opened on them from the hillside about 500 yards away. They saw about 15 civilians disappearing around a corner but these men could not have fired at them. The party dismounted and returned the fire. The officer in charge saw one or two persons by the side of a bush 900 yards away. Fire was coming from this direction. He took seven men towards this place and advanced to within 30 yards of the men, and in a corner of a field he saw 5 men of whom one was firing. They shot him.

"On crossing a field they saw another civilian who fired at them and also shot him. Both were using rifles.

"There was a man by the road near one of the men who was shot and he put up his hands. He was told to advance and as he did so the accused was seen firing straight at the military with a rifle from behind a gorse bush 30 yards away, the shot passed between witness and a corporal. Accused then put his hands up. He was searched and a revolver in a holster and a haversack with 50 rounds of ammunition were found. The rifle which was unloaded was an ordinary service one, and appeared to have been recently used. On the buckle of a belt worn by accused were the words "Irish Volunteers". In the revolver were 4 live rounds and 2 empty cases".

Defending Officer: "When you came across accused was it not possible for him to escape without you catching him?"

Witness: There was no way of escape open to him and he didn't attempt it.

But could he have escaped? Well, he had a sporting chance.

Are you certain the accused is the man that fired at you? Yes.

A corporal corroborated the previous witness and stated that the officer fired at accused.

Member of the Court: When did the officer fire? When the man fired at us. Witness added that one of the dead civilians had a breech-loading rifle, and the other a haversack containing two bombs.

This closed the case for the Prosecution.

STATEMENT BY ACCUSED:

Accused stated he had volunteered during the election to keep order but since then he did not belong to the Volunteers or take any part in politics. His house

was searched by police. He went to Dublin returning three weeks ago; he was looking for work and at Kilfinane he met some men who were Volunteers and took him to a house, giving him some tea.

He was told to be at a place at the butt of hill at 1 o'clock. A man gave him a rifle, revolver and ammunition. He did not want to go, but the men said he should. They then went along and when they saw the lorries coming he fired two shots with a rifle, being forced to do so. He had never worked a rifle before and did not fire at the corporal and officer. He had a father and six sisters to support.

Replying to the Prosecutor the accused said his home was in Limerick. He came towards Kildorrery on Saturday and stayed in the hills.

The names of the four Volunteers concerned are;

Captain James Horan, Inch St. Laurence, Limerick
Vol. Patrick Casey, Ballybricken, do.
" Patrick Starr, Nenagh, Tipperary.
Captain Tim Hennessy, Killonan, Tipperary.

That evening, the Galbally officer was advancing towards Shraharla from the Marshalstown direction, but before he reached the position the fight was over. The whole business has the appearance of a prearranged plan.

He returned to Kildorrery and, on that evening, he passed through Kilfinane at 8.30 on his return journey to Galbally.

The sentence was confirmed by the military governor and was duly carried out at 6.31 o'clock Monday evening.

LAKELLY.

On the night of Sunday, May 1st, the united columns assembled at Tully. From there they started at 10 p.m. on their long march over Glenaree on their way northward and on the following morning they occupied billets in Clareen, Ballinahinch, Mitchelstowndown, Lakelly and Ballinvreena, between Emly and Knocklong. It can be seen that the width of country thus occupied was such that this active service unit

was betting unwieldy and disproportioned. This always left sections of it open to surprise attack. This left the commander in a helpless position to deal with a serious situation which demanded his ability and experience. On this morning the extreme ends of this column while resting were not less than six miles apart, an impossible situation for any commander to deal with.

I have written a full account of this battle for a booklet published by "The Kerryman" some years ago which I enclose as Appendix B. There were a few important items which I omitted at that time which I now wish to have incorporated in a full statement. It is obvious that Frahill and Riordan were only wounded when the soldiers came up to them. The most barbarous acts of cruelty were perpetrated on these two gallant soldiers. When they were recovered by their comrades poor Frahill was one mass of bayonet wounds, while Willie Riordan was unrecognisable; his head and face were so battered that Hannigan could not recognise him. It was that evening when he was recognised by Tommy Howard's brother Sean, and that was by the colour of his hair.

The route taken in removing the remains to Kilcullane was by Knocklong, Elton, Knockainey; all other roads were blocked by felled trees to give security to the column that accompanied the remains. The bodies were placed in a horse and trap at the Cross of the Tree and driven by M. Harty and Sean Howard, brother of Tommy. At Kilcullane the bodies were sewn up in sacking at Mr. Quinn's, where he made a strong protest against their interment on his land, but his protest was ignored. Here a heated altercation took place between Liam Ford of the Mid Limerick Brigade and members of the East Limerick column. The latter blamed him for letting the

Galbally soldiers escape and, quite rightly, was he blamed, but what about the day before when four of his men were cruelly abandoned and left to their fate. A five hours battle was fought at Lakelly to recover the bodies of four dead men, which was most praiseworthy; but five shots weren't fired to save the lives of the young lads at Shraharla who fought a two hours battle alone.

On the night of 4th May when the burial of the four soldiers of the Republic had been completed, a short prayer was said and with heavy hearts they marched that night to or close to Kildeely. They had nothing to eat all day and, after a good meal, they went to bed to rest their heavy heads.

