

WAR SPECIAL

An TÓSLÁC

[REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER.]

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

Dublin Honours the Brave

Nine gallant Irishmen carried to their last resting-place, and half the population of Dublin crowding to do them honour.

What are these latter thinking as they march behind that solemn procession, or stand bare-headed in the street to see it pass, or wait in the rain by the open grave?

"They have died for Ireland—but, oh, the pity of it! for they might have lived."

"They have not fallen in battle against the ancient enemy, but at the hands of brother Irishmen."

"They who fought and suffered for freedom are cut down just as it dawned, a sacrifice of the mad folly of a few of their comrades."

"To that obstinacy in folly yet more young lives must be sacrificed, more homes must be desolated, more territory laid waste."

"And to what end? Where do these people think they are leading us? What purpose do they expect to achieve? What cause to serve?"

"Our lives, our homes, our pride, our possessions, our happiness, our achievement, our hope—all laid waste—and for what?"

Questions these that cry for an answer; and who of those who have taken up arms against their country can answer them—except with phrases?

Blood and tears against formulas. How long will the Irregulars cling to their sterile choice?

The Famine-makers

The frustrated coup of the Irregulars against the communications round Dublin was only one of many acts directed solely against the civilian population.

But, had it succeeded, it would have been the most effective.

Its object was to starve the city and those large areas of Leinster and Connacht for which the city is the distributing centre.

Had the plan succeeded, distress would already be acute. Babies, in particular, would be on the verge of starvation—those very babies who, according to the intelligent forecasting of the Irregular politicians, are to win through "some day" when this generation is wiped out.

The men engaged in carrying out this dastardly outrage against their countrymen all surrendered without firing a shot.

And, no doubt, are already demanding to be treated as prisoners of war.

Doubtless, too, when they have grown accustomed to the routine of Irregular prison warfare, these famine-makers will have the walls of the city plastered with complaints about the manner in which their food is served.

Abolishing Civilians

While Mr. Aylward's "order," authorising his followers to slaughter any civilian who refuses to assist these desperadoes to destroy their country, is still fresh in our minds, the circular read at the Labour Congress comes to clinch that threat of intensive action against the Irish people.

We were to have been shot for refusing to work for the Irregulars; now we are to be shot for working for our own elected Government.

We were to have been shot for refusing to starve ourselves by destroying our railways; now we are to be shot for attempting to feed ourselves by rebuilding our railways.

What it comes to is that civilians are abolished. Everyone who refuses to co-operate with the Irregulars is to be shot. Everyone who co-operates with the Government is to be shot. In short, the whole Irish Nation is liable to be shot.

The only people who are not to be shot are the Irregulars.

They are to have the exclusive right to surrender. They are then to be comfortably housed in internment camps, fed like fighting cocks, given parole (but not expected to keep it), and on no account to be stopped by violent methods if they attempt to escape.

The Irregulars have been losing steadily. They have lost the elections; they have lost the battle; they have lost all public regard; they have lost honour; they have lost all sense of humanity; and now they have lost the last shreds of what remained of their sense of humour.

Any Soldier in the National Army to Any Old Comrade in the Irregulars

COMRADE,

The defeat of the Army would not give you a Republic.

It would plunge you into a fresh war with England.

You are not fighting the Irish soldiers of to-day for complete Independence.

The death of every National Soldier in arms would only bring you nearer to slavery.

The loss of every young Irishman in arms today is a gain to the nation's enemies—no one else.

Your warfare will pauperise the nation for years to come.

Day by day you are assisting in the creation of a huge national debt.

The money that should be spent on better housing, the development of national industries, the drainage and irrigation of Irish soil, the provision of improved transport systems, will all be monopolised to repair the destruction and havoc you have caused.

An TÓSÍÁC

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The Challenge

By an overwhelming majority the people declared in favour of the measure of freedom embodied in the Treaty at the last election.

The Irregulars refused to abide by the popular verdict, and accordingly they set out to hamper the National Government.

Immediately following the result of the election, a party of Irregulars occupied a business concern in Dublin, and proceeded to seize property wholesale.

Their only authority was the guns they carried.

