

ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21

BURO STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21

No. W.S. 359

ROINN



COSANTA.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 359.....

Witness

Aoife de Burca,
Glentolka,
Richmond Rd.,
Drumcondra, Dublin..

Identity

Nurse who volunteered for First Aid
Duty, 1916.

Subject

- (a) Hibernian Bank and G.P.O. O'Connell St.,
Dublin, Easter Week 1916.
- (b) Evacuation of G.P.O.

Conditions, if any, stipulated by Witness

Nil

File No. S.1486.....

Form B.S.M. 2.

ORIGINAL

Statement of
Aospe de Bineca
Gentolka
Richmond Rd.
Thurmondra

I shall never forget that memorable Easter Monday. I was on a private case in the little village of ^{Malahide A. De Bineca} M___ and was just going out for my usual two hours' recreation about three o'clock in the afternoon when I saw groups of people standing about; their faces wore a mystified and concerned expression, and I guessed that something unusual had occurred. I was wondering what it could possibly be, when a young woman came towards me and asked me was I going towards the City. On replying in the negative she told me what had happened in the following words:- "The Sinn Feiners have taken the G.P.O., City Hall and Dublin Castle-there are two horses lying dead in O'Connell Street belonging to the Lancers and terrible work is going on in town."

I listened to her and as I did I felt my heart give a great throb of mingled joy and pain-joy because there was another blow being struck for the grand old cause of Irish Freedom for which so many Martyrs and Heroes have fought and died-pain, because I knew not the fate of dear friends whom I felt sure would be involved therein.

However, it was a time for prompt action, and not waiting to hear further I rode up to the Railway Station where I was told I could get no train, and on enquiring the reason was informed that the Sinn Feiners had blown down R--- Bridge and that no trains could travel-- I turned away in dismay wondering how I could get into the City. On coming out of the station I met a number of golfers who had surrounded the Station Master and were hurling all kinds of questions at him. They all appeared to be of the West British type; and the idea of anything occurring due to the ^{wild} conduct of the mere Irish, which caused

nurse the wounded. I was told all the hospitals were open to such, but that centres would be formed in the different parts of the City on the following day, and that at one or other of these the services of a trained nurse would be gladly received. On the way back from the City I saw a detachment of Boy Scouts; they appeared to range from 13 to 18 years, and were all attired in dark grey uniforms. They were evidently on their way to take up duty at some point or another. Their young faces were glowing with earnestness, and their whole minds seemed bent on the work that lay before them. I was full of admiration for them as they passed along, looking so eager to dare all for Ireland, and felt the old Cause could never die while such youths remained to us. I was going in the direction of D-- when I heard a whistle behind me, and on looking back saw a Volunteer friend ^{Buncondra Q. D. No.} coming towards me. He was returning from races at F-- and was very grieved because he had not been on the spot to answer the call to arms. I reproached him for not having been ready to obey orders with his comrades. I was sorry afterwards for doing so, as I believe him to be one of the best and truest of Erin's sons. I may ^{say} here add that he lost no time in going to Headquarters for orders, as did also a friend of his, ^{Jimmy McElligott Q. D. No.} who acted the part of a hero all through that eventful week. I refrain from mentioning their names as they are both as modest as they are brave. Indeed, there were many heroes like them whose names and deeds in Easter Week, will never be known except among friends. I reached my destination safely, and tried hard to sleep that night, so as to be in good form for arduous work next day, but my efforts were in vain--sleep would not come.

Every shot I heard--and the shots were innumerable--I beheld in

imagination the dead or wounded body of my loved young brother who was in the Great Adventure, but of whose whereabouts I was still in ignorance.

At last Tuesday morning, April 25th dawned; the sun bright and warm- it seemed as if Heaven were smiling a Beannacht on the cause of the Irish Volunteers. I got up early, and after a nasty breakfast cycled out to the village of M-- to ^{invalide} inform my patient's relatives that it would be impossible for me to continue the case. On my way I encountered a fine young sentry, dressed in the uniform of the Citizen Army. I crossed over to him to enquire how things were going. He saluted me in Military style, answering, "Grand, so far, for us!" While I was speaking to him a boy scout rode up with more news of a reassuring kind; at least I inferred so from their faces, they were so joyful looking. I then rode on without a halt to M--and having transacted my business there, ordered a car to convey myself and belongings to Ath Cliath. I was lucky in securing the only car in the village, packed my trunk in less time than it takes to tell, and started for the City once again. My jarvey entertained me somewhat on the journey. One thing he told me was that Carson had been caught in a certain hotel, and could not get a train to take him back to the North or anywhere else. However, I was not inclined to believe that story, and I am sure the notorious Sir Edward will run long ere he is caught as he knows how to play his game too well. My driver kept his spirits up until we were nearing the City, when we met loads of hay, all returning. The men shouted to us that they could not get beyond a certain point. On hearing this I became uneasy lest I should be left with my luggage, sitting on the roadside; so I kept trying to inspire my more downhearted jarvey with confidence, telling him how easily I got out two hours ago; that there was not the slightest

danger. In this manner I managed to keep him going, but with difficulty, till we reached our journey's end. Then I wished him a safe return, hoping his car would not be commandeered on the way back, of which fate he ran great risk, as cars and carts were being used as barricades. Very soon after arrival at my destination I set out on my mission, going first to my friend the Doctor, who had the address of the centre where I was to take up duty. This was at Reis's, on the O'Connell Street side of Lower Abbey Street where there was a wireless station. It was from here, I believe, the news that an Irish Republic had been proclaimed was flashed to all parts of the world. The Volunteers were in possession when I arrived, accompanied by the Doctor. Having been introduced to the Captain in command, I was directed to the upper portion of the building. Here there were about eight members of the ~~Guassam~~ *Guassam* na mban, all of whom were Red Cross workers for the Republican Army. Some were quite young-only in their teens; I never met a braver or more intelligent lot of girls; they were ready for any duty, no matter how dangerous. Some of them even carried dispatches under fire, or took the places of wounded Volunteers. *One of these was Marie Maphotto.* Commandant Thomas Wafer was the captain over the battalion in Reis's and the Hibernian Bank. He was a tall, fine looking man; about 27 or 28 years of age, and seemed one fitted in every way for the position he held; his energy and zeal were untiring, his courage and kindness of heart unsurpassed. On Wednesday morning about 2 a.m. he came to me and said "I must really have a few hours' rest to fit me for the work that lies before us; I'll be in Wynne's Hotel if wanted". He then named the Volunteer who was taking his place as 2nd in Command. I was sorry to lose him for a few hours;

little I thought we were destined that very day to lose him for ever. But more of this anon. - We, nurses, were not long stationed in Reis's; as both the Doctor and Captain Weafer thought it would be safer to have a place for the wounded which would not be so liable to attack as such an important position as Reis's would be on account of the wireless apparatus it contained. We were accordingly ordered to move into the house next the Hibernian Bank, and here we arranged everything necessary to render first aid. Having done so, we hoisted two large Red Cross Flags through the windows overlooking O'Connell St; we had a fine supply of provisions, sufficient to last us a considerable ~~time~~ length of time; and Headquarters being opposite, we had only to apply there for anything and everything, from a needle to an anchor. Having an idle moment I took a race across to the G.P.O to see my brother whom I had learned was stationed there; another girl came with me. We gave the password, and were admitted through the Princes' St, door. Inside, there was great bustle and life; the place was well barricaded, and Volunteers were on guard everywhere. I had the honour of speaking to Commandant P.H. Pearse, who at once gave me permission to see my brother; I was delighted to find the latter in such good spirits. He gave me all kinds of messages for our dear Mother, in case he should fall in the conflict. "Tell her," he said, "I'm perfectly resigned to die, if such should be my fate, and proud and happy to fight in such a cause". He gave me great hope and courage, and I could not feel sad while speaking to him. I noticed that the same courage and spirit animated all his comrades, and, in fact, seemed to pervade everywhere where these young and gallant soldiers of Ireland were gathered. I left them, happy in the thought that even if defeat and death did come, their blood would not be

shed in vain; for a Nation which can produce such men will never die, but will outlive all sorrow and death until the end is attained for which so many of these men were destined to give their lives.

I returned to my own hospital centre, and was not long back when a civilian was carried in, badly wounded in the abdomen. All that was possible was done for him, but he only survived one hour after admission. He had the last Rites of the Church, a priest being on the scene very quickly. (I found out afterwards, that this civilian was a Volunteer. Go ndcunaíth Dia trócaire ar a anam dhilis. Fuair sé bás ar son Éircann. Tuesday passed; night came—an anxious one, full of suspense for us. However, we kept in good spirits all the time; and as during the night no wounded were brought in, we had plenty of idle moments in which we discussed the situation and prayed hard for the success of the Republican Army. Rosary after Rosary was recited, sometimes in Gaelic, sometimes in Beurla. I pitied the Doctor, ^(Or Murphy) who was with us, as I don't think he cared for praying quite so often as we did.

Nevertheless, he went through it like a man, and deserves great credit.

There was a young man doing Red Cross work for our centre, who carried out his duties in a most efficient manner, though he was only a recruit; if he had been serving in France or Flanders I'm sure he would have got the D.S.O. I lost sight of him after we had to evacuate this centre, but we met again ~~some~~ in that eventful week, as I was on my way to Headquarters on Thursday morning. When bullets were whizzing in all directions he suddenly appeared from I know not where, and saw me safely landed at my destination.

All kinds of reports were now being circulated; the Germans were said to have landed in ever so many places; Volunteers were supposed to be in possession of Clifden Wireless Station and other important points;

victory was sure to be ours if we could only hold out till help came.