On the next day, May 5th, a sudden raid was made by a party of Tans where Mick Hennessy, Kilfinane, Mick Callaghan, Ballinaveen, and another man were staying near Kildeely. In the kitchen of the farmhouse they fired point blank at each other and Callaghan fell in the yard wounded and was captured by the Tans. The other two escaped and reported the matter immediately to other sections of the column. Bill Hayes organised the men immediately and had them ready for action to effect his rescue at any cost but, at that moment, Hannigan arrived and objected, on the grounds that the risk was too great. There the matter ended. On that day the column broke up by orders of the commander into small bodies, some going to the west where they overtook some of the West Limerick Brigade. On this day there was nothing but confusion, and the men had nothing to eat all day until late that night. They were in a state of physical exhaustion from the constant strain of watching and awaiting eventualities from a wily and dangerous enemy.

The Mid Limerick men went into their own area while the

20 East Limerick men who joined portion of the West Brigade went as far as Liskeneth and from there to Castletown. From there they turned for Newtownshandrum where they rested for a night; then on to Bohernagore and Tiermoor where they again stayed a day and on the following morning at 4 a.m. they crossed over Ballyriggeran by Kileen rock to Kilgarriff where they rested. On the following night they went on to Anglesboro where the rifles were handed over to Sean Lynch and dumped. This section of the column broke up and each man reported back to his own company. I may mention here that while at Liskenneth they were joined by Sean Ford who had escaped from Spike Island a few days before. The loss of his leadership was sorely felt at Shraharla and Lakelly.

SEAN WALL KILLED.

At 9 p.m. on the night of 4th May, Sean Wall, Denny Hannigan, Jack McCarthy, Bill Hayes, Seamus Ford, Paddy O'Donnell, Davy Clancy, John J. O'Brien, Bill Burke and eight others placed their rifles on the British military bicycles captured at Lakelly and cycled by road to Anacarty about 16 miles away where a Divisional meeting was to be held with Ernie O'Malley. This was undoubtedly a daring feat, but the men were getting desperate and only measured their lives according to the circumstances which the exigency of the situation demanded.

When they arrived at Annacarty the most important men of the brigade staff stayed at Carew's, which stood about 30 yards in from a crossroads. Davy Clancy and Bill Burke, Ballindangan, had to remain up all night on guard until 9.30 the following morning, as the importance of the personnel in the house could not be entrusted to local Volunteers who might relax their watch and place the brigade staff in a death trap.

Recalled from duty at 9.30, Clancy and Burke went into breakfast where they all sat down together. When this was over Hannigan walked out the short avenue to the road and, walking to the Cross which was only a few yards away he was suddenly confronted by a walking patrol of nine Tans and an R.I.C. sergeant. He turned back and rushed up the avenue and, in a state of great excitement, he shouted at the men inside to barricade the windows, that they were trapped and must fight.

He gave Davy Clancy imperative orders to stand by the door which was open, to leave no one in or out. There, Clancy stood rifle in hand at the ready and, almost at that moment, he shouted excitedly: "They're coming!" - the sergeant 15 yards in front of the others. In the house there was nothing but indescribable confusion. There was no back door and no escape. As the sergeant passed through the yards gate, Sean Wall, without a word of explanation, flashed by Clancy into the yard past the sergeant and was held up by the Tans in the avenue, which event temporarily checked them on their way in.

While this was happening the sergeant had reached to within 15 yards of the door. At that moment Clancy said to Hannigan who was standing by the fireside: "What will I do? Will I fire?" Hannigan muttered something that was inaudible and, taking the will for the deed, Clancy fired and shot the sergeant dead. There was dead silence for the space of half or even quarter of a minute awaiting developments from outside, but as nothing happened within that short period of time, the brigade staff in one body rushed out the front door, got around the gable end of the house and just in time to escape the first volley from the Black and Tans. Clancy's shot saved the day and Wall lost his head. He was murdered on his way to Tipperary. The half minute's silence was caused by the Tans rushing for

cover. Owing to the incident that morning the important Divisional meeting was not held and the brigade staff and column, 15 strong, marched to Carnahalla where Patrick Sarsfield rested on his way to Ballyneety. While watering their horses at a stream there, one of Sarsfield's men had jokingly suggested to another the betrayal of Sarsfield's secret and, with that, the latter drew his sword and killed his companion on the spot by the stream still pointed out by the people.

The column stayed that night at Mrs. Corboy's and, on the following night - May 7th - they bid adieu to Carnahalla and marched to Ballycahill.

That evening, all the papers and documents at Purcell's, Urigare, were brought to the dugout at Lynch's, Stephenstown, owing to the death of Brigadier Sean Wall.

Battalion columns were then formed, but there is nothing active to report, except that they lay in ambush at Ballycahill for Lieut. Brown, I.O., at Barrabunocka, Kilfinane, for the local patrol. About 14 men formed the battalion column and they continued in active service until the Truce.

The brigade staff now occupied the dugout at Stephenstown and from there all work was carried on.

That week in May 1921 was bad enough when we recall all the fine young men who lost their lives, but the Judas-like betrayal of the brigade dump at Mrs. Joe McCarthy's, Thomastown, was the last straw and left us bereft of our reason. How the enemy gloated over their secret triumph! How they left us in mid air guessing, and we are guessing still! How they used Maurice Costello as a stooge to cover up the real traitor! How on Dan Begley, the occupier of the house, fell the first wrath of public indignation! How the house and its occupants

were left untouched as if they had found nothing more important than a historic curio! How the simplicity and genius of their actions - no fireworks - had added mystery upon mystery! How the stupidity and inactivity of our own company officers didn't help to calm public indignation and disgust! Mick and Denny Noonan were mostly in charge of the dump and everything was safe. But Begley, who was then married to Noonan's sister, occupied the residence of Mrs. McCarthy as workman and caretaker.