This was a direct challenge to the people's rights which no government could ignore.

For months previously they had been hampering the life of the nation.

They had occupied buildings, seized foodstuffs in large quantities without payment, robbed Irish banks on an extensive scale.

The Government refrained from taking precipitate action; rather it was sought to restore peace and order by negotiation and conference.

For many weary weeks the Army Chiefs conferred with the leaders of the Irregulars, in the hope of saving the country from the loss of life and bloodshed a conflict must entail.

The Irregulars maintained the pretence of negotiating, while they secretly made preparations for a coup d'état against their own Government.

If their scheme had succeeded we should now be in the midst of a ravaging war with England.

The will of the plain unarmed people counted for nothing with those men; the power of the gun was everything.

In these circumstances the Government's duty was clear.

With all the forces at its command, it was bound to protect the lives and property of the people, else it failed in its primary obligation and ceased to be a Government.

If the last soldier had to be sacrificed that the nation's will should be supreme, then that soldier must be given.

During the past eight weeks the Army has gone far to remove this menace to the personal liberty of Irish citizens. But this has not been achieved without a heavy cost.

Some of the bravest and best of our young manhood have gone down in the conflict.

Many of them had braved the dangers of the war against England, only to meet death at the hands of their misguided countrymen.

But the cause of Personal Liberty, equally with that of National Liberty, is sacred and supreme.

And any challenge to that liberty, be it from within or without the nation, must be contested.

The welfare of the people is the supreme law.

With General Prout's Army in the Field

The most effective propaganda for the cause of democratic government in Ireland is the Irregulars. Everywhere they go they leave behind dread of their return. Last week the inhabitants of a wide area in Southern Kilkenny gave me evidence of the deep sense of relief which the oncoming of the National troops had brought them.

These people had endured a long period of Irregular domination. They looked back to that time with horror of the license, disorder and anxiety of it all. In a small village a woman told me nine Irregulars entered where she and an aged servant and two small children occupied the house. They demanded food; they planted their rifles anywhere about the kitchen; one of them placed a bomb on the mantelpiece. Imagine the continued agony of that silent threat to these poor women. Many instances of indiscriminate quarterings on large families of poor people who had little prospect of more food reaching their district were told me. De Valera promised a wading through his countrymen's blood. These Irregular commandeerings and quarterings were a wading through mothers' tears.

My mission was to visit a wounded officer of the National Army who had been in the advance guard as the Army drove the Irregulars from Waterford to Carrick. I was cycling from village to village several days after that victorious march. The Army's passage had been to the inhabitants like sunshine following shadow. The welcome the green uniform had received was manifest in the contrast of the stories related of the Irish soldiers, of their discipline and good order, and of the comforting assurance of success that characterised the National Army en route. In South Kilkenny you could conjure with the name of Commandant-General Prout.

I rode my bicycle along high roads and boreens; at any rate I rode between the trenches, broken culverts and felled trees—last evidences of the Irregulars' destructive hands, but too lasting hindrances to the industry and livelihoods of peaceable people. Bread and all provisions were scant on the route. The continuity of daily toil and commercial interchange had been broken, and scarcity, like a blight, threatened everywhere. But even in their rapid drive of the Irregulars, General Prout's troops had spared time, here and there, to assuage the wounded land—to fill in a trench, or turn aside a tree, to repair an arch; and the railway company, taking heart of grace from the presence of the Army, restored several bridges to traffic. These were tokens of hope, of peace re-awakening where so long fear and misery and almost despair had prevailed.

One of the meanest instances of trench-digging I came across was a big hole dug in the middle of a mountain boreen, where scarcely any traffic passes but poor little pony and donkey carts of people bringing milk to the railway or creamery. This impressed me more than all that the best propaganda of the people's rights is Irregulars. I rode through and around an area of 160 square miles, and took note of what the people thought. They bless the arms of the men who are restoring the authority and law of An Dail and the Irish Government. On an evening I was in a village on the edge of the county



by the Suir when Commandant-General Prout and Col.-Commandant Thornton passed. All the villagers turned out with joyous demonstrations, and so it was in all their way through and beyond Carrick.

