

ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21

BURD STAIRS MILITARY 1913-21

NO. W.S. 1701

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BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS.

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 1701.

Witness

Maurice A. McGrath,  
"Cascade View",  
Clogheen,  
Co. Tipperary.

Identity.

Adjutant, 6th Battalion, 3rd Tipperary Brigade;  
Adjutant, 3rd Tipperary Brigade, No. 2. Flying  
Column.

Subject.

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STATEMENT BY MAURICE A. McGRATH,

"Cascade View", Clogheen, Co. Tipperary,

Formerly Adjutant of 6th Battalion, Tipperary No. 3 Brigade,  
and  
Adjutant of 3rd Tipperary Brigade No. 2 Flying Column.

I, Maurice A. McGrath, was born on January 3rd 1898 at Cahergal, Coolagarranroe, Clogheen, Co. Tipperary. (Later this was 'D' Company area, 6th Battalion, 3rd Tipperary Brigade). I joined the National Volunteers in 1914, and, with eighteen other members, left them and joined the Irish Volunteers when the split came. Our unit was attached to the Mitchelstown Company, and training instructors attended at Skeheenarinky two evenings weekly for drilling and parades. With the others, I joined the Irish Volunteers, and drill instructor M. Walsh of Mitchelstown attended to give drill instructions to our unit twice weekly. Our company was disbanded in 1916, and a few raids by the R.I.C. took place locally after the Rising of 1916, but evidently none of the members was considered important enough to arrest.

Organisation of the 6th Battalion by the late Ned McGrath, Cahir, and directed by Seán Treacy and Dan Breen, took place in 1917. The battalion was in good working order for the General Election of 1918, when Volunteers from each company did duty at each polling station as a police body, and later escorted the ballot boxes to Clonmel Courthouse for counting. Some Volunteers remained on guard duty there during the night. The R.I.C. did their best to obstruct and intimidate the Volunteers, but to no avail. They carried out their duties as instructed by their leaders.

An incident occurred at Ballyporeen polling booth where I was, with four other Volunteers, on duty. The old R.I.C. Sergeant sent a call for military aid when he could not shift us from the booth. He was called "The Mad Sergeant" because of a kink, and I think our refusal that day to be arrested by him ended his career in the force. The military did not come to his aid, so he retired to the barrack, fuming and disgusted at the way British law was flouted. The General Election was a complete victory for Sinn Féin, and our representative to Dáil Éireann was the late P.J. Moloney, Tipperary. P.J. was a staunch veteran of the Irish cause all down the years. A little song poem was composed and sung at this election time - "With the badge of up Moloney on your coat" to the aid of "God Save Ireland". The late Frank Drohan, Clonmel, and the late Pierce McCann, Dualla, Cashel, were the other Sinn Féin Deputies for Co. Tipperary.

Company drilling and parades etc., were held in every company area, and inspected regularly by members of the Battalion Staff, and by Seán Treacy at times, Dan Breen at other times. They (Treacy and Breen) were kept busy visiting the companies in the brigade area. After Soloheadbeg, when the hue and cry was on for them, they came direct to the Cahir Battalion area - to the late Mrs. Marian Tobin's, Tincurry. They sent word to Tommie Ryan's, Tubrid, to expect them, but Tommie was arrested that day in Cahir, so they had to postpone their visit to Ryan's. They called to see Ned McGrath, the Battalion O/C, and to Tom O'Gorman, Burncourt Castle. From there they were driven by by-roads by Jack Tobin (O'Gorman's man) to Christy Ryan's, Mitchelstown, on their way to West Limerick.

Some time later, the 6th Battalion was reorganised and Skeheenarinky Company, which had been linked with Ballyporeen, became a separate company. The previous Company Captain was Morgan Lyons, Ballyporeen. He was now succeeded by Paddy Kennedy, and J.J. Kearney was appointed Company Captain of Skeheenarinky Company.

Dan Breen and Seán Treacy used to visit the battalion area at intervals, singly, and those visits kept the morale of the companies high. Volunteers were anxious to see the leaders that were such an inspiration following a period of despondency. Ned McGrath, Battalion O/C, Tommie Ryan, Vice O/C, and Mick Ladrigan, Adjutant, were officers as good as any in the country, and allowed no laxity to occur in any unit.

In 1920, small amounts of revolvers, ammunition, bandoliers etc., for the battalion were forwarded by G.H.Q. in egg cases coming to Cahir Railway Station. As my brother, Pat, was an exporter and had piles of empty egg cases coming and going to him, it was usual for one of our firm to call for a load of empties and bring in a load of full cases to the railway station for export. Therefore, very little notice was taken of me when I took empty cases away from the railway station, some of which contained side arms, ammunition etc. In May, 1920, after I had taken two such cases from the station and delivered them to Tommie Ryan, Vice O/C of the battalion, at Kilcoran, where there was a temporary dump, a leakage occurred. The O/C of Cahir Company, Mick O'Donnell, who was also the head porter at the railway station, and Dinny King, railway porter, had suspicions of someone who had been hanging around the

railway station whilst we were loading the egg cases on to the car. Ned McGrath, the Battalion O/C, had this person placed under observation from that time on.

In the early morning hours next day, military surrounded our business house in Burncourt village, and made a thorough search of the premises, doing an amount of damage to full egg cases, by running bayonets through the centre split in cases. They spent over two hours searching, with no result. We were then aware that someone must have given the information against us about the arms. A week later, about 8.30 p.m., an armoured car came and took up position at the front of the shop door. The car had only just arrived when a cycling corps arrived. The house was surrounded and again thoroughly searched, missing this time a copy of An tÓglach which I had carelessly slipped in under the gramophone and left there. The cycling corps withdrew to Rehill Wood, one Irish mile away, but the armoured car stayed in position until 6 a.m. next morning. Two members of the crew were on guard in our kitchen. The others stayed in the car, relieving each other for duty in the kitchen.

Having refused to sell goods to the local police in Rehill Barracks, two miles away, where eight R.I.C. were stationed, our account books were seized and held by the police for some time. The police used to go inside the counter and take goods required, and pay for them. After a few weeks, they were supplied locally, and raids on our place became frequent by the R.I.C., and often the military came with them, by arrangement.

Seán Treacy, R.I.P., came to Maurice Walsh's, Ballyboy, Clogheen, in May, 1920, (Maurice was elected to the County Council) and stayed there for two days. He met and consulted with company officers of the battalion about a special training course. It was quietly carried out at Ballyboy, as Clogheen was a military centre, with seven R.I.C. in barracks there. These contacts with battalion and company officers were responsible for keeping the morale of the Volunteers up to a good standard.

The rifle range at Scart, Cahir, three miles from Cahir town, was daily used by military from Cahir Barracks. In fact, it was nearly always guarded and under military observation. Seán Treacy and Ernie O'Malley, visiting the Cahir area, decided to destroy this range, if at all possible, and succeeded in doing a great amount of damage to it with explosives, but were surprised during the operation by a large force of horse soldiers, who, arriving swiftly before the infantry, captured eight of the scouting party placed on guard, namely, Jack Butler, Jack Duggan, Company Captain, P. Healy, T. Kennedy, M. Ryan, J. Casey, Jack English, and Ned Magner. Some were on the road in front of the range - some nearer. Seán Treacy, O'Malley and Ladrihan opened fire, and in the stampede of soldiers for shelter the Volunteers escaped through the fields, except J. Kennedy and Ned Magner who had been strapped together under guard. Magner had a Webley revolver, so he was sentenced to nine months imprisonment. After that date, June 6th 1920, very little chance was given to the I.R.A. to repeat their attack on the new range.

About twenty soldiers were sent to Rehill R.I.C. Barracks to reinforce police. They had a large tent in the wood at the side of the barracks, and patrolled the roads from Cahir to Burncourt. One night the soldiers got out of order and refused to be bullied by the Sergeant of the R.I.C., with the result that an exchange of shots took place, and a soldier was shot and a few of the police badly wounded. The result of an enquiry between military and police, who never seemed to agree together, was that the barracks was evacuated and the R.I.C. divided between Cahir and other stations. This, however, did not mean less raiding of the area. Patrols and lorries of soldiers were continually moving in the district. A section of us from Skeheenarinky joined members of Burncourt Company, under charge of Company O/C John Casey, one night, and, after some hard work, demolished the barracks, but only escaped a cycling patrol from Cahir by some minutes. We got away, some through the fields and some on bicycles, in the darkness. A cyclist scout got to us in time to give the alarm of the patrol's approach. The patrol, some fifty strong, cycled on to Burncourt village and back to Cahir, via Ballylooby.

We had very few guns in the area, so receipt of the general order to take and seize arms, shotguns etc., from all persons was welcomed. We got about ten good shotguns (single) and a few double barrel shotguns. We raided one loyalist house in the village whose inhabitants used to, at all times of day and night, entertain the military and police, especially two - Lieut. Jones of Clogheen and Lt. Gaffney of Cahir - but we were refused the guns. We knew one double and one single barrel gun were there. We searched the house, but failed to find guns and had to retire disappointed.

As mentioned, Lieuts. Gaffney and Jones used to visit this loyalist house, sometimes together, sometimes strongly escorted, usually by cycling corps. During these hours of entertainment, our house would be raided and searched and people on our premises would be searched and intimidated.