Such were the inspiring messages we were receiving from time to time. Wednesday morning dawned as the proceeding one. At about 9 or 10 a.m. the military began shelling the Hibernian Bank from the Ballast Office; our quiet time was at an end. At 10-30 a.m. or thereabouts, Commandant Weafer came into our centre looking for a nurse to go into the Hibernian Bank, as they were expecting heavy casualties at any moment, and would like some additional help. I gladly volunteered to go with him. I proceeded at once to get everything ~~ready~~ in readiness for the wounded, for, judging by the tremendous firing I knew I was in for a busy time. I was at work about half an hour when I heard a call from the upper landing "First Aid quickly" I hurried upstairs, two steps at a time. When I reached the top I found Commandant Weafer mortally wounded. Little I thought a short half hour before that his noble life was so near it's tragic close; we did our best for him, but he only survived about fifteen minutes. He died as he had lived-brave to the last, and I'm sure he has his reward now where Peace and Joy abound. All his men seemed genuinely sorry for him, and some of them knelt by him till all was over. I had just closed his eyes when another young fellow was carried up, wounded in the foot. I dressed it, and had him carried down to the basement, where we had beds laid out on the floor for the disabled. Captain B--- came over from Headquarters in Commandant Weafer's place. He at once began to strengthen the barricade. We all helped in the work by placing ~~the~~ all the big Bank books we could find wherever we thought a bullet might find an entrance. We also filled every available bath and bucket with water, and in divers other ways tried to help the men all we could. After a time the shelling became so

fierce that our Captain decided it was not a safe place for the wounded.

As the door into the street was strongly barricaded, and there was no other means of exit, we were literally caught in a trap; however, we were not long left so; for about seven or eight men, armed with crow-bars and pickaxes, were soon working away at making a hole in the wall, through which we could easily escape into the basement of the next house, and from thence across the street into Headquarters. It did not take them very long to make a fair sized passage, but it seemed like an eternity to me, for I fully expected we would be all buried alive in the fire-demolished buildings; (though, as well as I can remember now, I believe this place did not take fire really till Thursday evening)--It was then arranged that the medical staff should leave the Hibernian Bank, and bring the wounded men over to Headquarters. Therefore, as soon as the firing had ceased a little we were all lifted in turn up to the hole in the wall, and passed through into the basement of the adjoining house. This proved an exciting business; and in spite of the discouraging circumstances that compelled it, we all rather enjoyed it. First our feet were put through, then we were gently pushed forward, and dropped down the other side. When our wounded were got through we placed them on stretchers and, forming two deep, the Red Cross Flag being borne in front, we proceeded across the street to Headquarters, where we safely arrived buideachas le Dia. I daresay it was then about 12 or 12-30 noon.

Having reported myself and staff to Commandant Pearse, who asked me all particulars of Weafer's last moments, I went to the Dining Hall to partake of some lunch. Commandant Joseph Plunkett was there when I went in, so I sat down at the same table with him. I did not know until afterwards who he was, but I guessed, from his uniform, that he

was one of the principal men. The uniform, which was very handsome, appeared to me to be not unlike that worn by Wolfe Tone or some of the other leaders in the Rising of '98. He was a delicate looking man.-in fact, I believe he had only come out of hospital in time for the Insurrection. His neck was bandaged as if he had had an operation performed on it recently. He got into conversation with me, chiefly concerning Ireland, whose cause was uppermost in his mind, as indeed it was in the minds of all that devoted band of heroes. As I glanced around the dining hall, I noticed piled up on a table in one corner a fine supply of bread and confectionery. There was a plentiful supply of provisions, appearing to me sufficient to last a lengthened siege. In the kitchen, which was off the dining hall, there were quite a number of young girls cooking, ably assisted by three or four Tommies, who appeared very happy in their new surroundings. I remember asking one of them how he liked being a prisoner of war. "Indeed, Miss," he replied "I feel far happier and safer here than I'd be anywhere else."- "Well" I said, "the tables are turned anyway, however long it may last. He nodded his head, and walked away smiling.

There was another apartment off the dining hall, and here the rank and file took their meals. The hospital portion, which was downstairs on the first floor, was well equipped, everything necessary to enable us to do our work efficiently being at hand. At this time we hadent more than five wounded men, and only one of these was serious. Our invalids were all in the best of spirits. I remember one in particular, a Captain, who was slightly wounded, presenting me with a glass of lovely sweets which myself and co-workers thoroughly enjoyed. Sweets were also supplied to us by a young lieutenant, who was doing his best

all the time to look after our welfare. By degrees I was becoming acquainted with all these good and brave men; I had the pleasure and honour of dining with the well known Fenian Tomás Ua Cléirigh. I recollect that in the course of our talk he referred to the fatal countermanding order of Eoin MacNeill. Of all the heroes of that memorable Easter Tom Clarke was one of the greatest; his whole life had been spent in the service of Ireland. Fifteen years of that life had been passed in prison, subjected to every humiliation and insult which a tyrannical Government could inflict, yet here he was to-day as fresh and untiring as ever in the cause of Roisín Dub. It goes to prove what sacrifices a man who has genuine Patriotism is willing to make, and also what a noble Cause it is that can produce such men.

I used to look in surprise at the thin, delicate frame that enshrined this indomitable spirit, a spirit which found vivid expression in the bright intelligent eyes; Tom Clarke never spared himself; many a time I saw him going the rounds with cigarettes or tobacco to the men and also to the prisoners.

About 4 p.m. I was beginning to feel the want of sleep. I could have slept at Headquarters if I so wished, but what with bullets whizzing and shells bursting, I thought it would not be a likely place to induce repose; so I made up my mind to cross the City to my Aunt's where I knew I would have a chance of a quiet sleep. I went to Commandant Pearse and told him of my intention of leaving Headquarters for a time. He asked me would I deliver some messages for him on my way. I readily consented. Gladly would I have died to save his noble life for Ireland. I remember asking C--Seumas Connolly what streets would be the safest to pass through, and he went to the trouble of drawing a little diagram for me of the principal streets through

which I was to pass, so that I could make no mistake as to my route. He shook hands with me then, wishing me a safe journey. There was another trained nurse in Headquarters at this time, and she promised to stay on duty until my return on the following morning. It was about 5-30 p.m. when I left, loaded with messages ^{for} ~~with~~ many an anxious mother and sister. I went out by Prince's Street door into Abbey Street, and from thence into Jervis Street; when I reached the corner of the latter street there seemed to be great excitement, women screaming and shouting, and crowds of people. I also heard shots fired, from what direction I could not say; I expect there was looting going on; I paused, wondering ought I to proceed, as I really felt more afraid to face those awful women, with their mad faces and dishevelled hair, than I did the machine guns. Whilst I was wondering what I should do a middle aged man came up to me, and offered to escort me through the worst streets-an offer which I gladly availed of. He told me he was doing street duty for the Citizen Army, and was told to see that no females or unarmed persons were molested in any way. He saw me through the danger zone, and I felt very grateful to him; I delivered all my messages to anxious friends, arriving at my journey's end about 7 p.m.

Thursday morning dawned-(4th day of Freedom)-bright and beautiful. I arose full of hope and energy, after my fine long sleep. I started again for Headquarters about 11 a.m. The firing was beginning to be pretty brisk at this time, and I was doubtful whether I would get through in safety. The first obstruction I met with was a regiment of British soldiers, who were posted along the street just beside Art O'Caill's Medical Hall, ^{in the corner of V.C.H., Donet & Co. St. J.} on top of which, as well as I can recall, a machine gun was being planted. No one was allowed to pass; but seeing

I was a nurse, the officer in command let me through. He was kind and polite, and even offered me an escort, which I declined with thanks. I went up through Upper Gardiner Street into Middle Gardiner Street. Here I met people turning back, as if it were dangerous to advance further. A young priest advised me not to keep on as he thought I could not get out at the end of the street, so I retraced my steps, and came along by Denmark Street, where I met a nurse of my acquaintance who told me her best friend, Nurse Keogh, had been shot dead in the S.B.U. I felt very sorry as I knew Nurse Keogh myself. I reached Findlater's Church safely, and from there, went on to Parnell Square, where there was not a human being to be seen with the exception of a man and woman who were rushing down Parnell Street. Evidently machine gun fire had scared people off the streets. However, the Republican Colours were still flying, and the good old G.P.O. was still intact. I hesitated, thinking would I ever reach it in safety. But I felt it would be cowardly to turn back, so with faltering footsteps I crossed into Parnell Street. It was here the young man before alluded to clutched me by the arm. I did not then feel so nervous as he and a friend of his saw me safely into Henry Street. The first person I saw in this street, pistol in hand, was C--Seumas Connolly. He immediately came towards me, brought me along Henry Street to a passage which led into Headquarters, where he left me in charge of a Volunteer on guard who saw me in. I remember poor Tom Clarke coming over and shaking hands with me and congratulating me on my safe return. I told him how I had come and he asked me had the enemy a machine gun on Art O'Caill's Medical Hall. I was not very long back when Seumas Connolly came in slightly wounded in the lower part of the left leg; the bone was

broken, and the flesh very much lacerated. He seemed in great pain. I took off his boot and sock, and helped to dress his wound. We then got him to bed, where he was put under an anaesthetic to have the bone set, which was ably performed by Lieutenant Mahony, R.A.M.C.-(a prisoner) ably assisted by two of our own young Doctors. I watched by him until he regained consciousness after the ether, and felt honoured by the duty. He was very ~~grateful and so~~ brave and so grateful for the least attention. I well recollect praising the bravery of his men to him, saying what fine fellows they were, and what spirit and courage they showed. "Oh" he said, "you need'nt tell me. I know well their worth", and the tears coursed down his cheeks; I could scarce keep back my own when I looked at this lion-hearted hero stricken down, just when his leadership was most needed. Up to the last he kept giving commands from his bed of pain, and on the following evening, when we had to fly the burning building with the wounded men, he declined to come with us, saying, "I'll stay with the boys to the last, and so he did. That was the last I saw of noble Seumas Connolly. I believe he was carried out of the G.P.O. guarded by Volunteers. I heard no more of him until he was a prisoner in Dublin Castle Hospital. The above contradicts a statement which I came across lately in a "Handbook of the Rebellion." published by the "Irish Times" to the effect that Connolly was brought to Jarvis Street Hospital by Lieutenant Mahony, whom, with the wounded, myself and co-workers left the Post Office on Friday evening. I was present with Lieutenant on the removal of the wounded, and as I said before, Connolly refused to come with us.