I found my wounded officer in a pretty cottage with flower-laden garden, where he had been receiving the kind and assiduous care of a young married couple before removal to a Dublin hospital. Looking at him, I remembered how he had fought Ireland's enemy during the Black and Tan terror. But now, when at length his blood was shed for Ireland's sake, the spilling was done by an Irish hand at the bidding of men of ill mind, who wade in Irish blood to block the only way to Ireland's Freedom.

Riding back in the falling night I cycled by two armoured lorries filled with green-coated soldiers speeding to the battle-front beyond Carrick. The cars towered over me in the narrow boreen, but I scarcely noticed the narrowness of the passage their wide breadth left me, for all the men were singing "The Soldier's Song"—singing it as they had sung it years before. I thought of the enemy ill-will had since raised against them and the land they sung. Some whom they were going to meet had sung that song with them in days gone by, and I prayed God to give us back the men of good will, that their eyes might be opened, and that, realising they had been misled, they would no longer try to cement broken idols with their fellow-countrymen's blood.

A Survey of the Situation

During the past week many successes have been won by the troops operating in Munster. Victory after victory comes to their arms, and with these victories the line held by the troops is daily being shortened, and the area occupied by the Irregulars rapidly diminishing.

In addition to many smaller Irregular strongholds in Limerick and Tipperary, positions like Kilmallock, Tipperary, and Newcastle West, which were said by the Irregulars to be impregnable, have been assaulted by the invincible troops of the people's army, and captured, sometimes after a fight, more often with comparative ease. And the story is the same in every case; the hasty and disorderly retreat of the Irregulars, and the warm welcome by the people of the troops as their deliverers.

Following close upon the successes in the Northern section came news of well executed landings of troops at Youghal, Passage West, and Unionhall, all three key-positions in the encircling movement now nearing completion. A ring of steel is gradually but surely being drawn round the Irregulars and their position within this ring must soon become untenable.

Briefly the strategical position is this: the right flank of the army rests on Tralee whence along a line running North-East to Kilmallock and thence South-East, the troops occupy Castleisland, Drumcollagher, Galbally, Cahir and Clonmel, the last addition to a long list of towns captured and which the left flank of the army occupies.

Besides a good portion of Kerry, all Limerick is held by the troops, whilst Waterford, with the exception of a few positions in the South-West of the County, is also in their hands.

From the three positions in Cork where the troops effected landings, they are steadily advancing northwards, and in their advance are driving back the Irregulars.

The Arrest of Mr. H. Boland, T.D.

During times of war and civil disturbance, persons in revolt against the Government, when once made prisoners by the military authorities, are liable to certain well-defined risks, where any effort is made to escape. When duly informed that they have been placed under arrest, these persons are legally in the custody of the military authorities, and any attempt made to escape from their guards must always be accompanied by grave personal danger to the prisoners themselves. In every country in the world where the army of the nation is in arms to assert the authority of Parliament, persons taken prisoners are liable to identical risks, in the event of their trying to get away. The Irregular propagandists seem desirous, however, of creating a code of warfare entirely their own, under which an Irregular, once taken prisoner, has a right to escape, when and where he likes, without any danger to himself. If his guards endeavour to prevent his getting away, it is, according to their reasoning, a crime, and not a duty. An effort has been made recently, by a distortion of fact, to present the circumstances attending the arrest of the late Mr. H. Boland, T.D., in this light. It is of moment, therefore, to compare the actual facts of the occurrence, as reported by the officer who made the arrest, and the version circulated by the Irregulars for propagandist purposes.

The officer in charge of the party who arrested Mr. Boland reported as follows:—"At 1 a.m. on the morning of the 31st ult. I got information that Mr. H. Boland and a friend were at the Villa, attached to the Grand Hotel, Skerries. I took twelve men (Lancia and Ford) which I left outside the town. I surrounded the place and searched the Villa, but the men were not there. We then went to the Hotel. I went there with another officer, and found Mr. Boland and his friend occupying two different beds in a room. We told them they were under arrest, and that the house was surrounded. I asked them to dress and come along. Mr. Boland asked to be let have his sleep, and said he was willing to report at any place and time he was wanted. We told him we could not agree to that. Mr. Boland and his friend then got up and dressed very slowly. At this time only the other officer and myself were in the room; the other men were outside the Hotel and around it back and front. The second officer was going through some papers which he had taken from the pockets of Mr. Griffin's clothes, when Mr. Boland sprang upon him and tried to wrest the revolver from his hand. I fired two shots over Mr. Boland's head in the hope of inducing him to desist. He did not do so, but, shoving the second officer to one side, dashed out on the corridor. Fire was opened down the corridor. Mr. Boland was five or six yards gone at the time. One bullet took effect and he fell. The only other officer, in the Hotel, who was stationed on the landing, came to Mr. Boland's assistance."