The morning after the raid for arms by us, a notice was posted on the church wall warning Sinn Féiners of serious consequences to them for interfering in future with loyal people. It was signed "Anti-Sinn Féin League!". The 1st Lieutenant, 'D' Company, Skeheenarinky, Ned Mulcahy, who later joined No. 2 Flying Column, and later the National Army, was employed in the Burncourt Co-op. He saw the poster on his way home to dinner. He lived at the Mitchelstown Caves (Burncourt Caves, two miles from Burncourt). His house was later blown up by military as a reprisal for death of D.I. Potter. Ned saw the poster and called to me, and told me. We both went down together to peruse it, and when we had it almost off by heart, I tore it down and, confronting this loyalist in his shop, asked him what he was going to do about it, and warned him to take notice that his actions were not friendly to our movement, and to be careful of his future actions. Of course, this type of loyalist was then inclined to treat gorsoons like us, at that time, as a sort of play-actors, and felt more amused at us than afraid of us.

A week later, at midnight, Jack and Mick Casey, Ballyhanon, were taken out of their beds by masked men, knocked and kicked about, and taken down one field to the river and flung into it. It nearly resulted in crippling them. Another member of the raiding for arms party, Bill Butler, was also taken out of bed, beaten and flung



into a dirty pond at the end of his field. This occurred a few days before the burial of Seán Treacy, at Kilfeacle, at which large numbers of Volunteers attended, some from every company area. Several arrests were made that day, and countless bicycles taken from Volunteers and held by Crown forces.

Some days after Seán Treacy's funeral, the Dwyer's homestead at Ballydavid was raided about midnight by a party of armed and masked men, and two brothers, Frank and Ned, were taken outside the door and shot dead, bayoneted and beaten to pulp with rifle butts in the presence of their sister, Kate, who tried to save them. She was the local Captain of Cumann na mBan. The eldest brother, who was the local Company Captain, escaped, as his parents prevailed on him to hide beneath their bed. It was certain that he was the wanted person when the Dwyers heard the summons - "Open in the name of the law". He, therefore, took refuge under his parents' bed, both being old and the father's sight bad. The bedrooms were searched and the sister said her parents were ill and not to frighten them, so the police, the murder gang as they were known, were satisfied with the two brothers, whom they took out and shot. The Company Captain had forbidden the Principal of the local school to open on the day of Seán Treacy's funeral - all schools were to be closed as a mark of respect and mourning. All schools, except Ballydrehid, obeyed the order, so the captain had the children turned back in the morning and no school was held. It was clear that this shooting of the Dwyer brothers was a reprisal, as the Principal of the school was a policeman's wife. Only someone who knew the place well would get into Dwyers at night, as it nestles high up on the mountain slope.

Four nights later, the murder gang came to our place in Burncourt, led by Lieuts. Gaffney and Jones, and with a Captain from Fethard in charge. They came on by Ballyporeen and raided Fox's of Kilavenoge and burned the hay barn, but Pat Fox was not at home, only his father and mother. They were looking for arms. They next called to my brother's (Pat's) house in Cahergal, Skeheenarinky. He was a member of the County Council. They arrived at 12 midnight, broke in the windows, wrecked the house and looted it, and turned his wife, young children, and our aged father and mother out into the cold, with very little attire on. They said they were burning the house, but evidently they decided otherwise and were satisfied by wrecking it and looting it. They then came to Burncourt, to our shop there, at 1 a.m. I had just come home at 11.30 p.m. from Ballylooby Battalion H.Q., where I was with Battalion O/C, Seán Hogan, as I was then the Adjutant of the Battalion. He came to the battalion some time previously to reorganise it and to arrange for formation of a flying column. With Seán Hogan, Jack Nagle and myself were first members of the A.S.U. armed and travelling from company to company. We billeted at O'Mahony's, Burgess, Ned Prendergast's, Curraghtoor, and other places, such as, Burke's of Curraghtoor. When the raid took place, my brother, Pat, myself and seven years old nephew, Jimmy, were the occupants of the shop. At 1 o'clock, the front door was nearly battered in by rifle butts, the back receiving the same attention. I asked, from the bedroom window, what was the matter, and was curtly and cursedly told to open the door and find out. I pulled on my pants, no shoes, and went down and opened front door, and in

rushed a dozen or so masked savages. They began to knock me about, but the Captain shoved me upstairs, and one of the others blew in the lock of the bar door, where they started a drinking orgy. The Captain urgently shoved me up the stairs and into a bedroom. He ordered Pat out of bed and pulled his pants from him, saying "You don't need this". He felt the weight of it.

It was heavy with the shop takings and price of a horse sold that day, totalling about £120. He ordered us down on our knees and said, "You have five minutes, so make the most of it". He started counting off the minutes, so we certainly prayed to God to have mercy on our souls, as we fully expected to be shot. The five minutes expired and then we heard the shots, but we did not feel anything as the shots were aimed at the ceiling and the bullet marks were there as evidence for years afterwards. He then said, "Take them out and flog them", which order was certainly brutally carried out.

They used their body belts until we fell unconscious from the numerous blows on head and body. We were there until 3 a.m., when Volunteers Jim Mulcahy and Jack Tobin came. They arrived across fields, sent by Mrs. O'Gorman, Burncourt Castle, whose husband, Tom, with others - John Creed, Denis McGrath, Mce. Walsh, Jim Slattery had been arrested a few days previously and sent to internment camps. Mrs. O'Gorman, having heard the firing and shouting as the military party fired repeated rounds on their way home from the raid, on the journey via Clogheen, sent Tobin and Mulcahy to find out what had happened in the village. They took us into the house and reported to Mrs. O'Gorman, who sent over a pony and trap to take us to Skeheen, not being aware, of course, that our house there had also been wrecked, deeming it better to

move us from the village. I refused to go to Skeheen on recovering consciousness, but Pat, still not conscious, was taken up there and the late Dr. Walsh sent for. I was put to bed and, until next day, at intervals lost consciousness. Dr. Walsh ordered us to Clogheen Hospital and took Pat in his car. He could only manage to take one. Pat was six weeks in Clogheen Hospital, under military supervision. It was intended to arrest him when he was fairly recovered. Knowing of the military's intention re his arrest, the late Sister Austin, cousin of Mrs. O'Gorman, and the late Dinny O'Callaghan, Clogheen, hospital attendant, got Pat over the hospital wall one night, where friends got him to Mitchelstown. He suffered from headaches, violent headaches, during his subsequent short lifetime.

The morning after the raid on us, the local P.P. and his curate called to see us in Burncourt and sympathised with us. They were shocked at the state of the place and what they heard. I was still subject to periods or spells of unconsciousness. During one of those, at 11 o'clock, Ned Mulcahy, who had been with me the night before at H.Q. and had called in early in the morning to see me, was only just inside the door when Lieuts. Jones and Gaffney, with an escort, arrived. They wanted to know what had happened. Ned said he had heard that some people, masked, during the night broke in and beat us up and wrecked the house. They tried to get me to answer their questions, but Ned said, "Don't you see he is very ill and unconscious. You can question him later when he is better". They were not aware of Ned's identity, so they went off. He only waited to be sure they had left, and, with a few other friends, he rigged me

up and took me up to friends in the Galtees, where I recovered after eight days or so.

So many incidents of this kind, raids etc., throughout the country, gave the idea of forming flying columns as a protective force and to hit the enemy when and where possible, according to the situation and the circumstances. The formation and use of flying columns certainly put a stop to a lot of the midnight raids on Volunteers' houses and the bullying of defenceless people. It was not possible to accomplish any big feats with the material at the disposal of the columns, as some of the ammunition, which was scarce, proved to be dud stuff, and a lot had to be chanced and hoped that the rest was good. This was found out when sniping and attacking police barracks took place.

No. 1 Column, Lacey's, was formed first, then Dan Breen and Seán Hogan's, No. 2, which Dan Breen handed over to Seán Hogan after the first three weeks training. I was appointed Adjutant of No. 2 Column at its formation, and held that post until the column was disbanded.

The Cork-Dublin main road from Cahir to Mitchelstown was constantly used by the enemy, mostly by large convoys. One large convoy passed along this road about 2.30 p.m. at end of May, 1921. No. 2 Column were only one field from the main road on their way to cross the Galtees when the convoy, counted at ninety-six vehicles, from armoured cars, Crossley tenders to small cars, which we heard later was acting as escort to General Strickland on his way to Cork, passed. At the ball alley at Kilcoran, five miles or so from Cahir, just in front of us,

the soldiers began firing into the half mile of wood running along the roadside by Murdock's of Kilcoran. The advance guard of column, four and myself, were of opinion we had been seen and that the firing was at us, as we were lying at end of road field almost in view. Five minutes more and the biggest part of the column of thirty men would have been targets, along the fence, as the advance guard would have been at the road, in full view. Those Crossley tenders swept along so fast and silently that it was almost impossible to see them coming where the road had bends. The column, of course, used to travel twenty paces apart.

It was evident that morning that something important was afoot, as the Lancers from Cahir Barracks, up to seventy in number, passed in and through the by-road from Cahir to Kilcoran, one mile south of where the column was billeted, and then continued on to Burncourt, and back the main Cork-Dublin road in the evening.

Raids on mails became constant to track down any enemy links or intelligence passing through. It was a common occurrence for the mail car to be held up and the mails taken, marked or stamped "Censored by the I.R.A." and left on the roadside to be collected by the mail car next day. The mails for Ballyporeen and Clogheen came along the Clonmel-Ardfinnan road and from Cahir, so around Ardfinnan and Gormanstown schoolhouse was the usual hold-up spot. The Cumann na mBan organisation did untold good work in the areas; despatches were carried by its members when hold-ups of Volunteers became too frequent. Ammunition and, sometimes, guns were entrusted to them for safe keeping. The washing of shirts,

socks etc., for column men, and catering for same, was a wonderful asset to the columns, who always could get complete change of clothing in every company area from the local Cumann na mBan.