I return to my doings at Headquarters. I was helping to get things in

order, after the dressing of Connolly's leg, when Tom Clarke came to me asking if a priest could be had to hear the confession of a young lad ^{Seley Price G. De B.} who was going on a dispatch ride to Cork. A young girl, who happened to be standing near happened to hear his question; she at once volunteered to go for a priest to the Pro-Cathedral or elsewhere. In order to do this she had to cross the street which was being well swept at the time with machine gun fire, but she never hesitated; she was only in her teens, but the younger those girls were, the braver they seemed. The priest she brought back with her said she was as cool as a cucumber when the door was opened to admit her, smiling away, as if the City had resumed it's normal life, and that there was no such things as bullets whizzing through the streets in all directions. She even waited for ^{O'Flanagan G. De B.} Fr--- on their way back to the G.P.O. whilst he paused to attend to a dying man. I may here mention that the good Father remained in Headquarters till we had to evacuate it. He gave untold joy and consolation to everyone, especially the wounded; and I am sure his kindness will never be forgotten by any one of us. He heard the confession of the dispatch rider, and sent him off in good spirits for the fair City on the Lee, where I hope he arrived in safety.

About midday we had another of our men wounded. He had been on duty on top of the Post Office, and was badly wounded, the bullet passing through his lung, up his neck and out through his right cheek near his eye. He was carried in, his face covered with blood, and no one thought he would survive many minutes, but I am happy to say he did, and is now alright, except for the loss of his eye, which I afterwards heard had to be removed.

Thursday evening all the big fires started on the opposite side of

the street, and by night Clery's, the D.B.C. and all that block of buildings was a mass of flames. As far as I know, any Irish Volunteers who were in possession of any of these places escaped unhurt.

About eight of them came dashing across the street to Headquarters amid a perfect hail of bullets, and reached it without a scratch.

Somewhere about 8 p.m. some girls came with me to the front portion of the Post Office to look at the fires, and it certainly was a splendid, though awful, sight. I could not help thinking our turn would come soon, and that we would be burned like rats in a trap. I tried to prepare myself for the worst by going to confession, a process I by no means fancied just then.

The shelling of the Post Office began that evening, but did not continue very long. It ceased at dark, but only to begin, with renewed vigour, ~~start~~ on the following day. Night came; in vain I tried to sleep; indeed, I don't think many of us could. I remember Commandant Sean Mac Dermott lying down to take a rest; I expect the other Leaders insisted on his doing so, because he was not strong. He was lame; and I believe had an operation performed on his leg some years previous.

Sean MacDermott had a wonderful personality, and everyone loved and trusted him. I can see him now, as I saw him then, his pale, handsome face, and large, dark eyes, luminous with the fire of enthusiasm; oh, the pity of it, that he should be gone from amongst us, never again to do or dare for his dear "Dark Rosaleen". Songs were sung that night (Thursday) - "A Nation Once Again", "Ireland over All", etc, which nearly brought down the roof without any bombs at all. The spirit of the men was fine; it seemed to me as if, once more, "The gay and gallant Gael" was alive in the land. About 2 a.m. Miss ^{Carney A. De B.} --- and myself brought a

mattress and blankets to that part of the P.O. where Commandant P.H. Parson was, hoping he would take a few hours' of well-earned rest, but I believe he never used it. Frequently during the night the Rosary was recited by us girls, and also by the men at their different posts of duty. Almost every Volunteer carried a Rosary Beads round his neck, made of Irish horn.

Friday morning dawned; a beautiful, bright Spring morning, and the men were all in the best of spirits notwithstanding the fact that word had gone round that the British forces were closing in about us. I heard Tom Clarke say as he passed along, "Things are looking serious now; we are surrounded". I remember getting tea for all the wounded; someone had the honour of being before me with a cup for Commandant Connolly. Thus the morning passed. I had lunch at 12 o'clock with Father ---. The British officers were at ~~table with us~~ the same table with us, and it was most amusing to hear them relate how they were taken prisoners. One was an Englishman who had come to Ireland on a holiday; did not think he was landing in such a hot place, and vowed, if he got safely out of it, he'd never see it again. Another was returning from Howth, where I think his wife and family were spending the Easter, when a youth accosted him, pointed an automatic pistol at him, saying, "Hands Up, and follow me".

The third had something similar to relate.-as far as I could see or judge, the prisoners detained in Headquarters were treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration. If the food they got was not all ~~they~~ that they wished, or served in as dainty a manner as they were accustomed to, still, it was the best that could be obtained, and the best service that could be given under the circum-

stances. I must say they looked a very happy band of prisoners of War. Another time I saw the three officers at a table to themselves enjoying a game of bridge. About noon, or a little later, the shelling became pretty bad and I happened to be coming from the Dining Hall at the time, and met a prisoner who said to me, "For God's sake, Miss, would you have any influence with any of the Leaders to get them to leave this place, for the walls will be all about us inside of five minutes;" he looked perfectly scared, although he told me he had been through some fierce battles, having returned from France but a short time ago; he certainly did not appear as if he had been under fire at any time in his life.

Between 3 and 4 p.m. I got the smell of burning, and knew the G.P.O. had taken fire. About this time the shelling was terrific; sometimes the whole place shook, and I felt every minute would be our last. My brother and some others came down to the supply depot to get some more ammunition, and this was the last time I saw the first mentioned for many months. It might have been 5 or 6 p.m. when The O'Rahilly gathered a good many around him, and read out a last message of cheer for us. He was afterwards shot in action in Moore Street; Beannacht déilis Dé le na anam. Fuair aó Bás mar faigsiur ar son Eireann.

I remember a Volunteer asking me would I say the Rosary with him, at his post of duty; I did so, and got some other girls to join; he was on guard right under a window, and every minute I thought a bomb or a bullet would put an end to the lot of us. Every Volunteer who happened to be passing by whilst we were so occupied either joined us in prayer or lifted his cap in a most reverent manner.

Some months later, I think, I recognised the Volunteer of the Rosary-(indeed they were all fond of saying the Rosary)- from a photo in the "Catholic Bulletin"; and there I'm sorry to say I learned he

was shot in the rush out from Headquarters; his name was given in the "C.B." as Shortis;—poor fellow, the Rosary he asked me to say with him was probably his last, and fervently he said it. Another Volunteer gave me his watch and chain, asking me to deliver it to his wife, when possible, as he said he did not expect to come safe through— However, I'm glad to say he did.

Evidently an attack on Headquarters was expected at any moment—but it never came; I heard Commandant Sean McDermott giving the order—"All men stand to arms"—some were having a sleep at the time, but sprang up like lightning at the word of command. About this time two or three wounded were carried in, so I was kept busy for a time; none of them were very serious cases—one poor fellow got a bullet to the left of his spine, in the lumbar region, but fortunately it did not penetrate far. It was extracted by Lieutenant Mahony R.A.M.C.

At 6-30, or thereabouts, Commandant Joseph Plunkett gave the Captain over our division orders to get the wounded men and nurses ready to evacuate Headquarters immediately; we all got ourselves in readiness as quickly as possible. We had only three stretcher cases, which was well, as our means of egress was difficult. About eight men or more were told off, by Commandant Pearse, to act as our escort. We had nine wounded, and two doctors, one being the R.A.M.C. Lieutenant.

Commandant J. Plunkett kindly asked our Captain if we would wish to take this prisoner with us, and, as he had done such good work for the wounded, our Captain decided that we would. We had only a dozen Red Cross workers ~~were~~ at this time, as some had been sent on early in the afternoon to Jarvis St Hospital. I expect it was now about 7.p.m. when all were ready and the order given to march; so, off we started, accompanied by Fr--- who carried the Red Cross Flag— Each one of us was laden with stores; some carrying Ist Aid requisites,

others food; for, of course, we did not know what fate would overtake us before we reached our destination, which was Jervis St Hospital. One girl, ^{actually carried a fitch of bacon.} Our way lay through the Wax Works and on through passages which had been blasted for the purpose of retreat, into the Coliseum Theatre. We had to proceed very slowly and cautiously on account of the wounded. It took us a considerable time to get through; part of the time we were in danger of bullets from the enemy, and the least little stumble over debris might have revealed our whereabouts. As long as I live I shall never forget that night; the suspense was awful; "Would we ever reach Jervis St before the flames from the burning buildings caught us" I asked myself; indeed it appeared as if we had not a moment to lose. One of the badly wounded ran great danger of collapse, as owing to the rough way we had to travel he got more jerking than was good for him. However, with the aid of Sal Valatile and warm covering, he survived. At length we reached the Coliseum, and to get into this we had to mount a step-ladder, as the window was not on a level with the exit from the house we had left; I did not know how these blocks of buildings were connected with each other, so that I could not make out where we were going until I jumped off the step-ladder and found myself in the refreshment bar of the Coliseum. When the last man was through the Red Cross Flag was hoist at the junction of the two buildings, for we expected to remain here for some time, while a door or passage was being forced into a back street. The most awful period came now, and I certainly thought very few of us (if any) would live to tell the tale. As we were arranging the wounded ~~for a short rest~~ comfortably for a short rest bullets began falling like rain around the building-the noise was deafening-it seemed as if bombs were being thrown by the ^{dozen} about us, and we expected every moment would be our last. Our Captain, ^(Capt Boyle) and Fr--- ^{A. J. De la}