It was natural, of course, for everybody to accuse him because he was living in the place, and the very fact of everything being left untouched "which the British discreetly did on purpose" only added fire to the people's opinions. Had the house been burned down there would never have been one word of suspicion on Begley, but that would not suit British secret service. Surely Begley wasn't so stupid as to run the risk of standing before a firing party of the I.R.A. Even as a suspect, why wasn't he arrested and put through his paces even though he may not be guilty? It would show at least that the local company were on the job. But when they sat down and did nothing but send out idiotic hints that the enemy found nothing when, in actual fact, they found - apart from a slightly damaged machine gun - as much explosive as would blow up the town of Kilfinane.

A deadly blow, from which we never recovered, was struck at the morale, prestige and invincibility of the local I.R.A. There was a Judas Iscariot in town !!

My conclusions are: That no member of the rank and file of the I.R.A. was the betrayer.

(2) that it was a new-found discovery by an enemy secret agent who had the confidence of a person who knew all about the arms dump.

(3) Without fear of contradiction, I could say that Maurice Costello was innocent of the charge.

(4) That a considerable sum of money was paid for the information.

Lieut. Brown drove through the town with a party of soldiers in a Crossley tender at top speed from Kilmallock at 10.30 a.m. They pulled up at Tom Hyland's and made a search. They then went on to the next farm, Michael Fitzgerald's, and made another hoodwink search there for ten minutes, and from there they went to Mrs. McCarthy's, where they pulled up outside the farmyard gate on the left-hand side of the road, where they entered the cowhouse armed with pikes. After throwing out all the dung they made the discovery. The dwelling house is on the other side of the road.

Begley's account:- "I was in the kitchen when I heard the lorry coming and remained where I was. I knew there was something up when they did not come near us. But, after about an hour, the officer came running up the yard - I was watching him through the window - calling out excitedly: 'It's all right, it's all right, we found it, don't be frightened'!!

The news had reached the town before the soldiers left and there was consternation.

MAY 1921.

Towards the end of the month a signalling corps was formed in the battalion area and Jim Regan and I were chosen to represent our company. We in turn were to train others later on. We were ordered to be at Nicholas Dwan's, Sunvale Upper, at 1 p.m. and on our way through the fields we met Ned Dwyer and Maurice McGrath who were on the same mission. About 12 men

had collected altogether and out in the open we were being instructed by Willie' Walsh, Kilclooney, who held a flag in his hand. Each one in turn had to go through the same exercise. After about an hour we heard the noise of a plane but couldn't see it. Then, all of a sudden, it dived on top of us to within a few feet of the ground, and we scattered in all directions hiding ourselves in furze bushes that were numerous in the field. We had some thorn picking to do when we came out. What we were afraid of was they they had a machine gun. We left at 4 p.m. and returned home by the fields again.

Asked to explain where I was when I got home, I invented a lie and said I was in Kilmallock for a message for my uncle.

MOUNT COOTE BRIDGE.

The last ambush with the East Limerick Brigade area took place at Mount Coote Bridge on 29th June. It was carried out by members of the Laurencetown and Ballingaddy companies. For some time, it was noted that Lieut. Brown and Dr. Cleary, Kilmallock, visited Harry Files, steward to Sir Gilbert Greenhall at Riversfield. Twelve men were selected for the job of shooting Brown, but Dr. Cleary presented a problem. They decided he must take pot luck if he chose to associate with such company. At 7 p.m. they were in position around the bridge with 10 shotguns and two rifles. At 8 p.m., instead of Brown, a cycle patrol of 20 soldiers swung around the bend of the road from Kilmallock. The I.R.A. positions were bad as some of them were lying in the dyke on the side of the road with shotguns which were only effective at short range. The British spotted them and opened fire. Some of the column had to clear a 6-ft. timber fencing and, in doing so, Mick Hennessy, Ballingaddy, and Bob Cleary, Laurencetown, were slightly wounded. The latter had a remarkable escape as the bullet

ploughed a furrow along the top of his head. Tim Quillinan, Laurencetown, was seriously wounded. Jack Casey, Laurencetown, played a conspicuous part with his rifle in covering the retreat so effectively that the Crown forces were unable to advance; otherwise they would all have been killed as there is no cover and the enemy would have followed up their advantage. The enemy returned to Kilmallock for reinforcements, but by the time they had returned again, the ambush party were safely away except Tim Quillinan, who was thought to be dying. About midnight he reached John Carroll's, Ballinchrana, and Fr. Lee, Kilfinane, was sent for to administer the last rites and, old and all as he was, led by a Volunteer over fences, rivers and dykes, he walked to Carroll's. The military ring was closing and there was no time to be lost. Carroll's would be searched and the wounded man discovered, but at that critical moment in the early dawn a genius - whoever he was - got a brainwave! "Take him over" he said, "to John Burke's, Laurencetown". Burke was an old R.I.C. pensioner and insurance agent, but great old stock. They placed Tim inside Burke's bedridden mother who was nearly 90 years of age. On came the R.I.C. and soldiers. Burke met them all with a word and a joke in the kitchen. Had he any wounded man? They found blood down by the river. Thoroughly assured that such a true-blue would not harbour a rebel, they went away without making any search. Tim's life was saved and, shortly afterwards, he was removed to Elton where he recovered. Tim was a powerful young man.

THE CASE OF WILLIE McCLUSKEY.