As stated previously, our 1st Battalion O/C, Ned McGrath, was arrested. It happened when attending a brigade meeting at Blackcastle in 1920. The meeting was an important one, and the full Brigade Staff and nearly all the Battalion Officers were present. The meeting was surprised by the arrival of about one hundred Lancers from Cahir Barracks. Three men were arrested after being chased by the Lancers. Ned McGrath jumped over a high fence and injured his back, so was captured.

Those horse soldiers were a thorn in the side of the I.R.A. as they moved silently and fast from place to place in the area. Cahir Barracks was also H.Q. for The South Irish Horse, who took their turn to reconnoitre. In addition, a fast cycling corps co-operated with the horse soldiers and could always be met, particularly on by-roads, in the Cahir area.

In the latter days, prominent Sinn Féin supporters were taken out as hostages on the lorries from Cahir. The late Tom McGrath, Sinn Féin representative, was often taken out as a hostage. His place was constantly raided. His wife was President of the Cumann na mBan. Ladrigan's home was also constantly raided. Mick Ladrigan, the 1st Adjutant of the Battalion, was arrested in 1920, and I was appointed to succeed him.

Midnight and daylight raids on the houses of Volunteers being frequent, resulting in beatings, arrests and shootings, decided G.H.Q. and Brigades that the time

had come to try and meet the enemy in the field (guerilla tactics) and minimise those enemy attacks, so columns were formed in every brigade area. In December, 1920, an active service group was formed in the 6th Battalion area, composed of O/C Battalion, Seán Hogan, Jack Nagle, Jack Butler, and myself, then Battalion Adjutant. O'Mahony's, Burgess, was our usual H.Q., but members often stayed at Ned Prendergast's, Curraghtoor, and other local places.

The decision to form the flying column having been made, it was decided to take picked men from each company, British ex-servicemen being preferred. The recruiting commenced in the 6th Battalion, the members of the active service unit being first on rolls. 'D' Company gave Ned Mulcahy, Dinny Lonergan and Davie Fitzgerald; 'C' Company - Tommie Ryan and Tom Mullaney; 'F' Company - Dave Maher, Bill Mulcahy, Bill Keating, Frank Pyne, Davie Quirke and Bill O'Brien.

Dan Breen came from Brigade H.Q. to get the column in shape for the work ahead. From 'A' Company we proceeded to 'B' Company and stayed a few days at Jack Prendergast's and Mossy O'Gorman's. The former was then the Company Captain. There being strong military centres at Cahir and Clonmel, posting of scouts was carefully observed. The posting of scouts had a two-fold object - it was a course of training in military precaution work, and every member of the column received his turn at scout inspection work. Thus, members became familiar with precautionary tactics that proved beneficial later during active operation of column.



From Ballybacon Company we went to Grange Company, Battalion 5. We received a cordial welcome from Jack Lonergan, Company O/C, who later was appointed O/C Battalion. Having refreshed ourselves at Grange, we moved on to Brett's on the Clonmel-Dungarvan road, via Knocklofty, to meet Seán Cooney and Mick Patterson of Clonmel. Dan Breen and Seán Hogan had an appointment with them with a view to selecting a few reliable and trustworthy recruits from the 5th Battalion. Many men were willing to join, but arms were scarce, and, further, a very large column would not be feasible. In this way many young courageous Volunteers who would willingly fight under the leadership of Dan and Seán, had to be content with company work.

Luck favoured us en route to Brett's. We had just turned the Fingerpost Cross outside Clonmel when a contingent of foot soldiers, about 100 strong, passed on to Knocklofty. They were out on patrol duty watching for the "miscreants" who carried out such destruction work as tree felling, road trenching etc. They were also on the alert, as No. 1 Column, under the leadership of Dinny Lacey, had been in operation in the brigade area for some time. Having completed arrangements re recruits from Battalion 5, we returned to Grange and, later, to Ballybacon, and in turn visited many other company areas in battalion. All this time we were subjected to military discipline and continued our training in military tactics. Our Volunteer organisation throughout being perfect, we felt secure at all times even though we were operating in the heart of one of the greatest areas of the army of occupation. Later I shall refer in detail to their actual strength and positions.

'D' Company gave us Chris Conway, a deserter from the British Army. A bugler and ideal trainer, he was the column's No. 1 trainer for the future.

As arranged a fortnight before, we were joined by eight men from Clonmel at Brett's, where we were hospitably received - the entire column received refreshments. It was a great occasion for all members embarking on this mission. Hitherto our tactics were more or less defensive, but now we were ready to meet and return the enemy onslaught, and by a series of lightning and unexpected attacks and guerilla warfare beat the enemy at his own game. From Brett's the column proceeded over the hills to Thigancor. Here we were to experience a great sense of possession, as we had housing accommodation in genuine earnest. We had one old vacant house, with four beds between us all. We therefore took it in turns to rest, giving first preference to those who had walked most. Here we stayed two days, the local Company Captain having arranged us comfortably. From thence the column went on to Glenpatrick, which was training H.Q. for the next two weeks. Here we occupied a very large vacant house known as Glenpatrick House. Officers such as Adjts. and Section Commanders were appointed, and each member received his column no. The column now numbered twenty-six men. The Clonmel members were Mick Patterson, Dick Dalton, Seán Morrissey, Tom Kirwan, Ned Dalton, Bill Moloughney, Buddy Donoghue, Ned O'Dwyer, Matt Kinane, Ned and James Daly. The latter three only remained for the period in Glenpatrick. Kinane, being in a delicate state of health, only lived for about twelve months. Rations for the column had to be provided by the Company

Captain, who did his job well. Here we were made to realise that worldly comforts were not for column soldiers. We had no beds, just a quantity of hay on the floors and a few blankets. Our drill and training were gruelling, our leaders' object being to submit each member to the acid test of his durability and stamina, and readiness to endure the hardships and danger that were yet to follow. Often, after a strenuous day of fatigue work, we were suddenly called during the night for a 'stand to'. That meant each man was to be fully equipped and standing to attention within three minutes. The use of lights was strictly forbidden, and no noise of floundering was to be heard. At times we did not know whether it was a genuine 'stand to' at the enemy's approach or just one of the leaders acid tests. A night route march often followed, so, as a result of this fortnight in Glenpatrick, the members were hardened into outdoor military life. Eyes, ears and wits were thoroughly sharpened and keyed up, and we were eager to clash with the foe.

We had now been reinforced by Con Moloney, Seán Fitzpatrick, George Plunkett and Seán O'Meara, who stayed a few days with us and left Glenpatrick with us for Grange. The day after we had left Glenpatrick, a number of military lorries, with a party of troops numbering over one hundred, raided our training camp and searched the locality and surrounding woods.

The column then proceeded to Grange, a distance of about twenty miles, and stayed a few days there. Brigade Staff and G. Plunkett left for Rosegreen, and we went on to Ballybacon from where Dan Breen left for Dublin, leaving column in charge of Seán Hogan, with Jack Nagle as Vice O/C. We covered over again all company areas, with a view to imbibing new courage and enthusiasm

into company Volunteers. The people began to realise that an active protective force was at last at hand, and everywhere, from the Comeraghs to the Galtees, we were treated as saviours and received a hearty welcome from all units.

The activities of No. 2 Column were considerably hampered by its area of operations being centred right in the heart of a great military stronghold. The enemy forces often travelled in lorries varying from twenty to forty in number, and cavalry constantly circled through locality from Cahir military barracks, which was H.Q. South Irish Horse. In the evenings, we relaxed and enjoyed many pleasant nights in the farmers' houses, singing and dancing, many of the lads contributing to the musical programme, notably Bill Mulcahy, Tommie Ryan and Mick Patterson.

Seán was planning the capture of local police barracks in the area, such as Ballyporeen, Ardfinnan and Kilmanahan. Owing to the scarcity of ammunition, we were constantly on the alert for police patrols from those places, but they rarely left their barracks or the village precincts. We often took positions for ambushes, but the enemy seemed to be gifted with supernatural intuition, and, in disappointment, we attacked the barracks, sniping them severely and causing the occupants to fire away hundreds of rounds of ammunition and Verey lights. In the case of the Ballyporeen R.I.C., we tried three times but could never get them to come out, and on the last occasion, when column men were posted close in front and back, hoping for some of the R.I.C. to come out, the latter became aware of our forces' presence and blasted us with

such volley upon volley of concentrated fire that it was nothing short of a miracle how any of us escaped. This post was often strongly reinforced by military passing through from Clonmel to Fermoy and Kilworth Camp. Subsequently I will tell the story of the Kiltankin round-up, where the column was trapped but luckily and providentially escaped.

During that time we destroyed all main bridges, especially the Glengarr Bridge and Brackbawn Bridge on the main Dublin-Cork road. The enemy, who usually travelled in large numbers, had to use large planks to get lorries across, and often rounded up a number of men working in the fields and made them fill in the pot holes for a number of miles on the main roads. The column was ably assisted by the local Volunteers and were fortunate to have one company member - a road ganger - Mick McGrath - who took charge of these operations. 'D' Company Captain, J. Kearney, and 'G' Company, Jack Casey, in whose respective areas the bridges were, co-operated and, as often as the trenches were filled in, dug deeper ones. The result of this intensive road trenching was an increase in the numbers of their lorries and the use of armoured cars to reconnoitre ahead. In one of their scouting raids at night, British forces stole up on young O'Keeffe of Powerstown, who was on scout duty for a party of Volunteers trenching and wrecking the road at Two-mile-bridge, two hundred yards away. He attempted to escape but was shot dead.