with some of the men were in another part of the theatre trying to force open a door. We thought we would never see them again. Suddenly Captain D-- rushed in, ordering lights to be extinguished, (we had two candles) and everyone to lie flat on the floor; we did so, every man and woman of us, heads and heels all huddled together in the most bewildering confusion; for the space was small for such a number. It was pitch dark. One man began to light a cigarette and the Captain ordered him to put it out at once. Another young chap was standing beside me, not thinking there was another inch of ground to be found, and I gave him a chuck, saying to him to lie down some how or another as I felt every minute a bullet would send him toppling over. The girl that was nearest to me was trying to prepare for death, and I thought I would do likewise. I tried to make an Act of fervent Contrition, but the situation was bordering on the comical as well as tragedy, so I burst out laughing instead. Another girl did likewise, and very soon we were all at it. I remember one wounded Volunteer saying "That's right, let's keep our spirits up though we are facing death". Anyway, that laugh did us good and I recollect wishing not to die so that I could relate it all some day.

I do not know exactly how long we were in this position; it seemed hours, but I expect it was not really more than three quarters of an hour. At length the firing ceased somewhat and we got the order "Eirig nar auidé", and got ready to proceed on our journey once more. We were only allowed one candle to light us on our way. We passed along through the upper balcony of the theatre and down a wide stairs. I may not be very accurate in my description, as it was my first time to be in the Coliseum.

At any rate that first time I'm not likely to forget. When we got to the end of the stairs, we passed out into what appeared to me to be a back lane, and here we formed three deep. Here we were joined by two men, father and son and to judge by their conversation they had suffered

much at the hands of the military. We could see tongues of flame leaping to the sky, and spreading in all directions. The fire in the G.P.O. seemed to have spread, and I think the Coliseum had caught also, so we had a narrow shave. We got orders to march; Fr-- headed the procession carrying the Red ~~Flag~~ Cross Flag, we all followed, each one of us laden with stores of various kinds which we had managed to hold on to in spite of great difficulties. I carried a blanket, and a goodly supply of wool and bandages. As I before remarked, we had only three stretcher cases; the remainder of our wounded were helped along by Red Cross men. We proceeded on until we reached a lane through which we had to pass in order to reach the back entrance of Jarvis Street Hospital. To our horror and dismay this lane was crossed by fire; luckily, the flames had not ascended, though they had spread across the whole length of the lane and every second were becoming worse; we halted; was this to be the end of all our miraculous escapes?—to be caught in the terrible fire at last?

However, there was only one thing for us to do, and that quickly. The flames were leaping higher and higher, and soon our only means of exit would be cut off. Fr's-- voice rang out clear and steady, saying—
~~"Let all follow me", and putting his words into action~~
 "We'll rush the flames, it's our only chance, let all follow me"—and putting his words into action, he dashed through, holding aloft the White Flag with its distinctive Red Cross. We all rushed after him in single file, we girls holding up our skirts; and here, at last, I had to leave behind me the blanket and wool which I was carrying, and my friend of the flitch of bacon let it drop into the flames as she was flying through, and there I'm sure it was well cooked—in fact—overdone. One wounded man who had only got out of bed in order to leave Headquarters had forgotten his boots in the excitement of our hasty departure, but quick as thought, another ^{man} ~~man~~ threw back his across the flames to him, and soon he was

safely through. It was an awful moment but, Buidéacas le Dia, the flames did not get time to even singe one of us, it was all done so quickly.

We then proceeded on our way, and were nearing our journey's end, when a voice shouted, "Halt, or I fire"--We halted, and Pr--- answered back, "Wounded men and nurses for Jervis Street Hospital"; for some time neither seemed to catch what the other was saying, but at last we could hear the order "Two men proceed with the flag"--and accordingly Pr-- and our R.A.M.C. prisoner went forward. Whatever negotiations were being carried on I don't know, but it was a considerable length before ~~the wounded~~ we got orders to march again; in fact, the wounded were, by this time, much exhausted, after all they had gone through, so we laid any available covering on the footpath while we waited, and put them resting there. We could feel the thick, hot air all around us, and in every direction there was nothing but fire. At last we got the order to proceed, and in a few minutes we were again halted at the back of Jervis Street Hospital; a British officer interviewed each one of us before allowing us to pass in. He spoke to us in a very arrogant manner, and seemed to have a high opinion of himself; I must add, he did not impress us much; however I'm sure that did not trouble him, not more than his arrogance did us. After putting various questions to us, we were admitted into a room at the right side of the hall; here a guard of six soldiers were placed around us. I suppose the officer thought he had a band of desperadoes to deal with. Our ~~little~~ little contingent, at this time, only consisted of nurses, wounded men, our priest, prisoners, a doctor, and a few men who had been doing Red Cross work. The most of our armed escort, after helping us through the houses, and seeing us safely on our journey, had returned to join their comrades. The remainder of our escort, Red Cross men, were taken away, where to I don't know.

The armed guard was then removed, and we were left to ourselves; I think

it was then about 11-30 p.m.. We all felt very hungry and exhausted. Verily we were refugees in our own country. The Sisters, Nurses and Medical Staff did all in their power to help; the serious cases amongst our wounded were removed to the wards, the remainder of us had to content ourselves in the hall all night where we tried to sleep as best we could. However, this was only a minor thing after all we had gone through, and we did not mind. I felt the hunger more than anything, and asked one of the Sisters to give me a cup of tea if at all possible; she told me it was already being prepared, and indeed, we were not long waiting when a nurse appeared with a can of good, hot tea, with plenty of bread and butter, which was quickly demolished. All this time we could hear the big guns rattling away, and see the reflection of the fires through the hall window-in fact, the flames seemed dangerously near us. I was thinking the Hospital would be the next to catch, and it was only by a lucky chance it didn't. Many was the prayer I offered up on that eventful night for my brother and his brave comrades, who, for ought I know, might be lying, mortally wounded, somewhere not far distant with no one near to render aid. Little did I know that the brave O'Rahilly was lying in his death agony in Moore Street about that time. I wish I had been near him to ease his pain, and offer him some solace. I heard afterwards that he was shamefully treated by the British military, who refused to allow medical aid to be brought to him, and allowed him to lie, in mortal anguish in the street, with not even a drop of water to moisten his dying lips-though it seems they had a Red Cross centre not very far away. I must say the treatment given to the prisoners who were under O'Rahilly's care in the G.P.O. was vastly different.

Saturday morning, April 28th, came at last. The firing had lessened, and about 2 p.m. we thought we might be able to pass to our homes, so accordingly, we started; one batch going South side of the City; the

other, with us, to the North side. We went down Jarvis St, crossed over to Denmark St and into Parnall St. Here the British soldiers were lined on either side of the street; evidently they were expecting an attack at any moment. We were stopped by an officer who asked me where we were going or coming from and what was our business. I told him we were coming from Jarvis Street Hospital, had been nursing the wounded, and were anxious to get to our own homes. He then enquired which side we were nursing for "as we have a Red Cross centre here" he said "and you can nurse our wounded". We politely declined his offer saying we got orders to return to Jarvis St. Hospital if not allowed to pass. He smiled, and let us return, and I didn't think he would for I'm sure he knew we came from the G.P.O. the previous night. Once more we retraced our steps for Jarvis St. Hospital where we remained till 6 p.m. when we made another venture to pass to our homes, and this time with success.

We heard Commandant P.H. Pearce with his noble band of followers had surrendered. I remember when we were passing the end of Moore Street seeing two Volunteers carrying a white flag.

This account was written in June or July 1916, when these events were fresh in my mind. Some of the names of the Cumann na mBan and Volunteers I have forgotten. I was not an actual member of Cumann na mBan before Easter Week, but my brother, Frank Burke, who was a St Enda's boy and in Pearce's Volunteers promised to give my name as one that would give assistance when the need for it would arise. My recollection is that my aunt told ^{me} that a Cumann na mBan member, Sorcha m'Nabon, called on Easter Monday to say that my help was required at some centre.

Doofe De Burke
13. 2. 50

Witness: I m' Cosáin

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21
BURO STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21

No. W.S. 359

STATEMENT OF AOIFE de BURCA,
GLENTOLKA, RICHMOND ROAD, DRUMCONDRA, DUBLIN.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21
BURO STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21

No. W.S. 357

I shall never forget that ~~memorable Easter Monday~~. I was on a private case in the little village of Malahide and was just going out for my usual two hours' recreation about three o'clock in the afternoon when I saw groups of people standing about; their faces wore a mystified and concerned expression, and I guessed that something unusual had occurred. I was wondering what it could possibly be, when a young woman came towards me and asked me was I going towards the city. On replying in the negative, she told me what had happened in the following words: "The Sinn Feiners have taken the G.P.O., City Hall and Dublin Castle. There are two horses lying dead in O'Connell St. belonging to the Lancers and terrible work is going on in town".

I listened to her and as I did I felt my heart give a great throb of mingled joy and pain - joy, because there was another blow being struck for the grand old cause of Irish Freedom for which so many martyrs and heroes have fought and died, pain, because I knew not the fate of dear friends whom I felt sure would be involved therein.