Willie McCluskey was creamery manager at Bulgadin and was married to a girl from Waterford. He lived in a thatched house at the Cross of Bulgadin. Across the road was a barmaid at Meade's, Mrs. Healy, who was married to the local teacher. Healy was from Boherbuoy, Co. Cork. Mrs. Healy was a rabid

republican, but of a spiteful and vindictive spirit, and was on very bad terms with Mrs. McCluskey. Healy was a member of the local Volunteer company of which Michael Cleary was captain. Michael Cleary ordered the company to be at the Cross on a certain night. Armed with this information, Healy went to Limerick, posted a letter to the military at Kilmallock giving the information that the Volunteers would meet at the Cross of Bulgadin on a certain night and signed McCluskey's name to it. On the following morning he had the mail raided between Kilmallock and Bruff and the letter was captured and sent on to the brigade staff at Stephenstown. The staff made a secret and thorough inquiry into the whole affair. They entered the creamery by night and took away copies of McCluskey's signature and writing and compared them with the captured letter. Everything was perfect; there was no doubt about his guilt. They went to Fr. Leahy, C.C. At that time he was satisfied that the writings were done by the same hand.

Jerry Quinlan, the former creamery manager, was called in to give evidence. He knew McCluskey's writing well, but he in his evidence said that the captured letter was not in McCluskey's handwriting, but this was rejected by the staff. The weight of evidence against McCluskey was so strong that nothing now could save him and he was in his absence condemned to death as a spy.

Paddy O'Donnell, Cush, and Ned Barrett, Kilfinane, were ordered to carry out the execution. They left Elton and arrived in Bulgadin about 11 p.m. on a Sunday night. They decided to have a drink before carrying out their orders and knocked up Meade's publichouse. These vital 20 minutes saved an innocent man from death. When they had their drink taken they went across the road and knocked at McCluskey's. When

he appeared at the door they told him come along they wanted him. They had arranged not to shoot him at his own door, but a hundred yards down the road towards the schoolhouse. They told him their purpose that he was to be shot as a spy; he collapsed, but they took him along; he protested his innocence; it was too late. They told him to kneel down and say an Act of Contrition. At that moment, a man on a bicycle was seen coming in the distance and when he saw them he shouted: "Stop, stop, don't shoot him". When he came up, it was seen to be Seamus Ford, brother of Sean Ford. By this time McCluskey was half dead. "Bring him over", said Ford, "to Peter John Cleary's; they'll give him another trial". Unable to walk, they helped McCluskey across the fields to Cleary's, Athanassey. There he stood before the tribunal and there he produced a hotel receipt from his pocket proving that he was in Belfast at his mother's funeral the day the letter was posted in Limerick.

The mystery remained unsolved until six months later, when Healy, the national teacher, confessed on his death bed. Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned; and hell no fury like a woman scorned.

I attach as Appendix "C" a list of the enemy forces in Kilfinane, a list of the I.R.A. column, and a few additional notes.

Written during the winter nights - 1955-56 - at Glebe House, from notes taken down by me in 1930-32 from prominent members of the Flying Column and others and from my personal reminiscences.

Signed: *P. J. Whelan*

Date: 15th June 1956

Witness: *John J. Daly*

AFTER KNOCKLONG

(Statement by Sean Howard, Glenbrohane,
brother of Tom Howard, Killed at Lakelly.)

On the evening of the Knocklong rescue I was down at the station getting foodstuffs for Shanahan's, Glenlara, where I was then in service. A priest came up to me and asked me where was Tom Shanahan and I told him he was in the coal store. The priest was Dan Breen, but I didn't know it then and went home with my load. Later that evening, a man walked into the yard and he was all blood. I recognised him as Sean Treacy because he had been here a week before with Breen and Dannie Moloney. He was completely exhausted and we wanted him to go to bed, but he said No, he would sit by the fire. We did as best we could to dress his wound with Jeyes fluid and water. He told Mick Shanahan and myself his story - how he thought he was dying when the bullet pierced through his neck just above the breast bone. When he came out of the train he threw himself over the railing to die but found his strength returning quickly. He hid his revolver and came straight for here. About a half an hour later Breen, Robinson, Hogan, John J. O'Brien and Foley came carrying Dan Breen between them, as he was dangerously wounded through the lung and was in a dying condition. We put him to bed and sent for Dr. Hennessy who was very nervous of coming. We also sent for Fr. Humphries, C.C. of Knocklong. All night long we had to keep lifting him up and down in the bed on the doctor's orders. About midnight, we suggested to Treacy to go to bed, but he said he'd rather sit by the fire, but, turning his head toward the room where Breen was, he said, jokingly: "Get up, Dan, or if they come in you'll get up quick".

This remark was an indication of Treacy's fear of immediate danger owing to their near position to Knocklong.

They had an all-night discussion on the immediate situation - Tom and Mick Shanahan and Phil Fogarty. They finally decided to remove them and were all that night, through dispatch riders, in touch with the Cush Company. At 6 o'clock that morning they removed them to Clancy's, Cush, in a trap car although Breen was not fit to travel, and they took a terrible risk. Treacy remained up all night by the fire sitting in the chair. (Personal: "In my opinion, Treacy remained up all night, even though seriously wounded, to guard Breen")

The others of the rescue party went to Ned Tobin's of Ballinlacken - Ned O'Brien wounded, Jim Scanlon wounded, and Sean Lynch, Clerk of Balbally Church. Next day Lynch went back home to his parochial duties and on the following Sunday the parish priest denounced the murder at Knocklong while Lynch sat on the steps of the altar - he was answering his Mass.