The column went on to Ahenny, a rugged hilly spot, and delayed some days in that area, having laid in ambush for lorries often reported travelling through that district,

but something seemed to have gone wrong and no enemy showed up. Deeming it unsafe to remain any longer in the event of being rounded up, the column withdrew to Rathgormack under the guidance of the 8th Battalion O/C, the late Mce. McGrath of Carrick-on-Suir. The column had occasion often to cross to the Waterford area, and on this occasion we ran into a Waterford column near Four-mile-water. It could have spelled disaster, only the advance guards fortunately discovered in time that friends were present. After a brief exchange of greetings, we moved on to Newcastle. Travelling from area to area to Kiltankin, 'D' Company area, the column decided to make another attack on Ballyporeen Barracks, so we billeted within striking distance to await intelligence from Ballyporeen. Seán Hogan decided to send Bill Mulcahy and a few other members of that company to investigate. It was about nine o'clock, and Mulcahy personally contacted a Black and Tan in a publichouse, shot him and took his side arms. It seemed he was the only one out of barracks, and without authority. This attack got the barrack occupants going, and they kept up a continuous rain of fire and Verey lights which soon brought large reinforcements from Clogheen, five miles away, and from Cahir later on. As a reprisal, the houses of Kearney and Farrell were burned down and the occupants of the village were manhandled.

It was not expected that much enemy activity would take place until the next day and the column would be then out of reach of large raiding forces, but it seemed that the enemy had been making preparations for some days previously for an intensive and extensive

round-up of the entire valley from Cahir to Mitchelstown between the two mountain ranges, the Galtees and the Knockmealdowns. They were aware that, in addition to the Tipperary Column, the East Limerick and North Cork Columns were somewhere in that locality. Those two columns were, in fact, quite close, but, fortunately, were a little outside the round-up cordons and safely withdrew when they became aware of the enemy's presence.

On our side, the enemy started the campaign about 4 a.m. from beyond Ballyporeen, and were closing in from the direction of Mitchelstown at the same time. This round-up nearly resulted in the utter extermination of the entire column, but fortune again favoured the dauntless, and nothing short of a miracle saved us from a perfect network of organised military and cavalry detachments from the following centres - Mitchelstown, Kilworth Camp, Moorpark and Fermoy on one side, and Tipperary, Clonmel, Cahir and Clogheen on the other, totalling an estimated three thousand troops and one hundred horses. As previously stated, the column was billeted in Kiltankin, not far from the Limerick-Cork border. The enemy had been closing in from early morning from the above-mentioned centres. All points of vantage were taken by them. Every field, every house, every drain, every boreen was covered by small contingents of foot soldiers and horsemen, and a thorough and systematic combing of the whole area was made as they advanced from all directions towards Ballygiblin, which was to be our centre. As usual, the column was spread some distance apart owing to lack of close accommodation, and the first intimation we received of the enemy was from some early risers who were preparing

to go to the creamery at Ballyporeen. This was at six o'clock, and the column were in bed. In all cases, the members had barely left houses to converge and mobilise at H.Q. (assembly point) when the houses were raided and searched by the enemy. From H.Q. the military were now visible approaching in small detachments and combing the locality. The strategy of the people of the houses merits a word of appreciation. In many cases they offered tea, as it was breakfast time, to the troops, which was accepted. Every small delay gave time to the column to mobilise. At that time no one really realised the extensiveness of the round-up and the jeopardy of the column. Seán Hogan quickly sized up the situation and spoke encouragingly to the men, suggesting retreat towards Mitchelstown, hoping this line of retreat was yet open. Dave Moher, who was from the vicinity, and myself, also a local, acted as guides. Moher suggested the line of retreat across the Furrough Bog, which was remarkably low lying, and the column had to go on the double for a mile until the Kilbehenny-Ballygiblin road was reached. Seán sent me ahead to speak to a lady who had signalled to us from the road. This was Miss O'Hanrahan, Glenacunna, Ballyporeen, sister of the late Ned Hanrahan, District Court Clerk, and of D.J. O'Hanrahan, District Justice, Donegal. She was the teacher in the nearby Ballygiblin school. She stated that the whole area south as far as she could see was occupied with troops. The column had now come up, and Seán ordered them to cross the road.

The remarkable point was that the enemy had observation posts for miles around and were also at Ballygiblin, yet the miracle remains that they failed to



observe us. The column crossed the road in direct view of a detachment of Tans who were holding up creamery cars two hundred yards up the road. Fortune now, indeed, favoured us when we arrived in Mr. Molan's yard one field in from the road. This was the one man who saved the lives of the entire column, for he directed us to the one spot which afforded us shelter from the various observation posts and from the direct view of the enemy. He directed us to a small field at the back of his house and suggested seeking shelter in a large dyke at the end of the field. The fence at the end of the field was high, seven to eight feet, and the top of the fence was covered by a thick growth of furze and in the front of the dyke a large growth of sally bushes offered a shelter from front view of the breen opposite. We hurriedly took up our position in the dyke, and, though we were cramped, we were glad to have found such a favourable refuge. A detachment of about twenty horse soldiers had followed our tracks right across the Furrrough Bog, and would probably have traced us right to our present position were it not that one horse got into difficulties, having sunk down to his saddle girths in the bog. This was visible to us from our position. It was two hours before the horse was extricated. In the meantime, lorry loads of troops had been deposited on all roads to Ballygiblin, and detachments had closed in about our position. One section came up Mr. Molan's breen sixty yards in front of us and directly facing us, with their levelled rifles on the fence. One of their scouts took up position on a mound of earth fifteen to twenty feet high in Molan's yard, and remained on observation duty until the recall in the evening. Another contingent of horse came down the

boreen from the main Dublin-Cork road and, continuing for about a hundred yards down the boreen, entered the fields and cantered up to the rear of our position. The officer tried to get his horse to jump over the corner of the fence, which was rather low, and so cross our field to link up with the forces at Molan's yard. The horse refused, and after two or three attempts to get him over had failed, he led the way down to the Ballygiblin-Mitchelstown road two fields away. It was fortunate for us this happened, as he would have jumped out on top of the late Bill Mulcahy who was lying almost underneath. The enemy knew we had come this far and could not fathom our sudden and extraordinary disappearance. A member of the R.I.C. who had been in the round-up himself, later revealed this fact.

Enemy activity was then very intense; the noise of buzzing lorries dropping fresh troops all around in our vicinity pointed to the fact that we were surely discovered. Enemy observation scouts were posted on a haybarn in an adjoining field, and a few on trees, and these scouted the locality with field glasses. These tactics were adopted for a distance of miles. Entering the little field in which we were positioned was a small gate, and suddenly we noticed through the foliage of our hiding place an old colonel, wearing a fur coat and cap, and another officer advancing into the field. The colonel levelled his field glasses on every part of the field, and then Seán Hogan whispered to every man to be perfectly motionless. The colonel entered into conversation with the other officer, and after ten minutes or so they both withdrew. Military activities still continued until suddenly we heard three rapid successive

rifle shots and saw Verey lights go up from the direction of the schoolhouse. They were answered from different directions. Seán was of the opinion that this was a possible signal for attack and that we had been discovered. He addressed us with stirring words, which fired us in our hour of peril. He placed the facts and our position before us in their truest form, and explained his hopes and fears. Nothing remained for us but to die bravely like valiant soldiers of the Republic. He told us to fire accurately and collectively, and let each bullet be a missile of death. He explained that, in any case, death was inevitable, and, consequently, he wished to make the enemy purchase a dearly bought victory. He ordered that no man should break away unless instructions to that effect were given, as no possible chance of escape through the enemy's ranks was feasible, since we were encircled in a perfect network of military cordons.

From early morning until evening, all males from fifteen to seventy years were arrested and taken to local centres for identification purposes; consequently, all hope of escape was vague. The signals continued from different directions for almost another hour, and yet no sign of attack. The suspense and anxiety was even more nerve-racking than an actual engagement. Seeing that no attack was forthcoming, Seán realised that we had not yet been discovered and that the signals were in all probability for withdrawal of the troops. This proved correct, and renewed activity in the ranks of the foot troops stationed in front, directly in our view, was noticed by us and our hopes of safety were again in jeopardy, till finally we noticed that they began to withdraw. Our hopes again soared, and our leader strengthened them by

assuring us that the signals were signals of the enemy's retreat. Every man felt proud that day more than ever of our gallant leader, Seán, young in years, so cool and brave, yet old in experience. All would willingly have died for him, and with him. For more than an hour the enemy retreat continued, and finally, when all had withdrawn, we could scarcely credit that we had escaped. The age of miracles was by no means dead, as that round-up proved in our case.

Friendly Cumann na mBan brought us refreshments - tea etc., - in buckets, and, needless to say, hunger proved a good sauce. We had been fasting from 9.30 the night before, as in our hurried retreat that morning we had not partaken of breakfast. We had maintained our cramped, motionless positions all day until 5.30 p.m., and many were lying on a damp surface, which had penetrated through their clothing, causing stiffness and aching limbs. We waited for some time, hoping Mr. Molan would return, as all were anxious to again meet this patriotic old man who had been instrumental in saving the column from being wiped out. He had been taken away to Ballygiblin shortly after meeting and directing us to the one safe spot in the area, and was held until after dark with the numerous others captured.

The Kilbehenny Company Captain, Barrett, had escaped arrest, having jumped into an old pit and pulled a heap of briars over himself. He was contacted by the Cumann na mBan, and he scouted and guided us across the River Funcheon below the village on to the main Mitchelstown-Cahir road. Near the main road we received a céad míle fáilte at Power's, and crooked members received such needed stimulants given as a medicine.