However, it was a time for prompt action, and, not waiting to hear further, I rode up to the railway station where I was told I could get no train and, on inquiring the reason, was informed that the Sinn Feiners had blown down ~~railway~~ Bridge and that no trains could travel. I turned away in dismay wondering how I could get into the city. On coming out of the station I met a number of golfers who had surrounded the Stationmaster and were hurling all kinds of questions at him. They all appeared to be of the West British tupe, and the idea of anything occurring due to the wild conduct of the mere Irish, which caused them an inconvenience,

so shocked their delicate nerves, that I thought I would have to perform First Aid there and then. Well, to return to my own affairs, I made up my mind to cycle into Dublin in order to find out the truth of all I had heard. I retraced my steps to my patient's residence to make known to her relations my intention of riding into the city, and also to tell them not to be surprised if I could not return that night. When I arrived at the halldoor it was opened for me by a policeman who was talking in hushed tones to an officer in British uniform; the latter had come to Ireland for the good of his health and was only just after arriving. Evidently there was no time lost in acquainting him of the state of affairs. I nearly knocked both of them down in my rush upstairs. I often wondered since that I was not lodged in the local barracks, charged under D.O.R.A. with conduct likely to cause disaffection. However, I suppose at the time the two loyal servants of his Britannic Majesty - I had well-nigh said Satanic - were too perturbed to pay much attention to my hurried movements, and so, I was soon cycling into the city, arriving there about 5 p.m.

At the G.P.O. the first thing that greeted my gaze was the flag of the Irish Republic proudly floating from one end of the building, and from the other end the sacred green flag of our old Nation.

In some of the windows I could see green uniformed soldiers armed with rifles. A thrill of joy and pride ran through me, and I thanked God I had lived to see such a day. I saw the two horses, before referred to, lying dead a bit further down the street, but otherwise there was no sign of bloodshed. Crowds of people thronged the thoroughfare and an air of excitement was apparent everywhere. I cycled at once to the house of a medical friend and volunteered to nurse the wounded. I was told all the hospitals were open to such, but that centres would be formed in the different parts of the city on

on the following day, and that at one or other of these the services of a trained nurse would be gladly received. On the way back from the city I saw a detachment of Boy Scouts; they appeared to range from 13 to 18 years, and were all attired in dark grey uniforms. They were evidently on their way to take up duty at some point or another. Their young faces were glowing with earnestness, and their whole minds seemed bent on the work that lay before them. I was full of admiration for them as they passed along, looking so eager to date all for Ireland, and I felt the old cause would never die while such youths remained to us. I was going in the direction of D[rumcondra] when I heard a whistle behind me and, on looking back, saw a Volunteer friend, [Paddy Kelly] coming towards me. He was returning from races at Fairyhouse and was very grieved because he had not been on the spot to answer the call to arms. I reproached him for not having been ready to obey orders with his comrades. I was sorry afterwards for doing so, as I believe him to be one of the best and truest of Erin's sons. I may [say] here that he lost no time in going to headquarters for orders, as did also a friend of his, [Jimmy McElligott] who acted the part of a hero all through that eventful week. I refrain from mentioning their names as they are both as modest as they are brave. Indeed, there were many heroes like them whose names and deeds in Easter Week will never be known except among friends. I reached my destination safely, and tried hard to sleep that night, so as to be in good form for arduous work next day, but my efforts were in vain - sleep would not come.

Every shot I heard - and the shots were innumerable - I beheld in imagination the dead or wounded body of my loved young brother who was in the Great Adventure, but of whose whereabouts I was still in ignorance.

At last, Tuesday morning, April 25th, dawned - the sun bright and warm. It seemed as if heaven were smiling a beannacht on the cause of the Irish Volunteers. I got up early and after a hasty breakfast, cycled out to the village of Malahide to inform my patient's relatives that it would be impossible for me to continue the case. On my way I encountered a fine young sentry, dressed in the uniform of the Citizen Army. I crossed over to him to inquire how things were going. He saluted me in military style answering: "Grand, so far, for us". While I was speaking to him a boy scout rode up with more news of a reassuring kind; at least, I inferred so from their faces, they were so joyful looking. I then rode on without a halt to Malahide and, having transacted my business there, ordered a car to convey myself and belongings to Ath Cliath. I was lucky in securing the only car in the village, packed my trunk in less time than it takes to tell, and started for the city once again. My jarvey entertained me somewhat on the journey, one thing he told me was that Carson had been caught in a certain hotel and could not get a train to take him back to the North or anywhere else. However, I was not inclined to believe that story, and I am sure the notorious Sir Edward will run long ere he is caught, as he knows how to play his game too well. My driver kept his spirits up until we were nearing the city, when we met loads of hay all returning. The men shouted to us that they could not get beyond a certain point. On hearing this I became uneasy lest I should be left with my luggage sitting on the roadside; so I kept trying to inspire my more downhearted jarvey with confidence, telling him how easily I got out two hours ago, that there was not the slightest danger. In this manner I managed to keep him going, but with difficulty, till we reached our journey's end (my aunt's house in Richmond Road). Then I wished him a safe return, hoping his car would not be commandeered on the way back, of which fate he ran great risk, as cars and carts were

being used as barricades. Very soon after arrival at my destination I set out on my mission, going first to my friend the doctor (Dr. Tuohy of North Frederick St.) who had the address of the centre where I was to take up duty. This was at Reis's, on the O'Connell St. side of Lower Abbey St. where there was a wireless station. It was from here, I believe, the news that an Irish Republic had been proclaimed was flashed to all parts of the world. The Volunteers were in possession when I arrived, accompanied by the doctor. Having been introduced to the Captain in command I was directed to the upper portion of the building. Here there were about eight members of Cumann na mBan, all of whom were Red Cross workers for the Republican Army. [They were:-

Reis's

Maire Mapother
 Chrissie Stafford
 Maire McElroy
 Lena Walsh (R.I.P.)
 Eily Murray
 Bridie Richards
 Mrs. Barrett (R.I.P.)

Hibernian Bank

Mrs. English, 12 Wigan Road, Drumcondra.
 Mrs. Quinn (R.I.P.)

Some were quite young, only in their teens. I never met a braver or more intelligent lot of girls; they were ready for any duty, no matter how dangerous. Some of them even carried dispatches under fire, or took the places of wounded Volunteers.

[One of these was Maire Mapother.]

Commandant Thomas Weafer was the captain over the battalion in Reis's and the Hibernian Bank. He was a tall, fine looking man, about 27 or 28 years of age, and seemed one fitted in every way for the position he held; his energy and zeal were untiring; his courage and kindness of heart unsurpassed. On Wednesday morning about 2 a.m. he came to me and said: "I must really have a few hours' rest to fit me for the work that lies before us; I'll be in Wynne's Hotel if wanted". He then named the Volunteer who was taking his place as second

in command. I was sorry to lose him for a few hours; little I thought we were destined that very day to lose him for ever. But more of this anon. We, nurses, were not long stationed in Reis's, as both the doctor and Captain Geefor thought it would be safer to have a place for the wounded which would not be so liable to attack as such an important position as Reis's would be on account of the wireless apparatus it contained. We were accordingly ordered to move into the house next the Hibernian Bank, and here we arranged everything necessary to render first aid. Having done so, we hoisted two large Red Cross flags through the windows overlooking O'Connell St. We had a fine supply of provisions, sufficient to last us a considerable length of time and, headquarters being opposite, we had only to apply there for anything and everything, from a needle to an anchor. Having an idle moment, I took a race across to the G.P.O. to see my brother who, I had learned, was stationed there; another girl came with me. We gave the password and were admitted through the Prince's St. door. Inside there was great bustle and life; the place was well barricaded and Volunteers were on guard everywhere. I had the honour of speaking to Commandant P.H. Pearse, who at once gave me permission to see my brother. I was delighted to find the latter in such good spirits. He gave me all kinds of messages for our dear mother in case he should fall in the conflict. "Tell her" he said, "I'm perfectly resigned to die if such should be my fate, and proud and happy to die for such a cause". He gave me great hope and courage and I could not feel sad while speaking to him. I noticed that the same courage and spirit animated all his comrades and, in fact, seemed to pervade everywhere these young and gallant soldiers of Ireland were gathered. I left them, happy in the thought that even if defeat and death did come, their blood would not be shed in vain, for a nation which can produce such men will never die, but will outlive all sorrow and death until the

end is attained for which so many of these men were destined to give their lives.

I returned to my own hospital centre and was not long back and was not long back when a civilian was carried in, badly wounded in the abdomen. All that was possible was done for him, but he only survived one hour after admission. He had the last Rites of the Church, a priest being on the scene very quickly. (I found out afterwards that this civilian was a Volunteer. Go ndeunaidh Dia trócaire ar a anam dhílis. Fuair sé bás ar son Éireann). Tuesday passed; night came - an anxious one, full of suspense for us. However, we kept in good spirits all the time, and, as during the night no wounded were brought in, we had plenty of idle moments in which we discussed the situation and prayed hard for the success of the Republican Army. Rosary after rosary was recited, sometimes in Gaelic, sometimes in Buerla. I pitied the doctor (Dr. Tuohy) who was with us, as I don't think he cared for praying quite so often as we did. Nevertheless, he went through it like a man, and deserves great credit.

There was a young man doing Red Cross work for our centre who carried out his duties in a most efficient manner, though he was only a recruit; if he had been serving in France or Flanders, I'm sure he would have got the D.S.O. I lost sight of him after we had to evacuate this centre, but we met again in that eventful week as I was on my way to headquarters on Thursday morning. When bullets were whizzing in all directions he suddenly appeared, from where I do not know, and saw me safely landed at my destination.