The officer then adds that Mr. Boland was taken back to bed and a priest and doctor summoned.

The following appeared in the sheet circulated by the Irregulars:

"The official report issued by Free State G.H.Q. of the shooting of Commandant Harry Boland, T.D., in the Grand Hotel, Skerries, though carefully worded, is plainly a concoction. The hotel was surrounded by a large F.S. party reinforced from Balbriggan, and accompanied by an armoured car, but the official report speaks only of 'a small party of troops' which entered the hotel. It goes on to say:—

"When accosted in his bedroom, he (Comdt. Boland) made an unsuccessful attempt to seize a gun from one of the troops, and then rushed out into the corridor. After firing two shots at random and calling on Mr. Boland to halt, it was found necessary to fire a third shot to prevent escape."

Analyse this. Mr. Boland was in his bedroom when the troops entered it. All the troops were apparently also in the bedroom. Yet, not only did they fail to overpower this unarmed man, but they made way for him to rush into the corridor. Then they fired "at random"—jostled troops crowded into a bedroom fired "at random." Afterwards they called on Mr. Boland to halt! Then he had to be shot "to prevent escape." But though the official report hides the fact, F.S. troops were also in the corridor, on the staircase, at all exits, and in a corridor outside, while at the main entrance was an armoured car. If Mr. Boland, unarmed and in his nightshirt, escaped from the corridor, a dozen enemy posts stood between him and the machine-guns outside. The raiders knew Mr. Boland was in the hotel; they had sixty men; does anybody believe that all precautions were not taken against his escape? The blunt truth is that the raid was a murder raid, and whoever drafted the official report knew it was."

It will be noted from the above report that there was no large party of troops, no armoured car, but a Lancia and Ford car, and further that "all the troops" were not in the bedroom at the time of the occurrence, only two officers being present when the arrest was made with one other officer on the Hotel landing. The remainder of the troops were stationed outside the building.

Letters of a Guardsman

Somewhere in Tipperary.

A Thomais, a Chara,

On the move again, you see. I'm now a kind of "Spailpin Fánach," or, like the hero of the folk tales, I'm under "geasa" not to sleep a second night in the same bed. Scenes are changing with such kaleidoscopic rapidity that it's impossible to keep pace with them. I think I promised in my last letter to give you some account of the Dublin front, and actually got as far as the opening of the ball. But "man proposes, etc." I was just settling down to enjoy things. I had, as a matter of fact, booked two seats for O'Mara's at the Gaiety—now don't be asking impertinent questions about that second seat. Well, just at the hour when I should be, according to programme, enjoying myself at the Gaiety, I, and hundreds of my companions, were being whirled rapidly southwards to an unknown destination. I must have dozed the best part of the journey, for I was dreaming of happy scenes that were almost heaven, when the sudden stopping of the train brought me back again to earth and the grim fact that the particular part of that earth was Templemore in our gallant Tipperary, with a war on.