The march to the Galtees began, and there we found shelter amongst those grand hospitable people. The column billeted at Regan's and other houses in the vicinity of Galtee Castle. James Regan, being a member of the column, arranged for scouts and accommodation according to the usual routine.

This Ballygiblin round-up was complete in its organisation, but it was a failure because no captures were made, notwithstanding that the enemy had within their midst a column of thirty men practically powerless. But the fates ordained that their effort should be fruitless. Most of that thirty men are alive to-day, and, with the exception of a few, all passed through the vicissitudes of the Civil War. Bill Mulcahy, Bill Cleary and Mick Patterson died a few years ago, also Tom Mullaney, R.I.P.

The irony of the situation was commented on when, two days later, Seán Hogan received intelligence that two lorries of troops, about thirty in number, were within three hundred yards of us on the Mitchelstown-Ballygiblin road for more than an hour after the military withdrawal. One of the lorries was out of order, and, during the repair work, the soldiers were resting, completely relaxed, rifles stacked, totally unaware that the sought for I.R.A. column was so near. Seán's feelings and the feelings of the column can hardly be described at the receipt of the late information. What a coup it would have been to surprise this careless party of troops and take their arms. It took a few days before the incident could be quite forgotten, but for the column it was always what was to come that engaged their thoughts.

In March, 1921, Seán Hogan received information from Brigade H.Q. of an intended attack by I.R.A. upon an enemy troop train travelling from Dublin to Cork. The place selected for the attack was near Donohill, about eight miles from Tipperary Town. En route to the appointed place, the column was reinforced by A.S.U. from Knockgraffon, among whom were Paddy Byrne, Tommie Taylor, and also by Ned Reilly, Jack Ryan (Master) and others from Rossmore A.S.U., including Seán Hayes and Paddy Kennedy from Knockgraffon. The column travelled from Newcastle across country over the Galtees, and on arrival at night went into prepared billets in the vicinity of the place of attack. After waiting for two anxious days, the troop train failed to arrive and the Brigade Staff decided to postpone the adventure, as we were delaying too long near Tipperary Town which was a large military centre. The columns, Lacey's and Hogan's, and A.S.U. consequently dispersed, each returning to its own area. Our column marched back over the Galtees, via Tincurry and Ballybacon.

During all that time, members of the column were given an intensive training, so they were feeling very fit. We were awaiting intelligence from 'E' Company (Clogheen) re military convoys reported to be passing through from Cahir fairly regularly, sometimes in large numbers and strongly escorted. Skeheenarinky Column had moved up to 'D' Company area. On one occasion we were billeted for the night, when, about midnight, O/C and staff were aroused by repeated volleys of shotgun and rifle fire. It came from about four hundred yards south of H.Q. The Column Adjutant, who was a 'D' Company man, and knew all the district so well, explained the

firing was at Cahill's Cross where one of the column men, Mr. Fogarty, nicknamed Graham, was in charge of the scouts, his home being at the other end of the crossroad. Having no idea of what had taken place, and as no immediate report on the situation was coming in, it was decided to get the entire column together in the event of an enemy round-up. The Adjutant, who was familiar with the total billeting arrangements, left word that the Company Captain, John Kearney, in whose house we were billeted, should report on the events taking place as soon as he arrived. Seán Hogan, Nagle, Butler, Mulcahy and the Adjutant, under the latter's guidance, made contact with all the men billeted at their side; all but six had been billeted above Cahill's Cross. The column waited whilst the Adjutant returned to Kearney's to get some report, but Kearney had not returned as he was on duty on the main Dublin-Cork road. The column, under the guidance of the Adjutant, then proceeded slowly to cover the distance, over half a mile, to cross the main road to the Galtees, those friendly Galtees, the home of warmhearted people. The Adjutant scouted ahead, and having safely crossed himself and having assured himself that the coast was clear, the column followed. The missing six soon arrived and Mick Fogarty told what had happened at Cahill's Cross. While in charge of the scouts at Cahill's Cross and carefully hidden, he spotted figures moving quietly in extended order coming towards him from the caves direction. Not knowing but it was a section of the column, but, being extra careful, he halted them sharply to give the countersign. The reply was "Police", so into his mind flashed the idea that it might be a joke, so he challenged them again, more sternly, and having got the

same reply, "Police", he knew it was no joke, so, taking careful aim, he fired the two barrels of the shotgun into them, resulting, as we later learned, in one dying from wounds and another severely wounded. A round-up and search of this area had been contemplated and a military force was to join the police, but the military did not arrive until later and, for the next few days, searched the lower area of the company, with no result. This was another incident where any little previous knowledge of the enemy's movements would have afforded a possible victory for the column. The Adjutant of 'D' Company, Pat Fox, one of the best Volunteers in the battalion area, brought despatches to the O/C, and the column moved back to Ballybacon area, expecting to contact a small military force of two lorries travelling between Clonmel and Ardfinnan. Our move seemed to be anticipated by the enemy, as the next time a force of ten lorries travelled instead.

Kilsheelin Barracks was to be attacked, so the column moved into billets half a mile from the barracks and awaited intelligence from the local company. The O/C, P. Stokes, kept a very careful eye on that post and reported constant military activity of troops from Clonmel and Carrick-on-Suir, both towns not being far away. The column waited two days for the signal, and had moved within a distance of three hundred yards of the post when shooting, which lasted for nearly half an hour, took place. A large convoy passing to Carrick halted for a rest at the barrack, and evidently decided to waste some of their surplus ammunition, but we thought for the moment that our plan of attack was discovered. At this time, it was nigh impossible for the local Volunteers to keep



this part of the roads trenched and blocked, as many cycling patrols were very often scouting the roads around Clonmel and Carrick-on-Suir.

Our intelligence officers reported that a convoy passed twice weekly between Cahir and Clogheen, so Brigade H.Q. decided to converge No. 1 and 2 Flying Columns and attack the convoy. Dan Breen and Con Moloney came down to assist column leaders in making the operation successful. The place of attack was fixed for Curraghclooney or Hyland's Cross, though the ambush has been called "Carrymore Ambush". It was a suitable place, though only one Irish mile from Clogheen. The columns were mustered and assumed position about 9.30 a.m., as convoy was expected any time about eleven o'clock. No. 1 took position on the Knockmealdown side, while No. 2 took position to the right on the Galtee side, their reason being that the mountains thus afforded a safe avenue of retreat for both columns. For several hours the columns remained quietly in position, but the convoy failed to show up. Our leaders, realising the danger of mustered forces remaining too long in such a military area and, further, the possibility that the enemy might have received some intelligence of our presence, decided to withdraw. Dan Breen and Con Moloney left disappointedly for Brigade H.Q. Our column had also retreated some distance, over three hundred yards, when the convoy arrived unexpectedly and was attacked by No. 1, who had not yet relinquished their position at Hyland's Cross as they were having some refreshments before retiring. The fight was sharp, short and successful. One soldier was killed, two seriously wounded, some slightly, and two were dying of wounds later. The remainder surrendered

and were disarmed. No. 2 Column was ordered by Seán Hogan, on hearing the first shots, to hurriedly take up positions, knowing the convoy had arrived and was being attacked. No. 2 took part in the attack, which was short and brief as previously explained. Knowing that the firing had been heard in Clogheen and Cahir, the columns decided to retreat - No. 1 towards Newcastle, No. 2, to the friendly Galtees. The columns received good co-operation from the Company Captain, Tommy O'Connor, who had been a member of the Tipperary football team at Croke Park on Bloody Sunday, and from several members of the Garrymore Company. That was on April 23rd 1921.

D.I. Potter, in civilian attire, who was out in the Ballyporeen district, was motoring alone from Clogheen when he ran into the ambush. He tried to get across a back road and ran into a party of Lacey's Column, who promptly held him up and searched him. Finding his revolver on the car seat, they made him a prisoner. No. 1 Column took him with 'H' Company, and, though dogged by the enemy for miles, through the co-operation of the local Volunteers in the companies they passed through ('C', Graigue, and 'B', Ballybacon, where the Battalion O/C and the Company Captain made all the necessary arrangements), the column and its prisoner passed safely on to Newcastle. Potter was later executed as a reprisal for the hanging of Thos. Traynor, R.I.P. No. 2 Column, under the guidance of the Burncourt Company Captain, John Casey, retreated to the Galtees, passing through Rehill Wood. The column had only crossed the by-road from Burncourt to Ballylooby and were in Casey's house when two full lorries of troops passed on to Burncourt, followed in a short time by three more coming from Cahir Barracks. They were also passing along the

main Cahir-Mitchelstown road, this being, of course, the main Cork-Dublin road also. This looked like a round-up, so Seán Hogan sent a dispatch to John Kearney, 'D' Company, Skeheenarinky, to arrange for the column's reception in the Galtees. Capt. Casey and John and Tommy Tobin, 1st Lieut., scouted ahead to 'D' Company area, where the Adjutant was waiting to take column to arranged billets. Kiely's was again H.Q. The Company O/C, J. Kearney, arrived and took extra precautions with the outposts. He arranged vigilant scouts to warn and signal every sign of enemy movements and activities. The area in which column was billeted was very mountainous.