All kinds of reports were now being circulated; the Germans were said to have landed in ever so many places; Volunteers were supposed to be in possession of Clifden Wireless Station and other important points; victory was sure to be ours if we could only hold out till help came.

Such were the inspiring messages we were receiving from time to time. Wednesday morning dawned as the preceding one. At about 9 or 10 a.m. the military began shelling the Hibernian Bank from the Ballast Office; our quiet time was at an end. At 10.30 a.m. or thereabouts, Commandant Weafer came into our centre looking for a nurse to go into the Hibernian Bank, as they were expecting heavy casualties at any moment and would like some additional help. I gladly volunteered to go with him. I proceeded at once to get everything in readiness for the wounded, for, judging by the tremendous firing, I knew I was in for a busy time. I was at work about half an hour when I heard a call from the upper landing "First aid quickly". I hurried upstairs, two steps at a time. When I reached the top I found Commandant Weafer mortally wounded. Little I thought a short half hour before that his noble life was so near its tragic close; we did our best for him, but he only survived about fifteen minutes. He died as he had lived, brave to the last, and I'm sure he has his reward now where Peace and Joy abound. All his men seemed genuinely sorry for him, and some of them knelt by him till all was over. I had just closed his eyes when another young fellow was carried up, wounded in the foot. I dressed it and had him carried down to the basement where we had beds laid out on the floor for the disabled. [His name was Ignatius Flynn (since dead)]

Captain [Green] came over from headquarters in Commandant Weafer's place. He at once began to strengthen the barricades. We all helped in the work by placing all the big bank books we could find wherever we thought a bullet might find an entrance. We also filled every available bath and bucket with water and in diverse other ways tried to help the men all we could. After a short time shelling became so fierce that our Captain decided it was not a safe place for the wounded. As the door into the street was strongly barricaded and there was no other means of exit, we were literally caught in a trap;

however, we were not long left so, for about seven or eight men, armed with crowbars and pickaxes were soon working away at making a hole in the wall through which we could easily escape into the basement of the next house and from thence across the street into headquarters. It did not take them very long to make a fair sized passage, but it seemed like an eternity to me, for I fully expected we would be all buried alive in the fire-demolished buildings (though, as well as I can remember now, I believe this place did not take fire really till Thursday evening). It was then arranged that the medical staff should leave the Hibernian Bank and bring the wounded men over to headquarters. Therefore, as soon as the firing had ceased a little we were all lifted in turn up to the hole in the wall and passed through into the basement of the adjoining house. This proved an exciting business and, in spite of the discouraging circumstances that compelled it, we all rather enjoyed it. First our feet were put through, then we were gently pushed forward and dropped down the other side. When our wounded were got through we placed them on stretchers and, forming two deep, the Red Cross flag being borne in front, we proceeded across the street to headquarters, where we safely arrived, buideachas le Dia! I daresay it was then about 12 or 12.30 noon.

Having reported myself and staff to Commandant Pearce, who asked me all particulars of Weefer's last moments, I went to the Dining Hall to partake of some lunch. Comdt. Joseph Plunkett was there when I went in, so I sat down at the same table with him. I did not know until afterwards who he was, but I guessed, from his uniform, that he was one of the principal men. The uniform, which was very handsome, appeared to me to be not unlike that worn by Wolfe Tone or some of the other leaders in the Rising of '98. He was a delicate looking man, in fact, I believe he had only come

out of hospital in time for the insurrection. His neck was bandaged as if he had had an operation performed on it recently. He got into conversation with me, chiefly concerning Ireland, whose cause was uppermost in his mind, as indeed it was in the minds of all that devoted band of heroes. As I glanced around the dining hall, I noticed piled up on a table in one corner a fine supply of bread and confectionery. There was a plentiful supply of provisions, appearing to be sufficient to last a lengthened siege. In the kitchen, which was off the dining hall, there were quite a number of young girls cooking, ably assisted by three or four Tommies, who appeared very happy in their new surroundings. I remember asking one of them how he liked being a prisoner of war. "Indeed, Miss" he replied. "I feel far happier and safer here than I'd be anywhere else". "Well" I said? "the tables are turned anyway, however long it may last". He nodded his head and walked away, smiling.

There was another apartment off the dining hall, and here the rank and file took their meals. The hospital portion, which was downstairs on the first floor, was well equipped; everything necessary to enable us to do our work efficiently being at hand. At this time we hadn't more than five wounded men, and only one of these was serious. Our invalids were all in the best of spirits. I remember one in particular, a captain, who was slightly wounded, presenting me with a glass of lovely sweets which myself and co-workers thoroughly enjoyed. Sweets were also supplied to us by a young lieutenant who was doing his best all the time to look after our welfare. By degrees I was becoming acquainted with all these good and brave men. I had the pleasure and honour of dining with the well-known Fenian, Tomás Ua Cléirigh. I recollect that in the course of our talk he referred to the fatal countermanding order of Eoin MacNeill. Of all the heroes of that memorable

Easter, Tom Clarke was one of the greatest; his whole life has been spent in the service of Ireland. Fifteen years of that life had been passed in prison, subjected to every humiliation and insult which a tyrannical government could inflict; yet here he was today as fresh and untiring as ever in the cause of Róisín Dubh. It goes to prove what sacrifices a man who has genuine patriotism is willing to make, and also what a noble cause it is that can produce such men. I used to look in surprise at the thin, delicate frame that enshrined this indomitable spirit, a spirit which found vivid expression in the bright intelligent eyes. Tom Clarke never spared himself; many a time I saw him going the rounds with cigarettes or tobacco to the men and also to the prisoners.

About 4 p.m. I was beginning to feel the want of sleep. I could have slept at headquarters if I so wished, but what with bullets whizzing and shells bursting, I thought it would not be a likely place to induce repose; so I made up my mind to cross the city to my aunt's, where I knew I would have a chance of a quiet sleep. I went to Commandant Pearse and told him of my intention of leaving headquarters for a time. He asked me would I deliver some messages for him on my way. I readily consented. Gladly would I have died to save his noble life for Ireland. I remember asking Comdt. Seumas Connolly what streets would be the safest to pass through, and he went to the trouble of drawing a little diagram for me of the principal streets through which I was to pass, so that I could make no mistake as to my route. He shook hands with me then, wishing me a safe journey. There was another trained nurse in headquarters at this time and she promised to stay on duty until my return on the following morning. It was about 5.30 p.m. when I left, loaded with messages for many an anxious mother and sister. I went out by Prince's Street door into Abbey St. and from thence into Jervis St. When I

reached the corner of the latter street there seemed to be great excitement, women screaming and shouting, and crowds of people. I also heard shots fired, from what direction I could not say; I expect there was looting going on. I paused, wondering ought I to proceed, as I really felt more afraid to face those awful women with their mad faces and dishevelled hair, than I did the machine guns. Whilst I was wondering what I should do, a middle aged man came up to me and offered to escort me through the worst streets - an offer which I gladly availed of. He told me he was doing street duty for the Citizen Army and was told to see that no females or unarmed persons were molested in any way. He saw me through the danger zone and I felt very grateful to him. I delivered all my messages to anxious friends, arriving at my journey's end about 7 p.m.

Thursday morning dawned (4th day of freedom), bright and beautiful. I arose full of hope and energy after my fine long sleep. I started again for headquarters about 11 a.m. The firing was beginning to be pretty brisk at this time, and I was doubtful whether I would get through in safety. The first obstruction I met with was a regiment of British soldiers who were posted along the street just beside Art O'Caill's Medical Hall [on the corner of N.C.R.I. Dorset St], on top of which, as well as I can recall, a machine gun was being planted. No one was allowed to pass, but, seeing I was a nurse, the officer in command let me through. He was kind and polite and even offered me an escort, which I declined with thanks. I went up through Upper Gardiner St. into Mid. Gardiner St. Here I met people turning back as if it were dangerous to advance further. A young priest advised me not to keep on as he thought I could not get out at the end of the street, so I retraced my steps and came along by Denmark Street, where I met a nurse of my acquaintance who told me her best friend, Nurse Keogh, had been shot dead in the

South Dublin Union. I felt very sorry, as I knew Nurse Keogh myself. I reached Findlater's Church safely, and from there, went on to Parnell Statue where there was not a human being to be seen with the exception of a man and woman who were rushing down Parnell St. Evidently machine gun fire had scared people off the streets. However, the Republican Colours were still flying, so the good old G.P.O. was still intact. I hesitated, thinking would I ever reach it in safety, but I felt it would be cowardly to turn back, so with faltering footsteps I crossed into Parnell St. It was here the young man before alluded to clutched me by the arm. I did not then feel so nervous as he and a friend of his saw me safely into Henry St. The first I saw in this street, pistol in hand, was Comdt. Seumas Connolly. He immediately came towards me, brought me along Henry St, to a passage which led into headquarters, where he left me in charge of a Volunteer on guard, who saw me in. I remember poor Tom Clarke coming over and shaking hands with me and congratulating me on my safe return. I told him how I had come and he asked me had the enemy a machine gun on Art O'Caill's Medical Hall.