A panic set in amongst us. We had 48 shotguns in the attic upstairs and several buckets of ammunition. The first thing we did was to remove a big heap of manure in front of the door next day. We brought down the guns from the attic, placed them in a heap in the yard and piled back all the manure again on top of them. That job done, we disposed of the ammunition. Between the fireplace and the door was a wall with a small lookout window looking out the front door which is common to country farmhouses. It was built as a draught screen when the door was open. This wall was pricked on both sides with rubble in the centre. We took out all the rubble and put in this ammunition, placed a slate over the top and it looked a perfect job. All the sheets and blankets were all blood; we took these out and boiled them that day and removed every stain. We had them all dry that night and put them back again.

On the day of 9th June the place was completely surrounded

by 60 police and 200 troops and made a thorough search of the whole place. That day I made twenty statements and they still wanted more but I refused. As I stood in the kitchen they almost turned the house upside down, but a policeman who sat by the fire had his back to the ammunition wall and it wasn't sounded as all the others were. What frightened me most as I looked out the window was to see the soldiers prodding the manure with their bayonets. Then the police went out and started to remove the ends of the manure heap and after a while stopped the work. One policeman who was friendly to me said to me: "Do you know anything about this business and I replied I knew nothing whatever about it. He said: "I'm afraid they have the wrong information". "I'm afraid they have" I replied. Had they found the guns the two Shanahans and myself would have stood on the gallows.

When Tom and Mick Shanahan were arrested with Foley, Maher and Murphy, I attended the trial before the Grand Jury at Armagh. The only evidence that saved Tom Shanahan at the trial was the fact that the greyhound bitch he sent to Kildare for service returned to Knocklong the day after the rescue. Only for that, nothing could have saved him. (Read Sean Treacy by Desmond Ryan). When the case was over, the jury retired upstairs and all the people went away but I stayed in Court. While I was there, a tongs came down through a small hole in the ceiling with a piece of paper attached and on it was written: Michael Shanahan not guilty. After a long time, another slip of paper came on the same tongs: Tom Shanahan not guilty. I rushed out on to the street overjoyed with excitement and met old Tom Shanahan, their uncle. When I told him, he wouldn't believe me about Tom over the telegram he received from Thurles about the greyhound which he knew nothing about. Sean Treacy quite unconsciously almost placed him on

the scaffold by unwittingly telling May Moloney use the code word "Greyhound". The other three were found guilty, but Murphy, who was an ex-British soldier, got a reprieve on that record. He afterwards became a prominent I.R.A. man, but on that night he snapped the rifle from a British soldier, not to shoot the police, but the I.R.A. Of course, it's hard to prove that he could be a genuine Irishman at that time".

BY DANIEL O'SHAUGHNESSY, 1938

Lakelly Ambush, as it has come to be known, was, perhaps, one of the most tragic events in the history of the Black and Tan struggle in East Limerick. Here, early in May 1921, were gathered the combined forces of the East, Mid and West Limerick Columns, scattered over a countryside that is famed in song and story for its natural grandeur and scenic beauty.

Fresh from their activities in the west of the county, the Volunteers sought refuge and rest among the sheltered hills around Shraharla and Lakelly. But they had another and more important object in view; their concentration was intended to keep open the channels for a large consignment of arms which was expected at the time to arrive from America on the south coast. The arms never came - but that is another story.

Twice during the fateful days that followed, small sections of the united columns were caught unawares by the enemy patrols. The story of the encounters that followed is as thrilling in its details of heroism as it is poignant in its tragic consequences. As a result of the two engagements no less than eight gallant young soldiers of the Republic made the supreme sacrifice in the cause of freedom. Below we are privileged to relate the story of the events that led up to the tragedy as told by "A Volunteer".

Leaving behind unhappy memories of their sojourn in the west, the united columns of East and West Limerick set out one night early in April 1921, for the comparative safety of the hills of Kilfinane, immortalised in song by the Bard of Thomond. Here among the green clad hills temporary shelter and rest may be found after a week in the west of the county of constant

marching and sleepless nights from an ever vigilant enemy. Ballyhahill was the final struggle in that epic week and so with heavy hearts they left that place at the mercy of the forces of the Crown for grounds more fruitful in the unequal task that lay before them.

COMBINED FORCES.

After many nights Mitchelstowndown was reached and here a temporary haven was found. After a few days the columns resumed their march to Tully and Knockadea, which lay in the centre of the basin of Glenroe, surrounded on all sides by beautiful verdant hills and well-known as a safe retreat for the East Limerick column during the struggle of '20-'21. Here they were joined by the East Limerick Brigade, the combined forces numbering about 150 men.

In passing, it may be added that at this time a large consignment of arms was expected to land from America on the south coast, and the large force was being kept in readiness to keep the channels of supply open, but, unfortunately, the landing never took place. Towards the end of April a section of these forces lay in ambush for a few days at Anglesboro' for the British soldiers at Galbally. Here the enemy forces were known to be in charge of an officer called "Shakeyhead", who the boys were most anxious to have a chat with owing to his over-zealous activities, but this attempt proved abortive.

May 1st fell on Sunday and at 10.30 a.m. on that morning, the Galbally officer, who for a month had been living a precarious and chequered existence, rode into Kilfinane with a patrol of soldiers. While the military were repairing their cycles, a local volunteer intelligence officer received the information that the patrol was going to Kildorrery and returning home via Shraharla, an ideal place for an ambush and close to where the columns were resting. As there was no time to be lost, the information was immediately conveyed to the

Battalion Council which was being held at Mr. Ed. Condon's, Rapula. From here a horseman rode poste haste to Mr. Brazzill Lee's with the fateful dispatch.