Acting on intelligence reports received from Seán Sharkey, I/O 5th Battalion, that some motor cars and motor cycles were available in Clonmel and could easily be seized, Seán Hogan instructed six members of the column who had some knowledge of motoring, to secure those cars and go to Brigade H.Q. with them. The six selected were Mick Patterson, Tim Kirwan, Tom Mullaney, Ned Dalton, Paddy Hackett and myself. Having gone across country to Grange, Jack Lonergan reported two cars at Woodroffe which proved to be of no use - one was very old, the other was locked. One car and one motor cycle were seized in Clonmel, the car by Ned Dalton, and the motor cycle by Mick Patterson, who took it from under the very noses of Auxiliaries billeted in the Central Hotel. That was on our second day in Clonmel, where we stayed with Mick Patterson's aunt, Mrs. Gleeson, Mitchell St. We were visited there by Seán Sharkey and the late Seán Cooney, who gave us the necessary information re time and place for the seizures. The small number we got was a disappointment

After the six of us had left for Clonmel, the column were resting in their billets before being mobilised when they were surprised by a large party of horse troops who galloped up the two roads to the Galtees. Matters could have been very bad only for the quickness and initiative of Tom Fogarty, brother of Michael, a column member. Tom was a member of the late Liam Lynch's unit in Cork, but was home for a few days. Tom, seeing the cavalry coming along the lower road, flew at express speed to warn the column, who quickly mobilised for action. Before the men at one of the houses directly on the Galtee Castle line could be warned, the cavalry were on them. One of the men, Christy Conway, was resting in a chair in the yard. Another, Dave Moher, was resting on the bed in the room when the horsemen dashed into the yard. Conway, an ex-soldier, made a dash for it and got out under the belly of the officer's horse and caused a stampede for a while amongst the other horses. He rushed round to the back of the house, from the window of which Dave Moher had flung out the equipment. The equipment included Frank Pyne's + another member who had gone to the next house some time before and had not returned. Conway and Moher, being men of powerful physique, took the arms and equipment, dodged into a ravine in the side of the hill at the back of the house and were out of view in a short time.

The military delayed searching the house for a few minutes, which gave the boys time to escape. Pyne, rushing back, was captured, but, being unarmed, was quick to say he was working around and was only hurrying in to Mrs. Fitzgerald, who was alone in the house. He was later identified, was courtmartialled and

sentenced to five or so years imprisonment. The cavalry immediately retreated with their prisoner, and strong forces were hurried to the scene and an extensive raid took place which lasted for two days. Tom Fitzgerald, about sixty years of age, owner of the house, was arrested and tried by courtmartial. He was fined £100, or twelve months in prison. Realising that, owing to the speedy departure of the cavalry, an attempt to rescue Pyne was useless, Seán Hogan decided to retreat across the Galtees to Brigade H.Q. and rejoin the members who had been sent on the motor car mission.

The enemy, expecting the column to cross the mountains, had preparations made for reception at the other side. Fortunately, the column only encountered a small body of the enemy, an advance guard of a larger force, and, having exchanged fire, deemed it advisable to cross the Suir by a ford before being entirely surrounded. From Kilmoyler they successfully crossed the Suir near the Moat of Knockgraffon, and without any further contact with the enemy they arrived at Rosegreen, where they were later joined by the motor section.

It was then (April, 1921) noticeable that the enemy were employing more cavalry and were moving out in all the areas. Later in that period - in the summer months before the Truce - cavalry were used in co-operation with foot soldiers.

Again around that time, say April or May, 1921, the following houses were blown up as an official reprisal by British forces: Mrs. Tobin's, Tincurry House; Tom O'Gorman's, Burncourt Castle; Mulcahy's, The Caves; Keating's, Ballylooby; James Slattery's, Kilbeg; McCarthy's, Drumlummin, and O'Dwyer's, Ballydavid.

Intelligence reported frequently, almost daily, that two or three lorries of Black and Tans passed on the Cahir-Clonmel road, and their time of passing varied from 1 p.m. to 1.30 p.m. It was decided to ambush them, so both columns converged at Derrygarth to make arrangements for the attack. Our column, being at Tigachor, made a detour and crossed near golf links above Clonmel, then on through Grange, and from there to Nicholas town, about three miles from Cahir. We awaited there the arrival of No. 1 Column, which had to travel south via Clerihan. The two columns met at Derrygarth. Seán and the O/C of No. 1 Column, Dinny Lacey, quietly made the necessary arrangements, and the columns quietly moved in formation to Barne. Positions of advantage were quickly taken and in such a way that, should a stronger force than usual come and the columns be forced to retreat, they could do so in order and keep in touch with each other for a considerable distance.

A section of No. 1 Column, under Seán Kennedy, machine-gunner, took up a position behind the demesne wall with a Hotchkiss machine-gun, commanding a view of the main road for more than one hundred yards as far as Hayden's publichouse. The road to Clerihan runs by the side of the demesne wall, with Hayden's forge opposite. The first lorry was to be allowed to pass the publichouse and come within fifty yards or so of the demesne wall, when the machine-gun party would open fire. Simultaneously, two selected men were to push out empty horse carts and block both roads. The forge, of course, was a shelter for three column men. It was expected that, should the first lorry escape the machine-gun volley, the cart obstructions would upset it and, likewise, the second lorry.

The lorries usually travelled very fast, with a small intervening distance, and we anticipated that the obstruction would possibly overturn the first and give the following lorries very little time to avoid crashing likewise. The columns were in positions at both sides of the road, some directly inside the fences to deal with any Tans likely to jump off the lorries and take up defensive positions. A few were placed in sniping positions further back, and back far enough to close in on the rear of lorries should the distance between them be greater than usual. All passing traffic was held up, and quietly and quickly sent down two by-roads out of view and danger. Guards were placed over them.

The columns maintained their positions for about three and a half hours, but they were disappointed. Fortunately for the enemy, they had left Cahir as usual and had travelled out a few miles when the steering went wrong on one of the lorries, running it into the ditch and disabling it. It had to be towed back to Cahir, where it took a considerable time to repair. We got this information some time later. This incident, I'm sure, deprived the columns of a great victory, as the enemy party were forty strong and we held nearly all the advantages. About 4 p.m., the futility of further delay was realised and it was decided to vacate our positions, and retreat. It was also expected that the enemy would be informed of our movements at Barne and would muster in overwhelming numbers in their efforts to round us up. A couple of hundred cars had been detained, and when they were allowed to go, they invoked such enthusiasm in their departure that it afforded much amusement to the men. The clattering of thundering hoofs beating on the road could be heard even in the distance.

Disappointed, cold and hungry, the columns moved off in the Clerihan direction. No. 1 went towards Rosegreen. We branched off to Powerstown and billeted convenient to Anner River, with H.Q. at John Dillon's. The column did not go into billets, but 'stood to arms'. All roads and avenues to Dillon's were safeguarded, scouts being placed at numerous points. The entire column, having partaken of refreshments at Dillon's, were now on the alert, as Seán believed that the enemy, when sufficiently reinforced, would endeavour to round up the column. Information having reached Clonmel and Cahir of our activities in Barne, strong military contingents were rushed there and began to trail us. From our position we heard, at 10 p.m., the hum of lorries passing along the Clerihan and nearer roads. They came so close that on one occasion scouts nearest to our position reported their advance. Cycling corps were also reported in the vicinity. Later we heard that a large body of horse were co-operating with them. Luckily, they began to move off in Clerihan direction, probably having received intelligence of No. 1 Column's movements in that direction. The enemy kept up the search all night, but about 2 a.m. on Sunday morning they retired. The column were billeted within a small circle for a few hours rest. Seán Cooney and Seán Sharkey arrived early from Clonmel and reported on the situation there, which seemed to have quietened down a little. Seán Sharkey took a photograph of members of the column present at the time; some members had not yet returned from billets and so missed being included. This photograph is reproduced in Dan Breen's book - "My fight for Irish freedom".



Intelligence reported all clear, so Seán decided to cross the River Suir at Derrinlaur. During the passage by boat across the Suir, awkwardness by someone caused the small boat to overturn, and resulted in nearly drowning two members - Frank Pyne and Bill Keating. They were pluckily saved by the quickness and energy of Tom Quinlan, a powerful swimmer. Their arms and a rifle and shotgun were lost. After a short rest, the column moved on to Newcastle. Seán, having heard that some of the police of Kilmanahan Barracks were again moving out some distance from their post, hoped to surprise them. We stayed two days in that locality, but they failed to appear. A few of the column sniped the barracks to keep them scared. We moved on towards Graigue and Clogheen, and from there to Burncourt and Skeheenarinky, where we took on some more members, namely, Tim Mulcahy, Bill Cleary, James Butler, Gabriel McGrath, Martin Lyons, Thos. O'Gorman, and James Regan. Those were all armed with good type double barrel shotguns. A few days later, we were joined by Denis McAuliffe, also armed, and on the return to Newcastle, Paddy Hackett joined us, fully equipped from that company. Two men from the 8th Battalion, Jack Power and Jim Doherty, J. Fitzgerald from Clonmel (who stayed for a time), and Jack Hayes, a Kerryman, porter at Clonmel Station, were also accepted, so we were then a large body of men.

Intelligence was received from Jack Casey, O/C Burncourt Company, of repeated visits of two military officers, Jones and Gaffney, sometime escorted, often on a motor cycle from Clogheen, to loyalist houses in and near the village. It frequently occurred that during those visits raids followed upon local Volunteers' houses,

but, unfortunately, before intelligence of their visits could reach the column, they had returned to their barracks. Three abortive attempts were made to get them, but the column, having to travel from a distance, arrived too late to intercept them. The O/C column consequently decided to teach their allies a lesson and make known to the enemy that hence forward they should come in greater forces, as all their tactics were known to us, and that reprisal would be met by reprisal. Some time previous to the formation of the column, Volunteers' homes were raided and Volunteers brutally beaten by enemy forces, masked in some cases. McGrath's home in the village was raided in the early hours, and the brothers, Mce. and Patrick, were cruelly beaten and shot at. Bill Butler, John and Mick Casey (brothers) were also beaten. The reason for those raids was a reprisal for raids on loyalists in the locality for their arms. Jack Nagle, Vice O/C, and sixteen men were sent to raid these loyalist houses in the village, and do a bit of wrecking as a warning. It certainly seemed to have had a good effect, as there were less enemy raids in the village.