I was not very long back when Seumas Connolly came in, slightly wounded in the lower part of the left leg; the bone was broken and the flesh very much lacerated. He seemed in great pain. I took off his boot and sock and helped to dress his wound. We then got him to bed, where he was put under an anaesthetic to have the bone set, which was ably performed by Lieutenant Mahony, R.A.M.C. (a prisoner), ably assisted by two of our own young doctors. I watched by him until he regained consciousness after the ether, and felt honoured by the duty. He was very brave and so grateful for the least attention. I well recollect praising the bravery of his men to him, saying what fine fellows they were and

and what spirit and courage they showed. "Oh", he said, "you needn't tell me. I know well their worth", and the tears coursed down his cheeks. I could scarce keep back my own when I looked at this lion-hearted hero stricken down, just when his leadership was most needed. Up to the last he kept giving commands from his bed of pain, and on the following evening when we had to fly the burning building with the wounded men, he declined to come with us, saying: "I'll stay with the boys to the last, and so he did. That was the last I saw of noble Seumas Connolly. I believe he was carried out of the G.P.O. guarded by Volunteers. I heard no more of him until he was a prisoner in Dublin Castle Hospital. The above contradicts a statement which I came across lately in a "Handbook of the Rebellion" published by the "Irish Times" to the effect that Connolly was brought to Jervis St. Hospital by Lieut. Mahony, who, with the wounded, myself and co-workers, left the Post Office on Friday evening. I was present with Lieutenant on the removal of the wounded, and, as I said before, Connolly refused to come with us.

I return to my doings at headquarters. I was helping to get things in order, after the dressing of Connolly's leg, when Tom Clarke came to me asking if a priest could be had to hear the confession of a young lad who was going on a dispatch to Cork. A young girl, [Lesley Price], who happened to be standing near happened to hear his question; she at once volunteered to go for a priest to the Pro-Cathedral or elsewhere. In order to do this she had to cross the street which was being well swept at the time with machine gun fire, but she never hesitated; she was only in her teens, but the younger these girls were the braver they seemed. The priest she brought back with her said she was as cool as a cucumber when the door was opened to admit her, smiling away, as if the city had resumed its normal life, and that there was no

such things as bullets whizzing through the streets in all directions. She even waited for Fr. [O'Flanagan] on their way back to the G.P.O. whilst he paused to attend to a dying man. I may here mention that the good Father remained in headqrs. till we had to evacuate it. He gave untold joy and consolation to everyone, especially the wounded, and I am sure his kindness will never be forgotten by any one of us. He heard the confession of the dispatch rider and sent him off in good spirits for the fair city on the Lee, where I hope he arrived in safety.

About midday we had another of our men wounded. He had been on duty on top of the Post Office and was badly wounded, the bullet passing through his lung, up his neck and out through his right cheek near his eye. He was carried in, his face covered with blood, and no one thought he would survive many minutes, but I am happy to say he did and is now all right, except for the loss of his eye, which, I afterwards heard, had to be removed. (His name is Paddy McGrath).

Thursday evening all the big fires started on the opposite side of the street and, by night, Clery's, the D.B.C. and all that block of buildings was a mass of flames. As far as I know, any Irish Volunteers who were in possession of any of these places escaped unhurt.

About eight of them came dashing across the street to headquarters amid a perfect hail of bullets, and reached it without a scratch.

Somewhere about 8 p.m. some girls came with me to the front portion of the Post Office to look at the fires and it certainly was a splendid, though awful, sight. I could not help thinking our turn would come soon, and that we would be burned like rats in a trap. I tried to prepare myself for the worst by going to confession, a process I by no means

fancied just then.

The shelling of the Post Office began that evening, but did not continue very long. It ceased at dark, but only to begin with renewed vigour on the following day. Night came; in vain I tried to sleep; indeed, I don't think many of us could. I remember Commandant Sean MacDermott lying down to take a rest; I expect the other leaders insisted on his doing so because he was not strong. He was lame, and I believe had an operation performed on his leg some years previously.

Sean MacDermott had a wonderful personality and everyone loved and trusted him. I can see him now, as I saw him then, his pale, handsome face and large dark eyes, luminous with the fire of enthusiasm. Oh, the pity of it, that he should be gone from amongst us, never again to do or dare for his dear "Dark Rosaleen". Songs were sung that night (Thursday) - "A Nation once again", "Ireland over all", etc., which nearly brought down the roof without any bombs at all. The spirit of the men was fine; it seemed to me as if, once more, "the gay and gallant Gael" was alive in the land.

About 2 a.m. Miss Carney and myself brought a mattress and blankets to that part of the P.O. where Comdt. P.H. Pearse was, hoping he would take a few hours of well-earned rest, but I believe he never used it. Frequently, during the night the rosary was recited by us girls, and also by the men at their different posts of duty. Almost every Volunteer carried a rosary beads round his neck, made of Irish horn.

Friday morning dawned; a beautiful, bright Spring morning, and the men were all in the best of spirits notwithstanding the fact that word had gone round that the British forces were closing in about us. I heard Tom Clarke say, as he passed along, "Things are looking serious now, we are surrounded". I remember getting tea for all the wounded; someone had the honour of being before me with a cup for Commandant Connolly.

Thus the morning passed. I had lunch at 12 o'clock with Father . The British officers were at the same table with us, and it was most amusing to hear them relate how they were taken prisoners. One was an Englishman who had come to Ireland on a holiday, did not think he was landing in such a hot place, and vowed, if he got safely out of it, he'd never see it again. Another was returning from Howth where, I think, his wife and family were spending the Easter, when a youth accosted him, pointed an automatic pistol at him, saying "Hands up, and follow me". The third had something similar to relate. As far as I could see, or judge, the prisoners detained in headquarters were treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration. If the food they got was not all that they wished, or served in as dainty a manner as they were accustomed to, still, it was the best that could be obtained, and the best service that could be given under the circumstances. I must say they looked a very happy band of prisoners of war. Another time I saw the three officers at a table to themselves enjoying a game of bridge. About noon, or a little later, the shelling became pretty bad, and I happened to be coming from the dininghall at the time and met a prisoner who said to me "For God's sake, Miss, would you have any influence with any of the leaders to get them to leave this place, for the walls will be all about us inside of five minutes". He looked perfectly scared, although he told me he had been through some fierce battles, having returned from France but a short time ago; he certainly did not appear as if he had been under fire at any time in his life.

Between 3 and 4 p.m. I got the smell of burning and knew the G.P.O. had taken fire. About this time the shelling was terrific, sometimes the whole place shook, and I felt every minute would be our last. My brother and some others came down to the supply depot to get some more ammunition, and

this was the last time I saw the first-mentioned for many months. It might have been 5 or 6 p.m. when The O'Rahilly gathered a good many around him and read out a last message of cheer for us. He was afterwards shot in action in Moore St. (Beannacht déilis Dé le ná enem. Fuair sé Bás mar shaighsiur ar son Eireann).

I remember a Volunteer asking me would I say the Rosary with him at his post of duty; I did so, and got some other girls to join; he was on guard right under a window and every minute I thought a bomb or a bullet would put an end to the lot of us. Every Volunteer who happened to be passing by whilst we were so occupied either joined us in prayer or lifted his cap in a most reverent manner.

Some months later, I think, I recognised the Volunteer of the Rosary - (indeed they were all fond of saying the Rosary) - from a photo in the "Catholic Bulletin", and there, I'm sorry to say, I learned he was shot in the rush out from headqrs.; his name was given in the "C.B." as Shortis; poor fellow, the Rosary he asked me to say with him was probably his last, and fervently he said it. Another Volunteer gave me his watch and chain, asking me to deliver it to his wife, when possible, as he said he did not expect to come safe through. However, I'm glad to say he did.

Evidently an attack on headquarters was expected at any moment, but it never came; I heard Commandant Sean McDermott giving the order "All men stand to arms". Some were having a sleep at the time, but sprang up like lightning at the word of command. About this time two or three wounded were carried in, so I was kept busy for a time. None of them were very serious cases - one poor fellow got a bullet to the left of his spine in the lumbar region, but, fortunately, it did not penetrate far. It was extracted by Lieut. Mahony,
R.A.M.C.

At 6.30, or thereabouts, Commandant Joseph Plunkett gave the Captain over our division orders to get the wounded men and nurses ready to evacuate headquarters immediately; we all got ourselves in readiness as quickly as possible. We had only three stretcher cases, which was well, as our means of egress was difficult. About eight men or more were told off by Comdt. Pearse to act as our escort. We had nine wounded and two doctors, one being the R.A.M.C. Lieutenant.

Commandant J. Plunkett kindly asked our Captain if we would wish to take this prisoner with us and, as he had done such good work for the wounded, our Captain decided that we would. We had only a dozen Red Cross workers at this time, as some had been sent on early in the afternoon to Jervis St. Hospital. I expect it was now about 7 p.m. when all were ready and the order given to march, so off we started, accompanied by Fr. _____, who carried the Red Cross flag. Each of us was laden with stores, some carrying First Aid requisites, others food, for, of course, we did not know what fate would overtake us before we reached our destination which was Jervis St. Hospital.