In the absence of Commandant Denis Hannigan, who was previously preoccupied at Anglesboro, Liam Hayes, now Colonel in Eire forces, and a fearless soldier, made hasty preparations for the attack. In his immediate vicinity were about 30 members of the Mid and East Limerick columns. Having mustered his forces at Knockadea and meantime sent out his dispatch riders to the other sections of the widely-scattered columns, he marched his men down the sheltered banks of the Hawn Valley, which led to Shraharla Church - the selected place of ambush - with its strategic advantages and the one and only natural keyway to the sheltered basin of Glenrue and the open road to Galbally. Having reached within 200 yards of this end of the valley of which Afooca bridge forms the apex, they crossed the Hawn and entered the main Kilfinane-Mitchelstown road, about 200 yards from the cross at the bridge that led to their destination.

CAUGHT NAPPING.

With more than 300 yards to go they were walking more or less at their ease when they were suddenly and quite unexpectedly confronted by three lorries of soldiers and Black and Tans at Coffey's Bend, across the bridge. Both parties observed each other simultaneously, but the Crown forces, with the advantage of elevation in their favour, opened a withering machine gun and rifle fire. Caught in the open the column took the turn to the left for Shraharla Church at a quick double, replying as they retreated as best they could from whatever little shelter the exceptionally low fences could afford. Following the advice of Jim Rea, a local volunteer, who had a thorough knowledge of the locality, all the column,

with the exception of four Mid Limerick men, escaped to shelter and safety. The casualties should have been greater considering the circumstances, and the unexpected disadvantages in which they were placed, but the local volunteer led them to the back of the Church where they were enabled to make their getaway from the deadly fire of the enemy forces.

FOUR MEN TRAPPED.

Unfortunately, however, four of the Mid Limerick men sought shelter from the deadly hail of bullets at the rear of John Ronan's house and so put themselves in a position from which there was no escape, as the ground rose abruptly to the upper road and a gorse covered quarry where a low fence provided little if any protection. In spite of the terrible odds against them, the four men fought gallantly, and the fighting went on relentlessly for about an hour. Then Commandant Hannigan came to the scene of battle, and at great personal risk from the top of the gorse covered quarry he called on the fighting men to get away as quickly as possible. But for the four luckless men there was no escape; and they knew it, for the ground all round them was being literally torn to pieces with unceasing machine gun fire; and for them the only escape was the final and inevitable escape of death, as subsequent tragic developments were to prove.

Meanwhile the British forces had begun to realise the position of the four trapped Volunteers. One of the officers summed up the situation and took four of his men along the back of the Afocca river. Creeping low, they succeeded in reaching the road fence between the schoolhouse and the Church. Here two men were placed opposite the little triangular field between the Church and school, and another in the Church grounds, giving the latter a clear view of the upper road. The British officer was now master of the situation.

FOUGHT TO THE LAST.

Across the valley where Peter O'Neill Crowley fell on 31st March '67, in a former struggle for freedom, the local residents watched with agonising pangs of helplessness the enactment of a still greater tragedy than their forbears witnessed half a century before. If only they had one rifle those men's lives might be saved, because even with one weapon they could have held a check on the flank movement of the British officer, whose side was exposed from that direction. But there was no escape for the four men, and realising the position they knew that there was nothing left but to fight. This they did with grim determination and unswerving courage. Their rifles almost red hot with constant and rapid fire, they fought manfully to the last. Two hours passed and the fight still raged on. The military had not yet closed in on them, but knowing they were trapped, the four Volunteers decided to make a bold bid for freedom and their comrades.

They left the schoolyard and entered the little triangular field where Captain Jim Hennessy fell wounded and bleeding profusely. In the meantime in their endeavour to escape the inevitable fate that awaited them, Captain James Horan and Patrick Starr had reached the upper road, where no shelter was available. And here the two brave men met their end at the hands of the soldier concealed in the Church grounds. Patrick Casey, the last survivor of the four, surrendered only when his rifle jammed.

SURVIVOR EXECUTED.

The struggle now over, a ghostly quiet seemed to settle down on the countryside. The dead and living were taken by Crossley tender to Cork, where on the following evening Patrick Casey was executed after a trial by Drumhead Courtmartial. A few days later, where the mountain stream wends its way

onwards towards the ocean, young Hennessy breathed his last. It was the culmination of a great tragedy. The wily Galbally officer returned the way he went, and so ended tragically an ambush that had been prepared for the enemy.

On that fatal night the Mid and East Limerick Columns mobilised at Knockadea and Tully and set out 150 strong on their midnight march over the Slieveragh mountains. They found much-needed rest the following morning in Ballinahinch, Mitchelstown, Lackelly and Ballinrına. On the morning of May 2nd, before the sun's rays had dried the budding leaves of the dawn's dew rapid rifle fire that re-echoed for many miles round startled the weary Columns from their slumbers, and in that first fatal volley four of the best and bravest that Ireland ever produced lay dead.