The night attacks and beatings of the Volunteers mentioned above were carried out one week after the shooting in Ballydavid of the O'Dwyer brothers. Pat Fox, Kilvanogue, was also ill-treated on this occasion, and his haybarn burned down. The two houses of the McGrath brothers were also wrecked, and the inhabitants, from the grandfather to the tiny grandson, were flung out into the field in their night attire.

The column moved from area to area, and then word came from the Brigade H.Q. to move to the Nire Valley to

dig dumps for the purpose of concealing a cargo of arms which was expected to be landed off the Dungarvan coast. The Nire Valley nestles between an encircling range of hills, is situated between Dungarvan and Clonmel, and on these hills arrangements were made to stow temporarily the munitions and guns. The Nire was in the Waterford Brigade area, and the Company O/C had been instructed to co-operate with the column in getting dumps hurriedly made. The usual programme of scouts, billeting, etc., was enforced, thereby safeguarding the column from any surprise attacks. The local company rendered valuable assistance, and, after a fortnight of strenuous work, a dozen dumps or so were lined and completed. They were never used, as the cargo could not be landed near Dungarvan owing to the vigilance of the coast guard authorities.

A special word of praise is due to the people of the Nire Valley for their kindness and hospitable reception to the column while sojourning in their midst: Piery Wall, and the other Walls, the Hogans, Brazils, Powers, Guirys, and so many other kind and loyal friends of the movement. At a later date, this little historic hillside, ever the home of the rebel, sheltered many famous I.R.A. leaders during the civil war, amongst them Eamon de Valera, and the late General Liam Lynch, R.I.P.

Operations of No. 2 Flying Column, 3rd Tipperary Brigade, in Co. Kilkenny:

In May, 1921, it was decided that No. 2 Flying Column should move into the Kilkenny Brigade area, and link up with the active service units there and help to carry out attacks on the enemy at various points. There were long route marches from company area to company area,

and consultations were held with local officers to obtain information and assistance from them, and from active service units in the carrying out of operations. The companies were fairly well organised and ready to co-operate, but lacking much in arms and ammunition, which was a general complaint. On arrival near Kilmannagh, local intelligence officers informed us that two or three lorries of enemy troops passed by daily from Callan. Our O/C, Seán Hogan, decided to attack these lorries, and had his men take up positions in the village of Kilmannagh. Our column was joined by an A.S.U. of nine or eleven men from the local battalion. Local scouts did guard on the area and made the necessary arrangements which were usually done, such as preparing to block roads etc.

The column and A.S.U. took up strategic positions in the village about 9.30 a.m. on May 13th, 1921. As strict a watch as possible was kept to prevent people leaving, and those entering were held under guard. The post office was taken over, and the column instructor and trainer, Chris. Conway, was put in charge there. He was an ex-British soldier who had deserted whilst on leave and joined the column. He was from 'D' Company, 6th Battalion, and was a neighbour of mine. A great disciplinarian, he was a good man for the job. It was necessary to try and prevent any information from getting out. Notwithstanding our vigilant precautions, word reached the enemy. It was later reported that two ex-British soldiers managed to get through and warned the enemy when some distance away from the village. After several hours waiting, the O/C realised that the enemy must have been aware of our presence and plans, and was, perhaps, preparing an attack.

The column wisely vacated the village and moved some miles, under local guidance, to Oldtown and Newtown, until darkness made it desirable to billet some place for food and rest. We billeted, however, under the great difficulties of not being familiar with the area and the risk of an enemy attack before food and rest were procured. We realised that the enemy was probably closing in and, perhaps, centring upon the area, awaiting a suitable time and hour to commence the attack. Most likely, they were aware we were not Co. Kilkenny men and could not have proceeded far from Kilmannagh before darkness.

The enemy mustered forces from Callan, Kilkenny and other military and police centres, and concentrated for the round-up. The column, having travelled for several days, with long route marches, needed rest, and after considerable difficulty we were billeted at some distance apart. Six men were the most that could be billeted in one house; most houses could take only three. This was our greatest danger in strange territory, unless guides were at hand and scouts on the alert to hold their posts. Billeting arrangements completed and with scouts on duty, the column men retired. It was usual for column members to stay up at night, each in turn, to inspect guards on outposts.

Ned Alyward, O/C 7th Battalion, Kilkenny Brigade, arrived at H.Q. to discuss plans with Seán Hogan re future actions. I understand an intensive and extensive campaign of road blocking, trenching etc., to impede the enemy's progress, was to be carried out during our stay in the area. As Adjutant of the column, I always stayed with the O/C and the Vice O/Cs Jack Nagle

and Jack Butler. Soon after Ned Alyward leaving, about midnight, I said that, before turning in, I would call to see Bill Cleary, another 6th Battalion man, who was on guard inspection duty that night and who was staying at a house about three hundred yards from H.Q. I asked Bill did he make an inspection of the outposts, and he said he had called at four points but only two scouts were on guard, with none at the nearest point. Together we visited the posts again and found the men had not yet turned up, so, fearing something had gone wrong, I decided to report to the O/C. I told Bill to hold the post until my return with orders. I reported to Seán and was about to return when I heard a faint sound in the distance, like the hum of an engine. I listened until it became clearer, so I reported back at once. Seán gave orders for a 'stand to' and told me to get the column together at H.Q. It was some considerable time before the column were together, owing to the difficulties of darkness and delays. By that time, intense military activity was evident. The enemy's lorries were gradually getting nearer and we could plainly hear the general hum of the engines. Troops were dropped at various points and advanced quietly to take up positions to await the morning's light for the attack.

Our position was such, owing to darkness and without knowledge of the country, we feared to advance one direction or another lest an ambush awaited us. Our only hope was to try and pierce the cordon and retire towards Ballingarry on the Tipperary border. We could return at a later date. By that time, two lorries had dropped troops at their last outpost at a crossroads.

Lights from lorries flickered and dotted along the distant roads at various points, so Seán Hogan decided to keep the column moving as we were then almost surrounded. The enemy lights helped us in their own way, and by sheer luck, or for some other reason, we were fortunate enough to choose a point of advance through the enemy lines which was yet open.

After hours of forced marching, daylight and fatigue amongst the men compelled the O/C to take the chance of getting some rest and refreshments. Being physically exhausted and hungry, most of the men fell asleep where they sat down. We decided to billet at the next houses and obtain rest and food before moving on again.

The column did so. The O/C, with Vice O/C J. Nagle, Tommie Ryan (former Vice O/C, 6th Battalion, a much sought for man and a member of the Tipperary team on Bloody Sunday), Jack Butler, Tom Mullaney, Seán Morrissey (at a later period Vice O/C, 5th Battalion), and three members of the Kilkenny A.S.U. billeted some distance from the other members of the column. The O/C studied his map and then sought billets in a house in the fields some distance from the road, which commanded a view of the crossroads in the distance. An hour or so elapsed, during which military lorries were passing by in the distance every ten minutes or so. The people of the house vacated it on the arrival of the I.R.A., so Tommie Ryan volunteered to cook some food for the hungry men, the meal consisting of tea, puddings and fresh pork. No opportunity was given to do justice to the meal. They were just about to eat when the workman attached to the farm rushed in and said that three lorries of Black

and Tans were pulled up at the entrance gate down the avenue. This was the signal that the enemy were in view. The Tans saw the man rushing into the house, so instead of coming frontal to attack, they decided they would surround the house from all sides. This gave our men the opportunity to get out and to take up positions. They watched the Tans approaching and decided they would not open fire until they were within one hundred yards range. The Tans decided differently. They opened rapid fire on the house, after crossing the road, and delayed advancing, the reason being they thought the I. R. A. were walking into a death trap, or were in one already, as a large force of military were advancing from the rear, and, perhaps, they wished to avoid the range of fire from the military.

The military had taken up a position to the rear of the house, behind the crest of a hill. As our men retreated, they faced the Tans; consequently, their backs were turned to the military and would have proved easy targets, but the officer in charge evidently wanted to capture our men alive. Fortunately, Seán Morrissey, casually glancing over his shoulder, noticed the military within fifty yards of the fence. Seán calmly called, "Tin hats at the other side of the ditch".

The military officer shouted "surrender", believing he had an easy capture, but he made a mistake; he had not nine children to deal with. The party were picked and fearless men, and death held no terrors for them. No sooner had the officer shouted "surrender" than our men responded with a rapid volley of revolver shots. Seán Hogan, firing his parabellum, almost emptied the large magazine. That magazine, to my recollection, contained



about thirty-two bullets, and the parabellum had a shoulder stock. This sounded like a machine-gun. The officer and seven of his men fell; the remainder retreated in terror for cover. Seán Hogan, seizing the advantage of the enemy's surprise, rushed his men over a low fence to the right flank. The Tans, meanwhile, had moved several yards clear, and now concentrated their fire on the very gap our men were passing through, the result being two men of the Kilkenny A.S.U. were shot in the act of getting through. Hogan and the others kept at the double for nearly two miles across country in the direction of the Tipperary border. During an interval of rest after this exertion, they noticed great military activity in the distance, an intensive search of the locality being made, but it was not possible for them to make contact with the main body of the column. Under the circumstances, and realising it was better to keep attention away from the main party, they decided to make for Ballingarry, knowing the rest of the column would, at the first opportunity, do likewise. After much difficulty, tired and worn out with fatigue, they safely arrived at Ballingarry.