Having rested a while here, we proceeded to Thurles, where we were joined by a body of Tipperary men under Commandant Ryan. We did not tarry long, though. On, on again, by train as far as we could, and then shanks' mare for it along the railway line till we struck Goold's Cross. Here we parted company with the Tipperary men, who proceeded due South with Golden as their objective. We, in the lingo of the football field, elected to play South-west against the wind, Tipperary town the goal-posts. 'Twas all O.K. to Dundrum, where we had dinner; then on to Donaskeigh, where, even better still, we rested for a while before entering on the last lap. You know the cross-roads near the village. Well, we divided our forces there. Our right moved along the Shanbally road, our centre along that of the Dundrum one, while our left proceeded along the main highway that led to the town. A screen of scouts was thrown out by each party on both flanks. So we were all in touch and moving on Tipperary on a four-mile front. I chanced to be on the right under Captain Dermot O'Sullivan. We were first to come in contact with the Irregulars. They occupied strong positions on the sand hills outside the town on the Kingswood road. We advanced in extended order to the attack. 'Twas an inspiring sight, and was witnessed from four miles around. From our vantage point on the heights we could see the other columns, who had again come together where the roads unite outside the town, and were now advancing steadily on our left. We could even hear their encouraging cheers as we formed up for the final assault. We won the hills after a sharp encounter, the Irregulars falling back to their fortified positions in the town. We consolidated our gains and waited developments on the other sections. These had now reached the town and were already in action. The centre, under Captain Joe Byrne and Lieutenant E. Flood, advanced as far as Spital Street. The extreme left, under Lieutenant Gaffney, swung first south across the Golden road; then, changing direction, they faced due west. Our encircling movement was succeeding beautifully. We, on our turn, had driven the enemy out of the Technical Schools and had occupied Bridge

Street at nightfall. The only positions held by the enemy were the Grammar School on the south of the town and the houses at the juncture of Church Street and Main Street on the east. At dawn on Sunday the attack was resumed. Our left had crossed the railway, and, taking the Grammar School in the rear, drove the enemy out. And then the final attack on their last position at the corner of Church Street began. We were north of them; our left was now south of them, while from the east along Main street our centre attacked from barricades hastily erected. We managed to work our way down by the back of Bridge Street, and occupied the houses directly fronting their position, which was now rendered untenable. The last stronghold of the Irregulars was occupied shortly after 12 o'clock on Sunday. Though Tipperary was a long, long way, we had got there. Three of our brave lads, though, never did. And whenever one of the Guards hears the word Tipperary 'twill serve to remind him of the brave companions who gave up their lives on the outskirts of that town. "Beannacht dílis Dé le na n-anamna," and may He comfort and console the parents and friends of those gallant soldiers. That, Tom, is a prayer that comes straight from the heart of

SEÁN.

P.S.—Had a letter from Jim. He landed with the forces in Kerry. I enclose it.—S.

Suil Fheachaint ar Chursai an Choga

I LUIMNEACH.

Do ghabh na Fórsaí Náisiúnta thar an Máigh agus thomáineadar na nea-Rialtaigh rómpa amach as Áth Dara ar dtúis, annsin as Rath Gaola agus gan puinn moille as an gCaisleán Nua. Bhí ana chuíoscar anso agus do rinneadh árd chailliúintí idir marbh agus gonta ar na nea-Rialtaigh. Ar imeall bhórdaibh na Sionainne deineadh glan sguaba ortha ó Luimneach go fairrge. Ar an dtaobh thoir theas do ruageadh as Cill Moicheallóg iad. Ní fhágann san d'áras aca 'sa chonndae soanois ach Mainistir na Féile ar theorainn Chiarruidhe.

I gCIARRUIDHE.

'Sa chonndae so do cuireadh pairtí i dtir ón bhfairrge in aice Tráigh Lí agus pairtí eile thar Sionainn adtuaidh ón gClár. Táid ag cur díobh go buach siar ó dheas.

TIOBRUID ÁRAN.

Ach bailte Chluan Meala agus an chathair tá an conndae so sguabha glan anois. Togadh baile Tiobruid Áran agus deineadh an líne do cheangailt leis na díormaí i gConndae Luimnígh.

ATH CLIATH.

Do cheap na nea-Rialtaigh sa chathair árd coup do dhéanamh ist oiche Dé Sathairn. Sé bhí beartuithe aca ná na droichid agus na bóithre mórrithimcheall na cathrach do phléasca agus do mhille. Bhí breall ortha, ámh. Tángthas ar chuid aca agus obair an sgriosta tosnuithe aca. Is amhlaidh bíothas ag an ionad choinne, gabhadh ar suas le dhá chéad aca agus tógadh seo d'arm agus d'uirílisi tochailte.

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