Once again the officer from Galbally was out on patrol with twenty men, passing by Lackelly on his way to Emlı. Members of the Column sleeping at the end of a long narrow old road leading to Lackelly were apprised of his presence in the locality and as a result made preparations for an emergency. In the meantime, May Maloney followed the military into Emlı to see the way they were going, and not finding them in the village she returned home to Lackelly and reported accordingly. Miss Maloney, it may be mentioned, was a popular and wellknown figure in I.R.A. circles, and played an important part in every engagement in the locality. She was also wellknown to the Crown forces, and the general opinion at the time was that the Galbally officer followed her home the way she came.

FOUR MEN LAY DEAD!

At any rate the ten men that slept that night in Fitzpatrick's, Kincaid's, Taylor's and Callaghan's, not sensing that anything unusual was about to happen, discarded their

defensive positions and wandered about the yards and houses. Four of them remained at a bend of the old road which obscured their view from the public road. Unseen and unheard, the Galbally cycling patrol rode right into them, and before any sort of fight could be put up, Tommy Howard, Willie Riordan, Frahill and Wade lay dead. The military, having secured a cart to take away the dead bodies, were about to return to Galbally with their prize when Commandant Denny Hannigan came at the double from Ballinvrina with a column of men and quickly engaged the enemy forces in a sharp encounter. A running fight ensued, which lasted for five hours, the military being obliged in the meantime to abandon the bodies of the dead patriots.

Meanwhile, in case of emergency, the rest of the column, in charge of Liam Forde of the Mid Limerick A.S.U., had collected at Tim Ryan's, Mitchelstowndown, and at the double they hurried the three miles towards Lackelly. However, as Hannigan and his men had pushed back the military and Tans, the fight had veered in Forde's direction, with the result that Forde and his men came into contact with the retreating forces.

At this time Forde and his men had crossed the Garryspillane road on their way to Lackelly. They had almost reached Lackelly, in fact, which was a stroke of good fortune for the enemy, because if they had come on a little earlier they would have been trapped and possibly not one of them would have escaped. But such, of course, are the fortunes of war.

At this stage of the grim encounter an incident occurred that is worthy of note. As Liam Forde's men passed through a farmstead on their way to assist their hard-pressed comrades they were met in the farmyard by the old man of the house who had a bottle of whiskey in one hand and a glass in the other.

Hurriedly he filled out a helping to each man as he passed, while his aged wife cheered the Volunteers on their way to the attack. It was an incident richly typical of the grand spirit of loyalty to the "boys" which prevailed throughout the countryside at the time.

TANS' LUCKY ESCAPE.

By this time the British forces were actually outside the danger zone and were retreating towards Garryspillane in extended order. When Forde's men espied them as they crossed a fence to the next field their backs were towards the I.R.A. Column, who were themselves in the open at the time. With every possible haste the Column made for the nearest fence, but as Providence should ordain and just at the psychological moment one of the Tans looked back and saw the imminent danger that threatened his comrades. As a result there was a dual rush for shelter by the opposing forces.

The fight was on now with all the intensity that this form of combat can produce. But as a result of the clever tactics on the part of their commanding officer and with scarcely a round of ammunition left after several hours of almost ceaseless struggle the British forces succeeded in evading their pursuers and making their way back to the safety and shelter of their fortress at Galbally. It was a tribute to the tactics and courage of the enemy.

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

The boys were deeply moved by the loss of their young comrades who had taken part in every engagement since the formation of the Flying Column, and who had braved death a hundred times in their endeavours to serve the cause. Such a disaster, following the tragedy of Shraharla the day before, had a most distressing and almost demoralising effect on the

members of the column, who were deeply attached to their dead comrades-in-arms and had shared with them the dangers and trials of many a hard encounter. Realising the dangers of their presence in unwieldy numbers, the leaders ordered the column to be broken up and the reservists were directed to return to their homes. Battalion columns were then formulated as a more effective means of dealing with the enemy forces.

In the darkness of that tragic night of May 2nd the bodies of the four dead Volunteers were placed sitting in a trap car and there followed the long, sad journey to Mr. Quinn's of Kilcullane, via Elton and Knockainey. It was a tragically pitiful task for those entrusted with the transport of the remains.

FINAL TRAGIC SCENES.

As the cortege wended its way along the mournful journey strong forces of the Column, armed to the teeth, walked quietly along the fields at either side of the road, determined at any cost that the bodies would not pass into the hands of the enemy. (Contravention of this order was death. Recognition would not only mean the burning of the homes of the dead man's distracted parents, but possibly brutal murder). And so in that long journey they took charge in turn; but perhaps the most poignant sight of all was when a brother of one of the deceased took a hand at the reins and drove the loving companion of his childhood. Eventually the cortege arrived safely at its destination, where a guard of honour was placed over the bodies. And so in the darkness of that May night the remains of the four young gallant soldiers of freedom were laid to rest in one grave in a meadow field of Mr. Quinn's. Their sorrow-stricken comrades, as they stood around in respectful and almost eloquent silence, must have recalled the lines that have immortalized the burial of

Sir John Moore in a faraway land many years before:

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.
Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And bitterly thought of the morrow."

It may be added that in connection with the first encounter related above, Commandant Hannigan was seriously handicapped by the hurriedly retreating Crown forces, who shamelessly compelled unarmed young men to accompany them as hostages and so used them as an effective cover for their retreat.

A few hours after the battle was over Military and Tans swarmed like locusts on the district, and every torture that human mind could devise was applied during the next 12 hours to wring from the fleeing and terrified inhabitants information sought by the enemy. On that night Lackelly and the district around it was transformed from a peaceful countryside into a living hell.

Battalion Column formed in May 1921.