There, two days later, they were rejoined by the rest of the column. As regards the other members of the column, when the heavy firing was heard in the distance, the main body of the column mobilised at the house of a County Councillor, a Mr. Blackburn, I think his name was. We owe this man a lot for his courage and friendship. Being a considerable distance away from the sounds, we had to move and act cautiously to prevent being surprised. A difference of opinion between two members of the column as to who should take charge of the party arose, and became very heated for some time. One man from the 6th Battalion,

though a first-class soldier, was a bit of a bully, and it annoyed him when our choice fell on a 5th Battalion man who was quiet and reserved but most suitable to act as leader. We, at least on my suggestion as Adjutant, we shared the command with a 6th Battalion man who was also suitable and highly efficient. He was later a Captain in the Free State Army.

This matter settled, it was decided to send a scout, a workman on the farm, to reconnoitre and bring back all the news possible. For some time a lull in the firing occurred, so we hoped that perchance the enemy were only "pot shooting" at nothing in particular, which was a frequent occurrence with them. We then decided to send the scout to contact the O/C and his party before making any move. The scout was picked up some distance away by the enemy, and taken to Callan Barracks. Having waited a considerable time for his return, uneasiness set in amongst us and we realised something had gone wrong. The County Councillor volunteered to go and try to find out the position. He returned after a long period of time, with the news of the fight, but stated that the O/C and his party had escaped. He said the enemy had now withdrawn in a southerly direction. He also said the enemy were in large numbers and were combing out the area to the south. He suggested maintaining our position until late in the evening, when we could retreat in safety. This was excellent advice, indeed. We realised then that we could be of no assistance to the O/C and his party, as we were ignorant of their whereabouts, and knew that they were capable of looking after themselves. We adopted his suggestion and stayed until darkness.

Luckily for us, under the cover of night we got through the enemy lines safely, and kept going under the guidance of local scouts until we got through to safety some miles north of Ballingarry. The enemy, on the following morning, again concentrated on the districts we had left and passed through. Exhausted, our entire force lay down to rest in a farmhouse one field from the road, and, with few exceptions, fell into a dead sleep anywhere and everywhere in the house. During our spell of rest there, several lorries, evidently some of those coming or returning from the round-up, passed by. It was lucky for us they had not discovered us, as the men were in poor condition for fight.

Later, we learned that several people were arrested in the area around Tubrid where the engagement took place, and also that two spies had been executed. Intelligence reached us from the O/C of his whereabouts, ordering us to rejoin him immediately. Without further mishap, we continued on and soon the column was re-united again. We felt proud of the achievements of our O/C and his party, which were modestly told. Seán Morrissey got the nick-name of "Tin Hat". We felt a pang of sorrow for our two brave Kilkenny comrades who had made the supreme sacrifice, but sorrow only lasts for a while, and, though remembering the noble dead, we were still only a stone's throw away from death ourselves, everyday that dawned, and philosophically we hoped for the best to happen. After a little further sojourning, we crossed down the country to our home territories.

I append to this statement a list of the Battalion and Company Officers of the 6th Battalion, Tipperary No. 3 Brigade:

Battalion Staff,  
6th Battalion, 3rd Tipperary Brigade,  
up to Truce, 1921.

1st O/C - Ned McGrath, Cottage, Cahir. (now deceased).  
 2nd O/C - Seán Hogan.  
 3rd O/C - Seán Prendergast, Tullow, Ardfinnan, Cahir.

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Vice O/C - Tommie Ryan (Lt. Col. and now of Dublin).  
 do. - Mick Ladrigan, Cahir. (also acted for O/C  
 and as Adj. for a  
 period).  
 do. - Seán Myles, Ballylooby, Cahir.  
 do. - Seán Nagle, Knockgraffin, Cahir.

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Adjutant - Wm. Casey, Ballingearry E., Cahir, Co. Tipperary  
 do. - Maurice A. McGrath, "Cascade View", Clogheen,  
 Co. Tipperary.  
 do. - Thos. Byrne, Ardfinnan. (now deceased).

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I/O - Thomas O'Mahony, The Square, Cahir, Co. Tipp.

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Q/M - Wm. Dempsey, now of Dublin.

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Lt. Despatches- Michael O'Mahony, Burgess, Ballylooby,  
 Cahir, Co. Tipperary.

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Battalion Staff,  
6th Battalion, 3rd Tipperary Brigade,  
up to Truce, 1921.

(Contd.)

O/C Police - Seán Myles, Ballylooby, Cahir, Co. Tipperary

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N.B. Prior to 11th July, 1921, the following  
Battalion Officers were arrested and  
interned at date mentioned:

O/C - Ned McGrath, Cottage, Cahir, Co. Tipperary.  
(arrested October, 1920).

V. O/C - Mick Ladrigan, Abbey St., Cahir, Co. Tipperary.  
(arrested October, 1920).

Adj. - Wm. Casey, Ballingearry, Cahir, Co. Tipperary.  
(arrested October, 1920).

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Company and other Officers,  
6th Battalion, 3rd Tipperary Brigade.

'A' Company (Tincurry).

Coy. Capt.	-	Jer. O'Dwyer, Garryclogher, Cahir, Co. Tipperary.	"
1st Lieut.	-	John Ryan, Whitechurch,	"
2nd Lieut.	-	Ml. Regan, Clonmore Sth.,	"
Adjutant	-	Thos. Tobin, " " "	"

'B' Company (Ballybacon).

Coy. Capt.	-	Mce. O'Gorman, Cahroe, Ardfinnan, Co. Tipp.	"
1st Lieut.	-	Ml. O'Donnell, Kilameneen,	"
Adjutant	-	Thos. Byrne (decd.)	"

'C' Company (Graigue).

Coy. Capt.	-	Patrick O'Donnell, Castlegrace, Clogheen, Co. Tipperary.	"
1st Lieut.	-	Michael Slattery, Graigue,	"
2nd Lieut.	-	Thos. Murphy,	"
Q/M	-	Jas. Sullivan,	"
Coy. Capt. to 1920	-	Denis Looby, Castlegrace.	"

'D' Company (Skeheenarinky).

Coy. Capt.	-	J.J. Kearney, Coolagarranroe, Clogheen, Co. Tipperary.	"
1st Lieut.	-	Ned Mulcahy,	"
2nd Lieut.	-	Thos. Kiely, Drom, Thurles.	"
Adjutant	-	Patrick Fox, Coolagarranroe, Clogheen, Co. Tipperary.	"
Quartermaster-		M. McGrath & D. Fitzgerald.	

Company and other officers,  
6th Battalion, 3rd Tipperary Brigade.

(Contd.)

'E' Company (Garrymore & Clogheen).

Coy. Capt.	-	W. Condon, Clogheen. (decd.)	
do.	-	Thos. O'Connor, "	
1st Lieut.	-	John McCarthy, Drumba <sup>?</sup> , Clogheen.	
2nd Lieut.	-	John O'Connor, Garrymore.	
Adjutant	-	Thos. McCarthy.	
Q/M	-	John Meehan.	
I/O	-	Jas. Kiely, Clogheen,	
Lt. Disp.	-	Pat Conway, Garrymore.	

'F' Company (Ballyporeen).

Coy. Capt.	-	Morgan Lyons, Gorteeshal, Ballyporeen, Cahir, Co. Tipperary.
do.	-	P. Kennedy, Coolantallagh, Burncourt.
1st Lieut.	-	David Slattery, Lisfuncheon, Ballyporeen, Cahir.
2nd Lieut.	-	Pat Fox, now in U.S.A.
Adjutant	-	John Kearney, Kiltankin, Kilbehenny, Mitchelstown.

'G' Company (Burncourt).

Coy. Capt.	-	John Casey, Boolakennedy, Burncourt, Cahir, Co. Tipperary.
1st Lieut.	-	Thos. Tobin, Glengana, "
2nd Lieut.	-	Wm. Cleary, " "
Adjutant	-	Tim Mulcahy, Crannagh, Ballyporeen, Cahir.
Lt. Desp.	-	John Casey, Bally <sup>?</sup> , Clogheen, "
Lt. Eng.	-	P. Casey, Boolakennedy, " "

Company and other officers,  
6th Battalion, 3rd Tipperary Brigade.

(Contd.)

'H' (Cahir) Company.

Coy. Capt. - Ml. O'Donnell, Cahir. (decd.)  
1st Lieut. - John O'Donoghue, " (decd.)  
2nd Lieut. - Wm. O'Connor, "  
Adjutant - Mat Fitzgerald, Loughlogher, Cahir,  
Co. Tipperary.

'K' (Rehill Company.

Coy. Capt. - Wm. O'Connor, Rehill.  
1st Lieut. - D. Sheehan, Kilcoran, Cahir, Co. Tipperary.

Number of men in companies of 6th Battalion, 3rd Tipperary  
Brigade, 11th July, 1921:

'A'	Company	-	Tincurry	-	60
'B'	"	-	Ballybacon	-	39
'C'	"	-	Graigue	-	38
'D'	"	-	Skeheenarinky		73
'E'	"	-	Garrymore & Clogheen	-	40
'F'	"	-	Ballyporeen		43
'G'	"	-	Burncourt	-	30
'H'	"	-	Cahir	-	28
'K'	"	-	Rehill	-	31
Battalion Staff				-	7
<u>Total Strength</u>				-	<u>389</u>

Signed: Maurice A. McGrath

Date: 3rd December '57

Witness: Grace

(Investigator).

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