One girl, a Miss Burke from Summerhill, actually carried a fitch of bacon. Our way lay through the Waxworks and on through passages which had been blasted for the purpose of retreat, into the Coliseum Theatre. We had to proceed very slowly and cautiously on account of the wounded. It took us a considerable time to get through; part of the time we were in danger of bullets from the enemy, and the least little stumble over debris might have revealed our whereabouts. As long as I live I shall never forget that night; the suspense was awful. "Would we ever reach Jervis St. before the flames from the burning buildings caught us?" I asked myself; indeed, it appeared as if we had not a moment to lose. One of the badly wounded ran great danger of collapse, as owing to the

rough way we had to travel, he got more jerking than was good for him. However, with the aid of sal volatile and warm covering he survived. At length we reached the Coliseum and to get into this we had to mount a step-ladder, as the window was not on a level with the exit from the house we had left; I did not know how these blocks of buildings were connected with each other, so that I could not make out where we were going until I jumped off the step-ladder and found myself in the refreshment bar of the Coliseum. When the last man was through the Red Cross flag was hoist at the junction of the two buildings, for we expected to remain here for some time, while a door or passage was being forced into a back street. The most awful period came now, and I certainly thought very few of us (if any) would live to tell the tale. As we were arranging the wounded comfortably for a short rest, bullets began falling like rain around the building; the noise was deafening, it seemed as if bombs were being thrown by the dozen about us and we expected every moment would be our last. Our Captain [Captain Doyle] and Fr. _____, with some of the men, were in another part of the theatre trying to force open a door. We thought we would never see them again. Suddenly Captain Doyle rushed in, ordering lights to be extinguished (we had two candles), and everyone to lie flat on the floor; we did so, every man and woman of us, heads and heels all huddled together in the most bewildering confusion, for the space was small for such a number. It was pitch dark. One man began to light a cigarette and the Captain ordered him to put it out at once. Another young chap was standing beside me, not thinking there was another inch of ground to be found, and I gave him a chuck, saying to him to lie down somehow or another as I felt every minute a bullet would send him toppling over. The girl that was nearest to me was trying to prepare for death, and I thought I would do likewise. I tried to make an act of fervent contrition, but the situation was bordering on the comical as

well as tragedy, so I burst out laughing instead. Another girl did likewise, and very soon we were all at it. I remember one wounded Volunteer saying "That's right, let's keep our spirits up though we are facing death!" Anyway, that laugh did us good and I recollect wishing not to die so that I could relate it all some day.

I do not know how long we were in this position; it seemed hours, but I expect it was not really more than three quarters of an hour. At length the firing ceased somewhat and we got the order "Éirig nár suide", and got ready to proceed on our journey once more. We were only allowed one candle to light us on our way. We passed along through the upper balcony of the theatre and down a wide stairs. I may not be very accurate in my description, as it was my first time to be in the Coliseum. At any rate that first time I'm not likely to forget. When we got to the end of the stairs, we passed out into what appeared to me to be a back lane, and here we formed three deep. Here we were joined by two men, father and son, and, to judge by their conversation, they had suffered much at the hands of the military. We could see tongues of flame leaping to the sky and spreading in all directions. The fire in the G.P.O. seemed to have spread, and I think the Coliseum had caught also, so we had a narrow shave. We got orders to march. Fr. headed the procession carrying the Red Cross Flag. We all followed, each one of laden with stores of various kinds which we had managed to hold on to in spite of great difficulties. I carried a blanket and a goodly supply of wool and bandages. As I before remarked, we had only three stretcher cases; the remainder of our wounded were helped along by Red Cross men. We proceeded until we reached a lane through which we had to pass in order to reach the back entrance of Jervis St. Hospital. To our horror and dismay this lane was crossed by fire; luckily, the flames had not ascended, though they had spread across the whole length of the lane and every second

were becoming worse. We halted; this was to be the end of all our miraculous escapes - to be caught in that terrible fire at last! However, there was only one thing for us to do, and that quickly. The flames were leaping higher and higher, and soon our only means of exit would be cut off. Fr. voice rang out clear and steady, saying, "We'll rush the flames, it's our only chance, let all follow me", and putting his words into action, he dashed through, holding aloft the white flag with its distinctive Red Cross. We all rushed after him in single file, we girls holding up our skirts, and here, at last, I had to leave behind me the blanket and wool which I was carrying, and my friend of the fitch of bacon let it drop into the flames as she was flying through, and there, I'm sure, it was well cooked, in fact, overdone. One wounded man who had only got out of bed in order to leave headquarters had forgotten his boots in the excitement of our hasty departure, but quick as thought, another man threw his back across the flames to him, and soon he was safely through. It was an awful moment, but, *buideschas le Dia*, the flames did not get time to even singe one of us, it was all done so quickly.

We then proceeded on our way and were nearing our journey's end when a voice shouted, "Halt, or I fire". We halted, and Fr. answered back: "Wounded men and nurses for Jervis St. Hospital". For some time neither seemed to catch what the other was saying, but at last we could hear the order, "Two men proceed with the flag" and, accordingly, Fr. and our R.A.M.C. prisoner went forward. Whatever negotiations were being carried on I don't know, but it was a considerable length before we got orders to march again; in fact, the wounded were, by this time, much exhausted after all they had gone through; so we laid any available covering on the footpath while we waited and put them resting there. We could feel the thick hot air all around us, and in

every direction there was nothing but fire. At last we got the order to proceed and, in a few minutes, we were again halted at the back of Jervis St. Hospital. A British officer interviewed each one of us before allowing us to pass in. He spoke to us in a very arrogant manner, and seemed to have a high opinion of himself. I must add, he did not impress us much; however, I'm sure that did not trouble him, not more than his arrogance did us. After putting various questions to us we were admitted into a room at the right side of the hall; here a guard of six soldiers were placed around us. I suppose the officer thought he had a band of desperadoes to deal with. Our little contingent at this time only consisted of nurses, wounded men, our priest, prisoners, a doctor and a few men who had been doing Red Cross work. The most of our armed escort, after helping us through the houses and seeing us safely on our journey, had returned to join their comrades. The remainder of our escort, Red Cross men, were taken away; where to I don't know.

The armed guard was then removed and we were left to ourselves. I think it was then about 11.30 p.m. We all felt very hungry and exhausted. Verily we were refugees in our own country. The Sisters, nurses and medical staff did all in their power to help; the serious cases amongst our wounded were removed to the wards, the remainder of us had to content ourselves in the hall all night where we tried to sleep as best we could. However, this was only a minor thing after all we had gone through and we did not mind. I felt the hunger more than anything, and asked one of the Sisters to give me a cup of tea if at all possible; she told me it was already being prepared and, indeed, we were not long waiting when a nurse appeared with a can of good, hot tea, with plenty of bread and butter which was quickly demolished. All this time we could hear the big guns rattling away and

see the reflection of the fires through the hall window - in fact, the flames seemed dangerously near us. I was thinking the hospital would be the next to catch and it was only a lucky chance if it didn't. Many was the prayer I offered up on that eventful night for my brother and his brave comrades who, for ought I knew, might be lying mortally wounded somewhere not far distant with no one near to render aid. Little did I know that the brave O'Rahilly was lying in his death agony in Moore Street about that time. I wish I had been near him to ease his pain and offer him some solace. I heard afterwards that he was shamefully treated by the British military who refused to allow medical aid to be brought to him, and allowed him to lie in mortal anguish in the street, with not even a drop of water to moisten his dying lips. I must say the treatment given to the prisoners who were under O'Rahilly's care in the G.P.O. was vastly different.

14

Saturday morning, April 28th, came at last. The firing had lessened and about 2 p.m. we thought we might be able to pass to our homes, so, accordingly, we started; one batch going south side of the city, the other, with me, to the north side. We went down Jarvis St. crossed over to Denmark St. and into Parnell St. Here the British soldiers were lined on either side of the street; evidently they were expecting an attack at any moment. We were stopped by an officer who asked me where we were going or coming from and what was our business. I told him we were coming from Jarvis St. Hospital, had been nursing the wounded, and were anxious to get to our own homes. He then inquired which side we were nursing for "as we have a Red Cross centre here" he said, "and you can nurse our wounded". We politely declined his offer saying we got orders to return to Jarvis St. Hospital if not allowed to pass. He smiled, and let us return, and I didn't think he would, for I'm sure he knew we came from

the G.P.O. the previous night. Once more we retraced our steps for Jervis St. Hospital where we remained till 6 p.m. when we made another venture to pass to our homes and this time with success.

We heard Commandant P.H. Pearse, with his noble band of followers, had surrendered. I remember when we were passing the end of Moore St. seeing two Volunteers carrying a white flag.

This account was written in June or July 1916, when these events were fresh in my mind. Some of the names of the Cumann na mBan and Volunteers I have forgotten. I was not an actual member of Cumann na mBan before Easter Week, but my brother, Frank Burke, who was a St. Enda's boy and in Pearse's Volunteers, promised to give my name as one that would give assistance when the need for it would arise. My recollection is that my aunt told me that a Cumann na mBan member, Sorcha McMahon, called on Easter Monday to say that my help was required at some centre.

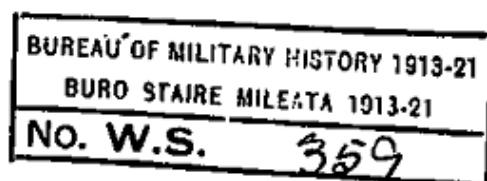
Signed: _____

Date: _____

Witness: _____

Name of other nurse in G.P.O. - Mrs. Smith
(as well as I remember) - gone to England a long
time ago.

Mrs. Treston was also there. She had only
maternity training. She is since dead.



Page 15.

Name of badly wounded
volunteer who lost an eye

(G.P.O.) Paddy Mc Quill.

(now in Beaumont Convalescent
Home, & on Disability Pension)

Name of other nurse in G.P.O.

Mrs Smith (is well as a nurse)

went to England, a long time

ago. Mrs Weston was also

there. She had only Maternity
Training. She is since dead.

R - Bridge being blown
down. R stands for Railway,
which may not have happened,
but that was the conversation
& onward.

A. De K.

Page 5:

Captain Breen was name of
Captain sent to replace Weaf,
as far as I can remember;
Bay wounded in part at Reio;
volunteer Ignatius Flynn
(since dead).

names of Commanders who
met in Reio & Siberian
rank.

Reio
name Mapather.
Chissie Stappard.
name Mc Gray.

Jena. Walsh (R. J. P.)

Guly Muncy
Ardie Richards.

Mrs Burnett R. J. P.
Mrs English 2 Misses Red (Hibernian)
Mrs Gums, (since dead)