Matthew Brazzill	Bosnetstown
Paddy O'Brien	Highbridge
Paddy MacNamara	Ardpatrick
Tom Conway	do.
Maurice Barrett	do.
Denny Noonan	Thomastown
Peter Steep	do.
Mick Sheehan	do.

Battalion flying column and reserves called
up for action

Willie Riordan	Anglesboro
Tom Casey	Clareen
Tom Regan	Martinstown
... Neelon	Bruff
David Cremin	Bruff

The day of the air raid on Kilfinane a large heavy iron cylinder was dropped by parachute just outside the town in Moroney's field. At the time, I could not understand its meaning, but now I know it was symbolic of their intentions if Mackay was not released.

The cylinder was about $4\frac{1}{2}$ ft. high and about 2-cwt. in weight. It was removed by the military.

AMUSING INCIDENTS:

Armistice Day 1920, the troops had occupied the Main St. and were lined from one end to the other so that the two minutes silence would be observed by everybody. Ralph stood at our corner which gave a clear view of the town to both ends. At 11 a.m. sharp he blew a whistle and everynne had to stand to attention. There was dead silence when, all of a sudden, around the corner from Castle St. came Kate Sullivan with two buckets going to the pump for water. A soldier at the corner

raised his hand to stop her. She left the buckets down with a bang and, picking them up, she said at the top of her voice: "What's wrong with you, is it daft you're gettin'". "Mother", he pleaded, "stand where you are". "Mother me" said she, "will you do my washin' for me?" And she walked off to the pump, talking as she went. Kate never heard of Armistice Day.

We had been rounded up one evening to fill road trenches near Ballyorgan. Among the crowd was Mr. Anthony, the bank cashier, dressed like a dandy in white shoes. To his consternation and our amusement he was handed a shovel and, with this on his shoulder, he headed the parade to Ballyorgan. He was the son of Major Anthony and had seen service in the World War.

Flying Column from September to May 10th
and reserves called up for action

Denis Hannigan	Column leader, Anglesboro
X Sean Ford	Nenagh
X Jack McCarthy	Kilfinane
X Owen O'Keefe	Kilteely
X Paddy O'Donnell	Cush
Michael Scanlon	Galbally
X Tim Crowley	Ballylanders
Jack Lynch	Anglesboro
X David Clancy	Cush
X Con Kearney	Tiermoor
Nicholas Dwyer	Bruff
X Justin McCarthy	Kilfinane
X Willie Walsh	Kilclooney
X Dan Allis	Dunohill
William McCarthy	
Pat Ryan	Kilfinane, Corrigeens, Ballinlyna
X Willie Riordan	Cullane
X Dan Grace	
Bryan Berkery	
X Tom Howard (Glenbrohane)	
X Edmond Barrett	Kilfinane
Liam Fraher	Galbally
X Thomas Murphy	Ballylanders
Patrick Barry	
X David Quane	Ballyorgan
Thomas Rea	Shraharla
Joe O'Brien	Thomastown
X Edmond Tobin	Ballinalacken
X Michael Walsh	Glenroe
X Ned Walsh	do.
X David Tobin	Ballinalacken
X Michael Shanahan	Glenlara
X Dan Moloney	Iakelly
X Phil Fogarty	Glenlara
X Denis Noonan	Kilfinane, Thomastown
X Peter Steep	Thomastown
X Phil Ryan	Cush
X Michael Cloughessy	Ballinvreena
X Paddy Slattery	Cush
Pat Carroll	Kilfinane
Maurice McGrath	do.
John Fox	Darragh
X Bill Burke	Ballindangan
X Mick Hennessy	Kilfinane
Maurice Costello	do.
X John J. Crawford	Ballylanders
Ned Dwyer	Ballinanima
X Paddy Hannigan	Ballylanders
Sean Riordan	Thomastown, Kilfinane

Permanent column men marked X

ADDENDUM BY DANIEL F. O'SHAUGHNESSY,
Glebe House, Kilfinane, Co. Limerick.

I desire the following additions and deletions to be made in my statement dated 15th June, 1956:

(1) Pages 78, 79, 80.

Re the deaths of Tobin and Murphy; I have received the following important information from Lieut-Colonel J.M. MacCarthy (former Captain of Kilfinane Company and later Brigade Column Adjutant) that the Column leader, D. Hannigan, received a warning notice from G.H.Q. in Dublin some day before Xmas 1920 that the Tobins were not to sleep at home during the Xmas holidays.

This information was got by G.H.Q. intelligence service at Dublin Castle and was passed on to the Column leader. Now it is quite obvious from this that the enemy (through a spy in this brigade area) had the information and wrote for instructions or authority to carry out the executions of these two boys.

Nobody but a person in close and intimate relationship with Mrs. Tobin could have got that information and, as further proof, no other member of the column was mentioned from Dublin. The guilty person in this case was Mrs. Tobin's best friend (a prominent member of Cumann na mBan) and her (the informer's) father was the Leonard MacNally of our time.

Ned Tobin and I have diametrically opposite views as to the identity of this informer.

(2) Page 100, lines 16 and 19.

Cross out Dr. Cleary's name from my statement re the ambush at Mount Coote bridge; it's wrong and shouldn't be there. He was a good Irishman.

(3) Appendix C.

I have the name on list of column "Willie Riordan Anglesboro" - it should be "Willie Howard". Please correct.

(4) Page 25, line 14.

"barracks" should read "barricades".

Signed

D. F. O'Hughnessy

Date:

July 30th 56

Witness:

M. M. M. M. M.
(Investigator) *Lt Col.*

